

Summertime is always filled with moments that stick in our minds. Some are good, some aren't. Either way we refer to these times as memories.

As we gather around our Lord's table this morning, we do so as a memorial to Him. Memorials are places of memory; memory of those we love and those who loved us. God has given us the opportunity to recall the memory of the sacrifice that was made, through Lord's supper.

In John 6:48 Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." In verses 56 through 58 he says: "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood abides in Me, and I in Him. As the living Father sent Me, and I live because of the Father, so he who feeds on Me will live because of Me. This is the bread which came down from heaven, not as your fathers ate the manna and are dead. He who eats this bread will live forever."

He was offering something that had come straight from heaven, something new. When he led his disciples into the upper room, He said, "This do in remembrance of Me." We have no memorial gardens where He lays to visit and remember. He arose from that grave. The only physical link we have with our resurrected Savior is His word, and the supper He left for us. When we share His supper, we remember the life He lived, the death He died, the resurrection He achieved, and the eternal happiness each one of us will get to experience when we go to live with Him in Glory.

This is how we cherish the memory of the one that loved us the most, our Savior Jesus Christ.