Tomorrow

Dorothy Shelly BCC

Yesterday ...
I don’t believe in the church, but I do believe in God.  
When you return tomorrow, will you bring Communion?

Today ...
Getting it together, her request
bite-size squares of bread
and sweet red wine in little plastic cups.
Preparing to serve and share the blessed meal
as I listened to message on voice mail

I heard it (from the nurse supervisor):

Doris in Room 110 died at 0100,
no family to call, left message for guardian at the bank in town.
Have a good day, chaplain.

Looking intently at the holy meal,
staring at those simple elements
on my desk of clutter,
I knew. I knew for certain.
She had already communed,
God’s guest of honor at a heavenly banquet.

Those gates opened wide for her,
and the first face she saw was God
with arms outstretched to embrace her.
Lord, now help me, help me in my frailness
to minister the rest of my day as I grapple with the questions.

Hear my lament.

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