Third Easter ,year A

Acts 2:14,22-23

Psalm 16

1 Peter 1: 17-21

Luke 24:13-35

As we journey through life, are we walking to Emmaus or rushing back to Jerusalem?

What does that have to do with the cost of peanuts?

In the Gospel story we have Cleopas and one other. (Could the other traveler have been his wife? If so that would be “Mary Clopas”. Remember that “Mary Clopas” was mention in one Gospel as one of the women who stood by the cross when Jesus died.) They were walking away from Jerusalem where stood the cross and the story of the missing Jesus. They were confused, looking downcast and they were disciples of Jesus!

Only when Jesus asked to walk with them and speak the Scriptures to them and then share the Eucharist, only then, were their hearts set to burning and their eyes were opened. They then set off rushing back to Jerusalem to rejoin and re-energize their faith in Jesus once crucified now indeed raised to life again by the love of the Father through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Amazing grace!

I have journeyed this world for some time now. Even confirmed in the faith of Jesus Christ once crucified and now risen from the grave. Often times I find myself journeying on the path to Emmaus away from Jerusalem. The embers of my faith smoldering, covered with the ash of the day-to-day.

Then a jolt.

 A dying and a death.

 Called to the hospital to anoint with the Holy Oils. A relative from a distant branch of the family tree was about to die from some would say a shameful death, a death by an overdose of an illegal opioid. Once Catholic, a young woman lies in hospital. A woman unmarried with two children is going to die. I had the God-given power to claim her away from the demons that chased her most of her life. With the anointing, I claimed her for Christ her savior and cleansed her from her sin and brought her into the life of God’s good grace again. We gathered in that upper room of the hospital and all laid hands on her while I administered the sacrament and we all prayed reminding ourselves we are all children of our Father in heaven- a Father who loves us unconditionally. The lady in bed was once a child of God and now she is again. I embraced her mother and kissed her cousins and shared a sign of peace with her fiancée. Jesus walked with me and walked with her family and waited for his sister to pass through death to a newness of life. As I embraced her mother, her mother whispered her teary thank you and I whispered back assuring her that the demons had no more claim on her.

The Spirit of Jesus stoked the embers of my heart and enflamed a faith once quiet. I found myself back in Jerusalem. Now I find myself right here, right now, listening to scriptures and waiting for the breaking of the bread.

Then back on the road again – the road to Emmaus. With you as companions with a message to give and a hope to share and a faith that lifts us up from crucified to new life.

For He, who once died a shameful death, has risen and with that lifts up us all. As our psalm says, “Therefore my heart is glad and my soul rejoices…You will show me the path to life, abounding joy in your presence, the delights of your right hand forever.” Amen. So be it. Alleluia!