The title for today’s readings might be, “Now *that’s* a real eye-opener!”

Maybe the closest thing to that in the text is John’s saying, “Then he opened their minds to understand the scriptures.” Jesus helps them to see the truth clearly.

The reading from Acts sent me into a kind of tizzy, starting as it does in mid-story, at least as far as I’m concerned. I mean, we aren’t even told who the man is. The first reference is “we had made *him* walk.” *We* assume that he’s some person who has been healed by Peter and someone else. I was so concerned that I checked and rechecked the lectionary to make sure I hadn’t skipped over something or had inadvertently jumped ahead one Sunday. But the architects of our three-year lectionary assumed rightly that we’d figure this out.

Still, I decided to look at what I thought of as the prequel to this reading. It is the story of the man lame from birth who never gets carried to the healing waters. He begs Peter and John for money, and Peter says . . . here it comes . . . “Look at us.” A staring match ensues in which Peter tells him that what they’re giving him is more important than the money they don’t have anyway. And the lame man becomes the “leaping and jumping and praising God” guy of a now-popular hymn.

That’s the prequel, the back story to Peter’s address to the people. He tells them (and maybe us) not to get lost in the details of the man’s healing but to understand that there is something greater at work all around them and within them than the healing. It’s as if he’s saying to them, as he did to the man, “Look at us! Open your eyes! God’s love is this powerful.”

My sister Susan called me yesterday to tell me that her husband John is in intensive care in Dallas following a seizure yesterday morning. He appears to be in stable condition, and there are indications that it might have been the result of a fall rather than a stroke. I’ll talk with her again after Bible study.

Our own Jim Curran is in rehabilitation in Round Rock following a confirmed stroke the week before last. I saw him Thursday, and he looks good, despite the unimaginable frustration of impairment in speech and his right side. Margaret Thomas’s three-month-old great grandson Easton went through a scary surgery Wednesday and seems to be recovering well from complications that arose.

That of course is simply a snapshot of situations in and around our parish family. Each of you could add to the list, I know, at any given moment.

My point in mentioning those folks and their difficulties is that each of them, in widely differing situations, is doing well at this moment, regardless of what might have transpired since I wrote those words. They’re okay. You and I are okay. Better than okay. Good.

And not because the most recent bit of medical news is good, or better than we thought it might be, or despite the face that it wasn’t as good as we hoped, but because we are here. Right here. Right now.

To borrow Peter’s phrase, “Look at us!” Look at all of us, gathered the best way we can be at this moment, all of us in the presence of God who healed the lame man, the God to whom we have entrusted all our love ones who have gone before us. We need to open our eyes and see this miracle, that we have each other and that all of us are had by God, that is, held in God’s love, no matter what is going on in our lives.

We can lament, or live in, the past if we choose. We can stake all our hopes on our plans for the future, whatever they might be. But the best thing we can do is summed up in today’s Collect:

O God, whose blessed Son made himself known to his disciples in the breaking of bread: *Open the eyes of our faith*, that we may behold him [*now*] in all his redeeming work; who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.*Amen.*

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