



POEM by Father Robbie Low

3rd Sunday of Easter-Year A-April 26th 2020

***Readings: Acts 2: 14. 22-23, Psalm 15, 1 Peter 1: 17-21,
Luke 24: 13-35***

THE ROAD

And so we turned
Our weary feet away
West by North-West
The holy city in our wake
Defeated men
This dusty afternoon
Of ruined dreams
In sorrow cloaked, our eyes downcast.

By stranger joined -
More strange than we yet knew -
Who questioned us
Upon the burdens of our hearts.
How could we know
When drowned in deepest grief

Who joined us there
And heard our tale of misery?

We scarce believed,
Nor thought it could be so,
The women's tale -
Nought but hormonal fantasy.
And so we walked,
Our backs turned to the truth.
Blind, dumb and deaf
We plodded on, Emmaus bound.

Who could not know
Hopes Calvary had crushed?
Or heard the crash
In blood of Messianic dreams?
The stranger spoke.

What faithless fools in flight,
We refugees,
Misunderstanding history

God's ancient Word
He broke into our hearts.
A fire burned
Upon the altar of our souls.
As twilight loomed
We pled – 'Abide with me' -

At table sat,
Witnessed Melchisedek revealed

The High Priest King
Of Peace and Righteousness
Recipient of
Tribute and tithe of Abraham
Who brings the gifts
That still we recognise
The Bread and Wine -
Ghost-breathed, the Presence thus revealed

And so we turned
Our joyful feet around.
East by South East
Hearts full, high hill of Sion bound,
There to embrace
The brotherhood of Faith -
Down all the days
Proclaimers of the mystery

We have known Him
Sorrow Road's companion
We have known Him
Hope's purging fire and wisdom's piercing light

We have known Him

Our table's Host and Guest

We have known Him

Herein the breaking of the Bread