

Never again, Jesus,
shall we break bread together in this world.
Never again will you teach me to fish on Galilee.
Never again will I go walking on water with you.
Never again will you wash my feet.
Never again will you greet me from the dawn lit shore.

Never again will you sleep in my boat,
oblivious seemingly to the wind and waves.
Never again will you preach in my village,
disturb our worship, yet bring healing and hope to so many at
evening.
Never again will you stay at mine and enjoy home cooking.
Never again will you rouse me from deep sleep
to watch with you and pray.

Never again, Jesus, this side of heaven will we laugh, weep and
walk together.

Yet, sometimes, I feel sure,
you will still chide me:
for my lack of faith,
for my headstrong will and stubborn pride
and for my ignorant presumption.

Sometimes too – and I shall grieve at this –
I will sense your gaze
when I deny or betray you,
even though you are not there with me.
For whenever the cock crows,

I will weep.
Whenever fish are grilled on charcoal,
I will remember.

Yes, Jesus, I will so miss you.
A cloud has veiled you from my sight.
You have gone,
but only that part which eyes, ears and hands can sense.

And yet always you are and will be with us,
not as past memory, but as present tense and future hope.
Not as the carpenter, but as the king.
Not as the stranger, but as our friend.
Not as the victim, but as our Saviour.
We shall know you as the Scriptures burn within us.

We shall touch you in the neighbour that we love.
We shall hear you in the silence when we pray.
We shall see you when bread is broken and wine outpoured.

Yet these are but a foretaste of that joy –
when you will come, and we shall be with you forever,
and clouds shall never again hide you from our sight.