

On the evening of that same day

by [Mark Goad](#) in the [November 26, 2014](#) issue

Before the dust had settled from the tramping boots, he'd appeared. Eyes beheld him to their confusion but when he breathed upon them they remembered the spring green hills of Galilee, the cool evening air scented of olive, laurel, clematis, myrtle. A peace they could not reckon. A dove called.

Left to the silence, they could hardly recognize themselves. How strangely their voices sounded and what unlikely things they must have said.