



# THIRD SUNDAY OF EASTER

## Year A — 26<sup>th</sup> April 2020

*The community of the Cathedral of St. Stephen acknowledges the traditional custodians of the land on which our parish stands.*

*Embracing  
Villa Maria Centre  
and  
St Patrick's  
Fortitude Valley*



**Most Reverend  
Mark Coleridge**  
*Archbishop of Brisbane*

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*Two disciples were on their way to a village called Emmaus. While Jesus was with them at the table, he took the bread and said the blessing; then he broke it and handed it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognised him; but he had vanished from their sight.*

**Readings for today: Acts 2:14, 22-33; 1 Peter 1:17-21; Luke 24:13-35**

*Dear friends,*

There seems to be some bright spots emerging in the gloom. Confirmed cases of the virus are down in our neck of the woods and there might be some possibility of loosening our restricted way of life. But I doubt that the way ahead will be straightforward and without further causes of alarm or confusion. Nevertheless, at this point, we can be thankful that deaths have been kept to a minimum and there now appears to be some possible pathway ahead, even if we can only take a few small steps at a time.

The story of the disciples travelling to Emmaus and Anzac Day present a potent combination this Sunday. The disciples had given up hope but, despite their hopelessness, they are accompanied by a mysterious "stranger" who turns out to be no stranger at all.

There might be many things that are causing our hearts to sink at the moment: the suspension of our daily routine; regular contact with family and friends; concerns about finances and our future prospects.

It is still possible to recognise Christ in our midst even with our heavy hearts. Our distress and anxiety need not be the only companions on this path that we are presently walking. In the present, one of the great signs of Christ is our communal solidarity. We have controlled the spread of the virus for the moment because we have all been prepared to sacrifice the ordinary rhythm of our lives for the common good. The Risen Christ lives in the goodness revealed in every human heart and is seen in our collective efforts and solidarity.

This Anzac Day is also a moment to reflect on how ordinary human lives shape history. It is not the great men and women who forge the story of the human family. It is those who go on doing what needs to be done, even if the circumstances that they find themselves in are grim and dangerous. The path to Emmaus and the cliffs of Gallipoli teach us that, because of the Risen Christ, human hearts always have the capacity to burn with deeds of love, service and sacrifice.

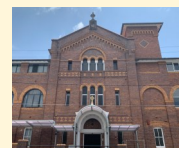
*Fr. Anthony*



*Cathedral of  
St. Stephen  
249 Elizabeth St  
Brisbane*



*St. Patrick's  
58 Morgan St  
Fortitude Valley*



*Villa Maria Chapel  
171 St Pauls Tce  
Spring Hill*

**Cathedral Parish Mass Times this week**

**Monday to Friday:** 8.00am & 12.30pm (*live-streamed*)  
**Saturday** 11.30am — Marian Devotions (*live-streamed*)

**Sunday**

**Cathedral of St Stephen**  
**Saturday:** *Suspended until further notice*  
**Sunday:** 8.00am; 10.00am (*live-streamed*)

**St Patrick's** *Suspended until further notice*  
**Villa Maria** *Suspended until further notice*

**Reconciliation:** **Monday to Friday** *Suspended until further notice*  
**Saturday**

**Exposition:** *Suspended until further notice*

**Benediction:** *Suspended until further notice*

## They Glimpsed Him

They glimpsed him.  
A moment of luminous clarity but then gone.  
What is left? The delight of glorious memory?  
Or the hollowness of empty promise?  
For these two pilgrims,  
the place of disappointment becomes the home of joy.  
In their rush to tell of their illumination,  
they find their way back to where it all started,  
not as blind fools but as jubilant seers of the Living God.  
Back where it all finished, they start again.

The unrecognised companion bears a gift and grace.  
A little explanation goes a long way.  
A shared meal is the doorway into eternity.  
The unveiling of the veiled is a new birth.  
An Easter chorus resounds joyously from the burning heart of the earth.

All this from only a glimpse.  
A moment of luminous clarity but...? Not gone.  
They recognised Him. Still others recognised Him.  
Again and again and again.  
They recognise Him. Everywhere.

He who was broken is known again in the breaking of bread.  
He who was poured out is tasted again in the wine of the new creation.  
He who is glimpsed is not hidden.  
He who died, lives.  
He who lives, lives forever.

He is the guest who is the host.  
We, the "hosts", who are the guests.

Oh, how foolish and dull of heart!  
Are we to remain stumbling pilgrims;  
too blind to recognise, too deaf to hear,  
too slow to notice the quickening spirit?  
Walking the wrong direction?

But a glimpse is enough. A glimpse offered.  
A glimpse received; to open the eyes and release the heart.  
To change direction.

Wanting more, we must be content with enough. And a glimpse is enough.  
Then. Now. Tomorrow. Eternity.