

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.