

Come Wednesday Morning

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [July 2024](#) issue

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For more than twenty years  
I have bagged groceries  
at our parish food pantry  
then attended noon Eucharist.  
In the interstices between  
feeding and being fed  
I sit in the silent sanctuary,  
empty of bodily presences,  
but fully populated by  
spirits of past parishioners.  
We keep vigil with the Christ  
of the small, red light.  
His almost hidden radiance,  
like the wavering flames  
of shades that linger here,  
lightens mid-week darkness,  
rekindles the guttering flame  
of my shadowed life.