

Come and have breakfast . . .

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [April 20, 2022](#) issue

It's those familiar scenes
beyond the hollowed tomb—
the sudden surprise meeting
with the gardener who knows my name—
that sunset sabbath journey,
approaching stranger, wayside inn,
the evening meal, the certain way
the bread was broken—
the breakfast on the shore at daybreak,
gentle invitation, driftwood fire,
crisp, fragrant fish on glowing coals,
the walk along the sand, those questions.
I can see myself among them
as they shared a meal, a word, a presence,
maybe even laughed together
as the future opened wide, first daylight
dancing full across the waters.