

TRANSFIGURATION

There is within even the most abstract of Christian mystery's a powerful theme of common sense. If the mystery is true, then that truth is a lived reality and not just a romantic notion.

The transfiguration is one such beautiful revelation of truth.

Sitting around you in this church are people who have lived through conflict beyond what many others could endure. We have individuals who have taken on illness and arisen from the challenge with dignity. We have recovering alcoholics. We have those who have lived real responsibility.

Great writers can pull from the daily events of life novels of searing motivation.

However in those day to day events the blindness of familiarity protects and obscures.

The need to live with the ordinary functions of the day does not allow us to endure with the insight of total truth.

Then occasionally we have a vision of the obvious and are amazed

During the transfiguration of Our lord Jesus Christ the Apostles saw for a brief time who they had been living with for three years.

Sadly it was only after the funeral that he begin to recognise what he had taken for granted all those years. How much he had loved to share the news with her. News that was not relevant to anyone else's life. How she cared without any fuss. How she put up with his annoying habits. Or was even prepared to laugh at his silly jokes. Her just being there gave depth and meaning to his life. He was frightened of allowing his memory would turn her into a plaster saint. He was frightened that his memory would turn her into something that she was not. However it was true that grief for him was a transfiguration. For that brief time of intense pain he could see what he had actually lived with all those years.

This was his younger brother. This was the boy who he had taught to play football. The one he had protected in school. Avoided when he was acting grown up. Disciplined when he had been out of order.

So he had a deep embedded belief of what his younger brother was like.

This image shattered when he himself needed help. Now they were no longer children, and it was his world that had fallen apart. This baby brother for a brief time became his father. Sorted out his finance. Pointed out his growing dependence on alcohol. Cooked him food. Supported him, then moved away again as he began to regain his independence.

He had always seen the boy of his childhood. For a brief time now things radically changed, he saw the man that his brother had become. This was a revelation. It was transfiguration.

She usually hated surprises. But as she walked into what she had thought was a small family meal a surge of real joy burst through her body. All these people proclaiming happy birthday. All these people proclaiming that they loved her.

For years she had done her best out of a clear sense of duty. Never even considering how much the kindness shown, had been appreciated. For years she had simply got on with what had seemed necessary, only now to see that it had been beautiful.

She did not know what to say as all in turn came to her. Wished her well. As they expressed their love

It even hurt her to consider that she was loved. That she was lovely.

It was a moment of transfiguration.

You cannot live your daily life with vision to constantly see the wonder and extraordinary nature of God's love.

That in the day to day there is miracle.

But as a Christian

You are called upon to look and pray

To see beyond the curtain of familiarity

To glance occasionally at the transfiguration of reality.