Old Flames

October 1, 2000 By Andrew Sullivan

Light is a mysterious thing, and the sight of it peopling a crowd of candleholders deepens the mystery. I remember dozens of Eater vigils, light spreading from a fire at the back of a barren church, passed from person to person, growing in strength with each one, as if to prove that our memories multiply exponentially when brought together.

It is the powerful, this light—and yet completely intangible. As it grows it suggests our impatience, our waiting foe new birth, our Easter delirium at the possibility of life after, even though death.

And yet it still runs away from us. You can run your finger through the flame and it doesn't expire. You can look at it and through it as the same time. The lives we remember are sometimes as elusive to us as those flames, slowly flickering away in our memories, lighting up our faces with reflected remembrance, but untouchable still. And painful.

We still remember, don't we?

And we still wait.

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