

in remembrance of me



“You shall tell your son on that day, saying, ‘It is because of what the Lord did for me when I came out of Egypt.’ And it shall be when your son asks you in time to come, saying, ‘What is this?’ then you shall say to him, ‘With a powerful hand the Lord brought us out of Egypt, from the house of slavery.’”

Exodus 13:8,14

OUR LIVES ARE PEPPERED by moments of refractive clarity, of stunningly visceral force sufficient to snap us back into truth.



The talking I heard, during the taking of the Communion bread Sunday last, broke my concentration to the point that I reluctantly opened my eyes to see who it was. When I looked, I saw two boys, each holding between their fingers the Communion bread, chatting away with each other as if they were Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn lazing about a fishing hole, chatting about the fine weather and the best worms to use for bait.

The picture of their disassociation from the holy moment cut into me like a knife.



I was raised to consider the taking of Communion to be a solemn and holy moment in my life and the life of the church. This ordinance—one of the two instituted by Jesus Himself—is, first, a time of obligatory self-examination.

Therefore whoever eats the bread or drinks the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord. But a man must examine himself, and in so doing he is to eat of the bread and drink of the cup.

1 Corinthians 11:27-28

Before I partake of this bread and wine that represent my Lord's body and blood, is my relationship right with Him? Am I, first, His child? But, as His child, am I harboring any unconfessed sin in my life? Have I given Him permission to open every closet, every room in my life to deal with my transgressions—all of them—in whatever manner He sees fit? Am I also right with my brothers and sisters in Christ? Am I harboring any grudges, any bad feelings that need to be confessed?

Second, foremost among several reasons for the observance of the Lord's Supper is that it is a time to remember Christ—who He was, what He said, and, above all, what He did for us: His sacrifice upon the cross as the final, once-for-all atonement for our sins. Communion is the time to make that personal.

...and when He had given thanks, He broke it and said, “This is My body, which is for you; do this in remembrance of Me.” In the same way *He took* the cup also after supper, saying, “This cup is the new covenant in My blood; do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of Me.” For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the Lord’s death until He comes.

1 Corinthians 11:24-26

Lord Jesus, I do remember. I remember the agony you suffered—the physical pain, the separation from the Father, the horrible death upon the cross—for me. For me! I remember, and I give You praise. I thank You for doing it, willingly, and I worship You now as God and Savior and Lord—the spotless Lamb.



When our children lose their respect for Christ Jesus and the sacred ordinances He instituted, when they demonstrate such apparent insensibility to the holiness of the moment, those who are participating in their rearing have done a poor job of instructing them in the ways of God.

Jesus died for those two boys, and He offers them an opportunity—no, He *commands* them to remember Him in the bread and the wine, as He commands all of us.

Lord Jesus, may we always delight in Your ways and never tire of passing down to our children the knowledge of what You have done for us.