

Gospel: A reading from the Gospel of Luke 6:28-43

About eight days after saying this, Jesus took Peter, John and James and went up onto a mountain to pray. While Jesus was praying, his face changed in appearance and the clothes he wore became dazzlingly white. Suddenly two people were there talking with Jesus—Moses and Elijah. They appeared in glory and spoke of the prophecy that Jesus was about to fulfill in Jerusalem.

Peter and the others had already fallen into a deep sleep, but awakening, they saw Jesus' glory—and the two people who were standing next to him. When the two were leaving, Peter said to Jesus, "Rabbi, how good it is for us to be here! Let's set up three tents, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah!" Peter didn't really know what he was saying.

While Peter was speaking, a cloud came and overshadowed them, and the disciples grew fearful as the others entered it. Then from the cloud came a voice which said, "This is my Own, my Chosen One. Listen to him!"

When the voice finished speaking, they saw no one but Jesus standing there. The disciples kept quiet, telling nothing of what they had seen at that time to anyone.

The following day, when they came down the mountain, a large crowd awaited him. A man stepped out of the crowd and said, "Teacher, please come and look at my son, my only child. A demon seizes him and he screams, and it throws him into convulsions until he foams at the mouth. It releases the boy only with difficulty, and when it does, he is exhausted. I begged your disciples to cast it out, but they couldn't."

Jesus said in reply, "You unbelieving and perverse generation! How much longer must I be among you and put up with you? Bring the child to me." As the boy approached, the demon dashed the child to the ground and threw him into a violent convulsion. But Jesus reprimanded the unclean spirit, healed the child and returned him to his father. All present were awestruck at the greatness of God.

Pause

For the expression of divine glory in scripture.

We give thanks.

Contemporary Reading: *Transfiguration* by Malcolm Guite

For that one moment, 'in and out of time',
On that one mountain where all moments meet,
The daily veil that covers the sublime
In darkling glass fell dazzled at his feet.
There were no angels full of eyes and wings
Just living glory full of truth and grace.
The Love that dances at the heart of things
Shone out upon us from a human face
And to that light the light in us leaped up,
We felt it quicken somewhere deep within,
A sudden blaze of long-extinguished hope
Trembled and tingled through the tender skin.
Nor can this this blackened sky, this darkened scar
Eclipse that glimpse of how things really are.

Pause

For divine light in contemporary expression.

We give thanks.