



# THE EXHORTER

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*“And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.” Acts 2:40*

The Palmer Road church of Christ, Westland, Mi. (prchurchofchrist.org)

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## JUMP START #358

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**1 Cor. 11:25**-“ *In the same way he took the cup after supper, saying ‘ This cup is the new covenant in my blood; do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.’”*

Memorial day is a day and a time to remember. Years ago, folks called it “Decoration day.” It was a time that families went to the cemetery and put flowers on the graves of loved ones. They decorated the graves. I remember doing that as a child. It was a time when the past connected with the present. It is good to remember. We often forget.

Our passage today concerns remembering the death of Jesus Christ. Paul wrote this in his instructions to the Corinthians. They had problems with the Lord’s Supper. They abused it and were using it as an occasion to drive wedges of division among some of the members. The Lord’s Supper is a journey of faith. It’s hard to remember when there is nothing to remember.

That empty tomb long ago changed our lives. It gives us hope, and a reason to seek after God. We must never forget what happened on Calvary.

Memory is an interesting thing. The older a person gets, the fuzzier the memory gets. We tend to forget dates, names and what actually happened. What often happens, as in our household, my wife remembers details better than I do. When I start to tell a story, I tend to butcher the facts, not on purpose, I just don’t remember, at least not the way she does. She supplies the facts and straightens out the details that I overlooked, sometimes not to my pleasure, but that’s what happens when we don’t remember well.

We need to remember the death of Jesus. That is the anchor and central point of Christianity. It is what the Old Testament pointed to and the New Testament highlights. A couple of thoughts about remembering Jesus’ death.

First, God wants us to do that, and often. The taking of the Lord’s Supper is a memorial. The early Christians did it on Sunday (**Acts 20:7**). Sunday, just happened to be the day that Jesus was resurrected. A dead Jesus is no help to us. A resurrected Jesus reigns! Sunday is the Lord’s Day. Sunday is the day to take the Lord’s Supper, not Tuesday, not Saturday. Sunday is the example we find in the Bible. Some believe that if you take it every week it will lose its meaning. Their suggestion is to take it only a few times a year and make it special. I don’t see that in my Bible and we don’t do that with other things. Imagine a chocolate lover saying, “I’m only going to eat chocolate three times a year so it won’t lose its specialness.” Really? I don’t think so. How about a parent who tells their child, “I will only hug you four

times a year, so it will be really special to you.” How about a diehard sports fan only watching his favorite team play once or twice a year? No, that won’t work. The problem is not the frequency, it’s what is running through the mind and the heart. Anything can be taken for granted if you let it. But if you don’t let it, then it can remain special.

Secondly, how do we remember, when we were not there? Good question. We remember by reading the Gospel accounts and through faith, believing what happened. I can remember the events of Pearl Harbor even though I wasn’t born then. I can study what led up to it, I can look at maps of the attack, I can learn about the rescue attempts and I can truly remember it, though I wasn’t there. Civil War buffs do that all the time.

And just what do I remember?

I remember a Savior that loved me so much that he put himself through all that pain to save me....

I remember how lonely it was. No one praying for him. No one to help him. Enemies surrounded him, disciples forsook him.

I remember the seven statements he made upon the cross. Many about others, forgiveness for his killers, and care for his mother.

I remember that this death was part of God’s plan. The prophets told about it. Jesus knew about it all along.

I remember that the Romans really didn’t kill Jesus, he gave up his life. If he didn’t want to die, he could have prevented it. He died willingly.

I remember that this death ushered in the New Covenant, the law of Christ, the New Testament.

I remember that it took his blood to purify me.

I remember that God didn’t give up on me.

I remember the grave couldn’t hold him.

I remember.....do you?

Roger Shouse

