

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

I gazed into the visions of the night. *First Reading*

The Lord is king, let earth rejoice. *Psalm*

We had seen his majesty for ourselves. *Second Reading*

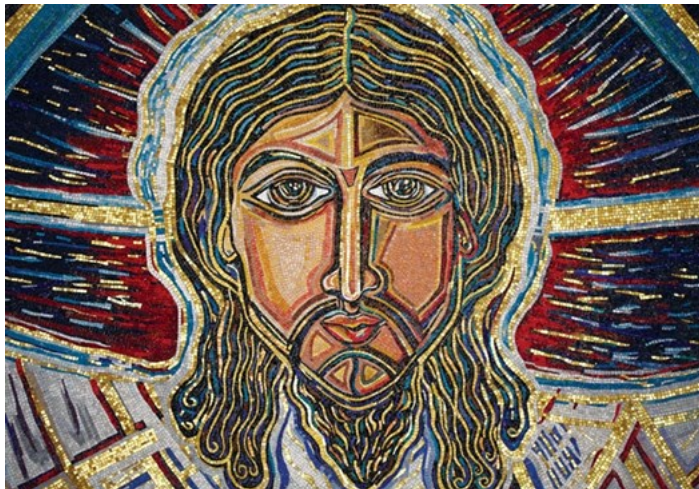
It is wonderful for us to be here. *Gospel*

God our Father,
in the transfigured glory of Christ your Son,
you strengthen our faith by confirming the witness of your prophets,
and show us the splendour of your beloved sons and daughters.

As we listen to the voice of your Son,
help us to become heirs to eternal life with him.

Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you want to explore further:
Daniel 7:9–10, 13–14; Psalm 97 (98); 2 Peter 1:16–19; Matthew 17:1–9



Mosaic of the Face of the Transfigured Christ,
Church of the Transfiguration, Orleans, Massachusetts

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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



The Transfiguration of the Lord
Year A, 6th August 2023

'It is wonderful for us to be here'

The liturgy of Transfiguration Sunday gives us a foretaste of future glory.

In the **Gospel**, as in all the synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke), the account of the Transfiguration occurs as Jesus is about to make his final journey to Jerusalem and to the Cross. His imminent tragedy is seen through a vision of the glory that is to come.

For us, who carry our own tragedies and crosses, there is help in these readings. They hint at our own glory, too, as God's adopted children, redeemed and sanctified.

We, too, will be led into his presence and offered a share in his glory (**First Reading**).

On that day, all creation will rejoice (**Psalm**).

The gift's promise is, for us as it was for Peter, 'a lamp for lighting the way through the dark until the dawn comes' (**Second Reading**).

This week let's pray that, despite our own personal struggles and the darkness of the world's news, we might hold onto the hope of the glory that is ours through a share in Christ's everlasting life.



Opening Prayer

O God,
who in the glorious Transfiguration of your Only Begotten Son
confirmed the mysteries of faith by the witness of the Fathers
and wonderfully prefigured our full adoption to sonship,
grant, we pray, to your servants,
that, in listening to the voice of your beloved Son,
we may merit to be coheirs with him.

First Reading Daniel 7: 9–10, 13–14

As I watched: thrones were set in place and one of great age took his seat. His robe was white as snow, the hair of his head as pure as wool. His throne was a blaze of flames, its wheels were a burning fire. A stream of fire poured out, issuing from his presence. A thousand thousand waited on him, ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. A court was held and the books were opened. I gazed into the visions of the night. And I saw, coming on the clouds of heaven, one like a son of man. He came to the one of great age and was led into his presence. On him was conferred sovereignty, glory and kingship, and those of all peoples, nations and languages became his servants. His sovereignty is an eternal sovereignty which shall never pass away, nor will his empire ever be destroyed.

I spend some time, as is usual, becoming still.

I ask myself, how am I feeling as I come to prayer? What is going on in my life at the moment?

I watch, as the 'one of great age' takes his seat. I take mine. Then, as I read and dwell on this text from the prophet Daniel, what am I noticing? To where, initially, am I being drawn?

I read the text again, pausing awhile at the end of each line.

As the reading suggests, I simply 'watch' and 'gaze into the visions of the night'. What am I seeing ... hearing ... feeling?

Am I consoled ... challenged ... unsettled?

I stay with what draws me, talking to the Lord about it.

Or perhaps I simply reflect on the glory of the reading as a whole.

Before God's throne, in the presence of the son of man, I might ask for any graces I need.

When ready, I might like to end with this prayer from Amy Ekeh, anticipating the Gospel reading to come:

Lord Jesus Christ, you were transfigured on a high mountain.

In the sight of your friends, you began to shine like the sun.

Transfigure me, too – inside and out –

that your light may shine in and through me –

into your world, among your people,

and all the way into your heavenly presence. Amen.

Gospel Matthew 17: 1–9

Jesus took with him Peter and James and his brother John and led them up a high mountain where they could be alone. There in their presence he was transfigured: his face shone like the sun and his clothes became as white as the light. Suddenly Moses and Elijah appeared to them; they were talking with him. Then Peter spoke to Jesus: 'Lord,' he said, 'it is wonderful for us to be here; if you wish, I will make three tents here, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah.' He was still speaking when suddenly a bright cloud covered them with shadow, and from the cloud there came a voice which said, 'This is my Son, the Beloved; he enjoys my favour. Listen to him.' When they heard this, the disciples fell on their faces, overcome with fear. But Jesus came up and touched them. 'Stand up,' he said, 'do not be afraid.' And when they raised their eyes they saw no one but only Jesus. As they came down from the mountain Jesus gave them this order, 'Tell no one about the vision until the Son of Man has risen from the dead.'

I settle in my place of prayer. I take a couple of deep breaths.

I ask God to speak to me through the word, in the power of the Spirit. Then I read the text slowly, attentively, prayerfully ... and, if it helps, imaginatively.

It's not a coincidence that the same three disciples who share this moment of glory with Christ are also the ones who accompany him through the sorrow of Gethsemane.

How am I a faithful witness to Christ in the highs and lows of my daily life, and who are the ones to encourage me on my journey?

In the presence of the three, Jesus shines brightly – heaven draws near, and the sorrows of the world fall away.

What does the Transfiguration mean for me and my struggles?

How do faith, joy and love shine from me each day?

Peter wants to build tents, perhaps understandably, to capture the moment. How do I want to respond?

Maybe I am invited to hold the gift of the moment lightly, simply keeping silent before the Lord who is present to me now.

I end, when ready: *Glory be...*