

# Changing Rooms

ENTER THE MYSTERY...  
of Christ's Suffering,  
Death and Resurrection

*Meditations and Reflections for young people from Holy Week to Pentecost*

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## Changing Rooms: Luke 22-24

*Amazing things happen in the most ordinary of places. When Jesus sent off Peter and John to find a room to prepare the Passover Supper little did they know the amazing things that would happen in that room over the next fifty days! During these Meditations, we focus on that 'Changing Room' - where the room in which they lodged really did become a venue where they were changed for the good.*

*You could use these as a homily after the gospel, simply read or more elaborately performed. They could be used as a basis for bible study, or simply as a reflection in a time of prayer.*

## Late Rooms

'www.laterooms.com. Enter.'

'What are you doing?' asked John

'Booking a room,' said Peter. 'There are some amazing deals on here...'

'But he's already told us how to find the room.'

'What? A man carrying a water jar? And what are the chances of that?'

'Come on,' said John, 'lets give it a go.'

They walked to the city gates.

'What are the chances of meeting a man carrying a water jar?' repeated Peter, as he stumbled into a man carrying a water jar.

They followed the man and met the owner of the house.

'We've come to see the room for the Passover.'

The room was already prepared. An ideal venue for a festival. Upstairs, out of the way. A proper party room. They wouldn't be disturbed.

They did a shop at the local super market, and got all they needed. John was the creative one and laid the table with royal precision.

'I think that's enough, John!' exclaimed Peter, as John added yet another table decoration.

'We have to get it right,' he replied.

'We have to get on with it,' said Peter. 'The others will be here soon.'

'Maybe a bit of atmospheric music?'

'Maybe not!'

Soon they were all sat at table, staring at him over a lit candle that cast shadows over the darkened walls. They waited for words and all they got was silence. Not an awkward silence - but the silence two lovers hold when they gaze into each other's eyes.

They could have been there for minutes or months, and then movement as he reached out and offered them food.

A strange disjointed gesture.

Their minds had been fixed on love and here he was breaking the stillness, the silence...with food.

He gazed at the crust in his hand, lovingly, as if offering them something

rare and precious, a piece of himself.

'This is my body,' he said.

And so they ate.

They raised their eyes to him again.

A glass of wine, deep and red, almost a toast.

But not quite.

More a sharing, an intimate moment for friends.

'This is my blood,' he said.

It was sweet and strong.

They were intoxicated by love.

And then the door opened as someone slipped into the darkness.

The candle flickered in answer to the breeze, painting ominous pictures on the plaster.

Jesus' eyes followed the one who departed, and then his gaze fell to the floor as if focusing in on the future.

And then he rose from table. The others had been ready for a late night

talk, the kind they'd enjoyed before, listening to Jesus put the world to

rights. But this night was different.

Peter shuddered as Jesus pressed the handle of the door.

He looked at them, a silent gesture to follow.

John glanced back, looking at the table remains. The

remnants of love.  
He closed the door behind him.  
And then the room was empty.

Things would never be the same.

## Room for Change

Thomas was last in and bolted the door as he closed out the night.

The warm glow of the lamps did nothing to comfort them. There was silence in the room.

No tears, no talk.

Just silence.

'I'll put the kettle on,' she said.

It was Mary - practical and down to earth.

She put the kettle on and waited for water to boil.

They drank the tea, hot and sweet.

James slurped his and John nudged him in disapproval.

Sons of Thunder,

they were called. Always arguing. But this was no time for falling out.

They had to stick together.

The one thing they had in common had been taken from them.

And now, as their minds were blown by the day's events, they had nothing to say to each other. They concentrated on the ordinary. Clutching the mugs, picking at the pottery, holding warmth in their hands. Seeking comfort in a drink.

Mary busied herself. Occupying her mind with domestic chores, trying to fill the void with the mundane. There was still bread on the table, crumbs and spilled wine from the night before. Memories hung in the air.

The lamp flickered, the flames teased by the draught from the window. Peter stared at the fire, looking for a sign of the divine. A promise of his presence. An unburned bush.

But nothing.

And then his gaze dropped to the floor, looking for holy ground and hoping to hear a voice.

He picked at the mud on his shoes and could think of no reason to remove them. And then cradled his head in his hands as if nursing a hangover.

Things would never be the same.

## Closed Doors

'Ding!'

It was the doorbell.

They used to have a bell that played Greensleaves, but with all the coming and going over the last two days it

had broken. And now they were left with a simple 'Ding.'  
The 'dong' had long disappeared!

Peter answered the door.

It was Cleopas.

'Have we got some news for you!' he exclaimed, and then stopped short.

'Eughh! What's that smell?'

'It's Matthew,' said Peter. 'He's cooking again.'

'What is it this time? Kedgerree?'

'No grilled fish.'

'Oh ...very Jamie Oliver!'

'Apparently it's all the rage in Jerusalem,' said Peter.

'There are Grilled Fish Restaurants popping up all over the place. MacDonald's have even introduced a Mcfish burger. Anyway, don't just stand there. Come in. Matthew, there's another one for supper! So, what's up?'

'Well - to cut a long story short!' shouted Cleopas, 'we've seen him!'

'Who?'

'Jesus.'

'When?'

'On the way to Emmaus. We didn't know it was him at the time. It wasn't til Supper that it dawned on us!'

'So why didn't you bring him back?'

'He disappeared from our sight.'

'Cleopas,' said Peter, 'I know you have a habit of losing things but this is ridiculous!'

Suddenly, there was commotion in the kitchen: the drop of a pan and a shout from the fish chef. He emerged from the kitchen, armed with a fish slice.

And then the questions followed.

'What did he say?'

'Where did he go?'

'How did he look?'

Where is he now?'

'What should we do?'

'Slow down, slow down!' shouted Cleopas. 'One question at a time...please!'

And then there was silence.

An eerie silence.

'Don't look now,' whispered Matthew, 'but I think there's a ghost in the room.'

'Don't be stupid!' said Peter disparagingly. 'What do you think this is?'

An episode of Scooby Doo?!'

They turned to where Matthew was staring, and saw a figure in the room.

Peter stood still. John froze to the floor. Matthew dropped his fish

slice.

'I'm scared,' said Bartholomew.

'I'm going,' said Matthew as he picked up his fish slice from the floor.

'What are you so afraid of?'

It was Jesus.

'Look at me. Touch me. I'm flesh and bone. Hardly a ghost!'

He showed them his hands and feet, wounded with love.

'This is too good to be true,' said Thomas.

'Do you have anything to eat?' asked Jesus.

'Well,' said Peter, 'as it happens we do have some grilled fish.'

'It's Matthew,' said Cleopas. 'He's been cooking again'

'I wondered what the smell was!' said Jesus.

Matthew handed him a piece, with a look of eager expectation.

'The others are afraid to taste my cooking - they think it'll kill them!'

Jesus took the fish and ate it before their eyes.

He sat down with them and led them in a brief Bible study, telling them everything, opening their eyes, talking about more promises, and other things to come.

'Wasn't this enough?' they thought. 'Is there really more to come?!'

'Come on,' said Jesus, 'we have to move on.'

It seemed he could never stay in one place for long these days.

He pressed the handle of the door. A few hours later they found themselves climbing the side of a mountain.

'Mountains, mountains, always mountains,' moaned James as he climbed.

'Stop moaning,' said John. 'You've always been a moaner. Never happy.'

'Will you just mind your own business!' fired James.

'Will you two stop arguing?' interrupted Peter.

Jesus raised his hands and blessed them. And then he was gone.

But this time: no tears, no silence, just joy.

This was the beginning of something.

Things would never be the same.

## The Apostles Have Left the Building...

The room had changed

They waited.

And waited.

And waited.

There was noise in the city outside. It was only nine o'clock but already the crowds had taken to the street. A

thousand, thousand Pentecost Pilgrims winding their way to the Temple, the stadium of light.

Children shouted and ran through the streets with banners and flags, dogs barked, hooters hooted.

It was like match day!

'I hate Pentecost,' thought Matthew, as he twitched at the net curtains, peering at the crowds outside.

'Jerusalem was full of foreigners. You can't move for them. A hundred different languages. And they close the roads off so you can't get across the city. Shopping was out of the question!

And then he returned to the others.

Quietly, patiently praying. Waiting for promises.

'At least it's quiet in here,' he thought.

And then it happened.

It was as if the doors of the room had been broken down, as if the passing pilgrims had invaded the house with their colour and noise and foreign ways. As if the room had become a refuge for travellers. A stopping place for all nations, as if the whole world had been sucked in.

Peter felt a warmth, a fire.

And the breath of God whispering secrets he had never heard before.

His heart beat to the rhythm of God.

Heaven had opened, proving its power with wind and fire.

A torrent.

A furnace.

A whirlwind, like the one Elijah was caught up in.

Peter thought he too would be taken up to heaven.

But there were no fiery chariots or horsemen to lead the way!

The room had changed.

They had changed.

Peter pressed the handle of the door

and left behind the room in which so much had happened into the streets where things were about to begin.