

## Communion Thoughts from Scott J. – May 24, 2020

Good Morning, Church,

Imagination has never been a strong gift of mine, so much so, that I wear almost the same type of grey t-shirt and blue jeans to work every day. On Thursday this past week I wore a hoodie to work and people almost didn't recognize me as it was so shocking that my imagination had carried me to that decision.

That being said, I am learning to appreciate the imagination of others more and more. I can thank my wife Stacey for bringing about this change with her incredible artistic skill and understanding. I am thankful for the writings of C.S. Lewis and through his imaginative stories I have experienced Jesus in a way I hadn't before. I wanted to share a small portion of a story with you this morning that I shared with our church leadership in a meeting last week. It is from *The Magicians Nephew* by C.S. Lewis and is part of the *Chronicles of Narnia* series. I have been reading these stories to Parker and Anna recently and been struck by very meaningful imagery that I didn't see or comprehend when I had previously read them.

It's a bit of a spoiler but I'll preface this excerpt with a brief explanation. Digory's mother is sick back home in London and he wishes so much to be able to help her. He is now face to face with Aslan, who has just created the world of Narnia, and is being asked to make amends for his mistakes.

*"Son of Adam," said Aslan. "Are you ready to undo the wrong that you have done to my sweet country of Narnia on the very day of its birth?"*

*"Well, I don't see what I can do," said Digory. "You see, the Queen ran away and -"*

*"I asked, are you ready?" said the Lion.*

*"Yes," said Digory. He had had for a second some wild idea of saying "I'll try to help you if you'll promise to help my Mother," but he realized in time that the Lion was not at all the sort of person one could try to make bargains with. But when he had said "Yes," he thought of his Mother, and he thought of the great hopes he had had, and how they were all dying away, and a lump came in his throat and tears in his eyes, and he blurted out:*

*"But please, please - won't you - can't you give me something that will cure Mother?" Up till then he had been looking at the Lion's great feet and the huge claws on them; now, in his despair, he looked up at its face. What he saw surprised him as much as anything in his whole life. For the tawny face was bent down near his own and (wonder of wonders) great shining tears stood in the Lion's eyes. They were such big, bright tears compared with Digory's own that for a moment he felt as if the Lion must really be sorrier about his Mother than he was himself.*

As you come to the communion table this morning, I pray that you can experience Jesus in a new way. His love for you is beyond comprehension. As this beautiful image expresses, your sorrow is His sorrow. He is in time of hardship with you. In the same way, your joy is His joy and He shares the times of jubilation with you. Be encouraged that our Lord and Saviour walked this earth and experienced all the love, joy and pain and suffering that we do. He knows and He cares deeply for you.

Blessings on you all.