

12-25-1987

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

Ray Bradbury

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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, 1987, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, husband, wife, family, religion, celebration, holiday, Christmas

EMMY! HENRI! LOVE! LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING YOU
CHRISTMAS WISHES 1987
from Maggie & Ray Bradbury

NEW
YEARS
EVE!

MAG
&
Ray

On the night before firing up into Deep Space, a future robot priest offers this sermon to the far-traveling astronauts:

Is God dead?
An old question now. But once,
hearing it, I laughed and said:
No, not dead. But simply sleeping
till you chattering bores shut up!
A better answer is: are you dead?
Does the blood move in your hand?
Does that hand move to touch
metal? Does that metal move to
touch Space? Do wild thoughts of
travel and migration move behind
your flesh? They do. You live.
Therefore God lives. You are the
thin skin of Life upon an unsensing
Earth. You are that growing edge
of God which manifests itself in
hungers for Space. So much of God
lies vibrantly asleep. The very
stuffs of worlds and galaxies, they
Know Not Themselves. But here,
God stirs in His Sleep. You are
that stirring. He Wakes. You are
that Wakening. God reaches for the
Stars. You are His Hand. Creation
Manifest, you go in search. He goes
to find, you go to find, Himself.

Everything you find along the way
therefore, it will be holy. On far
worlds you will meet your own flesh,
terrifying and strange, but still your
own. Treat it well. Beneath the
Shape, you share the Godhead.
You Jonahs traveling in the belly
of a new made metal Whale, you
swimmers in the far sea of Space . . .
blaspheme not against yourselves or
the frightening twins of yourselves
you find amongst the stars . . . but
ask to understand the miracle
which is Space, Time, and Life
in the high attics and lost birthing
places of Eternity.
Woe to you if you do not find
All Life most holy
and coming to lay yourself down
cannot say:
O, Father God,
You waken me,
I waken Thee.
Immortal we then
walk upon the waters of Deep Space
in the New Morn
which names itself: Forever.

from the play LEVIATHAN '99
by Ray Bradbury

[[Nick Dante 8/1/17]]

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence
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TO SEEING YOU
NEW
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