

# A note . . . from Charlie



The bill collector in Georgia who knocked on the door of a client who lived out in a rural area. This client owed the bill collector's company money.

"Is Fred home?" he asked the woman who answered the door.

"Sorry," the woman replied. "Fred's gone for cotton."

Second day ... same story: "Gone for cotton!"

Third day, sarcastically, "I suppose Fred is gone for cotton again?"

"No," the woman answered solemnly, "Fred died yesterday."

Suspicious, the bill collector decided to wait a week to check the cemetery himself. Sure enough, there was poor Fred's tombstone. On it was this inscription: "Gone, But Not for Cotton."

As terrible as that story is, it is a reminder that Thursday, April 20<sup>th</sup> as we share a meal together, wash one another's feet, and eat the bread and drink from the cup of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we are signifying that Christ is neither gone nor forgotten. We are signifying that he is present, here with us, as we take the sacred host in remembrance of him.

It's the Love Feast. Read the report of the events in the Upper Room again: I Corinthians 11:23-26; John 13:1-15

That is why we gather each Thursday evening before Good Friday --to remember, to celebrate the risen Christ. As long as we have the bread and the cup, we will remember.



This is story I've told you before ... but it's been a couple of years and it makes the point of the story so well, I hope you'll forgive the redundancy.

One evening as the pastor sat on the front porch reading the evening paper his daughter came up and sat down beside him. "Can we talk about this church deal?" the thirteen year old girl asked.

Thrilled by the prospect of a great theological discussion with his daughter, the pastor turned and said, "Fire away!"

"I just don't get it!" the girl said. "Get what?" asked dad, waiting for an inquiry about the nature of the Trinity or a question about some cloudy detail of the Reformation.

"I just don't get what the big deal is about this communion thing. Why is it so important? What exactly is it that we are supposed to remember? What difference does it make?"

"Well," said her father, "let me tell you a story! When I was in seminary we had a course on worship.

"One day the old professor who taught the class came in carrying a brown paper bag, and declared that today we were going to learn the significance of the Lord's Supper. As he began to talk he reached into the bag and pulled out a hand full of Buckeyes, and began throwing them, one by one, to each member of the class. (If you are not familiar with the Buckeye, it is the large, shiny brown seed of the horse chestnut tree; it is especially abundant in Ohio which is the reason Ohio is known as the Buckeye State.)

"The professor then reached into his own pocket and removed a small, brown, shriveled up something. Holding it between his two fingers for all to see he said to the class, 'See this? This is a Buckeye like you have. I have been carrying it around in my pocket since 1942. I had a son who went off to the war that year. When he left he gave me this Buckeye, and told me to put it in my pocket and keep it there until he came home. That way each time I reached in my pocket I would always remember him.

"Well, I have been carrying that Buckeye in my pocket since 1942. And I have been waiting. Waiting for my son to come back, and each time I reach in my pocket I remember my son.'

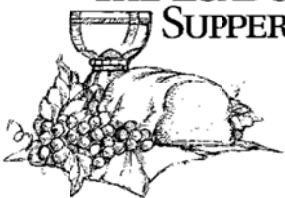
"You see, class,' said the old professor, 'putting aside all the theological stuff. Putting aside all the mystery. Putting aside all the questions of how, when and how often. Communion is simply about waiting and remembering. Each time, we, as a community of faith, gather around the table to take the bread and the cup we are remembering, and we are proclaiming that we are waiting for our Lord to return.'"

The girl was quiet for a while. "That's it, huh? It's just a simple matter of waiting and remembering."

"That's it," said her dad.

Join with your Bush Creek family April 20<sup>th</sup>. As you take the bread and the cup that night, in your heart remember. And give thanks. Christ is not dead. He is alive.

**THE LORD'S  
SUPPER**



*Charlie Beckley*