

Squamish United Church  
Rev. Karen Millard  
World Communion Sunday

October 5, 2014

Scripture Reading:

**Jeremiah 4:23–28**

Psalm 146

1 Corinthians 3:6–9

Today I thought I would share with you a vision reflection. Being we are in the season of creation focussing on World Wide Communion. I thought taking an opportunity to see our world with our eyes wide open might move us to remember people of every culture and generation. As you hear the words and see the photos join me in a prayer for our world.

Open My Eyes

(Inspired by the movie Baraka, and the hymn “Open my eyes, that I may see”)

Open my eyes.

The wind blows through the mountains.

We climb higher, higher,

into the air to soar with the eagles.

In the still, calm water sits the mammal.

Eyes dark and clear,

watching, waiting, wondering,

eyes slowly closing, into deep reflection and prayer.

The fire rages, the waves are wild and free,

and the wind softly kisses the leaves on the trees, causing them to stir.

And time passes.

And the people come and the people go.

And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes.

The clouds roll across the skies, the waterfall is raging,  
the barren trees stand still against the sky.

The reptiles, silent and still, bask in the sun,

their eyes waiting, watching, wondering.

And the hills rise in the midst of the flatlands.

And the earth is layered by the blowing winds.

And the people come and the people go.

And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes,

The children, side by side,

customs and traditions obvious, and their eyes, obedient, fearful, wondering.  
And the birds land on the beach. And the rain washes.  
And the thunder breaks through the steady patter.  
And the insects scurry to look for food, their eyes invisible to our eye.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes.  
A majestic pine, strong and sturdy, cut down, and there is a break in nature.  
And the eyes of one are sad.  
A child peers through an opening in the leaves, dumbfounded.  
And skyscrapers clutter the horizon.  
And the face of Jesus is half visible.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.  
Open my eyes.  
In the eyes of the homeless, hopelessness,  
the litter in the streets.  
Where is the green space?  
Start, stop, start, stop, faster, faster, Time passes.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes.  
to the emptiness of the eyes on crowded assembly lines,  
to the lack of expression in the eyes  
of those standing on the street.  
Robotic, revolving doors, people-movers.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes  
in this whirlwind called life,  
pushing, pulling.  
What have we done? What are we doing?  
More people, their eyes full of hurt, anger, shame.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes.  
The smog, the pollution, the fire, the smoke, murky, grim, foggy, unnatural.  
Discarded garbage, pile after pile.  
And the eyes are sad.

And there is horror and fear.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes,  
as the birds soar and the pyramid points to sky.  
Where is God in all this?  
Is there a light in the distance?  
And there is water: the water of baptism?  
And there is death. And there is blindness.  
And behind the eyes we imagine hidden tears.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes,  
and shadows fall.  
There is twirling, twirling, spinning around.  
And yet our eyes are unchanged.  
And there is wonder.  
And there is dancing, round and round, more and more.  
And yet our eyes close.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

Open my eyes  
to the flame of a single candle, floating down the river.  
Is it our glimmer of hope?  
Look at the world.  
The clouds roll in, leading the night.  
Shadows.  
We stand alone. We join together.  
And the people come and the people go.  
And there is movement and there is prayer.

**Shirley McLaren**, Oakville P.C., Oakville, Man.

I love the image and story that World Communion carries. Imagine people all across the globe sharing in Christ's welcome feast together on this day. This day however should also remind us of our call to care for all the world. I shared with you a few weeks back of my feeling of despair at the state of our world. We were challenged to see hope and offer light. This day reminds us again.

World Communion Sunday . . . is one of the most venerable of "special Sundays." The day has taken on new relevancy and depth of meaning in a world where globalization often has undermined peace and justice -- and in a time when fear divides the peoples of God's earth. On this day, we celebrate our oneness in Christ, the Prince of Peace, in the midst of the world we are called to serve -- a world ever more in need of peacemaking.

Today we know the persecution of Christians in many countries especially the middle east is on the rise. As people who live in freedom to worship and believe as we feel lead, moved and called by the holy we are reminded this day to pray for our brothers and sisters who suffer not just for faith but with famine, drought, natural disasters and hymns disasters of every kind.

–Rev. Mary Schaller Blaufuss wrote “This is one of my favorite days in the church year. It reminds us of the reality we ought to recognize every living moment – that we are intimately connected, even when we feel most alienated from each other. In the breaking of the bread, we are not only reminded of all the Christians around the world who share the holy meal, but we are invited to embrace the reality that God didn’t create Christians. God created people – to live with each other in a way that reflects the abundantly gracious fruitfulness of that first garden.

That is the call for us today. To live abundantly in Christ’s loving way for all creation.

May we so live.