



TUPC VISION STATEMENT

*We are a diverse community of disciples of Jesus Christ **GROWING** together. With the always present power of the Holy Spirit, we share our lives, care for one another, worship, pray, study God's word, and serve both inside and outside the walls of the church. We invite you to come and **GROW** with us.*

Maundy Thursday

April 1st, 2021

Rev. Lindsey Carnes – Trinity United Presbyterian

Rev. Robbie Carnes – Fenton First Presbyterian

Musicians—Eddie Barney (TUPC), Robbie Carnes, Michelle Carter, Madeline Gibb, Sayuri and Hiro Iwaki (FFPC)

Liturgists—Nancy Casteel and Bev Tippett (FFPC)

Prelude – Eddie Barney - Trinity United Presbyterian Church

Call to Worship – Pastor Robbie Carnes - Fenton First Presbyterian

One: Do you remember your last supper before the pandemic?

The last meal you had out at a restaurant with friends?

The last meal before fear and anxiety ran the conversation?

If you had known it was your last, would you have lingered?

Would you have ordered dessert?

Would you have held your friends' hands and told them how much you loved them?

If you had known, would you have washed their feet?

Tonight we gather together, because this night was the beginning of the end.

This night was Jesus' last supper with his disciples.

Take a moment to imagine how Jesus must have felt.

Pause for silence.

Friends, with all of this in mind, I invite you to join me in our opening words:

All: Tonight we will hear, again and again, of a love that knows no bounds.

May we be fully present here. May we worship the Holy, Living God.

Opening Prayer

Jesus of Nazareth,
If the disciples had known
That the last supper would be their last meal with you
Before the crucifixion, I bet they would have listened differently.
I bet they would have put down their arguments,
And leaned in with their whole bodies.
I bet they would have asked questions
And halted the small talk.
I bet they would have taken notes and hung on your every word.
Jesus of Nazareth, I want to listen like that.
I want to listen like tonight might be the last time you speak.
I want to listen like everything could change tomorrow.
I want to listen like my soul depends on it.
So gracious God, clear away anything in me that might distract.
Clear away anything in me that might hinder my hearing and receiving of your word.
I am listening.
We are listening.
With hope and honesty we pray.
Amen.

LESSON 1: WATER

Anthem – Holy Water - Madeline Gibb - Fenton First Presbyterian

READ//John 13:1-11 – Pastor Lindsey Carnes - Trinity United Presbyterian Church

Jesus Washes the Disciples' Feet

¹Now before the festival of the Passover, Jesus knew that his hour had come to depart from this world and go to the Father. Having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them to the end. ²The devil had already put it into the heart of Judas son of Simon Iscariot to betray him. And during supper ³Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he had come from God and was going to God, ⁴got up from the table, took off his outer robe, and tied a towel around himself. ⁵Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel that was tied around him. ⁶He came to Simon Peter, who said to him, "Lord, are you going to wash my feet?" ⁷Jesus answered, "You do not know now what I am doing, but later you will understand." ⁸Peter said to him, "You will never wash my feet." Jesus answered, "Unless I wash you, you have no share with me." ⁹Simon Peter said to him, "Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!" ¹⁰Jesus said to him, "One who has bathed does not need to wash, except for the feet, but is entirely clean. And you are clean, though not all of you." ¹¹For he knew who was to betray him; for this reason he said, "Not all of you are clean."

HEAR // Poetic Reflection on Water - Nancy Casteel - Fenton First Presbyterian

When I was seven years old, my mom taught me to float.
She said, "Close your eyes, take a breath, I promise you won't choke."
She said, "The water knows you and water won't let go.
It will hold you up, for water is like hope."

I should have known that the final night,
when Jesus had his disciples by his side,
would start with water, because that's where it began.
The river runs through—we're just wading in.

When I hear the words, "He poured water into a basin,"
I imagine the dimly-lit space he was in.
But I also see the woman at the well,
and the water we need to drink for our health.
And my mom wading—wading into the deep,
holding onto me—helping me breathe.

For it all started with water, way back in the beginning;
the deepest and darkest water—life-giving.
Water of the womb, water of the deep;
either way it broke, and life was set free.

The Israelites grew up and so did I,
and we walked through water, though of a different kind.
For mine was in play—theirs in escape—
but the molecules will still remember both days.

And then there was Jesus, baptized by John
with cold river water and the midday sun.
And the wedding at Cana, where water turned to wine,
and a wild storm calmed from steps in a line.

And there was my mother who danced in the rain,
and the spring a thunderstorm took everything.
The first time I sank, the first time I cried,
and babies baptized in hospitals each night.

So as water slowly filled the basin,
I wonder, did Jesus remember those spaces—
those spaces where water had breathed new life,
and the spaces where water took with might?

I wonder if he thought of my baptism day,
and of the water in Flint, and of hurricanes.
I wonder if he could see the joy of summer rains,
and how winter snow heals our busiest days.

I wonder if he thought of it in cosmic proportions—
water, this source of life and force;
water, the source that holds new birth;
water, the deep, the dark, the first.

Maybe he did, or maybe he didn't.
He saw a chance to love,
so love, he gave it,
lifting us up as if we were equals—
us a bunch of broken and hurting people.

But in using water, the simplest of things,
he wove together a memory chain—
of creation, and freedom, and baptism days—
for our minds to walk through, to dance in, to know;
for our souls to swim through, to cherish, to float.

I should have known he would call them by name.
I should have known I would never be the same.
I should have known that the final night,
when Jesus had his disciples by his side,
would start with water, because that's where it began.
The river runs through—I want to wade in.

LESSON 2: BREAD

Anthem – Wash Their Feet - Robbie Carnes and Michelle Carter - Fenton First Presbyterian

READ//Matthew 26:17-30 - Pastor Lindsey Carnes- Trinity United Presbyterian Church

The Passover with the Disciples

¹⁷ On the first day of Unleavened Bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying, “Where do you want us to make the preparations for you to eat the Passover?” ¹⁸ He said, “Go into the city to a certain man, and say to him, ‘The Teacher says, My time is near; I will keep the Passover at your house with my disciples.’” ¹⁹ So the disciples did as Jesus had directed them, and they prepared the Passover meal.

²⁰ When it was evening, he took his place with the twelve; ²¹ and while they were eating, he said, “Truly I tell you, one of you will betray me.” ²² And they became greatly distressed and began to say to him one after another, “Surely not I, Lord?” ²³ He answered, “The one who has dipped his hand into the bowl with me will betray me. ²⁴ The Son of Man goes as it is written of him, but woe to that one by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been better for that one not to have been born.” ²⁵ Judas, who betrayed him, said, “Surely not I, Rabbi?” He replied, “You have said so.”

The Institution of the Lord's Supper

²⁶ While they were eating, Jesus took a loaf of bread, and after blessing it he broke it, gave it to the disciples, and said, “Take, eat; this is my body.” ²⁷ Then he took a cup, and after giving thanks he gave it to them, saying, “Drink from it, all of you; ²⁸ for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins. ²⁹ I tell you, I will never again drink of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.”

³⁰ When they had sung the hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.

HEAR // Poetic Reflection on Bread – Bev Tippett - Fenton First Presbyterian

“After he had washed their feet . . . [he] returned to the table.” (John 13: 12)

Jesus returned to the table, that simple common space,
moving from water and undeserved grace
to bread that nourishes and sustains our place—
two simple elements, no time to waste.

I should have known there would be water,
but of course there would be bread.
From the start of creation, God has tried to keep us fed—
fed on bread and roses and love we don't notice.
I should have known there would be water,
but of course there would be bread.

I should have known there would be space
at the table for grace—
space for nerves, and questions, and absent confessions;
space for me and Elijah and Judas, without question.
I should have known there would be space,
but of course there would be bread—
for it started with manna, and all must be fed.

“This is my body, broken for you.
For you, five thousand;
for you, Israelite nation;
for you, child of the covenant;
Judas and Peter,
this is my body broken for you.”

That simple phrase, paired with the food of the day,
makes me human again—nourishes weak spots within.
It lifts me up and draws me back in—
breathing life into bones that were weary and thin.

For it's easy to be so hungry for God
that God must appear in the shape of a meal,
countering frailty, allowing me to heal.

So maybe that's why I come back to this space,
because I know God will be here, offering grace.
And I need that bread in order to feel—
in order to see the kingdom revealed.

I should have known there would be water,
but of course there would be bread—
For I am hungry, and all must be fed.

RESPOND // Communion

Anthem – Lift Up Your Hearts - Robbie Carnes and Michelle Carter - Fenton First Presbyterian

Communion – Pastor Lindsey Carnes - Trinity United Presbyterian Church

Christ gave us the mandate to love one another.

Christ gave us the peace that we will never be left alone.

Christ gave us the picture that we are connected as vine and branches.

Christ gave us the assurance that no one will take away our joy.

God is with you!

God is with us all!

Open wide our hearts.

We open them to new possibilities.

From our dining room tables to our home offices.

this is the time to give God our thanks and praise.

Our homes may be filled with young voices,

or our homes may be filled with overwhelming silence.

This table might be brimming with family,

or we may be sitting by ourselves at the empty table.

But the table is never truly empty. The silence will not be the last sound you hear.

Jesus the Christ has created a realm of love for each of us-

one in which we will be reunited with loved ones,

one in which we are assured of God's comfort.

It was a night filled with teachings and memories.

Undoubtedly, tears were shed and laughs raised.

This was the night before Jesus died.

Jesus took bread.

As he blessed it and broke it,

he said to his friends

Whenever you eat this bread, eat in remembrance of me.

Later, Jesus blessed a cup filled with fruit of the vine.

Friends, this is the new covenant. Drink this to remember me. Drink to remember our time together.

Spirit of God, surround the bread. Surround the cup.

Surround the elements – no matter what form they take.

Surround us – no matter where we are.

Bless us in our eating and drinking.

Bless our connection – near and far.

Even with physical distance between each one of us, our covenant with God will keep us together. Amen.

LESSON 3: SILVER

Anthem – The Old Rugged Cross - Sayuri and Hiro Iwaki - Fenton First Presbyterian

READ//John 13:21-30, Matthew 26:14-16 – Pastor Lindsey Carnes - Trinity United Presbyterian Church

Jesus Foretells His Betrayal

²¹ After saying this Jesus was troubled in spirit, and declared, “Very truly, I tell you, one of you will betray me.” ²² The disciples looked at one another, uncertain of whom he was speaking. ²³ One of his disciples—the one whom Jesus loved—was reclining next to him; ²⁴ Simon Peter therefore motioned to him to ask Jesus of whom he was speaking. ²⁵ So while reclining next to Jesus, he asked him, “Lord, who is it?” ²⁶ Jesus answered,

“It is the one to whom I give this piece of bread when I have dipped it in the dish.” So when he had dipped the piece of bread, he gave it to Judas son of Simon Iscariot. ²⁷ After he received the piece of bread, Satan entered into him. Jesus said to him, “Do quickly what you are going to do.” ²⁸ Now no one at the table knew why he said this to him. ²⁹ Some thought that, because Judas had the common purse, Jesus was telling him, “Buy what we need for the festival”; or, that he should give something to the poor. ³⁰ So, after receiving the piece of bread, he immediately went out. And it was night.

Judas Agrees to Betray Jesus

¹⁴ Then one of the twelve, who was called Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests ¹⁵ and said, “What will you give me if I betray him to you?” They paid him thirty pieces of silver. ¹⁶ And from that moment he began to look for an opportunity to betray him.

HEAR // Poetic Reflection on Silver – Pastor Robbie Carnes - Fenton First Presbyterian

We wear silver pieces almost every day,
earrings and watches—a sign of artistry;
soft metal that gets infused with memory,
polished and tarnished as we live and breathe.

We carry silver pieces each and every day
in jackets and purses as loose pocket change;
tiny discs of metal with the faces of white men—
Washington or Caesar, you decide when.

But it’s hard to believe that this one simple metal—
the same thing we use for dining utensils—
was also the reward that paid for Jesus’ life:
thirty pieces of silver, handed over at night.

Thirty pieces of silver—that’s all it took.
Blood money paid to say Jesus was a crook.
Blood money to say, “He doesn’t matter to me.”
Blood money for the man who’d just washed them clean.

It’s hard to believe that in just one night
Judas could go from washed and cleaned,
forgiven and known, loved and seen,
to then turn around so easily
for a small cash payment ending in brutality.

And while I wish this story was far from my chest,
I’m afraid I deal silver along with the best.
One piece for the homeless I choose not to see.
One piece for the gossip and loud mockery.
One piece for using “other” instead of friend.
One piece for building walls, out and within.
One piece for greed that I hold so tightly.

One piece for thinking it's all about me.
One piece for believing dichotomies.
One piece for refusing to see beyond me.

Thirty pieces of silver, that's all it took—
blood money paid to say Jesus was a crook.
It makes me sick, because I know the truth:
love will exist for me, no matter what I do.
For I am like Judas—I carry silver.
But Jesus is like water, making me cleaner.

RESPOND // Confession and Offering – Pastor Robbie Carnes – Fenton First Presbyterian
Call to Confession

The closer and closer we get to the crucifixion,
The more earnest our prayers of confession feel.
For we know that what was done to Jesus—
Betrayal, humiliation, violence, and death—
Are things we do to each other all the time.
So with all earnestness, a sense of urgency, and a deep hope for transformation,
We return to this prayer once again,
Trusting that the God who holds the stars in the sky is holding us tonight.
Let us confess together. . .

Prayer of Confession

**Holy God who holds us together,
If I were to place myself at your table, I would probably be Peter—
Misunderstanding your radical hospitality,
Sticking to the rules,
Arguing what I do and don't deserve.
Then again, it's possible that I'd be Judas—
The one who betrayed you,
The one who failed to see the good right in front of him,
The one who might have thought he wasn't worthy of your love.
If I were to place myself at your table,
It's possible I would be one of the unnamed disciples—
Watching, but not speaking,
Silently missing the opportunity
To tell you what I believe and how much I love you.
If I were to place myself at your table,
I am confident that I would have made the same mistakes
Your well-intentioned disciples made.
There is no surprise there.
What is surprising is that I know you would have washed my feet nonetheless.
So forgive me, God.**

Wash not just my feet, but my hands and my head also. Amen.

Words of Forgiveness

One: Family of faith,
Jesus knew that Peter would deny.
He knew that Judas would betray,
And he knew the disciples would hide in fear.
And still—and still—he invited them in.
He washed their feet, and he fed them.
Friends, we worship the living Christ
Whose love shocks, surprises, and far exceeds our understanding of love.
So may this story tonight remind us:

**All: No matter who we are,
No matter where we go,
No matter how great our mistakes or regrets are in life,
We will always be invited in and held together by the Living God.
Again and again and again, we are forgiven.
Again and again and again, we are held. Amen.**

Postlude – Eddie Barney - Trinity United Presbyterian Church