A great shadow has darkened the sky.

The birds have begun their silent mourning.

They sense the powerful moment of someone’s passing.

Nature knows another spirit has retired from the earth, and we who remain

behind veil our faces as we weep uncontrollably.

 Incomplete explanations force our minds to ask and ask again, why, why,

WHY?

The end cannot have come!

The effervescence of a vibrant life, just short hours before, cannot be over.

Time stopped, but it should never have been permitted.

Being was transformed, but we have been left behind.

How can we be so ill equipped at this devastating moment, aching to flee

back into those hours before Christopher died for a final good bye hug?

Our hearts are broken, but will be mended slowly as we receive the healing

balm from our rich memories of such a wonderful person.

*Pax et bonum* Christopher.

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