

## Last Suppers

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [November 2024](#) issue

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Last evening's catered meal  
delivered on rented china plates  
was lovely but lacking  
the mysterious ingredient  
of old church basement suppers  
in slightly musty parish halls  
with their unhealthy menus  
of ham loaf or baked steak,  
scalloped potatoes (always),  
boiled canned green beans—  
not metal cans, but bottled  
beans put up by the women  
and grown by their men—  
creamy cole slaw (always),  
green jello with grated carrot  
or crushed pineapple,  
all eaten on folding tables  
set up by the husbands  
or teenaged boys hoping  
to impress girls waiting  
to serve these hefty meals  
on indestructible crockery,  
coffee in thick rimmed cups.  
All this is only the memory  
of gastronomically un-PC  
elders raised in fellowship halls  
that did not lack the flavor  
or labor of personalized love,  
meals echoing what we heard  
upstairs in the sanctuary,

where we, the family,  
His Body, gathered  
to do this in remembrance.