

the Communion

(1 Corinthians 10:16)

The bread we break, Lord Jesus,
The Scriptures call it thus,
"Communion of the body"
In which You died for us.

It symbolizes suffering,
Your agony and woe,
The physical affliction,
Through which You had to go.

Our hearts re-live with sorrow
That evening dark with dread,
When each of Your disciples
Deserted You and fled.

We feel with deep contrition
The way You felt their loss.
The garden, and the palace,
The journey to the cross.

You looked in vain for pity--
A sympathetic eye--
The comfort of communion,
As You commenced to die.

We know there'd be no difference
Had we been there those days,
For often we've denied You
In much less stressful ways.

But crucified beside You,
And suffering much the same
The thief that once reviled You
Defended your good Name.

This first of all the trophies
Of all Your love and grace
Could feel Your human sufferings
In Calvary's awful place.

And some of Your disciples,
To their eternal gain,
Returned to suffer with You
In Your reproach and pain.

And we, too, have communion,
In this symbolic way,
With what You had to suffer
From man that awful day.

The cup of blessing, Savior--
It's also written thus:
"Is it not the Communion"
Of Your blood shed for us?

It speaks of our atonement;
"The life is in the blood"
Of how sin's debt was tendered
By that life-giving flood.

Our sins had separated
A holy God from men,
And none could make the payment
To bring us back again.

So God sent down from heaven
His Son, Who knew no sin;
And made Him SIN for sinners,
Who God's delight had been.

There all the waves and billows
Of God's most holy wrath
Were heaped upon the Savior
Who'd walked a sinless path.

Your holy soul, Lord Jesus,
Shrank from this dreadful plight,
While God in righteous judgment
Forsook You from His sight.

And Calvary's skies were darkened
As Jesus bore our sins,
For man couldn't share the judgment
For sins he could not cleanse.

Alone You died, Lord Jesus
And sacrificed Your soul,
A holy, sinless offering
To make us fully whole.

The cup of the atonement
Was Yours, and Yours alone.
We could not share the sufferings,
Though we will share the throne.

But in this feast, Lord Jesus
It is our blessed part,
To learn by sweet communion
The anguish of Your heart.