

THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

Easter to Pentecost 1



Our poem reminds us of what happened on Easter Sunday . Two of Jesus' friends were travelling to a small town called Emmaus. Jesus their leader was dead; they were heartbroken.

To Emmaus two friends gloomily walked,
They were desperately sad, and seldom talked.
Their hearts were heavy, Jesus had gone,
They trudged along, in the midday sun.

From out of a side road, stepped a bearded man,
"I'll walk with you if I possibly can."
"You're welcome," they said, and shook his hand,
"But the path is steep, it's covered in sand."

"Why are you sad?" said the man with a frown,
"I'm a stranger here, I'm new to this town."
"The Romans have killed our very best friend,
He really came to a sticky end."

They began to "chill out" and got on just great,
Come and eat with us, it's getting quite late.
"That's really kind," the stranger said,
"I need a meal and a nice warm bed."

They all sat down with a large chunk of bread,
The stranger whispered - "You're friends not dead.
I'm hear with you now, look into my eyes,
It's the truth I speak, I tell you no lies."

As soon as he spoke, the stranger was gone,
Standing before them was God's only Son.
"Go into the world, and tell all I'm here,
The people on earth, need have no fear."



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