

## Sunrise Service

Six-thirty may be far too late  
to catch this day's first beams but  
Easter too seems slow upon the scene  
this year, besides, five-thirty would be  
pushing faith a little far,  
not faith in God to raise the dead,  
you understand, but faith in all the rest  
of us to rise from warm, familiar beds  
and witness the event.

Anyway, the sun had not yet risen past  
the roof lines, so our open, well-protected  
inner courtyard was still cold  
and deeply shadowed. The birds,  
of course, were up already and while  
below we shivered through the readings,  
songs, and prayers, a fledgling sermon,  
two of them--robins, I believe--sat perched  
on gable ends across our slowly sunlit cloister  
bracketing our chill efforts in cascading endless  
streams of clear, uncluttered praise.