

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

I pray to the father whose kindness never fails.  
[Opening Prayer]

Listen to me...and your soul will live. [1st reading]

The Lord is close to all who call him, who call him with all their hearts. [Psalm 144]

Nothing can come between us and the love of Christ.  
[2nd reading]

As he stepped ashore, he saw a large crowd and took pity on them. [The Gospel]

I am the bread of life: anyone who comes to me will not go away hungry. [Communion antiphon]

## *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 & others?



**SAINT BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM**

18th Sunday in ordinary time  
31st July 2011 - Feast of St Ignatius  
Year A



## Give them something to eat yourselves!

Opening Prayer [2nd version]

Let us pray to the Father whose kindness never fails.

God our Father,  
gifts without measure flow from your goodness  
to bring us your peace.  
Our life is your gift. Guide our life's journey,  
for only your love makes us whole.  
Keep us strong in your love.

**I settle down to pray. If I can and if it helps, I put on some gentle music to help me relax and put aside my worries of the moment.**

**What will the Lord bring to my attention today?**

I start reading the prayer, pausing as a word or expression resonates in me. I repeat it several times, pondering it, going where the Spirit leads me:

God our father...God my father....

Your kindness never fails...

You gave me my life...and You also gave me.....

I may be drawn towards reflecting on my life's journey so far.

Am I able to see God's hand guiding me?

I turn to the Lord and speak to him in my own words about my desire for wholeness.

I tell him what my needs are right now:

Peace, Love, Strength.....or.....

### **The 1st Reading Isaiah 55: 1-3**

Thus says the Lord: Oh, come to the water all you who are thirsty; though you have no money, come!

Buy and eat; come, buy wine and milk without money, free!

Why spend money on what cannot nourish and your wages on what fails to satisfy?

Listen carefully to me, and you will have good things to eat and rich food to enjoy.

Pay attention, come to me; listen, and you will live.

I shall make an everlasting covenant with you in fulfilment of the favours promised to David.

**Isaiah urges the Israelites to trust in the God who is —and will always be— with them if only they turn back to him, the source of life and listen to his word.**

As I read this passage slowly, perhaps on my breath, what strikes me most?

Perhaps it is all these imperative commands : Come, buy, eat, listen, pay attention. How does it make me feel?

Do I shudder at the authority in the voice, or do I sense the gentle, kind invitation? What response do I want to make?

I now focus on the query about the way I spend my money. Can I find examples of wasteful ways I or others have used our income?

What leaves me dissatisfied, hungry and thirsty?

When I am ready, I speak to the Lord. I tell him how I feel and thank him from his promises.

Slowly, I take my leave from the one who gives of himself freely and without measure to nourish me.

**Take, Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory,**

my understanding and my entire will, all that I have and possess.

You have given it all to me, I now place it into your hands; all is yours;

do with it what you will. Give me only your love and your grace

That is enough for me. [St Ignatius]

### **The Gospel**

### **Matthew 14:13-21**

When Jesus received the news of John the Baptist's death he withdrew by boat to a lonely place where they could be by themselves. But the people heard of this and, leaving the towns, went after him on foot. So as he stepped ashore he saw a large crowd; and he took pity on them and healed the sick.

When evening came, the disciples went to him and said, 'This is a lonely place, and the time has slipped by; so send the people away, and they can go to the villages to buy themselves some food.' Jesus replied, 'There is no need for them to go: give them something to eat yourselves.' But they answered, 'All we have with us is five loaves and two fish.' 'Bring them here to me,' he said. He gave orders that the people were to sit down on the grass; then he took the five loaves and the two fish, raised his eyes to heaven and said the blessing. And breaking the loaves he handed them to his disciples who gave them to the crowds. They all ate as much as they wanted, and they collected the scraps remaining, twelve baskets full. Those who ate numbered about five thousand men, to say nothing of women and children.

**Jesus is bereaved and the disciples and he need some time away from the crowds. I come to my prayer seeking stillness and silence, I try to put some distance between myself and the demands that life makes on me. I slow down in body and mind. I look within to see how I am feeling.**

I read this familiar passage pondering afresh its meaning for me today.

I observe the scene. Jesus' plans for peace and quiet are clearly not to be.

I listen to the conversation between Jesus and his disciples, the different ideas on how to deal with the situation, Jesus' seemingly impossible instructions.

I try to enter fully into the scene...the words of blessing .... the breaking of the bread...the miraculous feeding of all.

I move more deeply into the silence of my prayer...

Who do I most readily identify with, the compassionate Jesus, or the reluctant disciples?

How do I feel when 'my time' is interrupted by a knock on the door, or a telephone ringing? Do I trust that the little I have to give will be more than enough when blessed by Jesus.

I end my prayer in the way the Holy Spirit moves me to.