

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

Abram put his faith in the Lord,
who counted this as making him justified.

First Reading

It is your face, O Lord, that I seek; hide not your face.

Psalm

The Lord will transfigure these wretched bodies of ours
into copies of his glorious body.

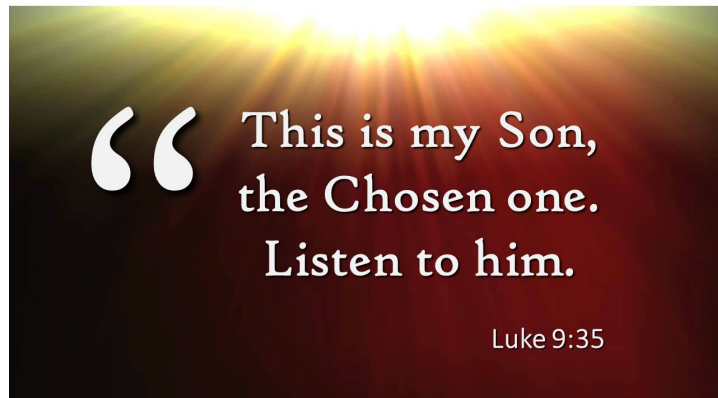
Second Reading

This is my Son, the Chosen one. Listen to him.

Gospel

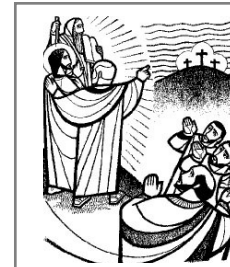
God our Father,
help us to hear your Son.
Enlighten us with your word,
that we may find the way to your glory.
Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you want to reflect further:
Genesis 15: 5–12. 17–18; Psalm 26 (27);
Philippians 3:17–4:1; Luke 9: 28–36



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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



Second Sunday of Lent
Year C
17th March 2019

'This is my Son. Listen to him!'

We continue our Lenten journey this week, deepening our faith as we ponder Abraham's example and enter into the revelation contained in the Transfiguration of Jesus.

The **First Reading** tells us of the Covenant God made with Abram. Abram had no son, but he put his faith in God and trusted that his descendants would dwell in the land given to him.

The **Psalm** is a confident prayer that the Lord will lead the psalmist, whose prayer will be heard and answered. He has no fear, but seeks the Lord and hopes in him. It is also a prayer for Christ as he turns his face to Jerusalem.

The passage from St Paul in the **Second Reading** links all these themes: of homeland, of being glorified in Christ, and of trusting in him and remaining faithful.

On this Second Sunday we always have an account of the Transfiguration in the **Gospel**. The disciples had a physical journey and a time of prayer before encountering this mystery. Seeing Jesus transfigured, in the presence of Moses and Elijah, and hearing the voice from heaven all struck them forcibly, even if they only understood in hindsight.

Perhaps this week we can ponder the possibility, by the power of Christ, of transformation in our own lives this Lent.

Opening Prayer

O God, who have commanded us to listen to your beloved Son,
be pleased, we pray, to nourish us inwardly by your word,
that, with spiritual sight made pure,
we may rejoice to behold your glory.

Second Reading Philippians 3:17–4:1

My brothers, be united in following my rule of life. Take as your models everybody who is already doing this and study them as you used to study us. I have told you often, and I repeat it today with tears, there are many who are behaving as the enemies of the cross of Christ. They are destined to be lost. They make foods into their god and they are proudest of something they ought to think shameful; the things they think important are earthly things. For us, our homeland is in heaven, and from heaven comes the saviour we are waiting for, the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will transfigure these wretched bodies of ours into copies of his glorious body. He will do that by the same power with which he can subdue the whole universe.

So then, my brothers and dear friends, do not give way but remain faithful in the Lord. I miss you very much, dear friends; you are my joy and my crown.

I take the time to enter prayer slowly, ready to receive God's word to me today.

As I read the text, I become aware of St Paul's affection and concern for the Philippians. Perhaps I can give thanks for all those who are concerned for my own welfare.

In what ways does Paul's advice touch me?

In contrast to the example of a worldly life-style, Paul describes the wonderful salvation awaiting the followers of Christ.

Our homeland is in heaven – as I ponder this, how does it give me joy?

In what way does my own life show that I am not entirely taken up with this world?

When the Lord Jesus comes he will transfigure us. Perhaps I can ask for this gradual transformation to take place now.

I speak to the Lord, as I look at my life, asking him to make me more like him.

Paul encourages his friends to remain faithful.

In what ways can I support and encourage family, friends, colleagues ...?

I gently bring my prayer to a close, entrusting all those I love to God's unfailing care.

Gospel Luke 9: 28–36

Jesus took with him Peter and John and James and went up the mountain to pray. As he prayed, the aspect of his face was changed and his clothing became brilliant as lightning. Suddenly there were two men talking to him; they were Moses and Elijah appearing in glory, and they were speaking of his passing which he was to accomplish in Jerusalem. Peter and his companions were heavy with sleep, but they kept awake and saw his glory and the two men standing with him. As these were leaving him, Peter said to Jesus, 'Master, it is wonderful for us to be here; so let us make three tents, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah.' – He did not know what he was saying. As he spoke, a cloud came and covered them with shadow; and when they went into the cloud the disciples were afraid. And a voice came from the cloud saying, 'This is my Son, the Chosen One. Listen to him.' And after the voice had spoken, Jesus was found alone. The disciples kept silence and, at that time, told no one what they had seen.

As I begin my prayer, I slowly become more aware of being in God's presence. I take my time to relax into this presence, and ask his Spirit to be with me as I contemplate the Gospel story.

Having read the text attentively a couple of times, I can perhaps picture the scene and imagine being present there.

Do I look at Jesus praying, and see the transformation in him taking place? How do I respond to this?

Despite Jesus's glory, Moses and Elijah speak of his forthcoming Passion. Do I sense a contradiction, or can I already foresee the joy of Easter at this time?

Or perhaps, like the disciples, I find it all too difficult and do not wish to contemplate what lies ahead? I speak to the Lord about how I feel.

When the shadow of the cloud comes down, am I fearful of the darkness and the unknown ...?

Or can I still feel the presence of God and be content to wait?

How do I live this out when a 'shadow' descends in my own life?

The Father speaks. Jesus is the Chosen One, his Son.

Maybe I can just sit with these words, allowing them to strengthen my love and my faith, slowly transforming me and so enabling me to listen.

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