

Homily Low Sunday (2nd Sunday of Easter – Divine Mercy Sunday) Year B 2024

For many years now we have believed that when Jesus said “*Do this in Memory of me*” he used the word *memory* as meaning *making present*. It is Jesus who says to us *Do this in memory of me and I am present to you*. You are not doing something of the past nearly 3000 years ago but now and with the presence of Jesus.

There is a wonderful story about an explorer:

The explorer returned to his people, who were eager to know about the Amazon. But how could he ever put into words the feelings that flooded his heart when he saw exotic flowers and heard the night-sounds of the forests; when he sensed the danger of wild beasts or paddled his canoe over treacherous rapids?

He said, “Go and find out for yourselves.” To guide them he drew a map of the river.

They pounced upon the map. They framed it in their Town Hall. They made copies of it for themselves. And all who had a copy considered themselves experts on the river, for did they not know its every turn and bend, how broad it was, how deep, where the rapids were and where the falls?

And the explorer went away sad because he drew the map hoping that they would make the journey themselves??

Sr Faustina made a long journey of faith through many years of prayer and spent hours in conversation with God which eventually led to her wonderful experiences of the risen Jesus which she described in words knowing that it was but a pale reflection of her experience. She hoped that, through long times of prayer and reflection that we would have the same experience of Christ’s loving mercy that she had experienced. She left us prayers that helped her on her journey hoping that they would help us make the same journey yet knowing that our experience of Christ’s mercy could be completely different but more applicable to our own situation and what Christ would want for us.

In a wonderful way Malcolm Guite has a way of opening up the scriptures so that we may each experience the wonders of the resurrection suitable to our own situation. Let us listen to him:

Five hundred then, and since, so many more!

*In lonely prison cells and crowded streets
at brimming springs and at exhausted wells.*

*On days of triumph, and in dire defeats
the risen Lord has shown himself to us.*

He comes unlooked for, and in answered prayer.

*Comes to the mystic, most mysterious;
comes to the addict in their last despair.*

*He fed five thousand in the wilderness
and now, in bread and wine, he comes and feeds*

*uncounted millions. Once he bore one cross
but now he bears all crosses, meets all needs.*

*The stone flung back at Easter means we share
the widening ripples of his presence here.*

An elderly lady in the highlands of Scotland living in a small village was warned of a harsh winter ahead. Worried that she will be unable to pay the gas bill, she decides to write God a letter.

“Dear God, in your endless mercy, please send me £90 for the gas bill to help me survive the cold this winter.”

She addresses the envelope just ‘to God’ and puts it in the letterbox. At the post office, the sorters wonder what to do with the letter not wanting to ignore it. With their supervisor, they

decided to open the letter and are struck with compassion. So, they go round the office to collect money and raise £80 which they put in an envelope and address it to the old lady, writing 'from God' on it.

A couple of days go by and another letter pops up addressed to God. Expecting a word of thanks, the crew joyfully gather round and open the letter to read:

"Dear God, I think those scallywags at the post office stole a tenner!!"