RUMBLINGS FROM THE BUNKER

BART'S LETTER *

it is so hard to find words for this
the two greatest extremes in my life
the cruellest and most crushing of disappointments and
within a few days boundless joy that defies words

these few years have been exciting, frightening and beautiful and much more
long periods away from home
out on the road watching him in action and
wow what action

i understand how difficult it is for many to believe
i was there and sometimes i pinch myself
did it all really happen
all those sick people, people who were really ill made well and they are still well

not just sick people but people without a sign of life left in them
i know it sounds mad but dead people, i actually know some of them, their funeral was ready
he touched them and they were better and sometimes he made a paste with his spittle and mud,
my favourite thing about him, the thing i will never forget: his gaze, pure love

of course he was always in danger they were always trying to set him up
he made them really mad especially when he said, ' your sins are forgiven'
and what enraged them most was when he spoke of God as his Father,
but you just knew he could not say anything else, because it was the Truth

i always had to go back to hear more, in the beginning, like Nicodemus, I was worried about others
soon that did not matter, it was too important to hear him and see him and in a strange way
the most important thing was to be seen by him, that was the best of all,
you just knew he knew you and understood you and loved you

our hopes were so high but i am not sure what i expected in Jerusalem
some still thought he would overthrow the Roman bastards that we hated but not me
i thought he might show his true power and it smashed my heart in pieces
to see how he died battered bloodied beaten and his pitiful cry at the end

i ran like the others and vomited and ran again and vomited some more and then hid
not really frightened more broken and let down and crushed with disappointment
i was never as angry as i was yesterday when some of our crowd said they saw him
saw his wounds, he is different but not dead, yet we saw him die, but they saw him alive again

i raged against them for daring to awaken my hope but i cannot believe i write these words
he is appearing to our group and i fear you will think me mad he was with us on the lake shore
he cooked and ate with us we are laughing and dancing since, actually i cannot stop crying....
tears of joy..... all is changed forever.....

your brother and friend, Bart

(* not Bart Simpson! Bart - imaeus, blind beggar)

Fraternally, JoeMcD 25.09.25