

*As they approached the village to which they were going,  
he gave the impression that he was going on farther. (Luke 24:28)*

April 21, 2026

Hello Everyone —

Among the Easter stories, a personal favorite is the passage recounting the journey of the two disciples on their jaunt to Emmaus following the Resurrection of our Lord (Luke 24:13-35). It was quite a seven mile trip, wasn't it?

*"Were not our hearts burning within us while he spoke to us on the way and opened the Scriptures to us?"*

A story taken from life:

Three-year-old Timothy had just heard his mother read his favorite bedtime story for the fourth time. And after this fourth reading, his mother witnessed a strange phenomenon.

Timmy took the book — opened it on the floor — gently put one foot and then the other — on the open pages of the book — after which he looked down — and began to cry. The mother was puzzled to say the least by what she witnessed — until her 8-year-old daughter offered a simple explanation: Timmy really loves the book.

With that the mother realized what Timmy wanted to do — he wanted to walk right into the pages of the book — to literally enter into the drama — to become a real part of his favorite story.

I wonder if in some way the same desire exists in each of us at times. The story is being told and relived in all of us who recognize the presence of the Lord in our midst if we allow the Word of God to set our hearts on fire.

We simply need to let our imaginations tune in to our own ways of being in conversation with the Risen Lord not only during the eucharistic celebration, that is, the Mass, but as well throughout the routine of our lived existence. We need to fill in the blanks and get our own feet into its pages.

So they set out at once and returned to Jerusalem where they found gathered together the eleven and those with them who were saying, “The Lord has truly been raised and has appeared to Simon!” Then the two recounted what had taken place on the way and how he was made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

One more story from life:

They are known as the Tuesday Evening Team at the community soup kitchen. It’s nonstop activity from three in the afternoon until well past seven — preparing — cooking — serving supper — for as many as 300 homeless individuals.

When the last guest has left and the tables are all cleaned, the team sits down to eat. Their meal begins every week with a simple ritual: After everyone is served — the evening’s captain takes a big slice of bread and breaks off a piece — then the captain passes the bread to the volunteer next to him or her — who breaks off a piece and hands the bread to the next volunteer, and so on.

No words are spoken — none are needed. There could be no better reminder of why they do what they do — than a broken piece of bread.

We, too, are called to realize the presence of Christ in our midst when we break the bread — not only by receiving the Living Bread that came down from heaven — but by becoming the bread broken in our daily living.

Breaking can be an experience of resurrection in the midst of the dark and deadness around us — breaking can be the beginning of a transforming springtime that melts the harsh winter cold.

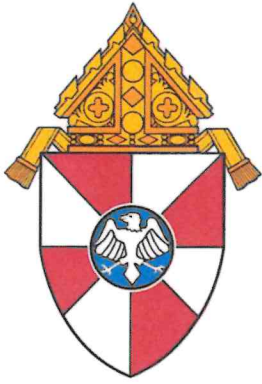
The Risen Christ offers us the grace in this Easter season

- to **break open** in order to embrace what is good and healing
- to **break away** from that which alienates, hurts and destroys
- to **break forth** into the possibilities for newness and wholeness.

“Stay with us, **Lord**, for it is nearly evening and the day is almost over.”

As I do for you, please pray for me,

*Most Reverend Jeffrey S. Grob*  
*Archbishop of Milwaukee*



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**MILWAUKEE**