

Xmas
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But hear me when I call to you softly
through the flutes and chimes,
Listen when I ask gently but hopefully
that you remember,
Remember,

That the child
The baby with the halo
Who lies in the yellow hay in all the
rich heavy paintings
Sleeping calmly in the presence of
jeweled and bewildered royalty
Grew into a young man who lived a strange
and glorious life
Who said once
(in that time forgotten,
that faded time between
the cradle and the cross)
"All men are brothers"
and another time
"Thou shall not kill"
And he knew that he would not,
could not,
for any reason,
kill his brother.

-- Joan Baez
Christmas, 1966

Hi! That time again... lots of remembering to do this year...
much of it sad (April 4, June 6, Chicago August, and other
assorted dates). For us optimists though I guess hope will always
spring at least more or less eternal.

April 12 is a hopeful date I look forward to. A beginning
day, when years of preparation for the priesthood end and the
real thing starts.

News? Well, a new address, as you've noticed by now...
and a new twofold focus: as grad student in education at
Notre Dame and as teacher of religion at nearby St. Joe High.
(And, distressingly, two or three gray hairs near the temple
the last time I looked -- and I'm not even thirty yet!!!)

For Christmas, and for 1969, I wish you happiness,
inspiration to see the beauty in everyday things, but, as
the song goes, "most of all, I wish you love."