

12-25-1975

## Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

Ray Bradbury

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka\\_correspondence](https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence)

---

### Recommended Citation

Bradbury, Ray, "Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)" (1975). *Henri Temianka Correspondence*. 427.

[https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka\\_correspondence/427](https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence/427)

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Henri Temianka Archives at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Henri Temianka Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [laughtin@chapman.edu](mailto:laughtin@chapman.edu).

---

## Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

### Description

This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.

### Keywords

Henri Temianka, Ray Bradbury, December 25, 1975, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, religion, celebration, holiday, Christmas, husband, wife



EMMY! HENRI!

## Christmas Wishes 1975

from

MARGUERITE and RAY BRADBURY

AND ALL THE GIRLS

*Christ wanders in the Universe  
A flesh of stars,  
He takes on creature shapes  
To suit the mildest elements,  
He dresses Him in flesh beyond our ken.  
There He walks, glides, flies, shambling of strangeness.  
Here He walks Men.*

*Among the ten trillion beams  
A billion Bible scrolls are scored  
In heiroglyphs among God's amplitudes of worlds;  
In alphabet multitudinous  
Tongues which are not quite tongues  
Sigh, sibilate, wonder, cry:  
As Christ comes manifest from a thunder-crimsoned sky.*

*There Christ by many names is known.  
We call Him thus.  
They call Him otherwise.  
His name on any mouth would be a sweet surprise.  
He comes with gifts for all,  
Here, wine and bread.  
There: nameless foods  
At breakfasts where the morsels fall from stars  
And Last Suppers are doled forth with stuff of dreams.  
So sit they there in times before the Man is crucified.  
Here He has long been dead.  
There He has not yet died.*

*Christ is not lost  
Nor does God Sleep  
While waking Man goes striding on the Deep.*

*We seek for Mangers in the Pleides  
Where man the god-fleshed wandering babe  
May lay him down with such as these  
Who once drew round and worshipped innocence.*

*Christ is risen! God survives!  
Gather, O Universe! Look, ye stars!  
In the exultant countries of Space  
In a sudden simple pasture  
Far beyond Andromeda  
New Mangers lie waiting  
New Wise men descry  
Our hosts of wild rocket machineries  
Which write immortal life  
And sign it: God!  
Down, down Alien skies.*

CHRISTUS APOLLO.  
RAY BRADBURY.

Love!  
MAGGIE  
&  
Ray