

His disciples remembered*John 2:13-22*

Remembering. Remembering is at the heart of our Christian faith. The Lord's Prayer, and other prayers. The Creed. Some of the hymns we sing. The Ten Commandments. The Golden Rule. Bible verses memorized from childhood. Congratulations to those who got away with the shortest one, "Jesus wept", when they were asked.

This very act of Communion, when we gather around the Lord's Table to remember Jesus, as He commanded us to do. "This do in remembrance of Me." Taking bread and wine and remembering His broken body and spilled blood.

Jesus and the disciples are in Jerusalem in our reading from John. The Passover, the great Jewish feast when Jews remembered the deliverance from slavery in Egypt, was coming up. Jesus and His disciples are in the Temple. Jesus' temper was raised when He found people in the precincts of the Temple turning it in to a sacrifice-for-profit venue, selling animals, changing money. The sacred space had become a market place. The activity was necessary for the functioning of the Temple. Temple tax had to be paid in temple coins, so money-changers were necessary. Sacrificial animals without blemish were also necessary. But did these services have to be offered inside the Temple precincts? The actions may have fulfilled the Temple's function, but closer inspection revealed they had forgotten the Temple's purpose. The ways of the world had subtly seeped into the place of the holy. No wonder the disciples remembered Jesus when He made a scourge and drove out the business people, overturning their tables.

His disciples remembered. The gospels are acts of memory, written down by different people many years after the event. It's interesting to note what is remembered and what is not

commented on. Nobody thought to give a description of what Jesus looked like, or whether He was any good at carpentry, or what rabbis taught Him, or why He was not married.

But they do remember some of His words and sayings and stories. They do remember some of His actions. Whenever they got together, His disciples remembered. And they talked and talked and talked. Their favourite stories; the memory of one disciple triggering the memory of another, until the patchwork mosaic of memory that we have of Jesus, not a snapshot but a mosaic, began to emerge. Thirty, forty, fifty years after Jesus' life, they started to write things down, in case anyone would forget Who Jesus was and what Jesus came to do.

From your encounters with Jesus over the years, in Church, Sunday School, at the font, at this Table, if someone were to ask you what you remember about Jesus, what would you say? If all the Bibles and stained glass windows and books about Jesus suddenly disappeared, all gone except our memories, what would we want people to know about Jesus, feel about Jesus, believe about Jesus?

His disciples remembered...and so must we... and so will we, when we take bread and wine, and remember...His love.

In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Amen