

Easter alone

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [May 20, 2020](#) issue

There is something to be said for solitary.  
Those initial appearances, you may recall,  
were not made before acclaiming throngs  
with sounding brasses, immaculate ranks  
of lilies, golden banners, alleluias  
and the like, but to one or two, three  
at the most, battered, broken souls  
seeking solace for their grief and fear.

This morning's virus-isolated sunrise,  
plague bare of all the customary celebration,  
friendly handshakes, warm embraces—  
*He is risen . . . risen indeed!*—finds me  
at Atlantic's edge, sole company  
the occasional chickadee, my foraging terrier,  
light breeze and gentle waves against  
the rocks my organ repertory,  
awakening bird song through the trees  
my antiphonal call and response.

No one was missing.

This vast community of life and light,  
flowing liquid and unyielding rock,  
one immense, eternal benediction,  
holding me close—despite—  
informing me—full and clear—  
that all is given, all is now,  
and everything is yet to be.