

Glory

The rabbit sat, statue-like, one paw raised, ears pricked. Was there nothing to hear? Just for that moment there were no sounds to alarm him. A keen observer may have imagined the rabbit's mouth wide open with astonishment! He watched the sun peeping over the distant fells. A cool clear sky was filling with rose light which deepened into gold as it spread across the nearer meadows. There, close to the stream, willows hung sleepily. Dew-spangled grasses stood breathless, hushed as though listening for a herald to announce another world day. The rabbit's ears twitched almost imperceptibly, as though he was afraid, not of preying enemies; afraid to break the awesome silence.

His raised paw dropped. His ears lifted higher and suddenly he was aware of the 'always' sounds; the low rippling stream beneath the willow branches, a chirping of sparrows in the silent oaks, the distant hum of morning life in the nearby town, familiar movements below ground. Life was stirring all about him. He dropped to the ground under the shadow of a dreaded hawk and the splendour moment was gone.



In his own way the rabbit had known what humans call 'a glory moment' - the awesome sense of presence in the midst of ordinary things.