

Monday: 'Remember who you are.' – Holy Communion

Call to Worship (Possibly multiple voices)

Who are you - when the mask is firmly on, when the script is familiar, and you slide into that typecast role? Hail fellow well met, life of the party, class clown ... wallflower, shrinking violet, strong and silent, shy and retiring ... successful, dependable worker bee, rebel? Who are you?

Who are you - when you're all alone, when the world is silent and sits waiting, when you can relax into yourself? Content and comfortable in your own skin, hard edges knocked off, a wee bit of wisdom earned ... restless and ready for a change, weary and ready for a rest, cynical, hopeful, here and we'll see what happens?

Who are you - preacher, pastor, teacher, elder, convener, staff, steward, guest, ok ... but who are you? You are God's (G-o-d apostrophe s) beloved and needed and welcome here. Let us worship God.

Hymn

CH 655 'For your generous providing'

Prayer

Yahweh, the great I AM, humanity has (or 'we have') a question – asked over and over and over again ... Who am I?

Who are we, God? Beings breathing in and out, hearts pumping, cells multiplying, synapses and neurons firing? ...

Who are we? Travellers tending time - seconds to minutes to hours to days – days to weeks, months, years? ...

Who are we? Consumers collecting toys; seekers accumulating insight, lovers leaning into each other like a plant stretches towards the sun? Doing good, doing no harm – who are we? ^[L]_[SEP] We need to know, God. The one we want to follow has told us that the best way to save our lives is to lose it – so what exactly is at stake here. What do we need to lose, and is it worth the trade- off?

Yahweh, the great I AM, humanity has (or 'we have') a question – asked over and over again ... Who am I?

Who are we? This is who we are. Gathered here are your children, your creations, your embodied prayer. Hold us well, God.

Gathered here is Christ's body, his followers, his inspired hope. Breathe life into our spirits.

Gathered here is the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a small part of something so much bigger – your church, your world, your vision and vehicle. Move us towards your will, God.

Gathered here is Isobel, Ian, Sandra, Sam – (whisper hello, God knows you're here.) And our hearts ask a question ... 'who am I?' Remind us again, God. We are yours. We are yours.

Hearing that, upheld in that, challenged to live in that reality, we sense something other than ourselves in all this. Stir that sense into insight that moves us towards each other, for in loving each other, we may find answers that elude us when we ask them alone.

Gathered and gifted each other, it is time to get moving. Who are we? We are yours, God, so guide us well.

Amen.

Reading

1 Corinthians 11: 23 - 26

Homily

I grew up with (listening to/hearing) a saying – one of those family mantras, heard so often it was baked in. I have to admit, it was the source of a lot of eye-rolling, especially in our teens, but it stuck, it bedded itself in – managed to move from my ears, down through my heart and into the deep place we all have where wisdom settles in, bides its time, and comes to visit at the most inopportune moments. 'Remember who you are.' Said inoffensively just as you were heading out the door, by my mum or dad, but usually my grandmother. 'Remember who you are' It didn't always work, but it always made you pause. Remember who you are ... When nobody's looking and no one else will ever know – remember who you are. When the crowd says 'come on' who's it going to hurt?. When 'I want' runs smack into 'they need', remember who you are. When someone hurts you and anger is justified and you're right and you know it, and you feel the red mist coming down, blocking out your sister or brother, remember who you are. When you're afraid there isn't enough and conventional phrases like circle your wagons, charity begins at home, birds of a feather flock together, sound far more sensible and much, much safer than the radical welcome it's easier to offer when you're comfortable. Remember who you are.

Remember who you are. We, as a church, are going through an extraordinary, difficult-but-necessary, evolution. And though we hold to 'Ecclesia semper reformanda est'/reformed and always reforming, it doesn't make it not painful. But if we are to continue this vital work to ensure we are fit for purpose, we need to be clear what the purpose is. And remember who we are ...

Remember who you are. You are the body of Christ – eyes that see the world as good, who see other human beings as stand-ins for God. Who see a beautiful world, yes, with broken bits, but beautiful! God's created world that needs all the love we can muster.

The body of Christ – hands that aren't afraid to get dirty or reach out or work for a better world they may never live to see.

The body of Christ - feet that walk the extra mile and the one after that, ones that slow down and wait and are in it for the long haul. They dance too because there is so much to be joyful about.

The body of Christ - here to hold up a sister who's struggling or sit with a brother who's afraid. With a heart hot with compassion and a voice that cannot be silent when people are shoved or subtly nudged into the margins, cornered there by greed dressed up as 'the way things are.'

The body of Christ – we are part of something so much bigger than any **one** of us and we are blessed to be.

In our text today, Paul recounts the story of the Last Supper. Context is key, because just before this, Paul makes reference to the young church in Corinth 'forgetting who they were'.

'I hear there are some divisions among you ... For when the time comes to eat, each of you goes ahead with your own supper, and one goes hungry and another becomes drunk. What! Do you not have homes to eat and drink in? Or do you show contempt for the church of God and humiliate those who have nothing?'

This early church had drawn people into itself. 'All who believed were together and had all things in common; they would sell their possessions and goods and distribute the proceeds to all, as any had need.' That's who they were and Paul, by recounting that last supper, reminds them.

Jesus gathers his disciples and says, when you do this, do it in remembrance of me. Remember. I think this is so much more than a thought, musing or contemplation; it is a bringing back together. Re-member me ...body of Christ. Hands that hold, arms that

embrace, feet that walk the road with you – remember. Eyes that seek love on every face, ears that listen long, a voice not afraid to speak for justice or sing lullabies to comfort the fearful – remember. A heart whose every beat is in sync with the spirit of God – remember. Re-member – the love, the life, the lessons, the losing your life to save it. Re-member me – the healing, the feeding, the peace-making, the forgiveness, the radical welcome. Do this in remembrance of me.

Family of God, body of Christ, sisters and brothers, come to the table, then go out into the world – and re-member him.

Hymn

CH 19 Ye gates

Communion

At this table, we remember who we are. We remember who he is. Hear the story of our invitation. On the night Jesus was betrayed, he did what he often did. He shared a meal with his friends. But on this night, when they shared bread, he took it and said ‘this is my body, broken for you. When you eat this, remember me’. The love, the lessons, the life, the laughter – and tears – remember me.

And when they shared wine, he took the cup and said to them, ‘this cup is the new covenant sealed in my love for you. Whenever you drink it, remember me’. The teaching, the feeding, the healing, the forgiveness, the love-inspired calls for justice, the embodied unity – remember me.

And, around this table, we re-member – we sit with those long gone, who loved and taught and laughed and wept and walked his path. Around this table, we welcome good friends and complete strangers, you can hear the chairs scrape to make room across the planet home.

Around this table, we look forward to those who are yet to come, who already have a place here because God’s love is uncontainable/uncontrollable. And when we leave this table, fed, watered, forgiven and freed, we will re-member him – keep feeding, teaching, healing, forgiving each other and calling for justice for those shoved to the margins. Come to the table – it is all for you.

Prayer: We are here, God, heart, mind, soul and body. And we are yours. Set aside these ordinary elements – bread, wine, time – us – to your most holy use and mystery. We are here, God. And we know you are with us too.

The body of Christ, for you. (Bread taken out. I will ask that we wait and take it together)

MUSIC AS WE SERVE

Christ our peace (Marty Haugen) + Come to the table of grace (Barbara Hamm)

The love of Christ, for you. (Wine taken out. I will ask that we wait and take it together)

Prayer: We are here, God. Send us there. Amen.

Hymn

CH 622 'We sing a love that sets all people free'

Benediction

Short song for the day - Listen in the silence