

### Easter III Year C 2013

None of the disciples dared to ask him, “Who are you” because they knew it was the Lord.

At the end of December this past year Katharine and I travelled to Austin to celebrate our granddaughter Elliott’s first birthday. During the year our son James and his wife Corey had downsized from renting a house to a small two bedroom apartment because Corey had chosen not to go back to work for the time being...so for economic reasons they had to lighten their load.

Between our two families there were probably a dozen or so people invited all assembled in the small living and dining area. They had knocked themselves out for this celebration. Corey custom made all the decorations... she had even bought bottled water which had Elliot’s name and birth date on them. I mean the Airbus ground breaking had nothing on her. And James had cooked a King Ranch casserole...y’all know about that...It’s a Texas thing...It’s a casserole with roasted chicken and vegetables and strips of tortillas bathed in a béchamel sauce...all surrounded by a homemade crust... It’s sort of like our chicken pie...It was simply divine...and then he made cupcakes...which Elliott discovered for the first time...she took a suspicious taste and then in a few bites devoured the whole thing....a good portion left on her face.

Their was laughter all around...the small place was aglow with love and warmth that comes with loving sacrifice and good will... their small space become sacred...We haven’t known Corey’s family long, but with each meal taken with them we have been drawn closer...I want to name such a moment as resurrection life. Not the supernatural once upon a time thing...a divine act of magic...but I want to name resurrection life as a life of love...as simple and mundane as sharing a meal...a meal being the consummate example of loving sacrifice...meals that through the work of our hands not only nourish us, but delight us as well...and strengthens the bonds of those at table...that is resurrection life that is real and alive among us...we just have to open our eyes and recognize it all around us....and share it...give it away to those not yet come to the table. We remind ourselves of this profound truth every time we come to this table. (Altar)

Our Gospel reading for today is considered by most scholars an appendix to the original text...words are used in this passage that are not used anywhere else in this gospel; the syntax is different...so this is probably a member scribe of the Johannine community a few years later

reflecting on this Gospel as to its theology...It's theology of love, befriending and resurrection which I would argue are the same thing. Fishing in Hebrew lore and in New Testament literature often symbolizes mission and ministry...fishers of souls...bringing the lost to well being and dignity...that's the work of resurrection life, and don't doubt that resurrection life takes work. Jack, are you listening? That's the life you are being baptized into... a life of being a fisher of souls...a life of bringing the lost to well being and dignity... in short you are to be a world changer.

So at the heart of the matter we are to give ourselves in hospitality to our world...the meal here the symbol of such a life...and the author is also interested in recognition...Isn't it odd that this person with whom these disciples have lived for the past several years...they don't recognize Jesus at first until the meal is shared...You remember the same thing happens in Luke on the way to Emmaus where the disciples don't recognize the risen Christ until he breaks bread with them...I believe we are being taught that wherever guests and hosts gather to share what they have with each other, the risen Christ is there raising us up for the noble work of love.

And lest we miss the point the writer has Jesus asking Peter three times if he loves him...an obvious echo of Peter's three denials...three times he asks him...the first two times the word for love is *agape* which literally means love of God...but the third time he asks he uses the word *philiros* which means love among humans...the writer is saying that the love of God and the Love that is among us is quite the same thing...and we are to set it loose...we give it life when we tend to one another...such love makes sacred space for each other; one of the so-called many rooms in John's Gospel.... rooms made sacred by loving sacrifice. We are to see to each other's well being and dignity...that is love alive, love raised up among us...that is resurrection.

And finally the scribe makes the point that to live such a manner of life begets abundance....not excess...but a full sustainable adequacy; this manner of life begets abundance, a sustained state of well being for all. We live in a world that fears scarcity...we hoard food and water...and oil and other resources...What would the world look like if the nations of the world dropped the rubric of self interest and took it upon themselves to help wherever help is needed...Goodwill would abound and grow...the rattling of swords would cease.... The cycle of brinkmanship would lose its grasp.... Borders and checkpoints would fade away...This resurrection life, dear people of God, is not for a select few...but for the entire world's redemption....By living collectively under the rubric of loving sacrifice, our world would look utterly different, it would look like the great commonweal

of God that aches to be born...and at such a birth all will recognize, by whatever name, we don't have to ask, we know it is the raised one who lives among us as pure unbounded love.