Here we be:
The Light,
The Light that has shined since time began,
And I, we two,
And the wind,
Of course, the wind,
Which makes three,
On a remote, conifer - ringed, north-lying, lake;
High, well-frosted, peak beyond,
At the end of a day,
When winter opens its arms toward spring.

Save for my stride on skis over unbroken snow,
Intermittent whirl of breeze-blown powder,
Soft sighs of my very breathing,
All is utterly quiet,
Sanctuary-still.

I am alone?

The hour grows late,
Setting sun slips behind a far ridge.
My shadow – which had been running far, far across the pond -
Disappears, dissipating into graying snow cover,
Or drawn up into the fading light,
I know not which.

Westerly,
Darkened high pine and fir,
Attend, black, and beautiful.
Easterly, on heights to be sun-touched at tomorrow’s dawning,
Last rays of this day’s light,
Render summit rock as gold.
I draw to a stop.
Stand watch.
Listen.

Cold, quiet, stillness, abide.

There is more,
There is something,
Something Other, here.

I am here
and I am not here.
   I am in this wilderness.
   I am in another wilderness.
      I am in the heart of the Galilean desert,
      I am in a tiny boat on the Sea of Galilee.
      I am on the cool heights of Mt. Tabor.
      I am at the mouth of a sheltering cave in the Negev.
         I am alone
         I am not alone.

I hear a whisper, a soft voice, calling.

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