

Mine is one of the first words he learns as he grabs the toy truck and holds it tight. Mine.

Mine she learns to live as she guards her dolls from her sister's touch. And later her clothes. Mine.

But one day when they meet at the altar, they will light one candle, a sign that every mine, is now ours. Ours.

A name they will share. My car, my ^{computer} ~~home~~, my checking account will become ours.

When things as as they should be, her family now becomes his, Mom, Dad, sister brother, his family becomes hers, mother, father, grandpa, grandma.

Someday there may be our children, our home. Every sickness, every joy, every crisis, every dream will be shared. What was mine is ours.

^{four of the twelve} They gathered for a meal. Much had been already shared, Jesus had taught them to pray our Father. He sent them out to proclaim God's kingdom. They had seen the eyes of the blind opened, witnessed the joy of lepers cleansed, the lame leaping. They now knew the story of the Samaritan who cared for the injured man, the story of two sons, one who wasted his inheritance, the other who stayed at home. Now they gathered with him for a meal.

He took a loaf, blessed the Lord as he held it, then broke it into pieces, a piece for each of them. Then he shared it with them, as he said, Take, this is my body.

He took a cup, thanked God, and passed it to them saying, this is my blood of the covenant which is poured out for many. Truly I say to you I shall not drink of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

With bread and cup Jesus said to them, What is mine, is now ours. Even my own body, my own blood. Take, I share them with you. My very self I give to you. What is mine is now ours. I join myself to you, and you to me, forever.

Paul writes, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a participation in the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not participation in the body of Christ?

The elders and I will hand you ~~to~~ bread, pour from the cup. But what you receive comes not from us, but from the only Son of God. As he did that night so long ago he gives you his own body this night, his own blood.

These are his pledge to you. Everything that he has and is and has done belongs to you. Though disciples would soon after this supper flee, his faithfulness, his suffering, his dying and rising belonged to them. Even as one day he would breathe into them his own spirit. And with it his power and authority, to forgive and to retain, and to speak to the Father and to call him just that, and to know that he will hear. And act.

Later they would even be known by his own name, Christian. They would be his own body, himself in this world.

As we eat and drink his body and blood, his pledge to them belongs to us. His every word and deed, his spirit his power, his death on the cross, his resurrection belongs to us.

And all our life to him. Your words and deeds, your days and doings are now no longer "mine" for you but ours. All that you have and are belongs to you and to your Lord. Whether your life be faithful serving or fearful fleeing, your Lord is involved with you. We are each and all of us wedded to him here in his giving and our receiving his very self.

What was mine is now ours. What a comfort that is when sin accuses and we can answer the accusation with the sinlessness of Christ that is ours. What a comfort that is when darkness is all around us and still the

light who is Christ is closeby. What a comfort it will be when death cries
out you are mine, ^{and Christ} pulls us from death's clutches to himself.