

Yellow Trail at Laurelville on Rapture Day

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [September 20, 2011](#) issue

I could sit down on this rock, partway up the hill. No time for the overlook, much less Split Rock. A good day for caterpillars and new greenery, mushrooms and

puddles just starting to shrink. All this rain, yet one day we will pray for more. Some say the Rapture is hours away, but there's no sign yet. It would be some kind of change.

I'm expecting something besides bodies sailing up into the void, something more like the way new shoots of mayapple and poison ivy appear out of the muck,

or spring warblers call invisibly from 10:00 high. Sometimes a leafy branch will wave and beckon through a window in the trees, then go still. Years ago

I walked up this hill at dawn, sweating with the climb as I did today, and in the meadow at the top I walked up on a flock of wild turkeys, as if they'd been waiting for me.