

In the meantime

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [April 11, 2018](#) issue

Strange, how we all seemed to find our way back here, after yesterday's horror and shame; back to this upstairs chamber filled with dark corners, old gestures of brokenness, sad echoes of pouring, of song, and of prayer. None of us spoke much, looked each other in the eye; too much to hide, too much to fear, to forget. Little sleep was had, anxious listening instead for the tramp of the temple guard, fist on the door, the harsh accusation. Must try to eat something now, think of a plan for tomorrow, find courage to go seek for his body, lay him to rest. Maybe the women can find where he lies, safer for them, after all. Give it a couple more days, then try to slip out by one of the lesser gates, get back to Galilee, fix up the boats and the nets. Who'd have thought, when we left, it would come to this? Who'd have thought we'd all run off, hide, leave him to die alone? Who'd have thought when he spoke of the cross it would all come to pass? Who'd have thought?