

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

Save the servant who trusts in you.

*Entrance Antiphon*

He shall open, and none shall shut.

*First Reading*

O Lord, your merciful love is eternal.

*Psalm*

Oh, the depths of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God!

*Second Reading*

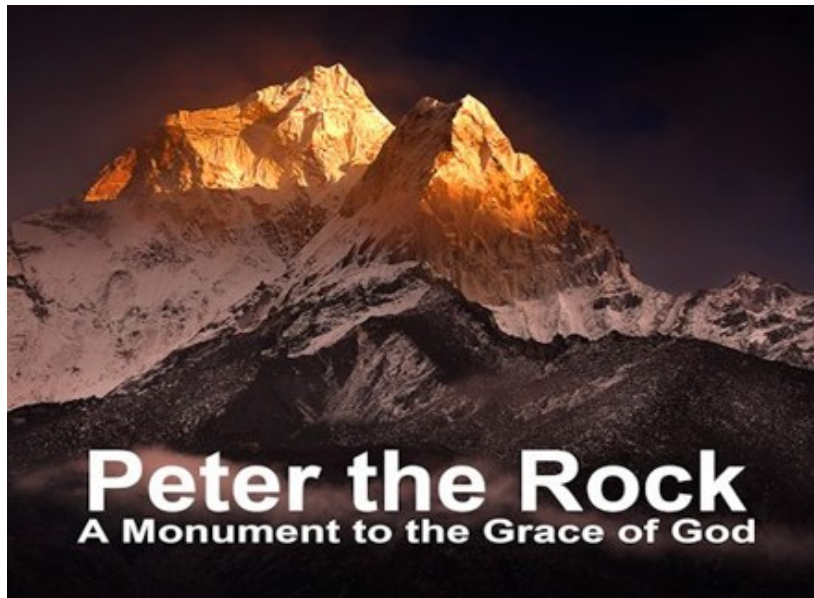
But who do *you* say that I am?

*Gospel*

Father, help us seek the values  
that will bring us lasting joy in this changing world.  
In our desire for what you promise  
make us new in mind and heart.

*Old Opening Prayer*

This week's texts if you want to reflect further:  
Isaiah 22:15.19–23, Psalm 138(137), Romans 11:33–36, Matthew 16:13–20



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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



### PREGO LEAFLET

21st Sunday in Ordinary Time  
Year A, 23rd August 2026

'I will give you the keys  
of the kingdom of heaven'

The prophet Isaiah (today's **First Reading**) reminds us that God's will is always accomplished. And as we are reminded in the words of the **Entrance Antiphon**, 'Save the servant who trusts in you', it is God's will that the lowly servant, trusting in God, is to be given the place of honour and authority.

The **Psalm** might be the voice of that same lowly servant, praising God's wisdom and knowledge for its depth and richness (**Second Reading**). Though God is beyond all, the servant's call is always answered. God looks to the lowly with faithful and merciful love.

This inscrutable wisdom of God becomes apparent in the **Gospel**. Jesus chooses Peter, who, despite his human failings, is nevertheless to be a rock and custodian of the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Let us pray, this week, that we might trust the unfathomable wisdom of God. We ask that this wisdom, though from on high, might even look to each one of us, with our own fragilities – and that we ourselves might be God's choice to spread the joy of the kingdom here and now.



### Opening Prayer

O God, who cause the minds of the faithful  
to unite in a single purpose,  
grant your people to love what you command  
and to desire what you promise,  
that, amid the uncertainties of this world,  
our hearts may be fixed on that place  
where true gladness is found.

### Psalm 137 (138)

**R./ O Lord, your merciful love is eternal;  
discard not the work of your hands.**

**I** thank you, Lord, with all my heart;  
you have heard the words of my mouth.  
In the presence of the angels I praise you.  
I bow down towards your Holy Temple.

I give thanks to your name  
for your merciful love and your faithfulness.  
On the day I called, you answered me;  
you increased the strength of my soul.

The Lord is high, yet he looks on the lowly,  
and the haughty he knows from afar.  
O Lord, your merciful love is eternal,  
discard not the work of your hands.

I approach this time of prayer gently. I spend a few minutes becoming still, asking for the help of the Holy Spirit. Then, becoming aware of how I am feeling just now, and what life is like at present, I ask for any graces I need.

I read the psalm slowly, quietly, prayerfully. Perhaps I am immediately drawn to the very first sentiment – gratitude. The psalmist is offering heartfelt thanks for the Lord’s merciful love and faithfulness.  
How has the Lord shown merciful love and faithfulness to me?  
How has the strength of my soul been increased?  
Do I want to respond in some way?

I read the psalm again, pausing where I feel drawn. What else am I noticing?  
What other words or images are touching me in some way?  
I ponder ...

The Lord is high, in the Holy Temple and in the presence of angels. The Lord also looks on the lowly, hearing my call and answering it. Who is the Lord for me at the moment? How is the Lord ‘speaking’ to me?  
How can I open myself more to the Lord’s eternal merciful love?

I spend some minutes allowing the Lord to hear me, speak to me, be with me. I am the work of the Lord’s hands and am loved and treasured.

I end, when ready, with *Glory be* ...

### Gospel Matthew 16: 13–20

**A**t that time: When Jesus came into the district of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, ‘Who do people say that the Son of Man is?’ And they said, ‘Some say John the Baptist, others say Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.’ He said to them, ‘But who do you say that I am?’ Simon Peter replied, ‘You are the Christ, the Son of the living God.’ And Jesus answered him, ‘Blessed are you, Simon Bar-Jonah! For flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but my Father who is in heaven. And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.’ Then he strictly charged the disciples to tell no one that he was the Christ.

It might be helpful to pray this well-known text as an imaginative contemplation. Firstly, I spend a few moments settling myself, becoming quiet and still, and asking for the help of the Spirit who will open my heart to Christ’s Word, alive and active and at work in me now.

I read the text to familiarise myself with it. Then I begin, in my mind’s eye, to compose the scene. I picture the outskirts of the city of Caesarea Philippi, near the headwaters of the Jordan. Mount Hermon towers in the background. Perhaps I see myself gathered with the disciples in the cool of the evening. We have eaten and are warming ourselves by the fire. A few are in conversation. How am I feeling? What is it like to be here?

There is a lull in the conversations and Jesus takes this opportunity to ask his question. I listen as some give their answers and look to Jesus for his reaction. What am I noticing?

Jesus asks the question again, but this time of the disciples. There is an uneasy silence this time, until Peter gives his response. Again, I look to Jesus’s reaction to Peter’s confession. How do I feel toward Peter? Toward Jesus?

There follow another few moments of quiet before Jesus turns to catch my eye. ‘What about you?’ he says. ‘Who do you say I am?’ What will I say to this? How will I answer? Who is Jesus for me? How do I imagine Jesus reacts to what I say?

I spend some moments of quiet, with Jesus. We are alone now and we look into the embers of the fire.

When ready, I close with a word of thanks and with a sign of the cross.