

Eucharist, April 2020

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“Church!” says my toddler, pushed up against  
the counter on a chair  
so she can help  
mix the muffins I’d meant for  
our cancelled vacation: morning glory.  
Named for a living thing that won’t stop growing.

My daughter’s named  
for a Biblical risk,  
a preposterous situation. “Church!” she says,

and I’m glad she recognizes  
the rectangle of cathedral  
livestreaming its emptiness,  
mics dropping in and out. “It’s really good not  
to see you,” jokes the priest.  
The camera juts in, pixelates, as consecration begins.

I shouldn’t be here in the kitchen,  
in worn down slippers, flannel pants, breasts  
loose under a political-slogan tee shirt.  
What is piety, really? What’s righteousness, now?

The tiny verger waves her wooden spoon  
over each empty round in the muffin tins. We’re here,  
somehow, with all those who dare to leave prayers  
in the comments, with angels and archangels,  
I wrench out a clump of batter, lift the cup.