



From Where I Sit . . .

“When We Meet In Sweet Communion”

One author has written, “The name of Jesus is not so much written as it is plowed into the history of the world.” And it’s no wonder:

He was born miraculously without an earthly father. He lived without sin. He was crucified without proper cause or formal accusation. He was raised from the dead without restraint; and today, sits on the right hand of God without an equal.

The story of Jesus is a love story composed of facts rather than fiction or fable. As a true story, it reaches back to the privacy He had with the Father in eternity. His story is interwoven by prophecy, providence, and Jesus’ own presence in the history of man. It climaxes in a death, a burial, and a resurrection. It extends to the final destruction of this present world; and, it is a story that victoriously stretches throughout eternal bliss. No wonder it has been heralded as the greatest story ever told.

We honor this marvelous personality---this Jesus, the Son of God, each Lord’s Day by a memorial feast of His own choosing. It is a feast of simplicity without a chance for drunken revelries to tarnish its Divine purpose. With the simple emblems of unleavened bread and the fruit of the vine, Jesus set forth a means of keeping His memory alive until He comes again. It is a feast that every Christian of every social and ethnic strata can observe alike, without consideration of one’s own fame, power, or fortune. It is a feast that reminds us that the ground is level at the foot of the cross, and that all believers stand on equal terms in need of the marvelous sacrifice offered there.

This communion of which we partake each first day of the week is a memorial feast of the body and the blood of Jesus--a body that was suspended between heaven and earth---lifted up in crucifixion---that He might draw all men heavenward----and a blood atonement for the sins of the world.

Wounded for me, wounded for me,
There on the cross, He was wounded for me.

In worship each Lord’s day, as we each take the bread and the cup, let us do so in remembrance of that great love story of long ago that is just as fresh today, as the first time it was told. The Lord teaches us that the bread is to us His body. The fruit of the vine, His blood of the New Testament which was shed for many for the remission of sins. My participation in this feast – a means of honoring the Lord’s death until He comes. We should look forward to gathering each week in the “fellowship” feast for the word “communion” is from that same word for fellowship in the original language of the New Testament. Missing this opportunity should be a sad disappointment to any of us. Deliberately missing it– an insult to the Savior of mankind – just as one’s deliberate rejection of an invitation to sit at banquet as a guest of a dear friend, only to turn around and accept an invitation to some other event, would cause our friend to be deeply hurt. Shall we meet together this Lord’s Day around the table of the Lord in sweet communion?

. . . . Terry Broome