

### **Sermon for Third Sunday of Easter**

“Come and have breakfast”

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This is a beautiful image and really quite out of character with the drama of the resurrection.

No angels with trumpets blaring

No crashes of thunder, or curtains of the Temple torn in two

Quite simply a charcoal fire ready for fresh fish to be cooked for breakfast.

Those of us who have televisions, radios, mobile phones, or even find the time to read the paper are bombarded by crisis. So insatiable is the thirst for disaster and drama that images from parts of the world we could not find on a map are by the miracle of modern science beamed into our lives.

This urgency is a form of normality which is both unhealthy and unsustainable.

What is more important it induces a blindness obscuring the goodness of the everyday?

I heard my Father tell me of what he was missing as he lay in his bed dying of cancer. It was Sunday morning and he would have liked to get up late and gone to mass. Come home and have a fried breakfast. Then wander over to a local pub, before returning for an afternoon snooze, and an evening Sunday meal.

Dad did not want a vision of angels, but his home, a pint and his beautiful retired life.

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Last Thursday I was running in Sunny Hurst Woods. This exercise is often more to do with my mental health, than with physical fitness. In any case as I blundered along the narrow trail I noticed what at first appeared to be a large dog on the path in front of me. I stopped and saw that it was a young confused deer. It looked at me wondered if I was a threat. Then with almost magical agility disappeared into the trees.

It was not quite a vision of angels, there was only the music of the birds, and my stopping in my tracks. In Darwen.

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So here you are at mass. Praying for those who have gone before you. Praying for those you worry about.

I am afraid that other than the normal miracles, there will not be any great drama.

No visions of Angels

No crashes of thunder

But come

See the beauty of the evening

Of the morning

With the risen Christ to guide you

Be nourished by the reality

Of what health you have

Of what family you have

Of what home you have

Leave behind the false stimulation of dramatic headlines

See through your tiredness and anxiety

See now,

what in times to come you may call

The good old days

Come see the goodness

Come see the kindness

Come and have breakfast.