

Huevos Rancheros: A prayer for moving forward

By Rev. Amy Lunde-Whitler

Pull out your most beautiful bowl, the one you save for company.

Chop two tomatoes, ¼ an onion and a handful of fresh cilantro

Add the juice of ½ large lime and 2 pinches of salt

Watch. Wait.

Set aside the pico de gallo

Our houses have been empty for so long.

The walls of forgotten the echo of laughter, tears, heated conversations & music

Our floors have forgotten the rhythm of dancing

What is it like to fill them again?

Heat that saucepan reserved for grilled cheese. Medium heat is best.

Pour in some olive oil and wait until it begins to shimmer

Add another ¼ onion, a pinch of salt and stir.

Watch. Wait,

Let it cook for 5 min

Do we dare pick up the phone and call?

Do we dare throw open our doors?

Maybe one close friend or two?

Maybe next week?

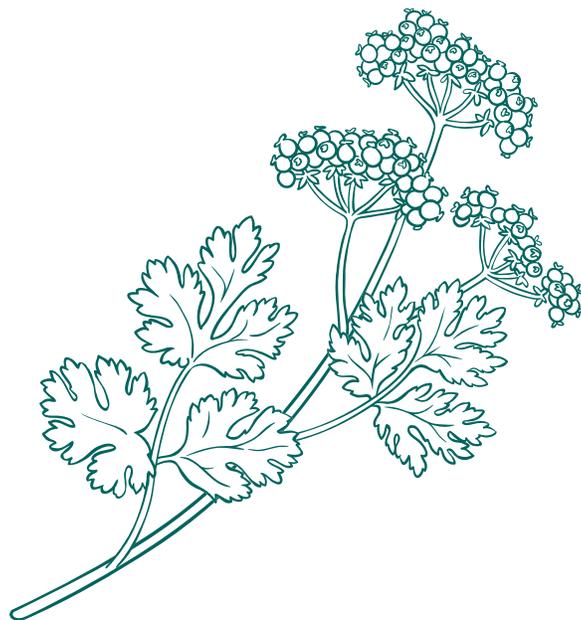
Add 1 - 1 ½ tsp cumin. Stir, stir, stir.

Add black beans or pinto and ¼ c water.

Stir. cover.

Watch. Wait.

Cook for 5 minutes



Is cooking exhausting?

Chopping, stirring, watching, waiting, remembering-

Remember that time the angels came to meet Abraham?

It was 1,000 degrees and he asked Sarah to just cook up a meal
with no warning!

Maybe she should have said no. Maybe she should have said, it's your turn.

Grab the back of your fork and mash the beans...maybe ½?

Maybe a little more.

(Let's go with the spirit of the law)

Our goal is thick and chunky.

Watch. Wait

Cook them on low for another few minutes.

When Jesus and the disciples ate the last supper,
who cooked that meal?

Was it Jesus? John? Peter? Martha

Who stirred the beans, who watched the pots?

Were they anxious? Excited? Afraid?

*After you remove the beans from the heat,
stir in a pinch of freshly ground pepper.*

Taste.

What does it need: lime juice, salt, pepper, a little water?

Add that

Watch. Wait.

Taste them again. Cover until you are ready to serve.

Its me in my kitchen;

lost in the familiar rhythms

mindlessly moving, creating,

breathing, remembering, grieving.

Alone.

Watching. Waiting.

Stuck.

*Grab a heavy skillet. Grandma's cast iron is usually the right answer
It's time to warm and assemble
Warm each tortilla, add the beans and some cheese.
Set it aside and make the next.
Keep moving until you have enough.*

There comes a time when you must move
past the watching, through the waiting,
past the anger, through the grief
Ready or not.

*Fry your eggs and cook until the whites are just set.
A runny yolk is best.
Place each egg on top of a prepared tortilla.
Add your pico, leaving behind all the messy juices.
Serve immediately.*

Take a breath.
Let the messy juices fall away.
Step forward
toward friends, neighbors, community
Give thanks -- God is with us.
Let's eat.

Amen.

