

## What Would Jesus Eat?

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What would Jesus eat?  
Look through the gospels —  
the answer? A lot.  
It is as if he ate *every day*.  
Imagine that.  
And this water-into-wine miracle man  
talked about eating  
*all the time*.  
Parables of prodigals and pigs  
move from fodder to fatted calf.  
Wedding banquets  
set for royalty  
become feasts for rejects.  
Jesus never seems to wash his hands.  
(Didn't Mary teach him right?)  
Clean and unclean,  
lawful and unlawful,  
don't seem to matter  
when the man is hungry.

He feeds thousands and fills nets with fish  
and says, "Don't worry about what you will eat."  
But he also taught us to pray,  
"Our father..."

Our daily bread —  
a philosophical metaphor for all that sustains us in the world,  
or simply the desire of someone who is hungry?  
Bread is bread is bread,  
even when it is the Bread of Life.  
Bread and wine are for sinners and saints,  
but saints are sinners too, so it's all the same.  
These are his friends,  
his fellowship.  
The table is his tabernacle;  
his plate is his pulpit.

Eating is holy for him  
but everything is holy for him.  
Everything normal,

everything profane,  
run-of-the-mill,  
ugly and plain and beautiful and fancy,  
dull and delightful, ordinary and extraordinary,  
everything tastes holy  
from the hands of one who is holy.  
And so we can taste and see  
his goodness.  
We can eat at his table  
and we too are holy.  
We can break the ordinary bread  
and drink the ordinary “grape juice”  
and it becomes more than it was.

He broke the bread  
and said “this is my body.”  
He poured the wine and said  
“This is the new covenant.”  
He told us to do these things  
and to remember him.  
Remember him.  
Not just his dying day —  
not even just his rising.  
Remember him,  
the person,  
the one who eats and drinks,  
plays, works, laughs, cries;  
the one with room at his table  
for Pharisee and prostitute,  
for disciple and deserter;  
the one who is holy so we can be holy.

When we eat downstairs  
we laugh and talk loudly,  
the children run around our chairs  
and leap from the stage.  
When we eat upstairs we eat  
earnestly.<sup>1</sup>  
We even tell you to be earnest —  
“All who earnestly seek to follow the way...”<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Hyattsville’s monthly fellowship meal takes place in the church basement (downstairs), while communion happens in the sanctuary upstairs.

<sup>2</sup> This is part of Hyattsville’s typical invitation to communion: “All who earnestly seek to follow the way of Jesus are welcome at this table.”

Today we bring the downstairs up and the upstairs down.  
Today the sanctuary is a banquet hall,  
and the cafeteria is a sanctuary.  
We do this to remember  
the one who is for us the living bread,  
the one who transforms us in and into the Love of God.  
We do this to shape ourselves in his image,  
to take part in his life,  
to eat with him,  
and to taste the coming feast.

So today I invite everyone here,  
sinner, saint and in-between,  
faithful follower and skeptical seeker,  
child and adult,  
to come "taste and see."

This is the Lord's Supper if you want it to be —  
those pieces are in place.  
But there will also be fruit and cheese,  
chocolate, cookies and milk.  
Whatever this is,  
it is definitely communion.  
So sing together and see the table set for you.  
Then gather at one of the tables  
to be blessed and to feast.  
Taste and see;  
remember Jesus,  
know and become the love of God.