

**Earth Care and Spirituality  
March 2021 Reflection**

**Doug Dunlap**

*Lent*

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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