



Third Sunday of Easter

It takes about two months to form a new habit, but I'll bet collective trauma bakes in a new habit a lot faster. I suspect that because, after just eight weeks or so of maintaining a six-foot distance from everyone, I'm shocked that the "Stranger" just walked right up to the two disciples (Cleopas and Mrs. Cleopas) and started talking to them.

Was he wearing a mask? Were they? More disturbingly, when he broke the Bread with them, did they all share it from a common plate? Probably. There would be hundreds of devastating plagues in the two millenia to come. There is no evidence there was one in that room that night.

These disciples of Jesus had been in Jerusalem for Passover, and had (perhaps) even witnessed his horrifying crucifixion. And yet, they didn't recognize him until his Risen Body broke through time and space, met them on the road, revealed the scriptures to them, and then revealed himself to them (and us) in the breaking of the bread.

Do you feel like your eyes have been opened during this strangest of all seasons? Mine are opened wide. The healed air quality is breaking through a century of brown cloud. I stand outside at night and see the STARS! Then, our young neighbor comes outside and plays a beautiful piece on his flute. All the neighbors applaud. Our hearts burn within us.

My eyes are opened wide about who the essential workers are, too. From now on, every teacher of any grade gets a 100% raise. Grocery store workers get our warmest respect. And health care workers? They own our hearts. And our hearts burn within us with gratitude.

How have your eyes opened since this experience?