

Potlucks

If you have ever read the writings and musings of Garrison Keillor, you have probably read his assessment of Methodists. He seems to dwell on Potlucks. He admires them and thinks they are a Methodist “thing.” He obviously likes Potlucks. We also love Potlucks. They are part of us. To bring a dish to pass and have people say they are happy that you brought that again is a joy. We become known for our “dishes.” I was once called the “Chocolate Lady” by some young children. They knew me when they saw me not by my actual name but knew me to be the Chocolate Lady. Because of this they often received special gifts of chocolate left at their house. They were adorable children. This did not however work for adults. Well, sometimes maybe. Potlucks are often the start of friendships, the trading of recipes, and give us a feeling of belonging to a community. We don’t have them as much as we did in years past, but we do have our Chili cookoffs and dessert sales. When I was on Religion and Race Committee, we had themed pot lucks with Mexican food, Italian food, etc. I shared my recipe for Cannoli’s (go to Italian bakery buy one Cannoli per person plus one extra, eat extra one in the car.) In the Bible meals taken together are often mentioned. From Christ’s feeding of the 5000 to his quiet gatherings with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, to the Passover with the 12, Jesus liked to gather with friends and share a meal. Usually, Jesus was served the food that was provided by others but sometimes he served the food. When we receive Holy Communion, we are reminded that we eat the bread and the juice that represents the body and blood of Jesus, shed for many, shed for us. It brings us closer to Christ and closer to each other. I have for a long time been in the habit of praying for people as they go forward for Communion, not a long-involved prayer but just a silent prayer for gratitude for the individual or prayer for them and for a blessing for them. We are a community and as such we care for and about each other. As we once shared food at Potlucks, we now can share blessings for each other. I have often been the recipient of food provided by members of our church. Some was brought and served to me after surgeries. Some more recently after I fell last November. The first time this happened was after I had been diagnosed with Cancer and had surgery. A woman from church called and said she would like to visit. She came out with another woman, and they carried in silver tea pots, and scones, and cakes, and all the makings of a Scottish tea. I was floored and sat on the couch in my bathrobe and received a gift I still treasure, the gift of hope and love wrapped up in a tea sandwich.

Luke 22:19-20 And he took bread, gave thanks and broke it and gave it to them, saying, “This is my body given for you, do this in remembrance to me.” In the same way, after supper he took the cup, saying, “This cup is the new covenant in my blood which is poured out for you.

Heavenly Father, we thank you for this day. We thank you for our many blessings. For the food on our table, for the love of family, for the blessings of each other, for our very being. Be with us and may we be the hands and feet of Jesus here in this place and wherever we go. Be with our Pastor, bless his Ministry and be with him and his family. Help us Lord that we may be kind to each other and a blessing in all we do. We are living in a tumultuous time; may we show the love and kindness of Jesus to each other. Be with those who are ill and those who grieve, give them the comfort that only comes from you. Be with our staff and leaders, guide and bless them. Be with those who travel, grant them safe journeys and bring them back safely. All these things we ask in the mighty name of Jesus. Amen

Grace Epperson