

Isaiah 53: 1 – 6 and 9 – 12; Luke 24: 13 – 35

A Meditation from 'Light of Life' by Nick Fawcett and Kevin Mayhew 2011

'So that's who it was!'

Cleopas ...

*'When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they recognised him; and he vanished from their sight. Luke 24:30, 31*

So that's who it was!

I see it now, staring me in the face.

But how could we have not realised it before?

That's what I don't understand.

You see, we'd been to Jerusalem,

watched with our own eyes what they did to him

even stood at the foot of the cross,

yet we didn't recognise him when he walked beside us.

Why?

Was it sorrow that blinded us,

our hearts too full of grief to glimpse the truth?

It's possible, for we were devastated, there's no denying that.

We'd thought he was the one we longed for,

coming to redeem our people,

and it had been a terrible blow after arriving full of hope,

anticipating his kingdom,

to see him nailed to that cross,

bruised and broken,

the life seeping from his bleeding body.

We'd been so certain,

so sure he was the Messiah,

but we'd seen his death

and were making our way back home,  
our dreams in tatters,  
our lives in ruins.

That could have clouded our eyes, unquestionably,  
for we had little time after such a disappointment  
for anything or anyone.

He was the last person we expected to meet, I can tell you that.

Oh, I know he'd talked of rising again,  
returning from the grave –

we were talking of it even as we walked –

but we'd taken it all with a pinch of salt,

and in our hearts we'd given him up,

reluctantly making our way back to reality.

We never imagined for a moment we might see him;

the thought simply never entered our heads.

So yes, perhaps that explains it,

why for all the time he was with us the penny failed to drop.

Yet it was more than that,

for it wasn't finally his face we recognised.

It went far deeper –

the way he spoke,

the way he acted,

the way our hearts burned within us as we walked,

and, above all, the meal that we shared.

He took bread,

and broke it,

and suddenly we realised, with a certainty nothing could shake,

that he was Jesus,

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risen,

alive,

victorious.

Yet, even as we saw it, he disappeared,

vanishing before our eyes,

and we've never seen him since.

It's funny that, isn't it? –

how we saw him most clearly when we couldn't see him at all,

how our eyes were opened when we weren't even looking,

and how we know he's with us now,

even though he's departed from our side!

**Prayer ...**

***Lord Jesus Christ,***

***like the two disciples on the Emmaus road,***

***so often we journey through life unaware of your presence.***

***Though we talk of your resurrection***

***it does not stir our hearts or capture our imagination***

***in the way it should.***

***Yet though we may not realise it,***

***even in our doubt you are there with us,***

***matching your stride to ours,***

***waiting to meet us along the way.***

***Open our eyes***

***So that we may see and know you better.***

**Amen.**