

12-25-1993

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

Ray Bradbury

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence

Recommended Citation

Bradbury, Ray, "Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)" (1993). *Henri Temianka Correspondence*. 431.

https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence/431

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.

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, 1993, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, husband, wife, family, religion, celebration, holiday, Christmas

A Christmas Wish 1993

From Maggie and Ray Bradbury

On the night before Deep Fall into Space, Ishmael and Quell from far Andromeda attend worship in an astronomical Chapel where a robot priest rises to speak not the sermon of Father Mapple and his Whale, but a reseedling of the theme, thusly:

"Is God dead? An old question now. But once I replied: 'No, only sleeping until you chattering bores shut up."

Gentle laughter from the listening astronauts. The robot priest continues:

"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 that 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 there, 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 meet along the way, therefore, it will be holy. On far worlds you will meet your flesh, terrifying and strange, but still your own.. Treat it well. Beneath the Shape, you share the Godhead.

"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."

"Forever," the congregation whispers. "Amen."

*DEAR
EMMY!
TURNABOUT IS
FAIR PLAY!
LOVE!
Ray*

Act One, Scene Two

"Leviathan '99"

A Stage Play

by Ray Bradbury