

We walk away from faith or truth at our peril. Or can we ever really walk away for, like God, our walking away cannot change its nature, cannot make it disappear and is it we who find faith or truth or is it truth or faith which finds us – always walking with us even when unseen? One thinks of climate change denial here, and all the many other denials which also accompany us through life. We can pretend for so long that the world is only going through one of its many changes of climate and will right itself before long needing only a little green washing on our part, a few solar panels and windfarms here and there, a hybrid car perhaps and all will be well- but as for getting poorer in order to escape the remorseless call of consumerism and fund others more desperate than ourselves, all those refugees for example – no, we've done our bit, let them build gated communities of their own, taking Brexit perhaps as their model – and so on.

The two disciples leave Jerusalem with heavy hearts – what they thought was the truth has been denied them, a saviour figure to restore Jerusalem and the people of Israel to their former glory. Let's get back home and lead a normal life again, without these crazy expectations. But truth follows them and turns them round both by word and deed. *'Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road'* and *how they had recognised him at the breaking of the bread*. Who is the one subject to change here one might ask? For the flip side of Christ as our ever present saviour, as the instrument of God's forever love, is our nature as ever made for God, made that is to love and be loved. The joy that suffuses the two disciples is then not only the joy of recognising who Jesus is but of recognising who they are – in Christ, in God, and that whatever the vicissitudes of life or the defects in their character this fact is unchanging – they can no more walk away from it as to walk away from themselves. We each have to come to this Emmaus moment in our own lives, or rather let it come to us – it may be through the breaking of bread or our common talk or for Levin in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* the moment when he realises that his desperate prayer for his wife in childbirth, despite his avowed agnosticism or disbelief in the Church presents him with a conundrum he cannot solve by reason alone. And this thought eventually brings him great joy: though circumstances or his weaknesses of character may not necessarily improve, it's an intimation of love transcending all.

We see can see St George in this light also – as a projection of all our false hopes in the Jerusalem we wish to build on earth, or us as a human being so loved by God that he in turn can endure death for the sake of others.

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