



WESTMINSTER
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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My Teacher and Me, We Made Bread

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**My Teacher and Me,
We Made Bread**

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Matthew 7:9-11

John 6:25-34

Why is Communion important? Well, Jesus said it is! But what does it mean to you and me when we eat this bread and drink from this cup?

This morning I want to think about the bread, and the next time we celebrated Communion to consider the cup.

When I began my ministry some forty-one years ago, we served Communion once every three months.

And the big issue for the Presbyterian church back then was whether to serve Communion to baptized children who had yet to join the church.

You see, I did not have my first Communion until I was in the 6th Grade. I had gone through the Confirmation Class and supposedly had been taught about the sacraments.

Children had not been taught, as one Elder in my first church said, “Children shouldn’t be allowed to take Communion because they don’t understand it completely.”

I asked her how old she was when she understood it completely. She said, “You’re right; because I still don’t.”

I have to confess that my own understanding has changed as I stand here for a virtual communion. There has been much discussion throughout the greater church of just what communion is when we don’t sit together, and as I was taught, the importance of serving and sharing among one another.

None of us understand it completely, but that's not what Jesus asks of us. He simply says, "Take eat, do this in remembrance of me."

I love the way Shauna Niequist describes Communion: "We don't come to the table to fight or to defend. We don't come to prove or to conquer, to draw lines in the sand or to stir up trouble. We come to the table because our hunger brings us... We come with a need, with fragility, with an admission of our humanity... The table is the place where the doing stops, the trying stops, the masks are removed, and we allow ourselves to be nourished, like children."

A Father was talking to his son on the way home from church, "What did you do in Sunday School?"

"My teacher and me, we made bread; and I ate mine already, and it was good!"

My teacher and me, we made bread...and we eat, and it is good!

So let's just start there, with the bread.

We have the flour made from wheat or other grain, grown in the mystery of the earth, the seed buried and then comes to life...that reminds u of the beginnings of our own faith.

We have the salt: Jesus told us we were to be salt of the earth, and we must never lose our flavor, reminding us of the challenge to our faith and how we are to bring our own giftedness, our seasoning to the mix of mission and ministry...

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We have the yeast: that small yet living organism that enables the bread to rise, that reminds us of the fact that even small works done in Jesus' name can enable the kingdom to grow...

We have the water: water, without which none of us could live, water, which forms the other elements of our bread into dough, which, having risen, and been formed and drawn into shape by human hands, is baked to give us the staff of life; water, which cleanses and renews us, refreshes and revives us, the water of baptism, which commits us to our faith ...

And we have to note that bread comes in all shapes and sizes. Maybe to remind us of us: we come in all shapes and sizes, some a little more crusty than others, some a little more tender, but all of us to receive the bread that is broken and shared in the name of Jesus Christ.

And as the little boy said about the bread, "I ate mine, and it is good!"

Sometimes, when we come to the table, we get so caught up in making sure we say the right words, setting the table with everything in its proper place, who does what and all with the proper religious etiquette, we're so involved with table manners that we don't think about why this table matters.

But Jesus says 'Eat!', in other words, take action, just as he said "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled."

The blessings are not for being comfortably full, but for the hunger and the thirst for why this table matters.

Because the bread we receive at this table is a profound reminder of how much God cares, and we realize that Jesus' question "If a child asks for bread, do we give a stone?" is a question for you and me,

Do we serve stones of silence as the children of the world are crying for bread, for life?

Do we serve stones of selfishness as the world sobs; voices filled with hurt and pain everywhere, voices choked out by suffering and voices that cry out of throbbing terror?

Do we serve stones of selective self-righteousness that denies the cries of the oppressed, the voices suffering injustice?

No, if we ask for the bread of life, Jesus gives us himself.

Listen to Alden Solovy's poem, **Being a Blessing:**

If you ask for rest, I will sit with you.

If you ask for comfort, I will stay with you.

If you ask for hope, I will yearn with you.

If you ask for love, I will sing with you.

If you ask for stillness, I will breathe with you.

If you ask for peace, I will dream with you.

If you ask for joy, I will laugh with you.

If you ask for healing, I will pray with you.

If you ask for warmth, I will become a blanket.

If you ask for refuge, I will become a shelter.

If you ask for help, I will become a blessing.

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We are served the bread of life that we are to be so filled with the life of Christ that we join ourselves to continue Christ's work until all humanity can eat bread to its heart's content.

Because my teacher and me, we made bread, and I ate mine, and it was good!

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.



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