

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

Open **my** heart to the voice of your word and free **me** from the original darkness that shadows **my** vision.

[Opening prayer adapted]

The lord loves justice and right and fills the earth with his love.

[Psalm 32]

"Lord", he said, "it is wonderful for us to be here".

[The Gospel]

From the cloud, there came a voice "This is my Son, the beloved. He enjoys my favour. Listen to him."

[The Gospel]

## Looking towards next week

What does next week hold for me and how do I feel God may be calling me?

And so, what do I want to ask of God for myself and for others?



SAINT BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



2nd Sunday of Lent  
20th March 2011  
Year A



" This is my Son, the beloved. Listen to him! "

2nd Opening Prayer

Let us pray in this season of Lent for the gift of integrity.

Father of light, in you is found no shadow of change but only the fullness of life and limitless truth.

Open our hearts to the voice of your Word and free us from the original darkness that shadows our vision.

Restore our sight that we may look upon your Son who calls us to repentance and a change of heart, for he lives and reigns with you for ever and ever.

**As we move further into Lent together, today's opening prayer encourages us to ask for greater integrity, to seek wholeness. We are called to change. It focuses on the gift of sight, reminding us that we often don't 'see' very well; in fact sometimes we are blind to God's action in our lives.**

I wonder how these words apply to me. I become still and take time to reflect.

I seek the presence of my God who is ever faithful.

When I look within myself, do I see only what I want to see?

When I pray, do I listen to God's word within me?

Is it only the other people in my life who need a change of heart?

I turn to God, I look at the one who knows and loves me, the one who judges me with integrity, I stay with him for a while, spending time as I would with a good friend.

**Help me, Lord, to look at my life through your eyes and give me the grace I need to grow in love.**

### The Psalm

**May your love be upon us, O lord,  
As we place all our hope in you. R/.**

For the word of the Lord is faithful  
And all his works to be trusted.  
The Lord loves justice and right  
And fills the earth with his love.

The Lord looks on those who revere him,  
On those who hope in his love,  
To rescue their souls from death,  
To keep them alive in famine.

Our soul is waiting for the Lord.  
The Lord is our help and our shield.  
May your love be upon us, O lord,  
As we place all our hope in you.

**I settle down to pray, maybe in my favourite chair or wherever I find myself able to be quiet for a few moments.**

I read each line perhaps on my breath, pausing and reflecting where I feel drawn.

I allow the Lord to look on me. I spend some time feeling his gaze on me and reflecting on his love for all.

I ask the Lord to help me recognise the times when he faithfully shielded me and helped me.

I speak to Him in gratitude about those times.

If the circumstances allow, I conclude my prayer personalising the last stanza and saying quietly:

**My** soul is waiting for the Lord.

The Lord is **my** help and **my** shield.

May your love be upon **me**, O Lord,

As **I** place all **my** hope in you.

I make a slow sign of the cross, mindful of its significance especially during this Lenten period.

### The Gospel: The Transfiguration. Matthew 17: 1-9

Six days later, Jesus took with him Peter and James and his brother John and led them up a high mountain where they could be alone. There in their presence he was transfigured; his face shone like the sun and his clothes became as white as the light. Suddenly Moses and Elijah appeared to them; they were talking with him. Then Peter spoke to Jesus. "Lord," he said "it is wonderful for us to be here; if you wish, I will make three tents here, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah." He was still speaking when a bright cloud covered them with shadow, and from the cloud there came a voice which said, "This is my Son, the Beloved, he enjoys my favour. Listen to him." When they heard this, the disciples fell on their faces, overcome with fear. But Jesus came up and touched them. "Stand up," he said "do not be afraid." And when they raised their eyes they saw no one but only Jesus.

As they came down from the mountain Jesus gave them this order, "Tell no one about the vision until the Son of Man has risen from the dead."

**I settle down to pray and try to approach this familiar Gospel scene as if for the first time. I slowly read Matthew's account of this extraordinary and very private meeting between Jesus and three of his disciples.**

In my imagination I also *climb the mountain*, in order to reach a place of intimacy with Jesus. I *stand* on the edge of the scene *wondering* why Jesus has brought me to this place.

I *see* Jesus' appearance dramatically changing, his face, his clothes. I *am aware* of the brightness all around me. Moses and Elijah are there talking with Jesus.

Peter is excited and wants to stay. How am I *feeling* at this moment? Do I want to stay or go?

I *see* the light changing and I *hear* a voice speaking from the cloud. I *listen* intently to what is said.

The disciples are afraid. What *impact* does the revelation from the cloud have on me?

I *feel* the touch of Jesus' hand, I *hear* his consoling words.

I stay alone with Jesus for a while. I speak to him in words or in the silence of my heart. When I feel ready I leave this 'mountain' he has drawn me to.