

“Mooooooo!”

Before we take the next section I want to share my concern with you regarding the gross ignorance on the purposes and benefits of the Lord's Supper. So many people in the church do not understand this heavenly Meal. Let me illustrate. Imagine a farmer this morning named Fritz opens his barn doors to milk his cows, and he says, “Here bossie!” They all come to the barn lining up in order. Cow # 1 is always first, cow # 2 is always second, etc. This never changes. Bessie goes to her stall. Ethel goes to her's. Every cow has her stall. Now as the cows are coming into the barn, let's assume that I would put my arm out and stop cow # 1, old Bessie. I would bend down a little and look into her big brown eyes and say, “Bessie, vas sagen sie? Vas is los? What are you doing? What meaneth this procession?” And Bessie would stand there on all fours and try to think, and then she would lift her soft, beautiful head up toward my face and with all the energy she possessed she would say, “Moooo!” And go on. That would be her answer. That is the best she can do.

Now let's go in spirit to some churches this morning at the early service, and we picture Fred and his wife Elsie who are going into church. It could be any denomination, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, whatever. It's the 8:00 service. Fred and Elsie come in to sit in their pew, and God help any other folks who happen to already be sitting in their pew. So they sit down. When the sermon starts old Fred goes to sleep as usual. When the “Amen” comes to the sermon he wakes up. He's programmed just like those cows. Then it's time for Communion. The usher comes down to usher up pew after pew. So Fred gets out of his pew and stands in line to go up to the front and Elsie follows right behind him. As he is moving forward in this line I put my hand out in front of him. He stops. We look at him, and we say, “Fred, vas is los? What meaneth this procession?” Fred puts his hands on his hips. He gets a quizzical expression on his face, and he thinks, thinks hard. And finally he looks at us and all he can say is, “Mooo!” And he walks on up to the communion rail. He doesn't know what he is doing. He is doing it by rote, by habit, not unlike Bessie the cow. You say, “Rev. Ginkel, that's an exaggeration.” And I say, “No, sad to say, no. Only too often that is the way it is.” Anyone here agree with me? Yes, and that is sad. How it must grieve the Lord who established this holy Meal the night before His death. Ignorance! Gross ignorance! **This ignorance has a very high price tag as we shall see in Questions 3, 4, and 5 of this Leader's Guide.**

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