

Now, we're going to celebrate this great gift he gave us, in the way he asked us to. The wonderful wisdom of this memorial, and it's great superiority over other monuments, I've tried to express in this little poem* :

Monuments

Men have often tried to be remembered long by posterity.
They have built in stone, but time goes on, and their names are gone,
Except in books no one reads.

We see the works of sculptors' hands standing everywhere in the land,
But they look the same. Do you know their names or why their fame?
Strangers ask, "Who was he?"

But one memorial has survived. It towers over these wrecks of time.
People everywhere stop and stare and its meaning share.
It's fresh and shining and clean.

This monument that's stood so long is not made of anything men think strong,
Just some daily bread, table wine, and a single line:
"When you do this, remember me."

Communion

* Words Bob wrote about 1982 to a tune by Lewie Wickham. The song never caught on.