

Grounded and Growing—An Advent Communion Liturgy

For One Presider

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A Lord's Supper service written to accompany [Grounded and Growing—A Series for Advent and Christmas](#) but could be used on its own.

Institution of the Lord's Supper

From a dead stump a shoot grows.
Out of chaos, life began.
Out of a desert, a river flows.
In the darkness, a light shines.

Christ, is the Light of the world,
bringing growth and life,
nourishment and abundance.

On the night before his death, Christ took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said, "This is my body, which is for you; do this in remembrance of me."

In the same way, he took the cup saying, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood. Do this in remembrance of me."

As we eat this bread and drink this cup, we remember and proclaim the mystery of our faith:

Christ has died.
Christ is risen.
Christ will come again.

Great Prayer of Thanksgiving

The LORD be with you.
And also with you.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to the LORD.

Let us give thanks to the LORD our God.

It is right for us to give thanks and praise.

Creating, nourishing God, we praise you for out of nothing you created this world, full of beauty and abundance. When humanity sinned you promised that you would send a Savior, that one day the barren ground would burst forth with life, that the world would flourish again, and death and decay would be no more. This promise was passed on from generation to generation—attested to by the prophets, put into rhyme by the poets, and sung by the Psalmists.

Song

"Of the Father's Love Begotten" (vs. 1–3) ^{Prudentius}

1 Of the Father's love begotten
ere the worlds began to be,
he is Alpha and Omega—
he the source, the ending he,
of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see
evermore and evermore.

2 O that birth forever blessed,
when a virgin, blest with grace,
by the Holy Ghost conceiving,
bore the Savior of our race;
and the babe, the world's Redeemer,
first revealed his sacred face,
evermore and evermore.

3 This is he whom seers in old time
chanted of with one accord,
whom the voices of the prophets
promised in their faithful word;
now he shines, the long expected;
let creation praise its Lord
evermore and evermore.

—Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348–413, Public Domain

And so your people waited... and waited... till Christ was born. Jesus, the light of the world, the Word made flesh, dwelt here among us. Jesus, the root of Jesse, from which the shoot grows, the promise of a new creation.

Now we await his second coming when at last all of creation will be restored and the promise made in Genesis will be fulfilled.

And as we wait we join with the angels and all of creation in praising God, for all God has done, is doing, and will do.

Song

"Of the Father's Love Begotten" (vs. 4–5) ^{Prudentius}

4 Let the heights of heaven adore him;
angel hosts, his praises sing:
powers, dominions, bow before him
and extol our God and King;
let no tongue on earth be silent,
every voice in concert ring
evermore and evermore.

5 Christ, to you, with God the Father
and the Spirit, there shall be
hymn and chant and high thanksgiving
and the shout of jubilee:
honor, glory, and dominion
and eternal victory
evermore and evermore.

—Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348-413, Public Domain

May your Holy Spirit be present here in this feast that it may nourish our souls for the work that is before us. And having been nourished may we go forth, spreading the gospel, bearing the good news of salvation, living lives of justice, sowing acts of kindness, mercy, and love. Till one day all of creation is restored and we join with all your people in eternal praise.

**"Amen! Blessing and glory and wisdom
and thanksgiving and honor
and power and might
be to our God forever and ever! Amen."**

—Revelation 7:12

Invitation

Come now to the table and encounter the mystery that is our Lord and Savior.

As St. Augustine wrote,

Christ "by whom all time was created,
was made flesh and was born in time for us..."

Christ, "became [human], that he, ruler of the stars,
might be nurse[d] at his mother's breast;
that he, the Bread, might hunger;
the Fountain, might thirst;
the Light, might sleep;
the Way, might be wearied by the journey;...
that he, the Foundation, might be suspended upon a cross;...
that Life might die..."

Christ, "who existed before all the cycles of ages;
was born of an earthly mother..."

"Thus the prediction of the Psalmist was fulfilled:
Truth is sprung out of the earth."

—St. Augustine, [Christmas Sermon](#) (191.1), adapted, public domain.

The gifts of God for the people of God!

Thanks be to God.