A Communion Confession

Like Abel's offering of the best of his flock, we want to offer our best to You.

And yet...like Cain's offering of what was convenient, we offer what is easiest for us.

Like the Apostles at Pentecost, we want to burn with the Gospel flame.

And yet, like Isaiah when we see the Lord we cry "We are lost, for we are people of unclean lips."

Today we bring our brokenness to the altar. Our meager harvest. Our ashes. Our tears.

In our sin how can we do anything but shutter, stumble, and despair?

And yet...You have already forgiven and died

And yet...You have already made things new and risen

And yet...You have, are, and will continue to be our comfort and joy.

And so here we are, laying at the altar, giving thanks.

Thanks be to our Creator, Redeemer, and Sustainer.

Amen.

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