

A Home Liturgy of Prayer and Communion

(For When We Are Apart—but Still Together)

Instructions (Please Read Before Beginning): At 10:00 a.m.—or whenever you are willing and able, wherever you find yourself, you are invited to pause.

You may be alone or with others. You may be seated at a table, on a couch, or somewhere quiet. However you arrive is enough.

If you wish, you may gather something breakable to eat (bread, crackers, toast, tortilla, potato chip) and something to drink (juice, wine, water, coffee, tea).

If you do not have physical elements nearby, that is completely fine. You are invited to imagine receiving, and to trust that grace is not limited by what is in your hands.

When you are ready, settle in. Take a breath.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

Let us begin...

Prayer

Holy One,
here we are.

Some of us near windows watching snow fall,
some of us listening to wind rattle branches,
some of us wrapped in blankets we didn't expect to need today,
and some of us quietly grateful that we do not have to gather mittens, gloves or scarves,
warm up the car,
or wonder whether the church steps are icy.

We gather differently today,
and we admit there is both solemnity and release in that.

Winter reminds us that creation is beautiful
and that it does not ask our permission.
Snow slows us down.
Ice insists that we pay attention.

And sometimes the snow offers a gift we didn't know we needed—
a soft, clean covering laid gently over a world
that often looks and feels more messy than wondrous and beautiful.
Not because the mess is gone,

but because grace has a way of resting on it anyway.

And still, there are gifts here.

Time moves a little more gently.

Coffee stays warm longer.

Pets assume this gathering is clearly for their benefit.

Children wander in and out without whispering or even being shushed.

And prayer happens in the clothes we actually live in.

In all of it,

You, Love, are near.

Not delayed by weather.

Not unsettled by changing plans.

Not diminished by distance.

Bind us together now—

not by being in the same place,

but by shared attention and shared hope.

Help us look again:

at our lives,

at this world,

at one another.

When the world's idea of "normal," even though it has become familiar to us, feels driven by fear and leaves people worn down,

turn our gaze toward your imagined world—

where mercy carries more weight than force,

where dignity is not earned,

and where love outlasts inconvenience.

Jesus, you met people where they were—

in boats that smelled like fish,

in workdays that left hands tired,

in lives already complicated.

Meet us now,

right where we are.

For those who feel anxious as the storm bears down,

offer steadiness.

For those who must travel, work, or respond in these conditions,

grant protection.

For those who feel isolated,
offer connection.

For those who feel an unexpected sense of relief today,
receive our gratitude without guilt.

For this congregation—
spread out across neighborhoods and snow-covered streets,
yet still one—
remind us that belonging does not depend on proximity.

Let this pause sharpen our care rather than dull it.
Let it teach us patience.
Let it remind us that grace adapts more easily than we do.

A Time for Joys and Concerns - Pause here.

Take a moment to name before God the prayers you carry. You may speak them aloud, write them down, share them with someone near you, or hold them silently.

Name joys...

Name concerns...

Name those who are vulnerable, weary, or in need of care...

(Allow silence.)

Holy One,
receive these prayers—
spoken and unspoken,
clear and unfinished—
and hold them in your abiding love.

Communion

We come now to the table.

This table does not begin with us.
It meets us.

It meets us across time and place,
across kitchens and living rooms,

across snow-covered roads and quiet neighborhoods.

We never gather exactly as we imagine it—
not in an upper room in the Middle East,
not encircled around the room,
not alongside a long table with Jesus and his friends,
not in the time or place where the story first unfolded.

We gather where we are.
As we are.

It is better, more communal, when we are able to gather—
to share space,
to see one another face to face,
to pass the bread hand to hand.

And still, this is not a disaster
when we must connect in different ways,
when we are safe and connected in different spaces.

Sometimes, these moments ask something different of us—
a deeper attentiveness,
a quieter listening,
a new openness to how Christ meets us
right where we are.

Even here.
Even now.
We are met.

If you have something to eat, take it into your hands.
If you do not, imagine it.
You are being offered sustenance for what you need for this day.

If you have something to drink, take it nearby.
If you do not, imagine receiving it—
love poured out,
mercy that does not fail,
life given again.

As we prepare to receive by eating, drinking, or imagining, we pray together the prayer Jesus taught us to say:

**Our Father-Mother, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,**

**thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever.
Amen.**

Partake the bread—real or imagined.
Receive the gift of life and love.

Partake the cup—real or imagined.
Receive the promise of grace renewed.

Closing Prayer

Holy One,
we give thanks for this time of prayer,
for this table shared in many places,
and for your nearness that does not depend on weather or walls.

As storms pass and paths clear,
keep us attentive to one another's safety,
patient with inconvenience,
and generous in care.

Send us forward—
warmed by grace,
steady in hope,
and ready to look again
for where love is already taking shape.

We begin again today,
right where we are.

Not because we are finished.
But because you are not.
Amen.