

FOR THE PROMISE OF THIS MEAL

O God, you bend down and feed us.
Like a mother, you cradle us—
 calm our spirits, kiss away our fears.
Like a father, you embrace us—
 whisper words of encouragement into our eager ears.

We thank you for the promise of this meal.
Our hunger is never better satisfied than at your table.

We pray that these gifts, which seem so utterly unworthy of human consumption, will be as food to nourish our tired spirits so that we may serve you more completely. Amen.

ELIZABETH MYER BOULTON

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