

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

We ponder your loving kindness, O God.

Entrance Antiphon

For thus says the Lord:

Like a son comforted by his mother will I comfort you. *First Reading*

It does not matter if a person is circumcised or not; what matters is for him to become an altogether new creature. *Second Reading*

'I call you friends', says the Lord, 'because I have made known to you everything I have learned from my Father'. *Gospel Acclamation*

Father, in the rising of your Son,
death gives birth to new life.

The suffering he endured restored hope to a fallen world.
Let sin never ensnare us with empty promises of passing joy.

Make us one with you always,
so that our joy may be holy,
and our love may give life.

Old Opening Prayer

This week's readings if you want to reflect further:

Isaiah 66: 10–14; Ps. 65 (66); Galatians 6: 14–18; Luke 10: 1–12, 17–20



Thus, says the Lord:
At her breast
will her nurslings be carried
and fondled in her lap.
Like a son comforted by his
mother will I comfort you.
Isaiah (First Reading)

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ST. BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM

Fourteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time

Year C

7th July 2019



Peace to this house!

This Sunday's readings celebrate the grace of Christ's peace, and invite us to become messengers of that peace to all around us.

Isaiah calls the people of Israel to trust in God's loving presence with them. He compares the care and comfort God lavishes on us to that of a comforting, nurturing mother. (**First Reading**)

Today's **Psalm** reverberates with the joy of a people conscious of God's care.

In the **Second Reading**, Paul tells the Christians of Galatia that they are a new creation; a new people of God. The 'marks' that matter now are not the marks of circumcision, but those of a new creature who follows the way of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

In the **Gospel** story, Jesus speaks of the urgency and magnitude of the task of proclaiming his message to all the peoples. He sends out the 72 disciples to prepare the way for him and to spread his peace. On their return, Jesus reminds the rejoicing disciples that their success lies in his power working through them, not in their own strength.

This week, let us pray to the Father to be shown our mission individually and collectively in our church community, as we are called to become messengers of peace and hope in word and deed.

Opening Prayer

O God, who in the abasement of your Son
have raised up a fallen world, fill your faithful with holy joy,
for on those you have rescued from slavery to sin,
you bestow eternal gladness.

Psalm 65 (66)

R/. Cry out with joy to God all the earth

Cry out with joy to God all the earth,
O sing to the glory of his name.
O render him glorious praise.
Say to God: ‘How tremendous your deeds!’

‘Before you all the earth shall bow;
shall sing to you, sing to your name!’
Come and see the works of God,
tremendous his deeds among men.

He turned the sea into dry land,
they passed through the river dry-shod.
Let our joy then be in him;
he rules for ever by his might.

Come and hear, all who fear God.
I will tell what he did for my soul.
Blessed be God who did not reject my prayer
nor withhold his love from me.

Once I have settled into my place of prayer, I ask the Holy Spirit to lead me to interior stillness. I rest in the comforting embrace of the Lord for a couple of minutes.

When I am ready, I read the psalm slowly, with loving attention.

I pause on any words or phrases for as long as I am drawn to dwell there.
I note my responses to any words that stir me.

Perhaps I share the psalmist’s joy when observing the works and wonders of God. Maybe I feel called to tell others what he has ‘done for my soul’?

Or perhaps I am so burdened with the struggles of daily life that I am unable to rejoice?

Whatever is true for me today, I bring to the Lord. I share with him my desires, fears and longings ... for myself and those close to me; for all who are enslaved and imprisoned and not aware of God’s love for them.

If my mind is prone to wandering today, I may choose to take a phrase from the text, and pray it like a mantra, allowing it to bring me back to the Lord.

Gospel Luke 10: 1–19

The Lord appointed seventy-two others and sent them out ahead of him, in pairs, to all the towns and places he himself was to visit. He said to them, ‘The harvest is rich but the labourers are few, so ask the Lord of the harvest to send labourers to his harvest. Start off now, but remember, I am sending you out like lambs among wolves. Carry no purse, no haversack, no sandals. Salute no one on the road. Whatever house you go into, let your first words be “Peace to this house!” And if a man of peace lives there, your peace will go and rest on him; if not it will come back to you. Stay in the same house, taking what food and drink they have to offer, for the labourer deserves his wages; do not move from house to house. Whenever you go into a town where they make you welcome, eat what is set before you. Cure those in it who are sick, and say, “The kingdom of God is very near you”.’

I allow myself the necessary time to slow down internally.
I settle into a consciousness of God’s presence in and around me.
I welcome the Lord into my house.

I read the Gospel slowly and try to picture the scene unfolding.
It may help my prayer to imagine myself as one of the appointed disciples being sent out ahead of Jesus. What do I feel when Jesus approaches me to work with him on this special mission – surprised, excited or maybe fearful? Perhaps it brings to mind aspects of my own life?
What are my deepest desires? What is the Lord’s desire for me?
I linger here, and ponder ... and speak to the Lord about what is in my heart.
I pray for a deepening awareness of the need of his power as I try to walk in his paths through my own life.

Perhaps I read the text again, imagining myself looking at and listening to Jesus. What does his face, his voice, tell me about his sense of urgency, his leadership qualities, his warnings of the cost of discipleship ...?

How does he make me feel?
I spend time reflecting on what arises, and share with him.

As Jesus requests, I bring this prayer to the Father, asking in trust for more labourers for the harvest.

I end my prayer time slowly, saying *Our Father ...*