

Trinity St. James & Parish of the Holy Spirit

Zoom April 18 2021

Luke 24 13-35

My mom was raised on a farm just outside of Lucan. It was an old train post office. One of those where mail was in a bag on a post. The train came by, threw out the mail for that spot, and with a long rod picked up the bag off the post. It was not that when Grandma and Grandpa Armstrong bought the farm but the track cut the farm and when Mom was growing up lots of tramps were walking those tracks. Grandpa insisted that they were to be fed. Many different, mostly men, sat at their table. Mom said, some were funny, some were very smart, some were quiet and some were talkative. Mom remembered one very clearly, and whenever she talked about this part of her growing up she would always add that one scared the family. My Grandfather was nervous enough he watched him leave and made sure he didn't stay the night in the barn. She said that the feeling was that he would kill them all in their sleep. Despite all this he still did not say no to anyone asking for a bite to eat. My Grandfather felt that they were fortunate and needed to share with these unfortunate people.

I wonder if in today's Gospel if that was one of the reasons that Cleopas and his companion, one that some feel could have been his wife, invited the stranger they met on the road to Emmaus to stay with them. They maybe were worried about their new

friend's safety that late in the day. Or was it possibly that he reminded them of Jesus. Even though their eyes were shielded and they did not recognize him their "heart's burned" while he was talking to them about what the prophets said and teaching them about how it relates to the recent events that had happened. If Cleopas let this stranger leave and be on his way that would be it but, his generosity will not allow that to happen. So that is not the end of the story, their invitation likely seemed insignificant but it was the catalyst to the best part, Jesus blesses their small act of generosity with the revelation of his presence. He broke bread and the shield was lifted and they realized that the stranger was Jesus himself. What an exciting moment. One they could not contain, "They got up and returned at once to Jerusalem".

The revelation of who the stranger was came as a result of the invitation to stay with them and not let him travel on. The Emmaus Road is like the tracks cutting my Grandfather's farm and, our lives. There are many travelers, some down on their luck, some searching, and some just looking for some food and maybe companionship. They all have something to teach and our invitation to bring the stranger in lifts the shield and reveals the savour to us. Now I am not saying invite every stranger into your home. That thought is way too scary today. But, an invitation to our saviour can be donating or helping out at a food bank, helping out someone who is struggling with yard work, housework work whatever it may be. Having a coffee, socially

distanced mind you, with a shut in or someone who just wants company. Whatever it may be to uplift those we met on our travels can be a wonderful revelation to us.