

There was once a garret up under the roof--a poor, bare place enough. There was a table in it, and there were some benches, and a water-pot; a towel and a basin in behind the door--but not much else-- a bare, unhomelike room. But the Lord Christ entered into it. And, from that moment, it became the holiest of all, where souls innumerable ever since have met the Lord God, in his glory, face to face. And, if you give him entrance to that very ordinary heart of yours, it, too, he will transform and sanctify and touch with a splendor of glory.

(Arthur John Gossip)

In the original Upper Room, the food was placed on the table--the lamb and the unleavened loaves to recall how the Hebrews had on the night of the flight from Egypt eaten the lamb and the bread that had been so hurriedly made ready; the salad of bitter herbs--coriander and endive, lettuce and horehound, thistle leaves and succory--to recall the harsh savour of Egyptian slavery; the thin brick of crushed fruit and nuts--bringing to mind the work of brick-making under the lash....

There was once a hero who went up under the roof--a door, gave him an arrow, there was a table in it, and there were some benches, and a water-pot; a bowl and a basin in behind the door--but not such else--a door, upon the room, but the hero went entered into it, and from that moment, it became the holiest of all, where souls immortal were there have not the Lord God, in his glory, face to face, and if you wish his entrance to that very ordinary heart of yours, it, too, he will transfer and sanctify and love with a million of glory.

(Arthur John Gosain)

In the original upper room, the food was placed on the table--the lamp and the unrevoked loaves; recall how the Hebrews had on the right of the table from their eastern the lamp and the bread that had been so hurriedly made ready; the salad of that feast--ordinance and olive, leaves and honeycomb, this the leaves and honey--to recall the harvest favour of Egyptian harvest; the thin brick of crumbled fruit and nuts--bringing to mind the work of brick-making under the lamp...

One handed a cup to him. The Passover cup all through the centuries has stood for the covenant that the Eternal made with Abraham to be the God of his children and his children's children for ever. Jesus gave thanks to God for it, saying in the ritual words of the Passover Supper, "Blessed be he who created the fruit of the vine."....So they went through the regular order of the Passover, eating the lamb, dipping the bitter herbs in the crushed fruits, and singing to God's praise.

Jesus then took up in his hands one of the flat, circular loaves and, giving thanks to God for the bread, he broke it in pieces with his fingers, as is the custom always at the Passover (and) to each of his men he handed a morsel....The eating of the Passover food was now over. Then Jesus took the cup of red wine mingled with water, and made it the token, no longer of the old covenant between God and Abraham, but of a new covenant between Jesus and a new people--those who were to go as his disciples in the Kingdom of God, and so, as children of one Father, they were, of whatever race or nation, all comrades in the

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new community--brothers in a new family...

It was a moment of deep sadness and of immortal promise. It was the very symbol of his dying, but it was the beginning of a new life for the whole world. He began at that hour a brotherhood of all peoples in all ages, whose oneness is that they are his body.

(Basil Mathews)

One of the most moving scenes in the Gospels, some think, is that moment in the upper room when, as Luke tells us, Jesus looked round on his disciples and said: "It is you who have stood by me through my trials!" (Luke 22:28, Moffatt). That was rather fine of him. Those first disciples had not done so well. They had continually failed to understand him and had let him down. Peter was there, soon to deny him thrice. Even at the table, Luke tells us, a contention rose among them as to who was the greatest. They were not much to be grateful for.

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Maundy Thursday Meditation

The brief years of Jesus' ministry had been difficult, opposition mounting, foes dangerously massed against him, many and powerful, and yet despite weakness and failure those few men in the upper room were still at his side. At least they had not quit, and for that much Jesus was grateful: "You who have stood by me".

(Harry Emerson Fosdick).

The activities and rewards of our time are so engrossing that many high-minded and pure-hearted people find no time for meditation and communion in the upper room. Many of them are <sup>so</sup> bent on helping their fellows that they forget whence ~~cometh~~ their help; they are so eager to share the sorrows of their fellows that they forget him who bore the ~~cross~~ <sup>cross</sup> up the steep way to Calvary; they are so drained by the duties ~~of~~ they take up that they lose the inspiration which makes duty the channel through which love ~~pours~~ <sup>pours</sup> itself out; they listen with such passionate attention to the cries for help that come from the world around them that they no longer hear the still, small voice of the Father of all men. In the ~~next~~ house of the generous and

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pass up the stairway to glory;  
they are so drained by the duties of  
they take up that they lose the tragic  
action which makes duty the eternal  
through which love pours itself out;  
they listen with such passive  
attention to the cries for help that  
some from the wilderness know that  
they no longer help the still, small  
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self-sacrificing, as in the houses of the selfish and hard-hearted, there is no upper room.

And yet no man can live without God! It is true, he comes in a thousand forms and speaks many languages; but it is also true that men must make ready the room in which they can meet him face to face. Where there is no upper room, the house, however nobly appointed and dedicated, may remain a place of courage and arduous endeavor, but it ceases to be a place of contagious hope, of that vision which enables men to look at the sorrows of the arid lives without losing heart in the infinite love. For those who give themselves to works of mercy and stand ready to help in the highways, no less than for those who feed their bodies and starve their souls, the upper room is not only a place of refuge, it is a necessity of the higher nature; and the more exacting the work becomes, and the greater its interest and reward, the more pressing is the need of the upper room where the tumult of the world dies into silence and the ambitions of the world shrink into the rewards of a passing hour, and man talks with

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(Hamilton Wright Mabie)

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All the above meditations are on pages 79-84, of The Table of the Lord, A Communion Encyclopedia, ed. & compiled by Charles L. Wallis, Harper & Bros, 1958.

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(Hamilton White House)

All the above meditations are on  
 pages 10-11, of The Taste of the Lord,  
A Companion Encyclopedia, ed. by  
 compiled by Charles L. Wallin,  
 Harper & Bros, 1958.