

realpeople

the gospel in everyday language



In today's readings:

God did not forget you; do not forget God. Dt 8:2-3,14-16
We are one body in Christ. 1 Cor 10:16-17
My flesh is real food. Jn 6:51-58

Next week:

Twelve are summoned.
Ex 19:2-6; Rom 5:6-11;
Mt 9:36-10:8.

In a nutshell

In the bread of life we encounter Jesus *and* the believers who are his body. This twofold reality is the focus of today's celebration of the Body and Blood of Christ. As we gather at the Eucharistic table today, let's be conscious of those who hunger for food that truly nourishes.



A reader shares this reflection on receiving the Eucharist for the very first time:

Beyond words

One Sunday, after nearly fifteen years of painful absence, I met the Lord in the Eucharist. Our encounter was so beautiful that I have the need of trying to express it in words.

As people moved through the aisles during communion, I was shy and a little anxious, as when one asks for something which one is not really entitled to receive.

But I received Him, and for a few instants, nothing happened. Then, suddenly, my heart flooded with something I can't describe with any word I know in any language.

Isn't it amazing how words desert you when you are trying to express something important? Perhaps we really think through images instead of words. In that case, I would say that it was like the sun rising above the earth and warming up the land, the oceans and the souls of all living creatures.

I felt I had been falling down an

infinitely deep void and finally, I was floating peacefully in a soft blanket. Yes, for the first time in my life, I felt safe. Protected. I felt an eternal peace that was enormous, but at the same time familiar and intimate.

Sometimes happiness can be an unsettling experience; an emotion that shocks the senses, like when you jump from a springboard into a deep pool of freezing cold water. It wasn't like that this time. It was more like slipping gently into waters and finding them warm and inviting; soothing and relaxing.

Jesus did the best to make me feel at home. I kept quiet, unable to pray with words, at last able to be with myself in silence. On that Sunday I discovered that tears can come out of pure joy.

Tell the story of your first Eucharist.

The prophet next door

There is a woman in our parish who brings her elderly mother to Mass each Sunday morning. Her mother is frail and mentally disoriented much of the time. It is just beautiful the way her daughter is attentive to her: helping her in and out of her seat, explaining things to her, stroking her arm to calm her... Her gestures of care are as sacred as every part of the liturgy and really bring home to me the meaning of the Eucharist: our union with Christ and one another. (VC)

A prayer

During this week, visit your local church. Sit before the Blessed Sacrament in silence. Allow Jesus to touch you in the depths of your heart.



church below the rooftops

At table

I was waiting at the airport. My friend's flight had been delayed so I filled in the time reading in one of the crowded cafeterias.

It was here that I noticed a small group seated at a table. Food was laid out before them but no one was eating. It was their motionless poise that caught my attention. I took a closer look. Eyes were closed. All five were holding hands. One of the women was speaking. They stayed this way for about a minute.

My puzzlement turned into recognition. They were 'saying grace' before their meal. I admired them for their unabashed witness to their faith.' (Vic)

Make mealtimes a joy

We are the body of Christ. The way we gather at the Eucharistic table on Sundays reflects our table gatherings at home during the week. So... Refrain from all negativity at the dinner table. No picking on manners. No 'bagging' each other. Speak in ways which affirm and build each other up.



RealPeople offers faith reflections from the saints and prophets of everyday life.

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www.TeresaPirola.net