

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

Let hearts rejoice who search for the Lord. Seek the Lord and his strength, seek always the face of the Lord. *Entrance Antiphon*

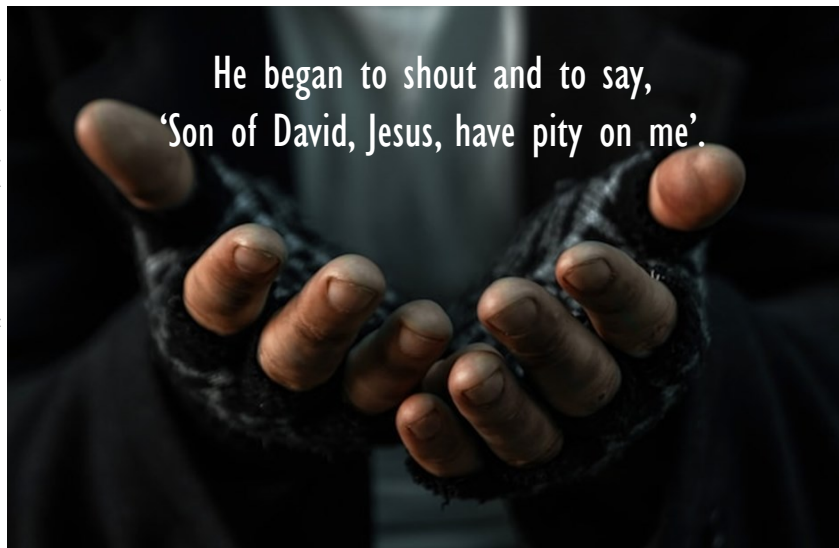
I will comfort them as I lead them back;  
I will guide them to the streams of water. *First Reading*

I am the light of the world, says the Lord. Anyone who follows me will have the light of life. *Gospel Acclamation*

Praised be you, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
There is no power for good  
which does not come from your covenant,  
and no promise to hope in that your love has not offered.  
Strengthen our faith to accept your covenant  
and give us the love to carry out your command.  
*Old Opening Prayer*

This week's texts if you'd like to reflect further:  
Jeremiah 31: 7-9; Psalm 125 (126); Hebrews 5: 1-6; Mark 10: 46-52

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**ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM**



Thirtieth Sunday in Ordinary Time  
Year B, 27th October 2024

'What do you want me to do for you?'

Our Scripture today invites us to worship Christ Jesus, who opens our eyes to the marvels that he has done for us as our high priest, and reveals to us the Father. The readings also assure us that our God never abandons us, even in our bondage.

Using tender, compassionate imagery, Jeremiah addresses the exiled people of Israel with a poem of restoration. He promises that God will bring them home again: they will be restored to their own land, and God's loving purpose will again be triumphant. (**First Reading**)

The account of the miracle in the **Gospel** reveals another type of restoration: the restoration of sight to Bartimaeus, the blind beggar at the roadside who cries out to Jesus in desperation. Not only is Bartimaeus healed and his sight restored, but he also models discipleship by following Jesus without hesitation.

In the **Second Reading** from Hebrews, the theme of restoration appears again: Christ Jesus is our compassionate high priest who restores us as daughters and sons of God.

The **Psalm** is a pilgrim song of hope and joy, reminding us of God's goodness in the past and his ongoing deliverance of his people. This week, we pray for the eyes of our heart and mind to be opened, so that we might receive the life-giving revelations and blessings of Jesus. We also pray for all who are living lives of bondage and slavery in our world today, and seek God's guidance as to how we can help.



### Opening Prayer

Almighty ever-living God,  
increase our faith, hope and charity,  
and make us love what you command,  
so that we may merit what you promise.

## Psalm 125 (126)

**R/. What marvels the Lord worked for us! Indeed we were glad.**

**W**hen the Lord delivered Zion from bondage,  
it seemed like a dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter,  
on our lips there were songs.

The heathens themselves said: 'What marvels  
the Lord worked for them!'

What marvels the Lord worked for us!  
Indeed we were glad.

Deliver us, O Lord, from our bondage  
as streams in dry land.

Those who are sowing in tears  
will sing when they reap.

They go out, they go out, full of tears,  
carrying seeds for the sowing:  
they come back, they come back, full of song,  
carrying their sheaves.

I consciously slow down for this time of prayer, as I prepare to meditate with today's psalm. I become more aware of my life-giving breath, and invite Jesus to breathe with me, through me, in me.

Perhaps I imagine Jesus preparing to pray this psalm himself.

In my own time, I read (maybe aloud) these words of joy and petition a couple of times. I notice what draws my heart ... I wait and ponder.

Perhaps I am in a place of consolation in life, where I have been delivered from an internal or external bondage. I relish the relief and freedom this brings, and give joyful thanks to God for all his blessings.

However, the psalmist speaks of longed-for 'streams in a dry land', and of the tearful sowing that precedes joyful reaping. Like many of my sisters and brothers, perhaps I feel drawn to pray for our suffering earth and the natural world.

I, too, am part of nature and so dependent on her. I bring to God whatever petitions arise in my heart for the well-being of our planet, and for all living beings who make their home here. *Glory be ...*

## Gospel Mark 10: 46–52

**A**s Jesus left Jericho with his disciples and a large crowd, Bartimaeus (that is, the son of Timaeus), a blind beggar, was sitting at the side of the road. When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to shout and to say, 'Son of David, Jesus, have pity on me.' And many of them scolded him and told him to keep quiet, but he only shouted all the louder, 'Son of David, have pity on me.' Jesus stopped and said, 'Call him here.' So they called the blind man. 'Courage,' they said 'get up; he is calling you.' So throwing off his cloak, he jumped up and went to Jesus. Then Jesus spoke, 'What do you want me to do for you?' 'Rabbuni,' the blind man said to him, 'Master, let me see again.' Jesus said to him, 'Go; your faith has saved you.' And immediately his sight returned, and he followed him along the road.

I come to prayer freely, aware that I am responding to the invitation of the Father, who draws me into relationship with Jesus. As I come to rest in my own way, I allow myself to be 'found' by God ...

When I am ready, I slowly read this engaging story of human vulnerability and Jesus's response to it. I ask the Holy Spirit to help me absorb the story in a fresh way today, letting it speak to my heart.

One way to engage with the text is to use my God-given imagination. So I may like to imagine myself as a blind beggar, stretching out cupped, begging hands ... a visible statement of my vulnerabilities and needs. Perhaps I adopt this physical gesture in prayer as I focus on my deepest innermost desires. I take a moment to connect these desires with my cupped hands.

What do I notice? Perhaps I feel an overwhelming yearning to encounter Jesus as he walks down my road, but then hear voices telling me I am not worthy to be noticed, with my blind eyes and poverty, my bare feet and dirty hands. But I am driven to shout even louder: '*Jesus, have pity on me!*' ... and now the unimaginable happens, and I am noticed by the Lord! The world stops. I hear Jesus ask me: '*What do you want me to do for you?*' Christ already knows the desires of my heart, but he wants me to share them with him in my own words ...

I allow the scene to fade. I now share my deepest longings with the Lord of compassion and tenderness. I rest in the Presence of the Holy One.