

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

My word shall not return to me empty.

First Reading

God's ever-flowing river brims over.

Psalm

Creation waits with eager longing.

Second Reading

Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. *Gospel*

God our Father,
your light of truth guides us to the way of Christ.
May all who follow him reject what is contrary to the gospel.

Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you'd like to reflect further:
Isaiah 55: 10–11; Psalm 64 (65); Romans 8: 18–23; Matthew 13: 1–23

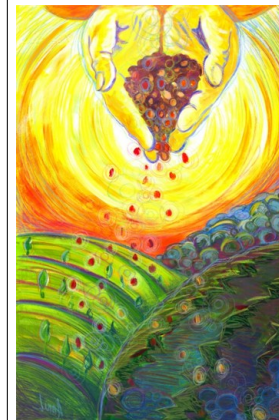


The Parable of the Sower © Melani Pyke www.melpyke.com

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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM

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PREGO LEAFLET

Fifteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time
Year A, 12th July 2026

'I shall be filled with
the vision of your glory'

Entrance Antiphon

The prophet Isaiah (today's **First Reading**) reminds us that God's great desire, revealed through his word, has always been to prepare his chosen people for their full inheritance. God's word does not return empty-handed.

The **Second Reading** shows that suffering, though part of the Christian life, will come to an end with the glory of God. St Paul is trying to encourage us not to lose hope in the promise of the Lord's risen life.

In the **Gospel**, Jesus asks us a question, as he asked it of those of his own day: are you truly hearing and accepting my word, that it might grow in you and produce much fruit?

The **Responsorial Psalm** creates a wonderful scene of how God's word falling on the fertile ground of creation produces bountiful and abundant riches, ever-flowing and brimming over.

Let us pray, this week, that we might be that fertile ground, ready to receive God's word with open, generous, willing arms.



Opening Prayer

O God, who show the light of your truth
to those who go astray,
so that they may return to the right path,
give all who for the faith they profess
are accounted Christians
the grace to reject whatever is contrary to the name of Christ
and to strive after all that does it honour.

First Reading Isaiah 55: 10–11

Thus says the Lord:
‘For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven
and do not return there but water the earth,
making it bring forth and sprout,
giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater,
so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth;
it shall not return to me empty,
but it shall accomplish that which I purpose,
and shall succeed in the thing for which I sent it.’

As a created, loved, forgiven being, I come humbly before the Lord of creation. I enter this time of prayer slowly. I ask for the grace to become more deeply aware of the one upon whom I am totally dependent, and who calls me into relationship.

Only when I am still and quiet, do I read the text once or twice, very slowly. Then I pause and ask myself, what is drawing me?
I wait, letting the word I have just read, water me and bring forth some fruit...

God’s word will accomplish its purpose, which is the transformation of all creation. Though ‘seared’ and ‘smeared’ (to quote Gerard Manley Hopkins in *God’s Grandeur*), and groaning under the weight of human exploitation, creation is also groaning as it gives birth to something greater. ‘With warm breast and ... bright wings’, the Holy Spirit renews it continuously.

As a created being I, too, am being transformed.
Into what or who am I becoming?

What is God’s purpose for me and how shall I collaborate with God’s desire?

Do I, too, groan inwardly as the Spirit prepares my heart to receive the seed of God’s word?

I close this time of prayer by entrusting myself to God’s word which, even in me, accomplishes, succeeds and, full, returns to God.

Glory be to the Father ...

Gospel Matthew 13: 1–23 (shortened version)

At that time: Jesus went out of the house and sat beside the lake. And great crowds gathered about him, so that he got into a boat and sat down. And the whole crowd stood on the beach. And he told them many things in parables, saying: ‘A sower went out to sow. And as he sowed, some seeds fell along the path, and the birds came and devoured them. Other seeds fell on rocky ground, where they did not have much soil, and immediately they sprang up, since they had no depth of soil, but when the sun rose they were scorched. And since they had no root, they withered away. Other seeds fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked them. Other seeds fell on good soil and produced grain, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. He who has ears, let him hear.’

Then the disciples came and said to him, ‘Why do you speak to them in parables?’ And he answered them, ‘To you it has been given to know the secrets of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it has not been given ... But blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. For truly, I say to you, many prophets and righteous people longed to see what you see, and did not see it, and to hear what you hear, and did not hear it.’

As before, I give some time to entering into the sacredness of this prayer. Then, having become still, I read the Gospel twice.

As I read, I might ask myself, how is God presented in the Gospel?
Am I consoled by the image of God as a generous sower, unworried that some seed might be lost, and ‘determined to hold on to nothing ... who gives everything away’ (in the words of Irish poet Brendan Kennelly)?

I pause with this God who is also prodigious with me.

Perhaps I then move away from thoughts of seed wasted or lost, to those seeds bearing much fruit, revealing a world alive with God’s gracious presence. It is a world ‘charged with the grandeur of God’ (Gerard Manley Hopkins). In the daily events of my own life, where do I perceive that ‘charged grandeur’?

How am I to attend to the seeds of God in my daily decisions?

In what ways can I cultivate the soil of my own and others’ lives? I ponder...

I end with a slow sign of the cross.