

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

By his own right hand, God has now raised Jesus up to be leader and saviour. *First Reading*

I will praise you, Lord, you have rescued me. *Psalm*

The Lamb that was sacrificed is worthy to be given power, riches, wisdom, strength, honour, glory and blessing. *Second Reading*

'Lord, you know everything; you know I love you!' *Gospel*

God our Father,
may we look forward with hope in your Resurrection,
for you have made us your sons and daughters,
and restored the joy of our youth.

Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you want to reflect further:
Acts 5: 27–32, 40–41; Psalm 29 (30); Apoc. 5: 11–14; John 21: 1–19

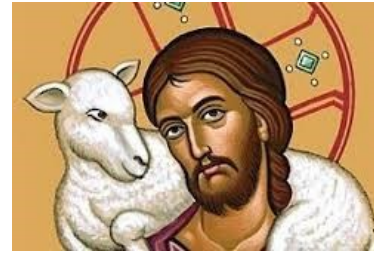


John Reilly, *The Miraculous Draught* (1978)
© John Reilly artist

'It is the Lord!'

If you'd like to receive Prego by email each week, sign up at
www.stbeunosoutreach.wordpress.com

ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



Third Sunday of Easter
Year C
1st May 2022

'It is the Lord!'

In this Easter season, we see the strength of those who have witnessed the resurrection. Through them, we too witness the love of the risen Christ and power of his resurrection, even in times of terror and persecution.

In the **First Reading** we see the Apostles, despite the threat of persecution, bravely announcing that Jesus is risen.

The **Second Reading** transports us to a vision of heaven. The author of the Apocalypse shares a vision where the whole of heaven and all of creation bows before the 'Lamb that was sacrificed'.

Our **Gospel** passage relates how the risen Christ shows himself to the disciples by the Sea of Tiberias, and how he challenges Peter to affirm his love three times.

The **Psalm** is a song of praise and thanksgiving that Christ himself and all his disciples sang.

Perhaps this week we, too, can praise the Lord for all the signs of resurrection around us, as we see the mystery of his Passion and resurrection in our world.

We also continue to pray for peace across the world, and especially for the people of Ukraine and eastern Europe.



Opening Prayer

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

Second Reading Apocalypse 5: 11–14

In my vision, I, John, heard the sound of an immense number of angels gathered round the throne and the animals and the elders; there were ten thousand times ten thousand of them and thousands upon thousand shouting, 'The Lamb that was sacrificed is worthy to be given power, riches, wisdom, strength, honour, glory and blessing.' Then I heard all the living things in creation – everything in the air, and on the ground, and under the ground, and in the sea, crying, 'To the One who is sitting on the throne and to the Lamb, be all praise, honour glory, and power, for ever and ever.' And the four animals said, 'Amen'; and the elders prostrated themselves to worship.

As I begin my prayer, I take the time to relax my body and my mind. I breathe in God's goodness and love. I remind myself that the risen Christ is Lord as I offer him this time of prayer.

Having read the text a couple of times, I try to imagine this vision of heaven.

At the centre is the Lamb, an image laden with the significance of Christ's sacrifice. Myriads of angels are praising him.

Can I join in this song of praise?

Or would I prefer to use other words and images?

Or perhaps I am drawn to silent adoration?

I turn to the risen Christ and respond as the Spirit moves me.

The whole of creation is praising the Lamb. Can I see this around me?

Perhaps I may ask for the grace to live in this awareness.

I turn to our troubled world. I may wish to ask the Lamb to bless it, filling it with his power, wisdom and peace.

I remember all those who are suffering, and hold them, in my helplessness, before the risen Christ.

I end my prayer with an *Our Father*.

Gospel John 21: 1–19 (part)

Jesus showed himself again to the disciples. It was by the Sea of Tiberias, and it happened like this: Simon Peter, Thomas, Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee and two more of his disciples were together. Simon Peter said, 'I'm going fishing.' They replied, 'We'll come with you.' They went out and got into the boat but caught nothing that night.

It was light by now and there stood Jesus on the shore, though the disciples did not realise that it was Jesus. He called out, 'Have you caught anything, friends?' And when they answered, 'No', he said, 'Throw the net out to starboard and you'll find something'. So they dropped the net, and there were so many fish that they could not haul it in. The disciple Jesus loved said to Peter, 'It is the Lord.' At these words, Simon Peter, who had practically nothing on, wrapped his cloak round him and jumped into the water. The other disciples came on in the boat, towing the net and the fish.

As soon as they came ashore they saw that there was some bread there, and a charcoal fire with fish cooking on it. Jesus said, 'Bring some of the fish you have just caught.' Simon Peter went aboard and dragged the net to the shore. Jesus said to them, 'Come and have breakfast.' None of the disciples was bold enough to ask, 'Who are you?'; they knew quite well it was the Lord. Jesus then stepped forward, took the bread and gave it to them, and the same with the fish. This was the third time that Jesus showed himself to the disciples after rising from the dead.

I come to my place of prayer and relax into God's presence in the way I usually do. In time I read the text slowly.

What strikes me when I consider the disciples or Peter?

How do I identify with them?

Do I stand back or do I move towards Jesus?

And what of Jesus's own actions and words?

... His gentle suggestion, his calm normality, his thoughtfulness in cooking breakfast, his sharing in the meal ...

How do these things make me feel? I speak to him of what is in my heart.

Later, I might read the remainder of the text, but for now I spend time in silence, or in thanksgiving for the resurrection, telling the Lord of my love.

I end my prayer with a *Glory be* ...