

# Maundy Thursday

March 28, 2024

7:00 P.M.

*We are followers of Jesus Christ, living and sharing  
the love of God through faith and action, welcoming all.*

## Prelude

## Words of Welcome

## Call to Worship

Leader: We gather tonight to tell the old, old story,

**People: a story of bitterness and betrayal, of despair, denial and death.**

Leader: We gather tonight to tell an even older story prepared before the worlds began,

**People: a story of love powerful enough to rewrite our endings with the promise of new life.**

Leader: In the telling of the story, in the breaking of the bread, in the coming of the night,

**People: we draw near once more to Christ.**

**Hymn**            *An Upper Room Did Our Lord Prepare*

Insert

**We Tell the Story**            *Mark 14:17-31*

## We Take the Bread and Cup - The Lord's Supper

### Invitation

Pastor: We stand at this table because it is an echo of another table: that table in an upper room in Jerusalem where Jesus sat with his twelve friends, friends who would betray, deny, and fall away from him, friends he loved and laid down his life for.

The story of God is always the story of faithfulness, of going through the hard times together, of God's "yes" being louder than all our "maybes."

We remember how it all started, when God created the world, every precious beautiful bit of creation. God's own artwork, including us, but we rebelled and did the one thing we were asked not to do and hid from God in the garden. We were cast out of that garden, but not away from God's heart.

When we were slaves in Egypt, God rescued us and fed us with manna in the wilderness, brought forth water from the rock. God was faithful to us while we made idols and broke commandments.

Again and again God said, "I am your God, and you are my people." God sent us prophets to call out our disobedience and to promise us that God is faithful still.

In time, Christ came to walk among us, to show us just how far God would go to prove his love for us. Christ read to us, sang with us, healed us, fed us, prayed for us, cast demons out of us, grew tired like us, and at the end – at the very end – gave us one last gift.

## Words of Institution

Pastor: During the last supper, Jesus took the bread, broke it, and blessed it, saying, "This is my body, broken for you. Whenever you eat it, remember me." And after the supper he took the cup and poured it out, saying, "This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many so that their sins may be forgiven. As often as you drink it, remember me."

We share in the bread and cup. So we take the bread and cup, tokens of God's everlasting faithfulness. We pray that the Spirit would pour herself out on them, to make this simple meal something holy, something to nourish and sustain our faith, something that still tastes like hope. Friends, this is the bread of life and the cup of salvation for you. Taste and see that the Lord is Good.

*Please come forward to receive the elements.*

It was the last supper, but not the last meal that Christ would share with his disciples. Because yes, our faithlessness would sentence him to the cross and yes, the God who was bold enough to be human would die, and yes, the sky would darken and the Temple curtain would be torn in two.

But God was still faithful. And three days later, Christ would rise again, and there would be breakfast. A first breakfast, cooked fresh right there on the beach, to prove to us that nothing – not even death – can separate us from the love of God.

God is faithful. So faithful. Then, now, and forever. Amen.

## Anthem

*When You Prayed Beneath the Trees*

Lloyd Larson

Chanel Choir

When you prayed beneath the trees, it was for me, O Lord.

When you cried upon your knees, how could it be, O Lord?

When in blood and sweat and tears, you dismissed your final fears,

When you faced the soldiers' spears, you stood for me, O Lord.

When their triumph looked complete, it was for me, O Lord.

When it seemed like your defeat, they could not see, O Lord!

When you faced the mob alone, you were silent as a stone,

And a tree became your throne; you came for me, for me, O Lord.

When you stumbled up the road, you walked for me, O Lord.

When you took your deadly load, that heavy tree, O Lord.

When they lifted you on high, and they nailed you up to die,

And when darkness filled the sky, it was for me, for me, O Lord.

