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Communion Thought from the Back of the Head

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Communion Thought from the Back of the Head

GREG TAYLOR

Sitting in rows in church, I saw
the back of my real estate agent's
head during the Lord's Supper and
thought I need to talk to him,
partly because he's my agent and also
because he's an elder at my church

who happens to be an opera singer who promised to bless my house with a song someday if I'd only invite him, but I'm embarrassed because he mentioned I ought to fix a crack in the front stoop of my house, which I haven't, and I'm looking at his nicely combed hair from the back and drinking the juice, the blood of Christ, and thinking how I ought to get my mind back on the Lord, and yet I can't stop thinking about the crack in the foundation and how expensive it would be to repair and could I do it myself and how do they jack those foundations up anyway, but as I looked

up to see that communion service was over I wondered how much I'd examined myself or thought about Jesus and how much more I'd contemplated my own porch cracks and the back of my real estate agent's head and thought he is much more to me than a salesman but also a shepherd and in that way I'm very blessed to be friends with a man I can trust who prays for me and wants to sing for my family and care for us like the sheep that we are, and he is also bowing to the Lord then looking around at his brothers and sisters he loves and singing vibrato for God's glory, and I'm drinking all this in and thinking that somehow, perhaps, I have thought about the body of our Lord.