

Evening Contemplation

1 March, 2025



The Transfiguration

Led by
Carol Streatfield

We acknowledge the traditional owners of this land we meet on, the Jagera and Turrbal peoples, and pay our respects to Elders past, present and emerging, as together we seek and pray for reconciliation in God's way of peace.

[Reflection music:

Serenade - Pachelbel In The Garden Dan Gibson's Solitudes
<https://youtu.be/q7KEpSyN7HM?list=RDMM>

Psalm 90/91 (Gregorian Chant) (12:39)
<https://youtu.be/sQNJs89E6x8>

Loving Touch - Deuter (10:10)
<https://youtu.be/PMa2iDIOkil?list=RDEMTv7EUax389RFoo3Hfud9jg>

Approach:

Our help is in the name of the Eternal God,
who is making the heavens and the Earth.

Eternal Spirit,
flow through our being and open our lips,
that our mouths may proclaim your praise.

Hymn: Transfiguration - Sunday 7 pm Choir
By Brian Wren and Ricky Manalo
<https://youtu.be/vJec8-pfVQk>

Let us pray:

Reveal your presence to us this day,
O God of light, love, and glory.

As you did to your servants at the foot of the mountain,
send your Spirit to show us your story.

May the brilliance of your face illuminate this place
as we dare to proclaim your Word
**and may we, your people, be never unable
to tell all of that we have heard.**

Amen

Reading: Luke 9: 28-36

Reflection: Reflection on Luke 9: 28-36

(Pause 10 min music)

I Am Sure I Shall See - Taizé

[https://youtu.be/LW_cU7TeOWw?](https://youtu.be/LW_cU7TeOWw?list=PLIGIGXPWKcm6hMt57luNiCQgpNpRM1ZIB)

[list=PLIGIGXPWKcm6hMt57luNiCQgpNpRM1ZIB](https://youtu.be/LW_cU7TeOWw?list=PLIGIGXPWKcm6hMt57luNiCQgpNpRM1ZIB)

Let us pray

**Eternal Spirit,
Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and that shall be,
Father and Mother of us all,
Loving God, in whom is heaven.**

**The hallowing of your name echo through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the peoples of the world.
Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!
Your commonwealth of peace and freedom
sustain our hope and come on Earth.**

**With the bread we need for today, feed us.
In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.
For you reign in the glory of the power that is love,
now and forever.**

Amen

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shared men's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs ...
Because the Holy Ghost over the best
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



Aurora Lee

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
(excerpt, book 7)

**Most loving God,
you send us into the world you love,
give us grace to go thankfully and with courage
in the power of your Spirit.**

Amen.

*Hymn: **Tranform Us, As You, Transfigured** - Neva Laurie-Berry*
Lyrics: Sylvia Dunstan; Tune: Picardy
<https://youtu.be/RjbXL22uDN4>

Please stand:

May the blessing of God, the eternal goodwill of God, the shalom of God, the wildness and the warmth of God, be among us and between us, now and always.

The divine Spirit dwells in us.

Thanks be to God



Adapted from A New Zealand Prayer Book; Christchurch: Genesis Pub, 1989.
Opening prayer written by Stephen Fearing, and posted on Wild and Precious Life.
<http://www.stephenmfearing.com>

Front image from Wikimedia Commons: Alexander Ainetdinov
Image on page 5 from Patrick Murphy, God's Grandeur by Gerard Manley Hopkins
Image on page 6 from CDJ on openclipart.com
Image on page 8 in Chicago Museum Asian Art, Utagawa Hiroshige in public domain

Music compiled by Ian Dearden

Reflection:

Reflection on Luke 9:28 - 36

The Transfiguration: Imagine what that must have been like ... ! Just think about it ...! For some reason, maybe your level of responsibilities to the group, or your beginning understanding, you're chosen to go with Him up the mountain to pray. And, there something happens; something amazing, something beyond imagination: Moses and Elijah appear to Jesus, who had begun to glow with light! They stood together, talking ...; talking about what was to come ...! And then, beyond anything, a voice in the cloud, "This is my Son, my Beloved, my Chosen. Listen to him!"

What would you do? The Martha in you wants to build a dwelling, some places to make Moses and Elijah and Jesus comfortable, feed them, look after them - what else would you do?! The Mary in you just wants to sit, and listen, and watch, and absorb all there is. It's beyond your mind so all you can do is to take it all in. "This is my Son, my Beloved, my Chosen. Listen to him!" What else could you do? It's beyond yourself, Jesus, Moses and Elijah ... ! The whole thing is beyond anything!

And in that light, Jesus asked his questions and is given his answers; and reassurance from the Greats, the Prophets and the Law, who had gone before, who knew where he was at, had been there themselves - differently, but the same. The penetrating love and understanding, for his fear, for his failing confidence, for his disbelief, for his stumbling humanity, ... for his assent. He wanted to do this, for them, but O God, it would be so hard.

The cloud vanished. They were left, with the memory that was more than a memory. The conviction that spoke to them all because it was not only Jesus on that mountain top but Peter, John and James, also. How absolute now was their certainty that, no matter what happened, they were headed where they should be.

So, where are we in this Transfiguration? Jesus walked his path; as some would say, he took the fall. He demonstrated through his example what it is to give. He talked truth to power, knowing what would come of it. We don't know what else he did in the three days ostensibly in the tomb; planet Earth and human beings are not the only specks in the universe, not the only levels of consciousness in the plenitude of God. But here, on Earth, he appeared again, to many. He continues to appear, to many. So where are we in this Transfiguration?

Living a life in Christ is to live a life touched by Christ, as Jesus was touched by the whole of God. Which leads us to talk truth to power: didn't we have a marvellous example of this in the American Bishop Budde's

quiet, gentle, compassionate appeal, and reminder, to President Trump that, if, as he believed, he was also God's chosen, then he had definite instructions on how to be that. They are written in the Beatitudes, in the teachings and example of Jesus. But the Bishop taught us all lessons, too. Like Jesus, I'm sure, she was afraid. You could see it in her deep breaths before a new section; her relaxing of her shoulders and quiet straightening of her back. She was afraid, but she stepped out anyway. Sometimes, what we have to do takes courage. Sometimes what we have to do will have painful repercussions. Maybe not immediately but maybe down the track. But maybe, too, there will be a sense of assurance of a necessary job done - even if it's not done as well as we might like, it has been attempted. There would be a satisfaction in that. And, maybe there would be a sigh of relief from some others who thought also that it needed doing.

But, where does that leave us as we try to discern our direction and God's call on us? Jesus needed to pray: we need to pray. He went up the mountain; we need to find our mountain, to learn what it looks like, and how to climb it. He took his friends with him; we need to pray together, and to support one another in our search; someone to rely and fall back on. He felt the pull, the yearning; we feel the pull and yearning or we wouldn't be here. He thought perhaps what he was feeling, and where he was going, was true, if imperfect; we need to have that confidence, too. Despite looking through a glass darkly, he moved forward and was given direction and certainty; we can take small steps, too. He valued the gifts of his friends, their skills, wisdom and love; we can value each in our collective, as well as Christ. He couldn't do it alone, neither can we.

So, where is our mountain? What does it look like, and how do we climb it? What is a mountain, anyway? What's it for? I guess the mountain, the mountain to greater melding with Christ, is our own, our growing into who we are. We find it as we climb it.

