

March 22, 2020

What a strange week it's been!

I find myself swinging between surreal disassociation and aching sorrow, paralysing fear and powerful optimism. Rather than standing in a room full of faces I know, it feels a bit like this is being sent off into the void, like a satellite launched into space.

I'm not sure when/where you will be when you see this. I'm not sure if you will be ready to go with traditional crackers and juice, or if today's Communion will be a breakfast of toast and tea. If you will be surrounded by brothers and sisters in Christ, or sitting quietly – just you and Jesus. Whatever it is, I hope you are able to sense not only God's presence there with you, but also the connection through his Spirit to everyone in our Church family.

This Sunday is certainly not what I expected it to be even a few days ago, but nonetheless we are called to remember. To come to the table, together, and remember Jesus's sacrifice, his promise, and his triumph.

But what about when we can't be together. Not in the same place. Or not at the same time? Are we still together?

Well, in our scriptures this week we saw Samuel going to seek out God's anointed one. He took one look at Eliab, David's brother, and thought, "Surely this is the LORD's anointed!" But the LORD said to Samuel, "Don't judge by his appearance or height, for I have rejected him. The LORD doesn't see things the way you see them."

I find that very comforting this morning. To know that the LORD doesn't see things the way I do. To know there's always more going on than I can see or understand. He is present in the hearts of every believer, uniting us, whether our distance is physical, temporal, or even social. Even when we can't see it.

As we come to the table this morning, I am also mindful of those who shared the very first Communion. How the disciples must have felt ... Hearing Jesus' tell of his upcoming death and betrayal, watching the horror and sorrow of the cross unfold before them in a surreal nightmare ... It must have felt like the world was turned up side down. I can certainly relate.... And just like them, Jesus calls me to remember, that He was doing something they couldn't see.

Jesus doesn't ask us to pretend. The horror and sorrow doesn't go away. And neither does the kindness and compassion. And yes, maybe I can't pass this plate directly do

you through the computer or phone screen. But God connects us. This meal, remembering him, connects us.

God is in people loving each other. Caring for each other. Sacrificing for each other. His children are together. Maybe not within 6 feet of each other. But still, together.

So as we share this meal, let us praise the Lord for His Kingdom of love, and that we get to be participants in it.

-Monique