**I'd had enough**  Ruth Burgess

I'd had enough.

The last few days had been too full of questions,

too full of surprises that shocked and hurt

and made me wonder.

Was Jesus really alive?

Had our hopes conjured up a ghost in dark rooms

and early morning shadows?

What should I do now?

I did the safe thing - the familiar thing –

the childhood thing –

I went fishing.

The others must have felt like me.

They needed no asking.

They joined me in the boat

and we cast off in the moonlight.

All night we fished,

but there was nothing swimming into our nets –

that was familiar all right, but reassuring,

nothing had really changed.

Perhaps we could pick up the old life again,

abandon the last three wandering years

and do again the old things

that we did well together.

We would not forget him - we couldn't.

His stories, his encounters,

the way he changed people he met,

the way he looked at us and loved us –

those memories would always stay with us,

stirring up warm recollections inside us.

We could live with those thoughts.

But now we were ordinary people again,

part of the crowd - earning our living,

enjoying home comforts

and family laughter and tears.

As light dawned we sailed homewards.

A man shouted to us from the shore,

to put out our nets –

he must have been able to see the fish

swarming near the boat.

When we did, our net filled,

making it too heavy to haul aboard.

I was about to shout my thanks

when John pulled my arm

and said, ‘That man, it's Jesus.'

My world turned round –

new light flooding into its darkness –

I jumped from the boat and waded towards him.

My friends followed, adjusting the boat’s sails

to compensate for the net's weight.

He must have been fishing too –

on a beach fire I could smell his catch grilling,

and he said to me, 'Bring some more fish

to put on the fire.'

I turned back and helped drag in the net –

a mass of slithering scales dancing in the dawn light –

and then he spoke again, 'Come and have breakfast.’

What kind of a ghost was this –

that cooked our breakfast?

He handed us bread and hot fish

and sat down with us to eat.

A thousand questions were on my lip,

as I shared that meal - and I wanted to ask them.

There, in that mixture of bread and fish and friends,

I knew that I still loved him,

that I could not keep him in my memories.

He is part of who I am –

what I have to do and be –

and I want to be with him.