

Great Traveler

Great Traveler,
you beguile two crest-fallen disciples
on the road to Emmaus;
you draw them in
with your arrowed questions,
urge them to turn the story over,
to recall each piece of it,
although you already know
the disturbing memory.
You speak your golden words,
softening the travelers' sadness,
revealing what their hearts
yearn to believe: life thrives beyond death.
Slowly their sagging spirits
rouse with recognition, allured by the faint scent
of your prevailing presence.

“Stay! Stay! Stay with us!”
And you do.

You break bread with them,
and when the lamp of love
flames high, you rise quietly
and gently slip away.

Joy washes over past bewilderment,
propels the disciples outward.
They go, carrying a taste of love,
a voice of hope, a word of comfort
to those waiting in the wounded harbor
of disbelief.

Now, after the closeness of prayer,
I, too, go out,
carrying the flaming heart of communion,
go to embrace you, the Great Traveler,
through the integrity of my life,
go to carry the lighted lamp of Love in me,
out and beyond, into the heart of a world
where the same Lamp shines vividly
for all to see.

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