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12-25-1979

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

Ray Bradbury

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Recommended Citation

Bradbury, Ray, "Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)" (1979). *Henri Temianka Correspondence*. 2435.

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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, 1979, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, family, religion, celebration, holiday, Christmas, husband, wife

EMMY! HENRI!

Christmas Greetings 1979

LOVE from MAF + RAY
MAGGIE and RAY BRADBURY

*They have not seen the stars,
Not one, not one
Of all the creatures on this world
In all the ages since the sands first touched the wind
Not one, not one,
No beast of all the beasts has stood
On meadowland or plain or hill
And known the thrill of looking at those fires;
Our soul admires what they, oh, they, have never known.
Five billion years have flown in turnings of the spheres
But not once in all those years
Has lion, dog, or bird that sweeps the air
Looked there, oh, look. Looked there, ah God, the stars;
Oh, look, look there!
It is as if all time had never been.
Or Universe or Sun or Moon or simple morning light.
Their tragedy was mute and blind, and so remains. Our sight?
Yes, ours? To know now what we are.
But think of it, then choose—now, which?
Born to raw Earth, inhabiting a scene
And all of it, no sooner viewed, erased, gone blind
As if these miracles had never been?
Vast circlings of sounding light, of fire and frost
And all so quickly seen then quickly lost?
Or us, in fragile flesh, with God's new eyes
That lift and comprehend and search the skies?
We watch the seasons drifting in the lunar tide
And know the years, remembering what's died.*

*Oh, yes, perhaps some birds some nights
Have felt Orion rise and tuned their flights
And turned toward South
Because star-charts were printed in their sweet
genetic dreams—
Or so it seems.
But, see? But really see and know?
And, knowing, want to touch those fires,
To grow until the mighty brow of Man Lamarckian-tall
Knocks earthquakes, striking Moon,
Then Mars, then Saturn's rings;
And, growing, hope to show
All other beasts just how
To fly with dreams instead of ancient wings.
So, think on this: we're first! the only ones
Whom God has honored with his rise of suns.
For us as gifts Aldeberon, Centauri, homestead Mars.
Wake up, God says. Look there. Go fetch.
The stars. Oh, Lord, much thanks. The stars!*

SEE YOU AT
THE ALLEGRO
BALL!
AND SOONER!

[[Nick Dante 7/28/17]]

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence
Ray Bradbury
Letter #20]]

[[Page 1 – Letter]]

[[note: written on typed letter]]

EMMY! HENRI!

LOVE MAG + RAY

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