



Christians often call the meal on the night before Jesus was murdered the “Last Supper.” However, there were no Christians at that meal. They were all Jews because this was the Passover feast — the Seder. But they weren't all the same kind of Jews. One of them had even cut a deal with the police to help arrest Jesus! Around that table were people with many different beliefs and doubts and lifestyles. That was the point as Jesus gathered together his extended family in preparation for his saying farewell. Everybody had a place at the table, no one was excluded. As *The Didache*, a First Century Eucharistic prayer put it,

*As different grains have been gathered from the hills and baked into one bread so may your people be gathered from the ends of the earth...*

There is much I have taken from that Passover meal in Jerusalem centuries ago. It echoes to the present day. I will never forget Tammy, a nine-year-old girl dying of AIDS, saying to those of us in her room on the last day of her life, “*Remember me at the parties!*” I cannot help but believe that was partly what was in Jesus's heart that night as his companions sang and danced to celebrate the Passover from slavery to freedom.

Someday it is going to be the time for each of us to leave something to those we love. What will it be?

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*From Brother Toby's STEPPING STONES: Daily Reflections by an Unconventional Monk.*

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