





Many thanks to Miss No. 100 for this magnificent memento





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## Eucharist

Walking through the dusty grove  
we talked of death and empty graves  
when a stranger suddenly appeared.

He walked with us  
and asked why we trembled so.  
Amazed that he seemed not to know  
of the blood and pain in Jerusalem,  
we told him how dark the day became,  
how the sun slid down  
to shivering night when,  
broken, our friend was placed in the cave.

Rebuking us for our lack of faith,  
he explained how  
it was all foretold in the ancient books;  
from Adam to David,  
the inevitable grave insatiably claims  
corrupt humanity

## UNTIL NOW

We heard, eyes cast down,  
when at Emmaus  
he broke our common bread  
and looking up, we saw Him.

His face was blazing like the sun!  
We blinked, and then he was gone,

**but the bread remained**