

than we might think. Though you have grown up to be a theologian, Christ remains a child within you. There is in us a Mozart who will be our salvation."

These two men, Karl Barth and Thomas Merton, died on the same day, December 10, 1968, just three days after the 173rd anniversary of Mozart's death. Barth was eighty-two, Merton was fifty-three. I like to think they entered heaven together, laughing, each with his pushcart full of books, knowing that Mozart would greet them, ready to continue the education which he began for them on earth. As we remember these three men and the graceful interplay of their lives, let us pray that our Mozart, the Christ still child within us, may lead us to the serious joy of our life and our eventual fulfillment.

## I DREAM (?) OF LOUIE

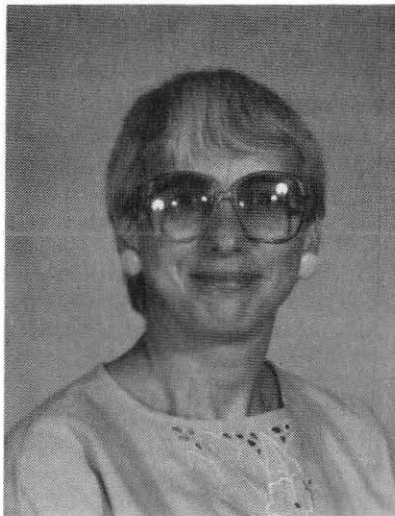
by **Rose Gordy**

*"Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?"  
— John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale"*

We're sitting  
on the floor  
in the hall  
of the enclosure  
outside the cells —  
  
a young monk and me.

He asks what  
I would do  
if I did not teach.  
I answer  
health field —  
lecturer, tour guide.

An older monk —  
the Abbot? —  
sticks his head



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out his door.  
"Go to bed,"  
he tells us.

I wake?  
I sleep?  
I dream?

I walk outside  
on way to 3.30 a.m.  
vigils with the monks.

Stars out in full bloom  
over the Blue  
Ridge Mountains  
of Holy Cross Abbey,  
a glorious full moon  
above a blanket of haze.

□ **Rose Gordy** is a schoolteacher who lives in Silver Spring, Maryland. She is currently studying Thomas Merton and his dreams. She plans to present a workshop on this subject at the Third General Meeting of *The International Thomas Merton Society* in 1993. She conducted the third in a series of Merton discussions (based on his taped lectures on Rainer Maria Rilke) at her parish on October 8, 1991.