

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

Everyone born by the spirit is a son or daughter of God ...
'Abba, Father!' *Second Reading*

May your love be upon us, O Lord,
as we place all our hope in you. *Psalm*

'Go, therefore, make disciples of all the nations.' *Gospel*

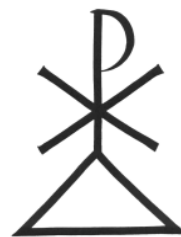
Father,
you sent your Word to bring us truth
and your Spirit to make us holy.
Through them we come to know the mystery of your life.
Help us to worship you, one God in three Persons,
by proclaiming and living our faith in you.
Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you want to reflect further:
Deut 4: 32–34, 39–40; Ps. 32 (33); Romans 8: 14–17; Matthew 28: 16–20



If you'd like to receive Prego by email each week, sign up at
www.stbeunosoutreach.wordpress.com

ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



Sunday after Pentecost: The Most Holy Trinity
Year B, 26 May 2024

'Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.'

As always on this first Sunday after Pentecost, we celebrate the Solemnity of the Most Holy Trinity. This is the central mystery of our faith – our God, one in three persons, in whose name we were all welcomed at our baptism.

In the **First Reading** Moses reminds the people of everything God has done for them in releasing them from slavery in Egypt. All they – and we – are asked in return for the prosperity and eternal life that God offers, is that we obey the commandments.

In a similar vein, the **Psalmist** rejoices in the gifts God gives to all his chosen people. We are reminded particularly of the gifts of creation, protection from want and evil, and God's faithful love.

In the **Second Reading**, St Paul speaks of the Spirit which makes us all children of God. Through this gift of the Spirit, we, like Jesus, can call God our Father, and share in his glory.

In the **Gospel** we see the risen Jesus handing on to the disciples their mission of baptising people throughout the world in the name of the Trinity. He reminds them, and ourselves, that he remains with us always.

This week, we pray that filled with God's Spirit, we will be ready to share the Trinity's message of love with the people we meet.



Opening Prayer

God our Father, who by sending into the world
the Word of truth and the Spirit of sanctification
made known to the human race your wondrous mystery,
grant us, we pray, that in professing the true faith,
we may acknowledge the Trinity of eternal glory
and adore your Unity, powerful in majesty.

Second Reading Romans 8: 14–17

Everyone moved by the Spirit is a son or daughter of God. The spirit you received is not the spirit of slaves bringing fear into your lives again; it is the spirit of sons and daughters, and it makes us cry out, ‘Abba, Father!’ This very Spirit and our spirit bear united witness that we are children of God. And if we are children we are heirs as well: heirs of God and coheirs with Christ, sharing his sufferings so as to share his glory.

Approaching my prayer for this Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, I may like to take time to make a particularly slow sign of the cross, aware of each person of the Trinity. I take what time I need to bring my body and mind to a calm stillness – perhaps with a deep focus on my breathing. I breathe in the loving welcome of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and breathe out the cares and concerns I am carrying with me today.

When I feel ready, I read the short passage two or three times.
I let the words enfold me.

Perhaps I bring to mind times in my life when I felt ‘moved by the Spirit’. I recall how that felt, and explore the memory of those feelings again.

I ponder my response to hearing myself described as a son or daughter of God. What is it like to be invited to use the words ‘Abba, Father’, which Jesus himself used?

If, for any reason, this is hard for me, I speak to the Lord who knows, who understands, and I let his peace surround me.

For St Paul, being a child of God, with his Spirit living within us, makes us co-heirs and brothers or sisters to Jesus.

I turn to Jesus again. I let him look at me, and, if I can, I hold his gaze. Is there something I need to say? Or perhaps it’s enough just to bask in the love I see and feel in the world around me?

When the time feels right, I draw my prayer to a close. Using my own words, I may want to ask the Spirit to teach me how to respond ever more fully to what I have received as a child of God.

I close with another slow sign of the cross, thanking the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit for the gift of their life in me.

Gospel Matthew 28: 16–20

The eleven disciples set out for Galilee, to the mountain where Jesus had arranged to meet them. When they saw him they fell down before him, though some hesitated. Jesus came up and spoke to them. He said, ‘All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go, therefore, make disciples of all the nations; baptise them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teach them to observe all the commands I gave you. And know that I am with you always; yes, to the end of time.’

As I prepare for prayer, I settle in whatever way works best for where I find myself today. I make a slow sign of the cross and offer this time to God: the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. I ask them to be with me as I open my heart and listen.

I may like to imagine the disciples making their way to Galilee. As I walk among them, what do I hear? Perhaps their joy at the realisation that Jesus has truly risen as he promised? .. or maybe there is still trepidation, anxiety, fear ... or something else?

What happens to the disciples as they see Jesus before them on the mountain? What do I see? What do I believe?

As Jesus speaks to them, I perhaps realise that he is telling me that I, too, can make disciples of others, and teach them to observe his commands. How does that feel? Perhaps, like the disciples, I may feel enthused, enlightened, encouraged ... or maybe quite the opposite: disbelieving ... fearful ... inadequate?

I hear Jesus promise to be with the disciples – with me – always, to the end of time. I ponder those times when I have truly known Jesus to be there by my side, and for a moment, revel in how that felt.

It may also be that I recall times when I was unable to feel his presence, perhaps because I had turned away? Looking back now, I may be able to see he was always there, gently drawing me close with tenderness, love and mercy.

I take time to talk to the Lord from my heart, and to listen to what he might want me to hear. When I am ready, I end my prayer:

Glory be to the Father ...