



AMDG
THIRD SUNDAY OF
EASTER
YEAR A
30 APRIL 2017



**Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked
to us on the road?**

OPENING PRAYER

May your people exult for ever, O God,
in renewed youthfulness of spirit,
so that, rejoicing in the restored glory of our adoption,
we may look forward in confident hope
to the rejoicing of the day of resurrection.

Eastertide, the weeks following Easter Sunday, are full of joy and hope. The days are longer; darkness has changed into light; the Church feels renewed.

I gently prepare to come before my God in prayer. Perhaps I light a candle to help me be more aware of God's presence – 'the light of the world'.

Slowly, confidently and with hope, I read this week's opening prayer several times. I spend some time reflecting once more on the dark hours of the Lord's passion, but also on the extraordinary events of Easter when he rose from the dead.

I speak to my risen Lord – maybe asking him to show me how I can answer his call. Where I can work with him to strengthen his Kingdom: in my family, in my parish, in my neighbourhood, at my place of work.

I remain in his presence for a while, thanking him for this time with him. I bring my prayer to a close with a slow and reverent sign of the cross.

SECOND READING: 1 PETER 1: 17-21

If you are acknowledging as your Father one who has no favourites and judges everyone according to what he has done, you must be scrupulously careful as long as you are living away from your home.

Remember, the ransom that was paid to free you from the useless way of life your ancestors handed down was not paid in anything corruptible, neither in silver nor gold, but in the precious blood of a lamb without spot or stain, namely Christ; who though known since before the world was made, has been revealed only in our time, the end of the ages, for your sake.

Through him you now have faith in God, who raised him from the dead and gave him glory for that very reason – so that you would have faith and hope in God.

I read the passage slowly, reflecting on the truth that, like a good parent, the Father has no favourites, and yet I am aware of all the love and goodness God has shown to me. I thank him that I am his child and I rejoice to belong to him.

I turn to Christ who became man for me and endured the Cross to teach me how to love. I ask him for the grace not to waste, through selfishness and sin, the precious gift of salvation he has won for me by shedding his blood.

I am humbled by the truth that through him I have the gift of faith in God and, in awe, I marvel that 'God raised him from the dead and gave him glory' so that I 'would have faith and hope in God.' I end by praying as Jesus taught us: Our Father ...

GOSPEL: LUKE 24: 13-35 (EXCERPT)

Two of the disciples were on their way to a village called Emmaus... and they were talking together about all that had happened. Now as they talked this over, Jesus himself came up and walked by their side; but something prevented them from recognising him. He said to them, 'What matters are you discussing as you walk along?' They stopped short, their faces downcast...'All about Jesus of Nazareth,' they answered, 'who proved he was a great prophet by the things he said and did ... and how our chief priests and our leaders handed him over to be sentenced to death and had him crucified. Some women... went to the tomb... and came back to tell us they had seen a vision of angels who declared he was alive. Some of our friends went to the tomb and found everything exactly as the women reported, but of him they saw nothing.' Then [Jesus] said to them, 'You foolish men! So slow to believe the full message of the prophets! Was it not ordained that the Christ should suffer and so enter his glory?' Then, starting with Moses and going through all the prophets, he explained to them the passages throughout the scriptures that were about himself. When they drew near to the village ...they pressed him to stay with them... So he went in...Now while he was with them at table, he took bread and said the blessing; then he broke it and handed it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognised him; but he had vanished from their sight. Then they said to each other, 'Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road and explained the scriptures to us?' They set out that instant and returned to Jerusalem. There they found the Eleven ... [and] told their story of what had happened on the road and how they had recognised him at the breaking of bread.

I may imagine walking with the disciples, hearing their concerns and then, like them, listening to the Stranger, longing for him to stay with me. As I join them at the table as he takes bread, blesses it, breaks it and gives it to us. Immediately our eyes are opened and we recognise the Stranger is Jesus, risen from the dead. He vanishes from our sight but our hearts burn with love and joy.

Here's a text if you've only got a minute...

Jesus the Nazarene was a man commended to you by God by the miracles and portents and signs that God worked through him. *First Reading, Acts 2: 14, 22–33*

Through him you now have faith in God, who raised him from the dead and gave him glory for that very reason – so that you would have faith and hope in God. *Second Reading, 1 Peter 1: 17–21*

Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road and explained the scriptures to us? *Gospel, John 24: 13–35*

They had recognised him at the breaking of bread. *Gospel, John 24: 13–35*



How does this image help me meditate on the events of Eastertide?

REFLECTIONS

What does the week hold for me and how do I feel God may be calling me?

And so, what do I want to ask of God for myself and for others?

Based on Prego by St Beuno's
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