

# realpeople

the gospel in everyday language



## In today's readings:

A snapshot of the early church. Acts 2:42-47  
We are reborn. 1 Peter 1:3-9  
Jesus came in and stood among them... John 20:19-31

## Next week:

The road to Emmaus.  
Acts 2:14,22-33;  
1 Pt 1:17-21; Lk 24:13-35

## In a nutshell

The risen body of Jesus is real, not just an illusion. The author of today's Gospel makes this quite clear in the interaction between Jesus and Thomas ('Put your hand in my side...'). This Gospel calls us to believe through faith, not sensational signs, that Jesus is the Christ.



*'Happy are those who have not seen and yet believe.' We don't always see what we hope for in faith. Today's Gospel calls us to trust and believe.*

## 9.00 Prayer Time

In my last year at boarding school there was a saintly brother (I shall call him Brother Tim) who started a prayer group for our year. Every night at 9.00 pm, whoever wanted to participate would meet to sit, reflect and pray... Well, at least that's what we were supposed to do. An observer might say that every night at 9.00 pm a group of restless boarders would meet to have a bit of a stir and escape the last hour of study. I can't say we stormed heaven with our prayers. And I'm sure the brother who started the group must have been quite disappointed by our fidgety irreverence. And yet, as long as we didn't ruin the prayer group, he accepted us as we were - fidgets, noise and all.

And he continued to take it seriously himself. I think this is one of the things that got through

to me in the end: the realisation that, no matter what we boys did or didn't do, this prayer time was sacred to Brother Tim. He didn't degenerate into an indignant, angry 'teacher' type. He just...prayed. God could obviously 'cope' with us and therefore so could Brother Tim. In fact, it occurred to me that the respect and acceptance he showed us was somehow connected with his commitment to God.

I think the world of that brother now (who in later years became our great friend). I respect him as a man of faith. He believed and trusted—even when he didn't see results—that somehow our 9.00 prayer time wasn't wasted. It wasn't. (Patrick)



## Peace be with you!

I hadn't seen my grandmother for months, and boy was I feeling guilty. She only lived down the road, yet somehow I could never find the time to visit or phone. The crazy thing was: the less I visited, the more guilty I felt...and the harder it seemed to look her in the eye! So I would postpone my visit yet again.

Well, I finally fronted up to her door one day, bracing myself for a well-deserved look of hurt or disapproval and ready to be on the defensive. But I had completely misjudged the woman. As I walked through her door, she greeted me with sincere warmth. 'Why hello there! How lovely to see you!' There was not an ounce of resentment in her. Not a drop of 'Where have you been?' Just sheer delight in being

able to welcome me into her home. In that one forgiving gesture I felt an enormous peace flood through my being and deep gratitude for her understanding. Suddenly I *wanted* to visit her!

I reflected later on this incident. A forgiving attitude: what a powerful way to set each other free. (Joseph)



church below the rooftops

## Pray for peace

- In your heart
- In your family
- In the world

## Think . Talk

How do the readings of this Sunday touch you? Share an insight with a friend or family member.



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