

Reverence and Awe In Epicurean Philosophy

Post by "Susan Hill" of October 29, 2020 at 4:03 PM

Joshua, thank you for your posting. It is a beautiful and moving poem and essay.

I certainly identify with the ache of something lost or never quite found. My whole life, I stared longingly at cathedrals or beautiful churches, wishing I could believe, so that I could feel a part of that magnificent sweep of history, art, tradition, and destiny. I finally did come to believe for a period of 10 years, before I no longer could again.

I still adore religious art, music, and architecture above all others, but being "outside" again comes with a sadness. Those beautiful things no longer belong to me and me to them. I am only a spectator again.

I may be done with Christianity, but I would not wish to live in a world entirely bereft of any kind of god or idea of divinity, for what secular inspiration could replace such a muse?

I would love to see more examples of art of any kind that people feel expresses their own lived Epicureanism. It feels very meaningful.