

# New Kilpatrick

Podcast

25th October 2020

Psalm 90:1-6, 13-17

## Introduction

Hello... I'm Roddy Hamilton, the minister in New Kilpatrick and thank you once more for the invitation to travel with you today.

Before we begin, you may wish to take some bread and wine, shortbread and juice as we offer a service of communion today. Many today are using shortbread, one of the older traditions in Scotland at the table and we offer a short liturgy on YouTube, podcast, phone line and in the sanctuary, that we all might share at the same table, the same feast, together.

I invite you to do that, while these words are read, shaping the space, or you could just press the pause button or redial once you have gathered bread and wine, if that is easier.

## Setting the table:

A table  
A space  
A plug point  
A moment

A connecting place  
A dwelling place  
A meeting place  
A breaking place

To gather with all  
To share with all  
To hope with all  
To feast with all

On love  
On grace  
On future  
On God

This table, is any table  
This table, is every table  
This table, is an extended table

This table, is God's table

Welcome  
Gather  
Believe  
Feast

## **Main Introduction**

In the traditional pattern of our days, we would be sharing communion this week: a formal communion where rehearsals would have taken place, people making a point of attending, bread cut, wine poured, a new liturgy written, the sanctuary cleaned, table polished. Even still there is an expectation around Communion Sunday that can still give you goose pimples, imagining that holy scene.

We can't do that version of communion by podcast or on a phone, but we can do something more, and extend the table today, beyond the sanctuary, beyond the walls, beyond our localised membership, beyond our own traditions, and hear God words of welcome and belonging, unconditionally, at kitchen tables, dining tables, coffee tables, bedside tables, trays on laps: This is God's extended table, open to all, of every tradition and none, a place not curtailed by physical space, but an invitation to grow beyond that, into God's wider community of all who can share bread and wine, story and hope at this widened, enlarged, bigger table.

Come, let us gather and feast together whoever and wherever we are.

## **Short Prayer**

Loving God  
At every table  
Gathering the world  
May we meet you  
And each other

At every table  
In kitchen or on hillside  
May we know you  
In each other

At every table  
Real or imagined  
May we find you  
In the welcome we share

And here  
Now

In this place  
Which is every place  
And this table  
Which is every table  
May we extend it's sides  
Open it's gate  
Stretch out its welcome  
And make the place we are now  
A holy  
Earthly  
Heavenly  
Moment  
Of bread and wine  
And grace and love

And if we imagine ourselves unworthy  
For we are indeed that  
May we know such a place as this  
Of new life  
Reimagined worth  
Unconditional forgiveness  
And generous blessing

At every table we gather round  
May we rise again  
Fed and renewed in you

So be it  
Amen

## **Reading Intro**

We read a Psalm today that reimagines God's dwelling place? Where might we imagine that to be? Here at table, in our living, pavement-sides and roadsides, mountains and valleys; God dwelling in the words we use and the relationships we craft. All these are holy places, not because of beauty or otherwise, but because they are meeting places, where in some important sense heaven touches earth, not with a magic wand that turns dull streets into highways of gold, but where love changes from word into flesh and dwells among us. God's dwelling place...

## **Reading: Psalm 90**

Lord, you have been our dwelling place  
in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,

or ever you had formed the earth and the world,  
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.

You turn us back to dust,  
and say, "Turn back, you mortals."

For a thousand years in your sight  
are like yesterday when it is past,  
or like a watch in the night.

You sweep them away; they are like a dream,  
like grass that is renewed in the morning;

in the morning it flourishes and is renewed;  
in the evening it fades and withers.

Turn, O Lord! How long?  
Have compassion on your servants!  
Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,  
so that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad as many days as you have afflicted us,  
and as many years as we have seen evil.  
Let your work be manifest to your servants,  
and your glorious power to their children.

Let the favour of the Lord our God be upon us,  
and prosper for us the work of our hands—  
O prosper the work of our hands!

## **Welcome to the Table**

Welcome to the table. Not just one table here, but every table, the extended table: kitchens, coffee, bedside tables. Each table, a holy place where, real or imagined, bread is broken and shared with all, and in doing so, the kingdom is touched.

It is surely the most surprising moment of all of our faith: all it takes is bread and wine, and a table round which others are invited, for that to happen. I genuinely find that remarkable each time. Bread and wine. How simple yet real.

Now, clearly, we can't do that physically at the moment, but do you see the heavenly conspiracy here? Because we can't do it physically, the guest list just got bigger. Because we can't gather round a table in the sanctuary, restrictions of denominationalism and membership and doctrine, even space, can't stop anyone gathering.

This table here, is extended to wherever each of us finds ourselves. With a virtual communion, you can't restrict it's size or place, or the community in which it is set. It is

in some sense more kingdom like virtually that it is physically, because it is everywhere wherever people are able to gather to break bread and share wine and make community through the grace of God that the table is found.

As I break bread here, I know you are breaking bread with me, round the extended table... whenever you are... whoever ever you are. It is the same table.

And so we set it: with song, with bread, with wine, and invitation

## **The Story of Bread**

Let me tell you the story of bread: this bread that brings us here. It started as seed, broadcast across the ground. For unless the wheat is buried it will never grow into new life.

We don't know the farmer, but some of that seed bounded along pathways, some fell into weeds, others between rocks. It was a generous supply, there is always enough. And that which fell into the soil, pushed down roots and push up stalks.

At this time of year the grain was harvested, and milled, separating the wheat from the chaff, like sheep and goats.

Then it was kneaded, with oil, an oil that never seems to run out, always enough, kneaded into a dough, with yeast, yeast like the kingdom that grows and expands.

And as the flour and oil and yeast baked, the bread rose, just like dawn does, into something new.

And baked into it, is the whole kingdom.

Baked into the bread, is the longing for justice that all have enough land to grow the seed. Baked into the bread is the longing for community, where those who sow our seed can eat at the same tables we do, with enough to eat as we do. Baked into the bread is the levelling of the kingdom, for until the least eat, those with most, will never be filled. Baked into the bread is the shape of the kingdom, where the least have a place, before those who laud it over them.

Baked into the bread, into every crumb, is the kingdom of God.

And we place it on the table: a sign of the body of Jesus, broken. Broken because the kingdom is not yet established, broken because justice is not yet shared, yet this body is re-membered, the broken members, brought back together again: a sign of oneness, belonging, renewal.

So come all of you, this table is extended to all those who have missed out on the justice of the world. And for those of us who are wealthy, we are given a place, beside the

least with a sign in this bread that reminds us of the breadth and depth of the kingdom's vision.

## Prayer

Loving God, Lord of us all, from every diverse corner of the earth we call on you, in unity of faith, to help us navigate our way through today's uncharted waters.

In these strange times, we put our trust in you – as you put your trust in us, to care for those who are most vulnerable – in our world, our country, our community.

The glorious tapestry of Autumn unfolds before us but we feel the chill in the air and pray for the plight of the hungry and destitute worldwide living in cold poverty. We ask for strength and support for them and the agencies seeking to alleviate their suffering.

Open our eyes to those in need around us, endow us with a spirit of love. With gratitude, we see the table of plenty set before us, there is room for all. Give us grace to share the bread and wine of compassion with neighbour and stranger alike.

Creator God, we know that through all the storms of life you are present with us. We praise and thank you that we can safely shelter in the harbour of your love now and forever. Amen

## Communion

Holy holy holy  
God of power and might  
Heaven and earth are full of your glory  
Hosanna in the highest  
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name  
Hosanna in the highest

So my friends, this table is big enough for all of us. This table is for those who have found injustice and are looking for justice, those who know loneliness and seek companionship, those who have been hurt with loss or pain, and are searching for a belonging place again.

It is big enough for us all, beyond belief, beyond limit, beyond the church. It is God's extended table and we each have a place here.

*Holy holy holy  
God of power and might  
Heaven and earth are full of your glory  
Hosanna in the highest  
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name*

## *Hosanna in the highest*

That night, before the world seemed to end, before the light went out, before the words fell silent, before God wept, Jesus was at table with the disciples.

It was passover and the great story of the birth of a nation was laid out on the table, lamb and herbs, bitter wine and unleavened bread.

The air was heavy with history, with the power of a story to gather a people together, into a family, a community, a nation.

Memory, flowed into legend, into meaning, into hope and Jesus took the bread, and snapped it...

The memories were silenced, the story paused.

"This is my body broken for you" said Jesus with hardly a whisper and before the crumbs had fallen to the ground. This was not the story they were expecting.

Do this when you gather again, do this and re-member me.

The story was changing, the words reshaping themselves round the quickening of the kingdom. Jesus passed the bread to his disciples and they seemed to know what to do, breaking and eating and passing on.

Then the cup, bitter in its taste, was raised by the Saviour. "The cup of the new covenant, sealed in my blood."

And from lips fresh from telling, the taste of wine tasted of a new story. And they passed it among themselves.

And when it came back to Jesus, he had already left the table, and was leaving the room, the light with him.

In the sacrifice, of passover, and the sacrifice of this table, a new era begins.

*Holy holy holy  
God of power and might  
Heaven and earth are full of your glory  
Hosanna in the highest  
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name  
Hosanna in the highest*

## **Breaking the Bread**

Jesus took the bread, broke it saying, "This is my body broken for you, eat of it all of you and re-member me."

In the same way he took the cup, lifted it and said, "This is the new covenant, sealed in my blood, whenever you drink of it, do so in memory of me."

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us  
Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us  
Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, grant us your peace.

## **Sharing Communion**

At this, our extended table, in place and in time  
Where all are welcome and no one isolated  
Where each crumb holds the whole story of grace and love  
We share together the hope, the sacrifice, the good news  
Of the peace, and love of God

Take now  
Eat now  
The body and blood  
And remember him

The gifts of God for the people of God

*Please share bread and wine now*

## **Prayer for others**

Holy God  
From this table  
We rise  
And find ourselves in the world  
Of confusion  
And worry  
Of pandemics and nations in crisis

And in such a place  
We find ourselves  
Where you are already  
Sharing the love that is bread and wine

Among the hurting and lonely  
Among the grieving and lost  
Among the questioning and confused  
Where you already are



sharing the love that is the bread and wine

Among the ill, physically and mentally  
In turmoil  
Feeling trapped  
Without promise or future  
Where you are already  
Sharing the love that is the bread and wine

Among unemployed and furloughed  
Among those locked down  
And those angry  
Among friends and family  
And neighbourhoods and communities  
Where you are already  
Sharing the love that is the bread and wine

In these places,  
All  
We pray  
That we might find ourselves  
Alongside you  
Learning how to love  
As people of the bread and wine

So be it  
Amen

## **Blessing**

Go in peace  
And the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ  
The love of God  
And the communion of the Holy Spirit  
Be with us all  
Amen