





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