



Midweek Meditation



"Where the carcass is, there the vultures will gather." Matthew 24:28

Like clockwork, whenever we toss our table scraps into the field near our house, the possums and raccoons come to feast. (A possum is feasting on turkey bones as I'm putting this meditation together.)

This is how it is with Christians. We are the vultures who gather at the carcass, which is Jesus. *"Whoever feeds on My flesh and drinks My blood has eternal life"* (John 6:54). This is why Christians gather in God's house on Sunday mornings. We're possums and raccoons coming to where the food has been tossed. It has been thrown there for us. Like the Canaanite woman in Matthew 15, we are delighted with the scraps that fall from the master's table. A scattering of soup bones might not seem like a meal, but to a possum it's a gift. So it is with the Word and Sacraments. Many turn up their noses at such scraps. But God's Christians come like clockwork to feast when He puts these gifts before us.

*Lord Jesus, draw me to the feast within the Father's house each Sunday,
for Your body and blood are my salvation. Amen.*