

# The Lakeview Lamp

*“Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.” – Psalm 119:105*

Sept 27

2009

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On the night of His betrayal and arrest, Jesus established a memorial feast for all His followers. The memorial was to Him: to His life, His death, His resurrection. Since that time we keep the feast – “The Lord's Supper” – until our Lord comes back to us.

When He showed the disciples this memorial they were eating the Passover meal: a lamb roasted whole with bitter herbs; bread made without yeast. That feast had been observed for about a thousand years. It also was a memorial. It reminded them of the terrible bondage Israel had endured under the Egyptians. And it reminded them of the horror-filled night when God struck down the firstborn of all the people of Egypt, both man and beast. They ate in an “upper room” – a common place for people to dine. They ate solemnly, for this was a holy day that God had sanctified. They ate soberly, for Jesus had revealed a terrible truth: one of His closest disciples would betray Him. They ate in a house in the midst of Jerusalem. Jerusalem, captured by the great King David and made the capital city of Israel. Jerusalem, where Solomon built the Temple of God. Jerusalem, where dwelt the chief priests who wanted Jesus dead and his following stamped out.

*“And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body” (Matthew 26:26).* This is the body of our Lord, the holy flesh of the Son of God. Some hold the remains of great men sacred. The body of V. I. Lenin – leader of the Russian communist revolution – was seen in Moscow for generations. All that time people could view the well-preserved body of that bloody man – the communist's version of a holy altar.

We do not have the body of Jesus. Jesus rose from the dead and ascended to heaven. This truth is central to the gospel message. There is no monument to mark where his body lies, for His body has passed beyond this physical world. But we have the unleavened bread. This is His body, this is His monument. Nothing special about it – just plain bread. Unchanged, it is blessed, broken and passed among devout followers. We hold bread, we taste bread, we swallow bread.

Yet this simple bread reminds us of so very much. Our hearts are stirred as we consider all that the body of our Lord endured. This is the body that was born to a poor family spending the night in a stable in Bethlehem. Wrapped in pieces of cloth, it was laid to rest in a manger that held straw for the animals to eat. Such humble beginnings for the body prepared for the Lord of all creation!

Such a humble, loving statement made by God that He was coming to save the simplest of us, that He calls the lowliest.

This is the body washed by the Jordan river, baptized by the prophet John. A sinless body sanctified for the work that was ahead. Not baptized out of need, but as an example. Jesus was compelled to fulfill all righteousness. If it was a good work, He was determined to do it.

This is the body that fasted for over a month while waiting a time of temptation by Satan. The body hungered, the body knew thirst. The body longed for the bread that Jesus could so easily make out of the very stones of the ground. Thus that body knew the discipline that kept it in subjection to the will of the great Spirit that moved it.

This is the body that touched the children brought to Jesus. Children brought by eager parents who wanted their offspring to feel the loving caresses of this man of God. And Jesus would not forbid the children from coming to Him. Jesus would not turn away His children from Him.

This is the body that walked up and down the sandy mountains and valleys of Judea, Samaria and Galilee. The skin felt hot winds blowing fine grains of sand. The sandled feet scraped along rocky ground. The throat ached from thirst. The head grew weary, but had no comfortable place to lie. The voice cried out in the wilderness and in the city. The heart hurt as Jesus wept over the lost who would not listen.

This is the body that sweat great drops like blood as Jesus contemplated the cruel tortures waiting for Him. The body stretched out on the ground, the face felt the coarse grass. Tears streaked His cheeks, and He prayed that some way be found for Him to avoid the pain that was coming.

This is the body beaten with Roman scourges. The head streaked with blood flowing from thorns stuck in His brow. The body was naked, exposed to this shame by soldiers who wanted some free clothing. The hands felt the point of a spike and screamed in pain as the spike was driven through.

This is the body that hung by its wounds on a cross of wood. The lungs filled with fluid as Jesus struggled to breathe. The side was pierced by a spear, but Jesus did not feel it. He was already dead.

This is the devastated body that was hastily laid in a new tomb. His morticians had to hurry, they did not want to be unclean on the Sabbath. The body was wrapped, a napkin placed on the face. It was shut up in darkness when the stone was rolled over the entrance.

This is the body that was missing when Peter and John looked in, that appeared in a room when all the doors were shut, that moved freely between Judea and Galilee as His disciples were taught what it all meant.

This is the body that ascended on high and was lost from sight in the clouds.

# News and Notes

There will be a meeting at 5pm this afternoon for all teachers to discuss the resource room and the classes beginning next year.

## Members:

- \* Sara Brown plans to be back out today after her surgery.
- \* A card from Virginia Bryant is posted in the back.
- \* Connie Coburn may be coming down with a virus.
- \* John Moore got a steroid shot last Monday and went to therapy a few times last week.
- \* Cotton Read continues to have breathing problems.
- \* Nancy Read is still having problems after having several shots recently.
- \* Margie Frizzell had an epidural shot last week for her back pain.
- \* Joyce Werner is still recovering from surgery. She goes back to the doctor Wednesday.

## Friends and Family:

- \* Hannah White, **Bill and Ame's granddaughter who lives with them, is better** after having the H1N1 virus.
- \* **John Plank's (Lyda's son) father-in-law** died last week from an accident. His funeral was yesterday. The address for John and his wife Angela is 410 W. College; Greenbrier, TN 37073.

Absent: Chris Gertsch (Dresden), Ken and Rhonda Hull (CA), the Nicholson children (AL).

New Reports: None known.

This is the body that we contemplate as we eat the great feast of a little bread and a little grape juice. May we never forget what kind of body it was.

*“And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me” (Luke 22:19).*



*“Your word I have treasured in my heart,  
that I may not sin against You.”*

– **Psalm 119:11**