



Maundy Thursday

Communion Service | April 9, 2020

The word "Maundy" comes from the Latin word "mandatum," which means "commandment." This night is referred to as "Maundy Thursday" because this was the night, the Thursday night before Jesus was crucified on Good Friday, when Jesus gave His disciples a new commandment to love one another as He had loved them.

WELCOME Denise Plumlee

CALL TO WORSHIP Chuck Emory

Leader: On this holy night long ago, Jesus gathered around a table with His disciples; and tonight, He gathers with His disciples again. Come to the Lord's table to be fed and nourished.

People: We are hungry for the bread of life.

Leader: Taste and see that the Lord is good.

People: We are thirsty for the cup of salvation.

Leader: **His body was broken and His blood was shed that we might have life in His name.**

People: We eat this bread and drink this cup in remembrance of Him.

All: Thanks be to God. Amen.

INVOCATION

HYMN *As He Gathered at His Table* STUTTGART

GOSPEL READING John 13:1-11, 21-35 Stephen Clyborne

MEDITATION "Betrayal and Love" Stephen Clyborne

THE LORD'S SUPPER

SOLO *How Beautiful* Lloyd Larson
Butch Blume, baritone and guitar;
Debbie Blume, piano

BENEDICTION Stephen Clyborne

As He Gathered at His Table

By Stuttgart

As He gathered at His table
those who longed to know the way,
Christ proclaimed a holy mystery;
still His words call us today.

As He took a towel and basin,
not as master, but as friend,
Christ portrayed the way of service;
still in serving, we must bend.

As He blessed the bread and broke it,
human need to satisfy,
Christ made even traitors welcome;
still we question, "Is it I?"

As He took the cup and shared it,
telling of the Father's care,
Christ poured out Himself in promise;
still that covenant we share.

Though this feast be one of symbols,
what we celebrate is real;
Still Christ welcomes to His table;
still Christ serves us at His meal.

How Beautiful

By Twila Paris/Lloyd Larson

How beautiful the hands
that served the wine and the bread
And the children of earth.

How beautiful the feet
that walked the long dusty roads
And the hill to the cross.

How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful
Is the body of Christ.

How beautiful the heart
that bled, that took all my sin
And bore it instead.

How beautiful the tender eyes
that chose to forgive and never despise.
How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful
Is the body of Christ.

And as He laid down His life,
we offer this sacrifice
That we will live, just as He died;
Willing to pay the price,
willing to pay the price.

How beautiful the feet
that bring the sound of good news
And the love of the King.
How beautiful the hands
that serve the wine and the bread
And the children of earth.
How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful
Is the body of Christ.
How beautiful.