

A LITURGY BEFORE  
**Taking**  
*the Stage*

What have I to offer here  
 that might sustain the souls of others?  
 Alone I have little more to show  
 beneath this scrutiny of lights  
 than my own pride and insecurity,  
 my craving for praise,  
 and my fear of rejection.

Rather, let me offer something  
 greater in this place, O Christ.  
 As I step onto this stage,  
 meet me amidst the wreckage  
 of my ego and my woundedness,  
 and through me give what I alone cannot.

HE WHO SUPPLIES SEED TO  
 THE SOWER AND BREAD  
 FOR FOOD WILL SUPPLY  
 AND MULTIPLY YOUR  
 SEED FOR SOWING AND  
 INCREASE THE HARVEST  
 OF YOUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.  
 2 CORINTHIANS 9:10

I offer you all that I have:  
 my talents,  
 my training,  
 the years spent honing  
 and crafting and creating,  
 my passions,  
 my personality,  
 my history,  
 the many sacrifices I and others  
 have made in order for me to be here.  
 I give you even my brokenness,  
 of which I am also a steward.

I offer now these incomplete  
 and insufficient provisions,

remembering how you, in your days among us,  
 twice blessed inadequate offerings,  
 fashioning them into miraculous feasts  
 that would sustain crowds  
 in their hard journeys.

I pray that you would likewise  
 receive and bless and multiply  
 my own meager gifts, Jesus,  
 for the benefit of all who have gathered here.  
 Let these humble elements, in your hands,  
 become a true nourishment for those  
 who hunger for you.  
 And for those who have not yet wakened  
 to their deepest hungers, let my brief service  
 to them be like the opening of a window  
 through which the breezes of a far country  
 might blow, stirring eternal longings to life.

Take this tiny heap of my talents  
 and my brokenness alike,  
 this jumble of what is best and worst in me,  
 and meld it to the greater work of your Spirit,  
 using each facet as you will, so that, even as  
 sunlight coursing through a cracked prism,  
 your grace might somehow be revealed upon  
 this stage in whatever gloried and peculiar  
 patterns you have fashioned me to display.

Amen.