Lock down
                        Yes there is fear
             Yes there is isolation
                Yes there is panic buying
                Yes there is sickness
                Yes there is even death
                 **But**
             They say that in Wuhan
                after so many years of noise
                You can hear the birds sing again
                They say that after a few weeks of quiet
                 The sky is no longer thick with fumes
                  But blue and clear
                  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 sounds 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 women that I know is busy sending fliers
                    with her number through the neighbourhood
                   So that the elders 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 slowing down and reflecting
                    All over the people are looking at their neighbours in a new way
                    All over the world people are waking up to a new reality
                    To how big we really are, how little control we really have
                    To what really matters , to Love.
                     We pray and remember that Yes there is fear
                    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 have to be a disease of the soul,
                    yes there is even death but there can always be a rebirth of love.
                    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 all encompassed by love
                     Open the window of your soul
                     And though you may not be able to touch across the empty square
                     **Sing!**

*Poem by Brother Richard Hendrick Franciscan Monk)*