

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

This Jesus God raised up, and of that we all are witnesses.

First Reading

And so, my heart rejoices, my soul is glad.

Psalm

You were ransomed with the precious blood of Christ, like that of a lamb without blemish.

Second Reading

Make our hearts burn within us when you speak to us.

Gospel Acclamation

God our Father,
may we look forward with hope to our resurrection,
for you have made us your sons and daughters,
and restored the joy of our youth.

Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you want to reflect further:
Acts 2: 14, 22–33; Psalm 15 (16); 1 Peter 1: 17–21; Luke 24: 13–35

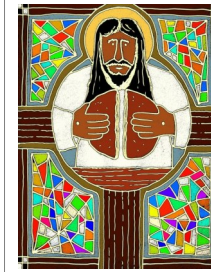


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...they recognised him. And he vanished from their sight.

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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



PREGO LEAFLET

**Third Sunday of Easter
Year A, 19th April 2026**

And their eyes were opened,
and they recognised him.

The readings for this week are full of reminders of what Jesus's resurrection has brought for us. Joy, wonder, glory, praise, and hope are all woven through each reading, inviting us to share again in the Eastertide celebration.

In the **First Reading**, Peter reminds the crowd that, in spite of the terrible injustice done to Jesus, God has shown victory over death and raised Jesus to glory. With this comes the power of the Holy Spirit, now outpoured for us all.

The **Psalmist** rejoices in the God who stands by and protects us from all dangers, and will show us the path to everlasting happiness.

In the **Second Reading** we hear Peter again, speaking of how Jesus gave his life as a 'ransom' for our sins. Because of this, all who believe can have faith and hope in God.

We join two of Jesus's disciples in the **Gospel** on their journey to Emmaus, blind to the identity of the risen Lord as he walks with them. When Jesus reveals himself to them in the breaking of bread, they finally recognise him, just as he disappears from their sight.

Unlike the disciples, we have never seen Jesus himself – but because of the faith we have been given, we can see and recognise him in the people and situations around us. This week, let's pray for the wisdom and courage to respond wherever we see Jesus in the needs of others.



Opening Prayer

May your people exult for ever, O God,
in renewed youthfulness of spirit,
so that, rejoicing now in the restored glory of our adoption,
we may look forward in confident hope
to the rejoicing of the day of resurrection.

Psalm 15 (16)

R/. O Lord, you will show me the path of life.

Preserve me O God, for in you I take refuge.
I say to the Lord: 'You are my Lord.
O Lord, it is you who are my portion and cup;
you yourself who secure my lot.'

I will bless the Lord who gives me counsel,
who even at night directs my heart.
I keep the Lord always before me:
with him at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

And so, my heart rejoices, my soul is glad;
even my flesh shall rest in hope.
For you will not abandon my soul to Sheol,
nor let your holy one see corruption.

You will show me the path of life,
the fullness of joy in your presence,
at your right hand, bliss for ever.

I come to the place where I will pray today, and take a few moments to settle my body. If I can, I set aside any cares or concerns I am carrying, and let the joy of simply being in the Lord's presence enfold me.

When I am ready I read the words of the psalm, reciting them out loud if I can, and making them my own.

What does it mean to me to 'take refuge' in the Lord? Where am I called to 'not be moved'? I ponder the ways in which I experience the Lord's presence with me in these areas of my life.

The psalmist speaks of his closeness to God. Maybe I can share the joy, the happiness, the gladness he describes. Or perhaps I recall times in my life when I've felt unable to rejoice, times when I felt I'd lost sight of God's presence. I talk to the Lord about whatever is in my heart.

As my time of prayer comes to a close, I might like to adapt the psalm response and repeat it as a mantra: '*Show me, Lord, the path of life.*' Using my own words, I ask the Lord to bless me with the gifts and graces I need to follow the path he desires for me.

Gospel Luke 24: 13–35 (part)

On the first day of the week, two of the disciples of Jesus were going to a village named Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem. While they were talking and discussing together, Jesus himself drew near and went with them. But their eyes were kept from recognising him. And he said to them, 'What is this conversation that you are holding with each other as you walk?' And they stood still, looking sad. Cleopas answered, 'Are you the only visitor to Jerusalem who does not know the things that have happened there in these days?' And he said to them, 'What things?' And they said to him, 'Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a man who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, and how our chief priests and rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and crucified him. But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel. Moreover, some women of our company amazed us. They were at the tomb early in the morning, and when they did not find his body, they came back saying that they had even seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive.' And he said to them, 'O foolish ones, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Was it not necessary that the Christ should suffer these things and enter into his glory?' And beginning with Moses and all the Prophets, he interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.

They drew near to the village to which they were going, and urged him to stay with them. When he was at table with them, he took the bread, and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened, and they recognised him. And he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, 'Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us on the road, while he opened to us the Scriptures?' And they rose that same hour and returned to Jerusalem. Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he was known to them in the breaking of the bread.

As I begin my prayer, I offer my time to the Lord, and invite him to be beside me as I begin to read slowly through the text.

In my imagination, I watch and listen as the two disciples set out.

I hear their disbelief, sadness and disappointment.

Perhaps there have been episodes in my life when my faith and belief were challenged? What helped to sustain me during these times? I ponder.

What do I notice about the disciples as Jesus explains the scriptures to them? Maybe I'm reminded of times when I've found solace and reassurance in scripture ... when I've encountered Jesus in the Gospels ... when my heart has burned?

I stay and explore these memories for a while.

As Jesus blesses and breaks the bread, I offer thanks for the gift of himself.

In time I end my prayer, perhaps repeating several times, '*My Lord and my God.*'