

# Advent Eucharist Prayer 1994

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*Transcription of the prepared text*

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O God, beyond our fathoming –  
eternal, infinite,  
terms we use to describe what is indescribable,  
to express what is inexpressible.

We bow in these moments  
conscious that we are in the presence of Mystery,  
a Mystery that embraces us  
and will always defy our lust to define,  
to reduce to manageable terms.

Yet you are a Mystery not all mysterious –  
for, eternal though you be,  
yet you have taken time for us.

In the beginning you stepped out of eternity's depths  
and called a world into being.  
In the fullness of time  
you spoke once more  
and the Word that wrought our time  
became flesh in our midst.  
A human face gave shape to the glory of your being  
and revealed you full of grace.

And in this Advent Season we celebrate a time  
that is not yet, but surely will be –  
an end time when your love will gather our tattered times  
into the abyss of eternity,  
bringing all your children home.

Eternal, you have taken time for us.  
We are amazed.

Infinite God,  
you are without form, limitless in your being.  
How could we even begin to know you  
if you had not appeared in the garments of our finitude –  
indeed, in the concreteness of a child?

Standing on the threshold of another Christmas,  
we are amazed again.  
Who would have expected  
that the Infinite would become finite;  
that the eternal would become time-bound;  
that the Creator would become creature;  
indeed – that God should become human  
so that one could write –

We declare to you what was from the beginning,  
what we have heard,  
what we have seen with our eyes,  
what we have looked at and touched with our hands –  
a child, a human person, a crucified one,  
one whom death could not bind.

Infinite God – there you are enfleshed –  
and we find it so, still:  
in the flesh of another whom we touch –  
a newborn's vulnerability,  
a restless youth full of potential,  
an old Simeon or Zechariah, an Anna or Elizabeth,  
wise with many Christmases,  
now severely limited, vulnerable again  
yet full of grace.

Ah, dear God, there you are  
in the other, the flesh we touch –  
the souls with whom we become one –  
there you are embodied:  
Grace become tangible,  
Love concrete.  
There you are.

Down through the centuries you have been known  
by those who have sought you,  
yearned for your grace –  
embodied in the flesh of your people.  
You have given signs of your presence.

A loaf broken, a chalice of wine –  
the stuff of creation: grain from the field, fruit of the vine,  
these you have impregnated with your life  
in order that your people might remember  
and find hope renewed.

Eternal God, be known to us at this time.  
Infinite God, make your presence tangible  
in these common elements.  
Breathe through bread and wine –  
inspirit them  
that we might be inspirited  
as we take them,  
remembering, hoping  
knowing in awesome ecstasy  
a timeless moment,  
an Infinite Grace.

And then, Spirit of God, enliven us  
so that we may know the joy of which angels sang  
as never before.  
Hear our prayers  
through Jesus Christ our Lord.