



A weekly reflection by members
of the Precious Blood Community

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Nick Schafer

“They recognized Jesus in the breaking of the Bread.”
(Luke 24:35)



There is something powerful about naming. And about being recognized.

In today’s readings, we hear it again and again. The Psalm calls us to “give thanks,” to “invoke his name,” to make known what God has done. In Acts, Peter looks at a man who has spent his life being overlooked and speaks directly: “In the name of Jesus Christ... rise and walk.” And in the Gospel, two disciples walk with Jesus for miles without recognizing him until, at table, something shifts. Their eyes are opened.

Naming matters. Recognition matters.

Because so often, we miss what is right in front of us.

The disciples on the road to Emmaus knew the story of Christ. They had lived it. They had hoped, and they had lost. They were walking away from Jerusalem carrying disappointment, trying to make sense of what had happened. And all along, Christ was walking with them. Present. Listening. Speaking.

They just could not see Him yet.

It is not until they sit down together, until they share a meal, that everything changes. In the breaking of the bread, their eyes are opened. What was hidden became known. What was distant became real.

There is something deeply human about that moment of recognition.

We cannot control those moments of recognition, but we can create the conditions where they become possible.

At PBMR, we strive to live out radical hospitality. We try to create spaces where people are known, where stories can be spoken, where dignity is restored. Our approach is radical, not because what we do is flashy or extraordinary on the surface, but because of how we show up. Most often, we welcome others in around a table. It does not have to be elaborate to be effective. The welcome just has to be real.

We even have a word for this: commensality. Simply put, it means sharing a table. But it is more than that. It is about presence. It is about relationship. It is about what happens when people choose to be with one another in a real way. Trust is built. Walls come down. People are seen.

That kind of hospitality is rooted in Christ.

Even at the Last Supper, Jesus knew who was at the table. He knew betrayal sat beside him. And still, he welcomed. He washed feet. He broke bread. He named each person as worthy of love.

That is what makes it radical.

It is easy to overlook people. It is easy to walk past pain. It is easy to miss Christ in the ordinary moments of our day.

But when we slow down, when we choose to be present, when we sit at the table with one another, something changes.

We begin to recognize what has been there all along.

Christ is already walking with us.

The question is whether we are willing to recognize him.

Nick Schafer currently serves as the Director of Mission Advancement at the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation (Chicago). He is a graduate of Saint Joseph's College (Rensselaer).

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