

Somewhere in Berkeley and in Boston and in Bujimbara,
someone lights a chalice, and its light shines on freedom;
Somewhere in Kansas City and in Koloszvar and in Kampala,
Someone lights a chalice, and its light illumines truth;
Somewhere in Tierra del Fuego, and in Tulsa, and in Honolulu and in Havana,
and in Nashville and in Nantucket and in Nairobi,
Someone lights a chalice, and love is made visible.
Today, we light this chalice and hold in memory,
the many chalices whose steady flames hold us.

Rosemary Bray McNatt