

**Pastor Adrienne Meier**  
**April 19, 2026, Third Sunday of Easter**  
**Saint Thomas Evangelical Lutheran Church, Bloomington, Indiana**

### **No One Eats Alone**

#### **Luke 24:13-35**

Now on that same day as the resurrection two of the followers were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and talking with each other about all these things that had happened. While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but their eyes were kept from recognizing him. And he said to them, "What are you discussing with each other while you walk along?" They stood still, looking sad.

Then one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answered him, "Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know the things that have taken place there in these days?" He asked them, "What things?" They replied, "The things about Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, and how our chief priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified him. But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel. Yes, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things took place. Moreover, some women of our group astounded us. They were at the tomb early this morning, and when they did not find his body there they came back and told us that they had indeed seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Some of those who were with us went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said, but they did not see him."

Then he said to them, "Oh, how foolish you are and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?" Then beginning with Moses and all the prophets, Jesus interpreted to them the things about himself in all the scriptures.

As they came near the village to which they were going, he walked ahead as if he were going on. But they urged him strongly, saying, "Stay with us, because it is almost evening and the day is now nearly over." So he went in to stay with them. When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him, and he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, "Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?" That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem, and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together. They were saying, "The Lord has risen indeed, and he has appeared to Simon!" Then they told what had happened on the road and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

---

Growing up, my parents had a policy: no one eats dinner alone. Most nights, that meant that we sat down to dinner together, at the table. From time to time, my parents, exasperated at the glacial pace of our dining, would excuse themselves, leaving my sister and I to finish. Mayhem often occurred. And, as the oldest child, you can be sure I...absolutely started it. I'm not sure when I learned how good I am at getting my sister to shoot milk through her nose, but once I discovered that...I digress. I remember a few late-night dinners, exhausted after a volleyball game, famished, and trying to finish the last few math problems, my dad would still sit with me at the table, fussing over the tricky problems, asking about my day, or finishing the crossword puzzle to give me time to work. Because no one ever ate alone.

Neither does Jesus, not in Luke's gospel. Other than that almost one time in the wilderness, where the devil tries to get him to turn some stones into bread to bring his forty-day fast to an end, other than that, Jesus never even seems to turn down a meal. He invites himself over to Zacchaeus's house, and when no one plans for the crowd of more than 5000, he turns a few loaves of bread and a couple of fish into a feast. He's always sitting down to eat, and it's always with someone, often some character on the fringes of society, someone who doesn't bother with the statues of ritual cleanliness, or can't, or can't afford to, one way or the other. So, it is probably no wonder that, in Luke's gospel, the first time we actually see the Risen Jesus, he is, 1) with people, and 2) eating.

It also shouldn't surprise us, because the church has, since the beginning, gathered around a meal in a community. And, modeling Jesus, the people at the table are diverse—poor and rich, slave and citizen, Jew and Gentile, all ages, all genders. They gathered in houses, all bringing something to contribute to a meal. The first communion services weren't just a bite of bread and a sip of wine, they were feasts. And whether you ate three square meals or came hungry and exhausted from labor, there was a place for you.

And in a society that divided people regularly—*giving* more and more to those had and *withholding* more and more from those who didn't—this table, in and of itself, was a miracle. The church taught—the church *teaches*—that in this, in this meal where all are welcome, where all become equal, where no one eats alone, where we find a unity even in the midst of the things that divide, there is a miracle, and that miracle is truly present, and that miracle has a name, and it is Jesus Christ, crucified, resurrected, and coming again and again and again to meet us at this table until we feast forever with him in God's neverending reign.

These meals became proof—further proof—that salvation wasn't an individual sport. In Luke's gospel, the resurrected Jesus never appears to just one person. And, if you want to include the other book Luke wrote, the book of Acts, one can argue that, while there are some one-to-one resurrection appearances, they always end with instructions to go to someone else, to answer the door, to welcome others—unexpected others—into the table fellowship at the center of the community.

These Easter stories remind us that the faithful life isn't about the single upright, moral life. It isn't about the person who wins the points by saying and doing the right thing. The faithful life sends us to one another, sends us to the table, creates community even in the midst of fear, even in the midst of disagreement, foolishness, slowness of heart.

In a sermon about a year into his tenure as Archbishop of El Salvador, Oscar Romero said, "God wants to save us in a people. He does not want to save us in isolation. And so today's church more than ever is accentuating the idea of being a people. The church therefore experiences conflicts, because it does not want a mass; it wants a people. A mass is a heap of persons, the drowsier the better, the more compliant the better. The church rejects communism's slander that it is the opium of the people. It has no intention of being the people's opium. Those that create drowsy masses are others. The church wants to rouse men and women to the true meaning of being a people. What is a people? A people is a community of persons where all cooperate for the common good."

No one is alone.

No one eats alone.

Not in this people—not among the people of God.

This is our Easter call, Beloved, a call to be together, to work together for the good of all. This meal is a taste, a taste not just of what is to come in eternity, it is a taste of what we can do together. This meal is a taste of the potluck today where we'll celebrate our congregation's ministry. It is a taste of lunches we've packed for our unhoused neighbors; snacks donated to B-SWERS. It is a taste of the fruit slipped into a child's backpack so they eat over the weekend. It is a taste of the meals given and shared. It is a taste, and it is a call: that among the people of God, everyone eats, and no one eats alone. Amen.