

REFLECTIONS FOR THE THIRD SUNDAY OF EASTER ~ 01 MAY 2022

The Mount ~ The Residence at Littledale

This morning I begin our reflection on God's Word with excerpts from a poem, [The Miracle of Morning](#), by Amanda Gorman, the twenty-four-year-old American poet and activist, the first National Youth Poet Laureate in the United States:



Amanda Gorman

Image: Shawn Miller

I thought I'd awaken to a world in mourning.
Heavy clouds crowding, a society storming.
But there's something different on this golden morning.
Something magical in the sunlight, wide and warming.

I see a dad with a stroller taking a jog.
Across the street, a bright-eyed girl chases her dog.
A grandma on a porch fingers her rosaries.
She grins as her young neighbor brings her groceries.

So on this meaningful morn, we mourn and we mend.
Like light, we can't be broken, even when we bend.

We ignite not in the light, but in lack thereof,
For it is in loss that we truly learn to love.
In this chaos, we will discover clarity.
In suffering, we must find solidarity.

We'll observe how the burdens braved by humankind
Are also the moments that make us humans kind;
Let every dawn find us courageous, brought closer;

Heeding the light before the fight is over.
When this ends, we'll smile sweetly, finally seeing
In testing times, we became the best of beings.

This poem echoes the verse from our Psalm 30 today, "Weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes with the morning" (Ps 30:5). It also resonates with the heart of the resurrection story from John's Gospel in today's Liturgy of the Word. Twice Jesus has appeared to the disciples after his Resurrection, but they still do not understand; they still do not seem to truly see who Jesus the Christ now is and what his rising from the dead means to them and to their lives. So, they do the most ordinary of things – they go back fishing. They fish all night but catch nothing – at daybreak a stranger tells them to throw the net over the other side of the boat. They do so and catch 153 fish – and despite the great catch, their net is not torn.



Why does the writer of the story give us such specific detail – 153 fish and the net is not torn? Think of a memory you have from a precious experience many years ago, a memory that holds

tightly to every detail. The memory of this morning must have been embedded in the hearts and minds of the disciples, never to be forgotten. As the young poet says, “But there’s something different on this golden morning./Something magical in the sunlight, wide and warming.” These two details also hold rich symbolism. The abundance of the fish is overwhelming as is the abundant love of a God who loves so much that the universe was created, who loves so much that the only Son became one of us and suffered and died that we might have life. The net not broken is a sign of their newfound unity – again echoing the words of the poem, “Let every dawn find us courageous, brought closer.” From now on the disciples will grow into a sense of a community and gradually grow into the sense of a communion of all creation.

Their last memories of Jesus before his death were at a meal where he washed their feet. Now they have this new memory of Jesus preparing bread and fish for their breakfast – the Last Supper and the First Breakfast! And the words echo,



“Jesus came and took the bread and gave it to them and did the same with the fish” (Jn 21:13).

There is a second echo as the story continues. On the evening of Jesus’ arrest, Simon Peter follows him as far as the courtyard where he is asked three times, “You are not also one of this man’s disciples, are you?” (Jn 18:17, 25, 26). He answers each time, “I am not” (Jn 18:17, 25, 27), denying his relationship with his friend and his leader. Now, on this morning, Jesus asks Simon Peter another question three times, “Simon, son of John, do you love me?” (Jn

21:15-17). Each time Simon Peter answers, “Yes, Lord; you know that I love you – Lord, you know everything; you know that I love you” (Jn 21). Jesus responds, “Feed my lambs. . .Tend my sheep. . .Feed my sheep” (Jn 21).

It has been said that the most precious words anyone wants to hear are “I love you” and “I forgive you.” Simon Peter hears both messages from Jesus on this morning and is transformed by an abundant love which forgives. The passage ends with Jesus’ words, “Follow me.” When we meet Peter in the Acts of the Apostles, this transformed man who now faithfully follows Jesus the Christ is courageous and daring in his leadership of the fledging community, saying to the rulers who have ordered them to stop teaching about Jesus, “We are witnesses to these things, and so is the Holy Spirit whom God has given to those who obey” (Acts 5:32). The writer of Acts goes on to say, “As they left the council, they rejoiced that they were considered worthy to suffer dishonour for the sake of the name” (Acts 5:41). Peter proves the truth of the last verse from Amanda Gorman’s poem, “In testing times, we became the best of beings.” What are the testing times for me, for you, for us today that will help us become our best selves, the best of beings?



**Breakfast on the Beach
Cerezo Barredo**

The reading from the book of Revelation reminds us that the joy of the Resurrection is not only reflected in the lives of humankind but in all beings. The narrator in today’s reading tells us about voices raised in praise of the Risen One, “Then I looked, and I heard the voice of many angels surrounding the throne and the living creatures and the elders; they numbered myriads of myriads and thousands of thousands” (Rev 5:11). Just in case we missed



it the first time, the narrator repeats the message in slightly different words, "Then I heard every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and in the sea, and all that is in them, singing, 'To the one seated on the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honour and glory and might for ever and ever!'" (Rev 5:13). All created beings praise the Risen One.

Just as it was for Simon Peter and the disciples, it is the ordinary things like fishing or sharing breakfast on the beach or eating bread and fish that teach us what the Resurrection of Jesus means for your life and my life. Let us be open to the ordinary in our lives. Let us see with the eyes of our hearts how we are invited, trusted to be Jesus the Christ in our world. The poet [Steve Garnaas-Holmes](#) says it this way:

The bread we share is not just the Last Supper;
it's also the First Breakfast.
Also the Great Lunch (for 5000).

The bread we break is the Risen One,
morning, noon and night,
awakening us, strengthening us,
giving himself to us.

On the beach he might have said,
"This is my body, risen in you."
At Emmaus he could have said,
"This is my body, transformed in you."
Among the 5000,
"This is my body, multiplied among you."

Christ breaks the fast of God's presence.
Everything you eat is breakfast.
Everything you drink is Christ.
It's a new day.

