

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

St Stephen's House Chapel  17 October, 2014

after Saint Ignatius of Antioch

One good, One Holy, One Incarnate God, unveil your sublime beauty before us such that — enraptured by the vision of your transcendent truth, we desire no longer the pleasures that profit us naught.

In your One presence among us, unveil our senses that we may recognise you radiant before us in the Bread of Consecration — and quicken our conscience also to recognise you in the rough sleeper at our gates, in the fever-plagued convalescent in our clinics, in the gold-drunk spendthrift at our table. Count us not among those who have no concern for love, none for the widow, none for the orphan, none for the oppressed, none for the prisoner or the refugee, none for the hungry or thirsty. Eyes of Christ, look on us always with merciful grace, and form us in your mercy; but look upon us in the clear-sighted truthfulness that reveals our faults, our frailty, as we kneel before your presence. Vision of Christ, find in us whatever speaks of you, and strengthen us to magnify our bodies' reflection of you so that all may observe your power at work in our flesh.

Medicine of Immortality, wean us from fear over temporal uncertainties. Cure our fretful fractiousness, and elicit from us the confession of the faith we share, the cooperation in good works that we acknowledge, the obedience to you through the Church that we cherish. Prepare us in this world of striving and conflict for a greater rest and peace in you.

Source and End of all creation, release us from the successive on-going entanglements that trammel us with cares, with grief, with unfulfilled desire — but call forth in us the true desire for You in whom all longing, all hope, all love finds its eternal satisfaction.

Scent of Divine Sanctity, stir up in us desires solely for the Bread of God. *Encourage us eager* to endure the grinding by which our souls' wheat is made pure and fine, fitting to be kneaded into the Body of Christ. Sift out our lingering attachment to pride, to lust, to envy — and draw out from us that uncorrupt love for you by which our flesh embraces and grows into your Spirit.

Hope of the world, Foretaste of Heaven, who became flesh to heal flesh, who became poor to redeem us from poverty, who became mortal to defeat mortality — rend our flesh and open *our* hearts to *your* heart, that your Blood flowing in us may sanctify our will through your own incorruptible love. Rise in us a new body, purified by your holiness. Bless all your church with unity as we humble ourselves before your eucharistic Body now and always, that in the New Jerusalem we may kneel before the altar of the Presence of the Father Almighty, and of you the Lamb, praising you ever, world without end.

Amen