

Journey together/encounter Jesus

Luke 24:13-16

13 Now that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem. **14** They were talking with each other about everything that had happened. **15** As they talked and discussed these things with each other, Jesus himself came up and walked along with them; **16** but they were kept from recognizing him.

“I believe that whether we recognize him or not, or believe in him or not, or even know his name, again and again he comes and walks a little way with us along whatever road we're following. And I believe that through something that happens to us, or something we see, or somebody we know who can ever guess how or when or where? he offers us, the way he did at Emmaus, the bread of life, offers us new hope, a new vision of light that not even the dark world can overcome.” — **Frederick Buechner**

Prayer

Jesus of the dramatic word,
from you we sometimes hear dystopia,
of suns and moons and clouds and skies all falling.
And we miss the small words of love
that can sustain us through the winter.
In the dramas of our news cycles,
helps us all — parishioners, preachers and politicians —
to enact love in the corners, queues and questions
of our day,
and in so doing discover you,
hiding in the corner,
reaching out, like you always did,
creating community.
Amen.

Padraig O'Tuama

Uncertain future

Isaiah 54:10

Though the mountains be shaken
and the hills be removed,
yet my unfailing love for all of you will not be shaken
nor my covenant of peace be removed,”
says the Lord, who has compassion on you.

[the] north[ern] [of] ireland

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It is both a dignity and

a difficulty
to live between these
names,

perceiving politics
in the syntax of
the state.

And at the end of the day,
the reality is
that whether we
change
or whether we stay
the same

these questions will
remain.

Who are we
to be
with one
another?

and

How are we
to be
with one
another?

and

What to do
with all those memories
of all those funerals?

and

What about those present
whose past was blasted
far beyond their
future?

I wake.

You wake.

She wakes.

He wakes.

They wake.

We Wake

and take

this troubled beauty forward.

“[the] north[ern] [of] Ireland” Originally published in *Sorry for your Troubles* (Canterbury Press, 2013). Copyright © 2013 by Pádraig Ó Tuama. Reprinted with the permission of the poet.

Sacredness of particular place

Genesis 1:31-2:3

31 God saw all that he had made, and it was very good. And there was evening, and there was morning—the sixth day.

2:1 Thus the heavens and the earth were completed in all their vast array. **2** By the seventh day God had finished the work he had been doing; so on the seventh day he rested from all his work. **3** Then God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on it he rested from all the work of creating that he had done.

“Isn't it something that in Genesis, God makes a home for things before God makes the thing? Not the fish first but the sea. Not the bird first but the sky. Not the human first but the garden. I like to think of God hunched over in the garden, fingernails hugging the brown soil, mighty hands cradling mud like it's the last flame in a windstorm. A God who says, Not out of my own womb but out of this here dust will I make you. Place has always been the thing that made us. We cannot escape being formed by it.”

— **Cole Arthur Riley**, [**This Here Flesh: Spirituality, Liberation, and the Stories That Make Us**](#)

To love a place is not enough. We must find ways to heal it. ~ **Robin Wall Kimmerer**.