

Loulou

He drove me to Jerusalem,
he told me many things about the 'Promised Land',
he told me about the beautiful countryside,
which was once, just miles and miles of desert sand.

I listened to his tales about the war,
all about the liberation of 1967,
and how Israel is the 'Holy Land',
the next best thing to heaven.

He told me about the 'Holocaust',
and that six million Jews died,
and for each one they planted a tree,
on the glorious mountainside.

He showed me Jerusalem's great walls,
at the 'Holy Wall' prayers were being passionately said,
and that this place has been destroyed many times,
many have died, and many have bled.

"Still they rebuild it for this is the Jewish capital."

Down an old wet stairway we carefully stepped,
to where water filled an ancient and holy cave,
"This is where they washed Jesus' body" he said,
before they took him to his grave.

This place is truly holy,
I spoke and an echo answered with glee,
like a chorus of singing angels,
calling out to me.

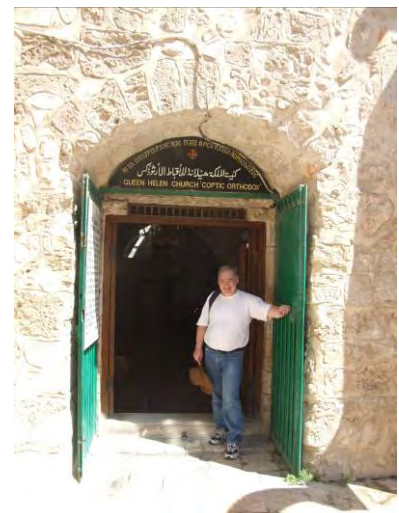
Then along the narrow streets we walked,
where Jesus carried the cross on his shoulder,
I listened carefully as he talked'
and smelt the incense smolder.

A man came along the street,
carrying a cross just as Jesus did back then,
symbolically following his path,
and reading from the bible again and again.

Then we entered a church,
a church so mighty and fine,
where many gathered to see the tomb of Jesus,
patiently waiting for the precious moment, in a
line.



A Camel in Jerusalem.



*Stan at the doorway to
Queen Helen Church,
location of the cave.*



Carrying the cross.

I entered the Lord's tomb,
with Jesus all around me but not truly within,
but as I left this sacred site,
I was thinking only of him.

So today I've seen where Jesus walked,
and now I've walked there too,
I've seen where his body is entombed,
and now I believe the story, and it's all thanks to you.

Stanley Bruce
AKA The Bard of Banff
25th August 2007.



The tomb of Jesus.



*Jerusalem old city - Zion Gate (Main entrance to the Jewish quarter).
(Note the bullet holes from 1967).*

Read more at:

www.electricscotland.com/poetry/banff/index.htm

