

GENTLE SOUNDS OF LENT COMMUNION

TODAY IS THE BEGINNING OF LENT

It is Ash Wednesday

We open this season with Communion

And the imposition of ashes if you desire.

Our theme for Lent is the Sounds of Holy Week.

Today we deal with Gentle sounds

What are the gentle sounds of life?

Some may say the sound of a running brook.

Or the sweet twerp of a bird singing

A light wind blowing through the pines.

A baby cooing in her mothers arms.

The comfort of quiet music and

The soft sound of a child in her nightly prayer.

The gentle sounds of Lent that Jesus experienced

with his disciples in the upper room

Were the Gentle tearing of the bread

And the swirl of the wine in the cup.

Jesus wanted this night to be a night of comfort and encouragement.

Of leaning on one another in loving support

Before midnight and all hell broke loose in the garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus knew what was coming.

He knew the world would be filled with clash of swords,

The jangle of chains, the lash of whips,

the shouts of betrayal, and the rooster crow,

and finally the nails on the cross.

But tonight at this Last Supper he wanted them to be with him.

The Prince of Peace.

Jesus had learned not to do anything with his *hands*

until he had been on his *knees before his father.*;

Because he had already sent Judas out of the room

the atmosphere had changed from conflict and tension,

Betrayal and denial,

To peace and comfort,

And the quiet conversation of the eleven disciples..

And Jesus picked up the loaf,

And held the warm bread in his hand,

And we heard the soft sound of bread being torn.,

“This is my body broken for you.”

And he passes the bread and we hear the whisper
of bread moving from hand to hand
The gentle tearing and eating.
Tearing and eating,
“Take and eat and do this in remembrance of me.”
And mouths began to taste,
And minds began to chew.

They remember Jesus words
“I am the Bread of life.”
Come and eat.
“I am the manna of the wilderness”
Come and eat.

Bread is the gentle food that seems to touch all our 5 senses
Those of you who grew up on home baked bread know
What I’m talking about
Nothing is quite as heavenly as the **smell** of freshly baked bread.
A musty farm house can be permeated to the very corners of that house
transformed into smell of heaven.
I believe heaven will have the smell of freshly baked bread.

It touches our **eyes**:
We see the shiny loaves, buttered on their outside
to give them that rosy brown shine.
It was gentle to our eyes.
Not the harsh jagged look of salads
Or jagged chips

Then our **ears** kicked in and we heard the
Bread knife slice thru the soft body of the bread.
The bread knife that was never used for anything else
Just sliced bread and put away back in the drawer
For another day, another loaf, another slice.
I never did see that knife washed,
We just never believed that bread was dirty.
It was clean as the driven snow.

Then our **hands** touched of the fresh slice of warm-cut bread
and we watch as the butter seemed to flow away into
Its inner heart as we held it gently and carefully.

Then the best of all the **mouth** and the tongue would
Receive that gift of blessing to taste.
And nothing could match its wonder.
And its satisfying depth to the hunger of
an 8 year old boy just home from school.
Add to it the sacrificial bee’s work of hot honey
And you have heaven in your soul

And a memory of home to keep you gentled for eternity.

“As often as you eat this bread “
 We bite into that loaf of warm bread
 “You shall never hunger.”
 Because Jesus touches not just our five sense but
 All of our lives.
 Feed on me in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving.
 “I am the bread of life.”
 Feed on me

It was later after supper
 When he took the cup
 And blessed it
 And said:
 Take and Drink
 “This is my blood shed for you
 For the forgiveness of your sins,
 As often as you drink of this drink. Remember me.”

We listen to the passing of the cup
 And the rhythmic lapping of the wine against the side of the chalice
 This is my blood
 This is my blood,

The cup quenches our thirst.
 And offers the final finished meal for our bodies.
 Bread and wine.
 Food and drink.
 We are satisfied.
 Jesus is the one who completely satisfies
 Our hunger and our thirst.
 That is something we all know about..

My grandchildren were here over the weekend
 And they got the flue.
 It started in the car coming to Aberdeen.
 It wasn't a good site or smell.
 After the first day of being sick at the other grandmothers,
 Which wasn't a good site or night
 They came over to our house.
 Very quiet
 Very pale.
 Went to bed early,
 But on Sunday they were up and perky.
 But when Katrina got up after loosing a lot of liquid from her body.
 Her first words were.
 “I sure need a drink.”
 There is nothing so soothing gentle to her thirst as the taste of cool water

And cold 7-up.

In the midst of our thirst,
Jesus says "come and drink."
And oh the blessing of coolness and refreshing moments
That is what the Blood of Christ does for us.
It takes what is sick out of our lives.
Its takes what is stealing the very spirit from us.
It is the blood that has removed our sins.
And fills us with the refreshing water of a gentle sound

Communion is a time of gentle sounds.
When we come in the silence to be calmed.
Whatever else may be going on in the world
we kneel or stand to receive the cup
We are blessed... in that moment
It is just you and God.
Friend to father,
Son, daughter to creator.
Child to savior.
As often as you eat this bread
And drink this cup.
Do it in remembrance of me.

Today as we close our service
We will remember Christ in the taking of Bread and Wine
And we can remember our sinfulness and frailty in the Imposition of ashes.
You are welcome to come to the Lord's table.