

Today is Corpus Christi Sunday.

A Day to celebrate with joy the life of the Church.

The Eucharistic life of the worldwide body of Christ

But how can we sing the Lord's song, in a strange land?

But by imagining our life of Eucharistic celebration once more, after the coronavirus pandemic

By reminding ourselves who we are, and who we want to be.

But we are not there yet. Whatever we are doing now, in a virtual sense, this is not who we are, or where we want to be

We are Eucharistic people. We are people of the Eucharist.

I don't know about you but my heart broke when I learnt that we were being closed down

This is a *forced* exile. We did not choose to be where we are

So on this Corpus Christi Sunday, we are reminded, of our lamentation

We are reminded, of what we have lost

We are reminded, of who we are. We are a people *of hope*. This present, is not our future. This present, is not our home. We are in exile, from Jerusalem

Today is our reality check. This is not a new normal for us. This is not who we are. We choose *not* to stay here

Today we are reminded, of what we long for. Today we are reminded, of what we are waiting for. Today we are reminded, of what we are being prepared for, by this time in exile

As we await the day. Of our return, to Jerusalem.

As we await the day of our returning home.

To the Eucharistic worship of the church

To the place where our souls come home