

Sharing the Lord’s Supper
with Revs. Jody Furnas-Wright & Steve Flower, Elders & Deacons
I want a story big enough to hold all our stories.
Big enough to hold the deepest despair and unspeakable joy.
Big enough to drown out all the fear mongering.
Big enough to birth hope irrepressible.
Big enough to move us toward our neighbor’s need.
Big enough to change the world.
I want a table big enough to feed the world.
Big enough to fill the emptiness
not just in our bellies but also the hunger of our hearts.
Big enough to hold us in community,
Big enough to end our endless greed for more power and prestige.
Big enough to overflow with gratitude and generosity.
Big enough to change the world.
I want a love big enough to save us from ourselves.
Big enough to end our self-destructive misuse of the planet.
Big enough to reveal the way to liberation.
Big enough to free us from the need to judge others.
Big enough to teach us acceptance of one another.
Big enough to change the world.
We gather in this story.
At this table.
With this love.

On the night of his arrest,
Jesus shared a meal with his companions.
He took bread, blessed it, broke it, gave it to his disciples and said:
“**This is my body which is given for you.**
Do this in remembrance of me.”
After the meal, he took the cup, blessed it, and shared it saying:
“**This cup that is poured out is the new covenant.”**
Here we remember his story, his table, his love.
And we give thanks that big or not,
we are enough to change the world.

Prayer at the Table	Tina Stillwell
Sharing of the Bread and Cup	
<i>This morning we will receive communion by intinction. You are invited to come forward and to take a piece of bread, dip it in the cup, eat, and leave your toothpick in the bowl. The bread is gluten, nut, and dairy free so all may share at the table. If you would prefer a pre-packaged communion, remain seated and we will bring one to you. All are welcome to share at the table set by Jesus.</i>	

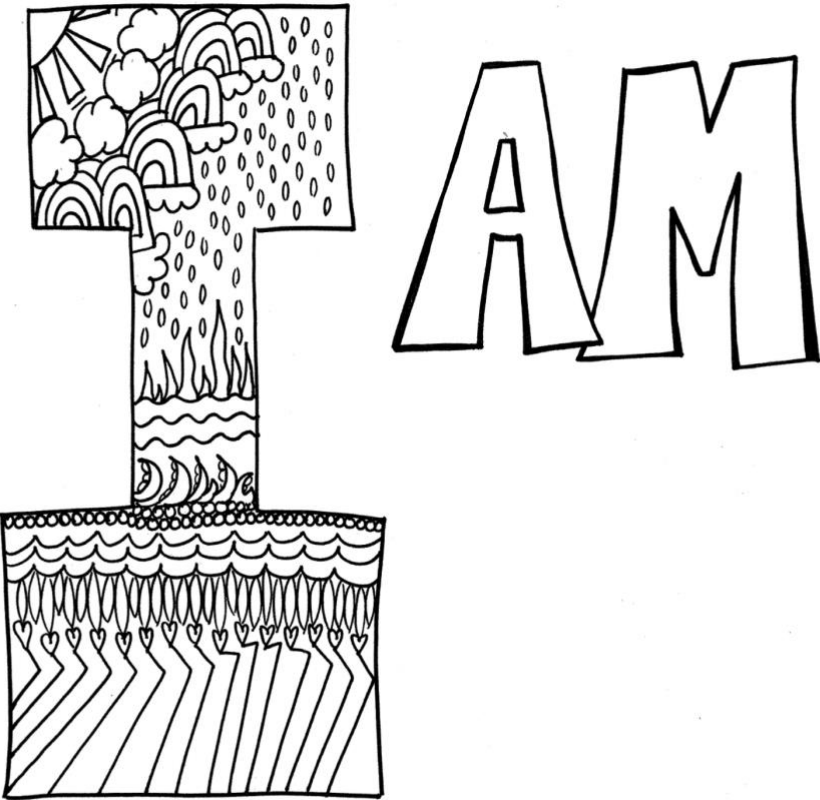
Sending Song	<i>We Are Not Our Own</i>	689
Words for Our Journey		
Dear ones,		
we don’t have to keep telling the same old stories.		
The ones that leave us weeping and unsatisfied.		
The ones written by those who have all they need and more.		
There are other stories to tell.		

Other mysteries to seek.
Other patterns to weave between us
God, the Source of Radical Imagination,
does not fear change as we do.
They accompany us from this space
toward every opening that leads to lands
of flourishing in body, spirit, and mind.
May we make it so.

Postlude

[enfleshedliturgy]

National Avenue
Christian Church
(Disciples of Christ)



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Rev. Candy, Adams, Mark Biggs, Steve Flower, Tina Stillwell, Elders
Hilary Dempsey, Melisabeth Johnston, Karen Lance, Deacons

I Am.
Eastertide
27 April 2025