



A MUSTARD SEED OF WISDOM

Today, at Mass, I watched as the priest held his weathered, work worn hands over the bread and wine in the gesture of epiclesis. I was captured by the holiness of the moment. How many times has the Holy Spirit passed through those hands throughout the past four decades? He seemed to savor the moment to allow me a glimpse at the Last Supper. The feeling stayed and shifted as the Mass went on. Those hands gifted the body of our Lord to me at communion and later were raised in blessing over us all. My mind saw the hands of Moses raised in prayer. Are we at the transfiguration, I wondered.

That has been the gift of formation. Before, I treasured the language of signs deep within. Now, it is part of the everyday, just asking to be enjoyed.

Beate Beucher