



Lockdown



*Yes there is fear.
 Yes there is isolation.
 Yes there is panic buying.
 Yes there is sickness.
 Yes there is even death.*



*To how big we really are
 To how little control we really have.
 To what really matters.
 To love.*

*So we pray and we remember that ...
 Yes there is fear*

*But,
 They say that in Wuhan after so many years of noise
 You can hear the birds again.
 They say that just after a few weeks of quiet
 The sky is no longer thick with fumes
 But blue and grey and clear.*



*But there does not have to be hate.
 Yes there is isolation.
 But there does not have to be loneliness.
 Yes there is panic buying.
 But there does not have to be meanness.
 Yes there is sickness.*



*But there does not need to be disease of the soul.
 Yes there is even death.
 But there can always be a rebirth of love.*

*They say that in the streets of Assisi
 People are singing to each other across the empty
 squares,
 Keeping their windows open so that those who are
 alone may hear the sound of family around them.
 They say that a hotel in the west of Ireland is
 offering free meals and delivery to the housebound.
 Today a young woman I know is busy spreading
 fliers with her number through the neighbourhood
 that the elderly may have someone to call on.
 Today Churches, Synagogues, Mosques and Temples
 are preparing to welcome and shelter the homeless,
 the sick, the weary.
 All over the world people are looking at their
 neighbours in a new way.
 All over the world people are waking up to a new
 reality.*

*Wake to the choices you make as to how to live now.
 Today, breathe.
 Listen, behind the factory noises of your panic
 The birds are singing again.
 The sky is clearing,
 Spring is coming,
 And we are always encompassed by Love.
 Open the windows of your soul
 And though you may not be able to touch across the
 empty square,
 Sing.*



*By Richard Hendrick
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