

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.