## Wednesday Dark

by <u>Stella Nesanovich</u> in the <u>March 2025</u> issue Published on March 5, 2025

The ashes do not lie. —Rev. Whitney Miller

A friend in the Rothko chapel reflects on the darkening mind of the artist whose blocks of deep purple merge with black, foreshadow the artist's suicide.

In the Assumption Chapel at St. Charles Center, across the Sabine in Louisiana, we hear homilies on death this Ash Wednesday while beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows the swamp around us darkens:

first shades of gray and charcoal drape cypress, then deepen night. Slow and steady as the tortoise of Aesop's fable, the dusk etches Lenten ashes on our brows.