

*Let the ale be made from the fruits of faith.
And the food be forgiving love.*

*I should welcome the poor to my feast.
For they are God's children.
I should welcome the sick to my feast,
For they are God's joy.
Let the poor sit with Jesus at the highest place,
And the sick dance with the angels.'*

(This and above from Thomas Cahill: How the Irish Saved Civilisation)

There's more, but enough said to highlight the meaning of today's feast – God comes among us as one of the poor and it's in our own poverty that we best recognise his presence. This isn't a matter of riches but of how we possess them, how we allow ourselves to become gifts for others. It's a great process that may take a lifetime before it becomes not only second nature but that first nature we once had with God. There's plenty of room for guilt there, but no need, Christ has carried that guilt for us and nailed it to the cross. The feast is ours for the taking.

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