

Paschal Vigil
(a translation)

We begin this evening in darkness.
With fire. Symbol of energy, life, light, warmth.
In the beginning of the universe, there was no cold, only fire,
blazing fire, sparks of immortal life.

In the beginning, there was the explosion.
The night challenged. *Something much greater is here.*
A Voice penetrated the cosmic dark, shaking its limits.
Some kind of music resounded, an echo heard today,
in the fearful darkness of human existence.

This abyss strikes the cosmic heart; dark, thirst for something different.
Desire, that spark of hope, vibrates and surges upward into the human night,
burning a path for those who take the time to see.
It is the spark of the first exploding star; it is the fire of human consciousness,
the height of the first moment.

This is the night of the Resurrected One.
It is memory, present and future.
All that strangles the human heart,
now finds an escape, a light beam, a sweet song.

This is the night . . .

A balance with the Light, in harmony, with all that is absent.
What is absent and what are unfulfilled desires -- cause suffering,
transcend to touch the Bethlehem star.
Suffering in cosmic suspension,
sounds the echo, a voice, or perhaps, it is just the wind?

What is this other echo that can hardly be heard?
Communion and destruction swirl around like a dance.
Do you hear it? It is odd. I am confused and clear-headed at the same time.

This is the night . . .

Leave me to my solitude! No, carry me to community.
Let us rise, brothers and sisters, with the spark in hand held high
and embrace the dangerous night with kiss and embrace,
without fear, with courage, and confront that unknown.

This is the night . . . of liberation!
The hope for truth, for better or for worse, is the victory of meaning.

What was ashes is now an immense Fire.
In the night of human existence strikes a tiny spark of the first morn.
Insight!
Rise up and let us go forward!

(Robert Dueweke, OSA 4/7/12)