



## **Maundy Thursday**

April 9th, 2020

*as adapted from Georgetown University's symposium: "Teilhard de Chardin: His Importance in the 21st Century" in commemoration of the 60th anniversary of the death of Teilhard de Chardin (April 9th, 2015)*

**Narrator:** Welcome to the outdoor chapel in Katie's garden. What a perfect place to celebrate the Mass on the World written by Teilhard de Chardin, a Jesuit priest, professor of geology and director of the National Geological Survey of China.

On Easter Sunday in 1923, Teilhard de Chardin sat writing under a tree in the desert of Inner Mongolia. As the sun came up Teilhard wrote,

*“Over there on the horizon, the sun has just touched with light the outermost fringe of the eastern sky. Once again, beneath this moving sheet of fire, the living surface of the earth wakes and trembles.”*

Further on in his essay he wrote,

*“With neither bread, nor wine, nor altar, I, your priest, will make the whole earth my altar and on it will offer you all the labors and sufferings of the world.”*

Then, having recited the words of consecration in his meditation, he exclaims,

*“It is done! Once again Fire has penetrated the Earth.” “...at the touch of your Word the immense host, which is the universe, is made flesh. Through your incarnation, my God, all matter is henceforth incarnate.”*

All the universe is incarnate.

This Maundy Thursday, the day on which we traditionally recognize the work of Jesus the Christ to make his Real Presence known through bread and wine, we find ourselves physically separated from each other without Eucharistic bread or wine. Therefore, we cannot think of a more appropriate way to mark this Maundy Thursday than by celebrating with Teilhard in his Mass on the World.

So join with us wherever you are in God's grand Creation and re-discover that in the resurrection of Christ all the universe is indeed sacred.

This mass is designed as a participatory event. A full bulletin, including your part, is available [here](#), at edfw.org. The text of Bishop Mayer's sermon is also available at the same link.

As we begin, I invite us to pause for a moment and remember who we are and whose we are.

*moment of silence*

**Homily:** The Rt. Rev. J Scott Mayer

The Collect for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Maundy Thursday (and let us pray it together): *“Almighty Father, whose dear Son, on the night before he suffered, instituted the Sacrament of his Body and Blood: Mercifully, grant that we may receive it thankfully in remembrance of Jesus Christ our Lord, who in these holy mysteries gives us a pledge of eternal life; and who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.” Amen.*

Bell rings

**Reader 1:** I am sure I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Yes, I shall see the goodness of our God. Hold firm, trust in the Lord.

**Congregation:** I am sure I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Yes, I shall see the goodness of our God. Hold firm, trust in the Lord. I am sure I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Yes, I shall see the goodness of our God. Hold firm, trust in the Lord.

**Narrator:** The Offering

Bell rings

**Reader 2:** Over there on the horizon, the sun has just touched with light the outermost fringe of the Eastern sky. Once again, beneath this moving sheet of fire, the living surface of earth wakes and trembles and begins its fearful travail.

**Reader 3:** Since once again, Lord, here in the steppes of Asia, I have neither bread nor wine nor altar, I will make the whole earth my altar and on it will offer to you all the labors and sufferings of the world. I will place on my paten, O God, the harvest to be won by this renewal of labor. Into my chalice I shall pour all the sap which is to be pressed out this day from the earth's fruits.

My paten and my chalice are the depths of a soul laid widely open to all the forces which in a moment will rise up from every corner of the earth and converge upon the Spirit.

**Reader 3:** Lord, grant me the mystic presence of all those whom the light is now awakening to the new day. One by one Lord, I see, and I love all those whom you have given to me to sustain and charm my life.

**Reader 4:** One by one, I also remember those who make up the other beloved family, which has gradually surrounded me. Its unity fashioned out of the most disparate elements with affinities of the heart of scientific research and the thought.

**Reader 4:** Again, one by one, I call before me the whole vast anonymous army of living humanity. Those who surround me and support me though I do not know them. Those who come and those who go. Above all, those who in office, laboratory and factory through their vision of truth or despite their error, truly believe in the progress of earthly reality and who, today, will take up again their impassioned pursuit of the light.

**Reader 1:** All the things in the world to which this day will bring increase, all those that will diminish and all those too that will die. All of them, Lord, I tried to gather into my arms so as to hold them out to you in offering. This is the material that you desire. Nothing less than the growth of the world born ever onward in the stream of universal becoming

**Congregation:** Receive, Oh, Lord, this all-embracing host which your creation offers you at this dawn of the new day, in this formless mass you have implanted an irresistible desire which makes us cry out, believer and unbeliever alike. Lord, make us one.

Music: "Bless the Lord," Taize

**Narrator:** Fire Over the Earth

**Reader 2:** My God, I know myself, to be irremediably less a child of heaven than a son of earth. Therefore, I will, this morning, climb up in spirit to the high places bearing with me the hopes of all.

**Reader 2:** Upon all that in the world of human flesh, is now about to be born or to die beneath the rising sun. I will call down the fire, "Fire, the source of

being." We cling so tenaciously to the illusion that fire comes forth from the depths of the earth.

**Reader 3:** But in the beginning was power, intelligent, loving, energizing. In the beginning, was the Word, supremely capable of mastering and molding whatever might come into being in the world of matter. In the beginning, it was not coldness and darkness, it was the fire.

**Reader 3:** You, my God, are the inmost depths, the stability of that eternal milieu, without duration or space in which our cosmos emerges gradually into being and grows gradually to its final completeness as it loses those boundaries which to our eyes seem so immense.

**Reader 4:** Everything is being. Everywhere there is being and nothing but being. Saved in a fragmentation of creatures and the clash of the atoms.

**Reader 1:** Blazing spirit, personal super substantial fire, he pleased once again to come down and breathe a soul into the newly formed fragile film of matter, with which this day the world is to be freshly clothed.

**Reader 2:** Radiant word, blazing power, you who mold the manifold so as to breathe your life into it, I pray you direct and transfigure the earth, which I have gathered into my heart and now offer you in its entirety. Remold it, rectify it, recast it down to the depths from whence it springs.

**Reader 3:** You know how your creatures can come into being. Only like shoot from stem. As part of an endlessly renewed process of evolution.

**Congregation:** Oh, perfect every living thing, which needs to spring up, to grow, to flower, to ripen during this day. Say down the words, "This is my body".

And over every death force, which waits in readiness to corrode, to wither, to cut down, speak again your commanding words, which express the supreme mystery of faith, "This is my blood".

Bell rings

Music: "Stay with me," Taize

**Narrator:** Fire in the earth

Bell rings

**Reader 4:** it is done. Once again, the fire has penetrated the earth.

**Reader 4:** Without earthquake or thunderclap, the flame has lit up the whole world from within. All things individually and collectively are so penetrated and flooded by it. From the inmost core of the tiniest atom to the mighty sweep of the most universal laws of being, that one might suppose the cosmos to have burst spontaneously into flame.

**Reader 1:** In the new humanity which has begotten today, the word prolongs the unending act of his own birth. The great waters of the kingdom of matter have, without even a ripple, been imbued with life. No visible tremor marks this transformation, and yet, at the touch of your word, the immense host, which is the universe, is made flesh. Through your own incarnation, my God, all matter is henceforth incarnate.

**Reader 2:** Through the consecration of the world, what my mind glimpsed through its hesitant explorations, what my heart craved with so little expectation of fulfillment, you now magnificently unfold for me: the fact that your creatures are so linked together in solidarity that none can exist unless all the rest surround it. All are so dependent on a single central reality that gives them their consistence and their unity.

**Reader 3:** At this moment when your life has just poured with super abundant vigor into the sacrament of the world, I shall savor with heightened consciousness the intense yet tranquil rapture of a vision whose coherence and harmonies I can never exhaust.

Music: "Lord, Hear my Prayer," Taizé

**Narrator:** Communion

Bell rings

**Reader 4:** The fire has come down into the heart of the world to lay hold on me and to absorb me. Henceforth, I cannot be content simply to contemplate it.

**Reader 4:** What I must do is to consent to the Communion which will enable it to find in me the food it has come to seek.

**Congregation:** So, my God, I prostrate myself before your presence in the universe which has now become living flame: beneath the lineaments of all

that I shall encounter this day, all that happens to me, all that I achieve. It is you I desire, you I await

**Reader 1:** What I want, my God, is that my terror in the face of the nameless changes destined to renew my being may be turned into an overflowing joy at being transformed into you.

**Reader 2:** I shall stretch out my hand without hesitation toward the fiery bread which you set before me. This bread, in which you have planted the seed of all that is to develop in the future, I recognize as containing the source and the secret of that destiny you have chosen for me.

**Reader 3:** Humankind can never reach the blazing center of the universe simply by living more and more for himself, nor even by spending his life in the service of some earthly cause, however great.

**Reader 3:** To take this fiery bread I know is to surrender myself to forces which will tear me away painfully from myself in order to drive me into danger, into laborious undertakings, into a constant renewal of ideas, into an austere detachment where my affections are concerned.

**Reader 4:** My communion would be incomplete if I did not also accept, in my own name and in the name of the world, those processes hidden or manifest, of enfeeblement, of aging, of death, which unceasingly consume the universe.

**Reader 1:** My God, I deliver myself up with utter abandon to those fearful forces of dissolution, which I blindly believe will cause me to be replaced by your divine presence.

**Reader 2:** Nothing, Lord, can subsist outside of you in your incarnation. Even those who have turned away from your love are still the beneficiaries of your presence upholding them in existence.

**Reader 2:** All of us inescapably exist in you, the universal milieu, in which and through which all things live and have their being.

**Congregation:** Lord, teach us the true meaning of purity: not a debilitating separation from all creative reality but an impulse carrying one through all forms of created beauty. Show us the true nature of charity: not a sterile fear of doing wrong but a vigorous determination that all of us together shall break open the doors of life. And give us, above all, an increasing awareness of

your presence and a blessed desire to go on advancing, discovering, fashioning and experiencing the world so as to penetrate even further and further into you. For me, my God, all joy and all achievement, the very purpose of my being and all my love of life, all depend on this one basic vision of the union between yourself and the universe.

Music: "*Ubi Caritas*," Taizé

**Reader 3:** The kingdom of God is justice and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Come, Lord, and open in us, the gates of your Kingdom.

**Congregation:** The kingdom of God is justice and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Come, Lord, and open in us, the gates of your Kingdom.

**Reader 4:** Glorious Christ, you whose divine influence is active at the very heart of matter, and at the dazzling center where the innumerable fibers of the multiple meet: you whose power is as implacable as the world and as warm as life, you whose forehead is of the whiteness of snow, whose eyes are of fire and whose feet are brighter than molten gold; you whose hands imprison the stars; you are the first and the last, the living and the dead and the risen again; it is to you whom our being cries out a desire as vast as the universe: In truth, you are our Lord and our God. Amen.

**Narrator:** Come, Lord, and open in us the gates of your Kingdom.

**Congregation:** Come, Lord, and open in us, the gates of your Kingdom.

Music: "Hidden Path," Epidemic Sound