



Third Sunday Of Easter

Rebirth of a Collapsed Dream

Introduction

The crucifixion of Christ was a sin and a terrible crime. Today's liturgy doesn't deny this, yet it says that from God drew a great good. Indeed, it even suggests that it was somehow necessary. Through it we have forgiveness for our sins. Our sins cost Christ his life. But he died only because he cared about us.

First Reading (Acts 3:13-15, 17-19)

Peter lays the blame for the death of Jesus fairly and squarely on the Jews. Nevertheless, he excuses them on the strength that they did not know who Jesus really was.

Second Reading (1 John 2:1-5)

In spite of everything, Christians are still prone to sins. If we sin Christ will come to our aid if we have recourse to him.

Gospel (Luke 24:35-48)

The risen Jesus appears to his apostles. As in all his appearances, words and gestures are needed to help them believe that he is real and not a ghost.

Prayer Of The Faithful

Christ is alive. Death has no more power over him. Let us renew our faith in the belief that he walks the road of life by our side.

R: Stay with us, Lord.

For the leaders of the Christian Community: that the Risen Christ may sustain their faith, their courage, and their love. We pray.

R: Stay with us, Lord.

For the leaders of our country: that the Lord will help them to fulfill their responsibilities worthily and well. We pray.

R: Stay with us, Lord.



For the unemployed and for all those who walk on the edge of despair:
that they may find understanding and support. We pray.

R: Stay with us, Lord.

That we may experience the presence of the Risen Christ with us, in all
the realities of life, but especially in the painful and dark parts. We
pray.

R: Stay with us, Lord.

Communion Reflection

For three long and joyous years we followed him.
We followed his every move.
We drank in his every word.
We knew neither doubt nor hesitation.

We were like sunflowers,
During the day these keep turning their heads
so that they are always facing the sun.
But when the sun goes down
they close their petals and hang their heads.

That's how it was with us.
When the sun went down on the Master's life
we wilted.
Without him our days lacked all charm,
Our lives became a desert.

But how can we tell you that joy that flooded our souls
when we discovered that the Lord had risen?
We cannot do so.
Only he, by his touch,
can do for you what he did for us,
the day he broke through the walls
behind which we were hiding,
bemoaning our shattered dreams.

Risen Lord, help us to believe
that you are always with us,
and that nothing in life or in death
can separate us from you.