

Here's a text if you've only a minute - - -

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life; whom should I dread?

[Entrance Antiphon]

The Lord listened and had pity. The Lord came to my help. For me you have changed my mourning into dancing; O Lord my God, I will thank you for ever.

[Psalm 29]

The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer; my God is my saving strength.

[Communion Antiphon]

Father in heaven, words cannot measure the boundaries of love for those born to new life in Christ Jesus. Raise us beyond the limits this world imposes, so that we may be free to love as Christ teaches and find our joy in your glory.

[Old Opening Prayer]

When the Lord saw her [me], he felt sorry for her [me]. 'Do not cry.' he said

[Gospel]



HOW DOES THIS IMAGE SPEAK TO ME IN MY PRAYER?



10TH SUNDAY
ORDINARY TIME
YEAR C
9TH JUNE 2013

AT NIGHT THERE ARE TEARS, BUT JOY COMES WITH THE DAWN

I consider how I am feeling as I come to pray with this week's liturgy; what sort of week have I had...?

I ask for the grace to give thanks for what has been.

Throughout this week, the triumphant note running through the scriptures gives me heart to look forward in hope.

The first reading and the Gospel each have a story of God's great compassion as he restores the dead to life. The joyful psalm continues the theme, singing praises to the Lord who transforms our 'mourning into dancing'. St Paul describes his dramatic transformation following his response to God's 'call through grace'. The words of the Collect link Paul's experience to mine, ultimately leading me to pray for the grace to do 'what is right'.

Today and each day of the coming week, I give myself time to relax into my prayer, consciously coming into the transforming presence of God. I allow myself to be led by the Holy Spirit.

COLLECT

O God. from whom all good things come,
grant that we, who call on you in our need,
may at your prompting discern what is right,
and by your guidance do it.

Through our Lord Jesus Christ...

Part of the Second Reading - Galatians 1:11-19

The Good News I preached is not a human message that I was given by men, it is something I learnt only through a revelation of Jesus Christ. You must have heard of my career as a practising Jew, how merciless I was in persecuting the Church of God, how much damage I did to it, how I stood out among other Jews of my generation, and how enthusiastic I was for the tradition of my ancestors. Then God, who had specially chosen me while I was still in my mother's womb, called me through his grace and chose to reveal his Son in me, so that I might preach the Good News about him to the pagans..

The Galatians have been unsettled by Jewish Christians preaching a 'different version' of the Good News. Paul assures them of his authenticity and his unity of purpose with Peter and the other apostles who preach with the authority of God.

Prayerfully, I read this extract from Paul's letter addressing the confusion and unrest caused by different interpretations of God's message. Is there a particular word or phrase which attracts my attention, causing me to ponder more deeply?

Paul's words may prompt me to question myself; am I easily swayed by other people's version, or interpretation, of God's Word?

When I speak of God, no matter how casually, where does my authority come from?

How do Paul's words apply to my life, my journey in faith, today?

When I am ready, I speak to Jesus, the One who chose me, the One who calls and transforms me. I listen to Him.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit...

Gospel Luke 7:11-17

Jesus went to a town called Nain, accompanied by his disciples and a great number of people. When he was near the gate of the town it happened that a dead man was being carried out for burial, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, And a considerable number of the townspeople were with her. When the Lord saw her he felt sorry for her. 'Do not cry' he said. Then he went up and put his hand on the bier and the bearers stood still, and he said, 'Young man, I tell you to get up.' And the dead man sat up and began to walk, and Jesus gave him to his mother. Everyone was filled with awe and praised God saying, 'A great prophet has appeared among us; God has visited his people.' And this opinion of him spread throughout Judaea and all over the countryside.

Giving myself time to become still, I approach this miraculous event with prayerful imagination. When I am familiar with the story I may wish to put the words aside and enter into the scene;

There are so many people around, the crowd that were following Jesus and his disciples and the many people from the town accompanying the woman and her dead son to his burial place. It is very noisy, people are crying...

I see Jesus move forward and speak to the grieving mother, I hear what he says to her. His compassion is evident.

I see Jesus touch the bier, the people have become still, Jesus addresses the dead man simply and with authority. Everyone is in awe as together we watch Jesus give the young man back to his mother.

Everything has changed, the weeping and wailing has turned to praise and tears of joy...

What is happening within me as I witness this dramatic scene? Do I want to speak to anyone, or to quietly move away with my thoughts? Glory be to the Father...