

St. Thomas of Villanova University

Literary Magazine of

DRIFTWOOD 1984

Miami, Florida

Editor's Note

The 1984 edition of **Driftwood** is dedicated to the past, present and future of this institution. The past consists of our roots as **La Universidad de San Tomas de Villanueva**, later Biscayne College, and those who brought that university from Havana, Cuba to its present status as St. Thomas of Villanova University. This year we lost one of those who rebuilt the school here in Miami over 20 years ago, Mr. James O'Mailia. And thus, with great love and gratitude we say good-bye to our old names and a friend for whom there is no substitute.

The present is made up of those, namely Fr. Pat, who give their all so that we can continue expanding both physically (as our new buildings attest) and intellectually. No-one knows exactly what the future holds for St. Thomas of Villanova University, but if it can at least match our past and present then it is safe to say that the future promises continued excellence in the field of higher education.

With this in mind, we present this collection of the faculty's and students' literary and artistic work in appreciation to the yesterday, today and tomorrow of this institution. We also thank the magazine's moderator, Dr. Philip Reckford, for his support and guidance.

Monique H. Smith, Editor
Maggie Castineyra, Assistant

On Monday evening of Shrovetide a memorial mass for James O'Mailla was said in the chapel of Maria Cristina in the monastery of El Escorial. Fr. Agustin Alonzo O.S.A. was the celebrant and all the students of the Biscayne in Spain program were in attendance. Madonna Groshko and Rick Painter were the readers, and Richard Raleigh, chairman of the Humanities Division of St. Thomas of Villanova University, offered the following reflection:



Photo by Logos

"The only thing you **have** to do, is die" was one of Jimmy O'Mailla's favorite expressions. He would say this in response to any student inquiry which began with the words "Do we have to . . .", the woeful response always accompanied by that characteristic O'Mailla gesture — the bringing together of the hands at the tips of the fingers. They say this rather grim show-stopper was even more effective in the early days when Biscayne was a college for men, for then he would pause dramatically after the word "do" and insert a slightly fatigued and condescending "gentlemen," as if to say "How long, oh how long will it take you people to learn from the master, to benefit from the wisdom of one who has been through it all."

I was on some island off the coast of Africa, or more accurately and more romantically, "between islands," on the day that Jimmy O'Mailla had to die. At noon I had written him a postcard from the roof-top terrace of the luxurious Hotel Reina Isabel while sipping a rum and Coke — a final treat before departing for another island further out in the Atlantic.

It was a surprising postcard for me to write to Jimmy — no jokes, no irony. First paragraph: about how much Las Palmas reminded me of Havana, with the same two-colored wooden

colonial buildings, and a boulevard along the sea that looked like the Malecon, and the people who, like the Cubans, dropped their final "s"s when they spoke. (I always liked to talk to Jimmy about Havana because he had loved it so, said it was "like Paris without police," and whenever he would say that I would be filled with remorse that I had never been there in those days. Oh what fun that would have been to have known him then and been with him in Havana in those days). Second paragraph: about how I had read the clipping from the **Miami Herald** about Biscayne changing its name, the article closing with a clever quote from Jimmy who apparently had been ushered forth as the college elder statesman to give his *nilhil obstat* to the name change. I wrote him that I had enjoyed reading the article, that I thought he had provided the reporter with a good quip, and that I was proud to be one of his old drinking buddies. I mailed the card and took a cab to the dock to catch the hydrofoil to the other island, stopping on the way to photograph one of the buildings that reminded me of Havana.

But Jimmy would never read the postcard or see the photograph, because that was the day he had to die.

Several years ago the students dedicated the yearbook to him and they asked around for some ideas. That yearbook is an ocean away as I write this but I can remember some of the lines: Descendant of Grace O'Mailla, Queen of all the Irish, on one side, of sheep stealers on the other; a Mr. Bojangles come to South Florida; a madcap master of the buck-and-wing. They wrote a pretty good dedication. I remember that, but then again they had a subject that could not fail them. The biographical sketch traced the highlights of his life: born in Buffalo, or even worse, Lackawanna; worked in the mill at Bethlehem Steel as a teenager, and carried a longshoreman's hook when he walked the strike line; Iceland for most of the war, then Paris just after it had been liberated; Canisius College, then more education in Peru and Cuba; rumors that he had been some kind of a secret agent in Cuba, where he spent three months as a political prisoner when they shut down **Villanueva** after the Bay of Pigs. (The men with the machine guns would come in every morning, call off a few names, lead the prisoners out to the courtyard and shoot them. But they never called off Jimmy's name because he didn't have to die in those days.)

Also an ocean away are albums with pictures of Jimmy: with his wife Yolanda and the Brophy's at Ann Larsen's home, or eating *paella* by candlelight at Barbara Graham's; playing the West Course of the Country Club of Miami with his son Jimmy, now a doctor in New Orleans; in the stands at a Biscayne baseball game with his cousin John and the Commander; in the Rat on a Friday afternoon with Fran Kileen and Greg Olson and other of his favorite students. And then the older albums, some of the pages beginning to fall out, the pictures becoming somewhat yellowed: with Fr. Geisser at Harry and Ethel's in Opa Locka drinking a bourbon at end of day (we drank Stillbrook in those days, 3 fifths for ten dollars at Mitch's); with Dick Hayes and Shelley at the Irish House on 7th Ave. on St. Patrick's Day. (Did anybody think to phone Dick up there in the Rocky Mountains and tell him what happened? He always calls everybody up on St. Patrick's Day. Do you think that Dick might try to call him this St. Patrick's Day, not knowing that Jimmy had something he had to do last Tuesday?)

He loved teaching. The classroom for Jimmy was what fresh mountain air after a hard climb or a Debussy nocturne or a million dollars in the bank might be for some other men. About the globe, teaching in great universities or presiding at board meetings or getting children dressed for school or writing for influential papers — there are grateful men and women who, when they think of their education, think first of Mr. O'Mailla, the little Irishman who, had he not gone into teaching, would surely have gone into vaudeville. He was an unabashed ham: "Next week, East Lynn" he would joke as he left the classroom, often amazing even himself with the vigor of his performances.

And if teaching was the best thing to do, Biscayne College was the best place to do it. How he loved the college, and with what pride did he watch it grow from a few dozen students to a few thousand, from two buildings to ten. In the sixties his pet project was a swimming pool for the students; in the seventies, serving on Dockside, Inc., the student corporation that ran the Rat for the first several years; in recent months he had a kick about how the Rat needed a brass rail, and now Fr. Marty says he's going to get it, with his name on it. Jimmy would like that — a posthumous brass rail.

Over the years he was faculty adviser for this and that and served on all of the committees, but what he really loved about Biscayne were the students and the classrooms and the pool and the Dolphins on campus and being the NCAA faculty representative and the Hibernian Society and the baseball and basketball games and the alumni gatherings and St. Patrick's Day, drinking zoo brew with the students in the dorms in the days when the students got in trouble for drinking in the dorms and a martini before lunch with his Colleagues at the Old Scandia and graduation when he could meet the parents and say "You're from Youngstown, Ohio? I grew up in Youngstown, Ohio" and they would become fast friends even though he had only read about Youngstown, Ohio in the books — and of course the Rat.

The Rat, where they tell us they had a big party after the funeral. Oh how rich that must have been, with all the faculty and students and friends and family and alumni there in that place that he loved so — a better place to be for sure than on some island off the coast of Africa investigating the caves where the ancient Guanches lived, or climbing the icy sides of the extinct volcano Teide, or watching the sun set over the Atlantic from the bougainvillea and banana-rich splendor of the Orotava Valley.

All those friends back there in the Rat with their favorite O'Mailla stories, the mealy fragrance in the air — the smell of yeast, a boy leaning against the jukebox covering his face with his hand as he cries, the door banging as people come and go, occasional laughter, a shaft of light from the late winter sun through the window at the end of the bar:

"Maybe he's not really dead," I can hear someone saying over the din. "Maybe he's just off to try out the act in East Lynn."

March 5, 1984
El Escorial, Spain

Stop and Smell the Roses

Mom and I stood, together, looking over that empty but familiar flower bed, which would soon awaken to the spring air. The finely crumbled blanket of topsoil incubated in the warming sun. We knew that under those budding rose bushes the earth contained a magic ingredient to life.

We were discussing how things had been going for me. She asked of my coming plans, if I might be spending more time near home. While talking, she would interject comments about the garden or point out where the new flowers would be or identify the song of a passing bird. She did this as if still teaching me to be aware of those aspects of life. She would always point out the flora and fauna in that each growing season might bring a new learning, a fresh view of life.

I had just returned to the family home in that comfortable little town in northern Iowa, where I wanted to spend time getting back in touch with family, friends and myself. Mom had been worrying that I was too pre-occupied with my work and that I may have forgotten how to respond to the small pleasures of life.

After spending years of pursuing my causes, of traveling to Central America and Russia for research on religious affairs, of journeying back and forth from New York to Los Angeles to seek grants for documentaries, of catching college courses whenever I could find the time and money, of rushing through part-time jobs to be financially functional, or serving as director of Alternative Broadcasting to promote more socially concerned TV programming, I finally began to feed on a different kind of energy. Time and experiences were making it clear to me that my contributions to the needs of the world would be quite minimal. I realized that not we nor our ideals could effectively bring sanity to the world; for that is the role of Jesus and the work of God. I saw that I must face the limits of my humanity.

I had decided to come home to do things like sharing the discovery of life with my young nephews and nieces. It was great to admit to myself that good families are important. I finally saw, that without recognizing this, life is little more than isolated images of people, daily reminders of social problems, constant echoes of world strife, and hardened idealists campaigning to change this world. Within family life, I could express the most of what God expects of us. This isn't necessarily the rearing of children but more the willingness to know and love people, no matter how they are.

We stared down patiently at the naked rose bushes, as if we were waiting for the buds to break out while we stood, there. Licorice, the fifteen-pound gray tom that had been a part of the household for almost twenty years, strolled up to us from his retreat in the garden. He was surveying the state of affairs in his domain. He came looking at us as though we had discovered new territory for him. Mom and I gazed for quiet moments, there, never needing to mention the things we knew we both enjoyed, such as Iowa in the spring, Minnesota in the summer and the family home during the fall.

This scene was timeless; we had stood there and felt the same things, several years before. I think Mother Nature was waiting for us to finish our thoughts, before she'd release that ingredient to life in the dormant world around us. Above the blizzard belt in our part of Iowa, one is truly surprised that spring comes anew, each year. It seemed we never took that for granted.

I peered out over the basking fields at the edge of town and saw that ghostly heat rise up, as the hazy sunlight prepared the soil for its calling. As a teenager I could look out across that horizon and have each vista remind me of the different countries I wanted to visit.

The sight of those open fields moved me to think of when I would visit my grandmother's house. I would wander up to the attic bedroom where my uncle used to stay. It was filled with the mementoes and artifacts of his adventurous life. I would sit in his upper window, look over the distant fields and wonder what my adventures might bring.

I stood there hoping that I had gained the peace of not needing to seek out those troubled places.

As I watched Mom poke at the few remaining weed stems, I could see her mother making the motions. It was as if the two women had become one, sharing the same plans for the new flowers. I could see how we retain something of our parent's person; so they may live on, through us.

The breeze began to revive the small trees and bushes around us. I saw that day, soon after graduating from high school, when Mom and Dad sat me down to ask of my future plans. They were actually worried that I thought I was going to go off and try to "help save the world." They already knew I had plans and ideas that were over my head. They, of course, coached me on more practical approaches for helping bring social change. It was the decade of causes, but they didn't want me to make that a life and lose a sense of myself.

I am your friend, always

Come to me with your story, I will listen.
Come to me in time of pain, I will try to soothe it.
Come to me with your beams of joy, I will glow with you.
Come to me with your tears, I will wipe them away.
When you're down, let me make you smile and laugh.
Need a hug? . . . I'm here.
For what is life without a sense of genuine love and
Friendship?
Empty!

Hey . . . Remember . . . I'm here.

Margie Pinto

Perhaps the Greatest Thing

Perhaps the greatest thing that I
can say
Is the treasure of your love every
day
In times of pain and melancholy
When life seems just a folly
Your radiant smile and lovely
wit
Somehow ease the pain

Michael Viola

I looked around the yard and saw that day they helped me do the filming on my first documentary. That yard and patio was the setting for the story of my younger brother, Michael.*

Since then, the yard and garden had become more full in colors. Mom knew everything by its name, its season and its individual needs. I had only remembered the yard by the care I had to take when mowing around the flowers or the reluctant digging I did for her experimental fruit trees.

Exactly what that dark and pungent plot of earth in front of us was, we could not say. We only knew that out of it grew things like rare roses, which can be appreciated but from the heart.

Through most rose gardeners are scientists when giving year-round care to the soil and technicians with the plant, itself, they are simply lovers of the beauty — students of the poetry. Perhaps, that is what roses are for: to take us from our intellectualizing and to help us realize, among other things, no man-made work has yet matched the profound aura of flower-life.

I think the two of us were in prayer at that moment. Together, we were invoking the Divine Spirit to make us more aware of the roses along the way.

"I have to teach myself to let up," I whispered. I wanted the world to take its own course, then, and for me to yield to the powers above. "Here I am . . . home in the springtime," I sighed within. "This is where you can always find your real self and get a sense of God's work."

Yes, now that I have passed my thirtieth year, my greatest accomplishments to date may be the ability to put things in their spiritual perspective / to retain peace of mind within myself / to remember to stop and smell the roses along the way.

*MICHAEL, MY BROTHER is the well-known special education documentary made about the writer's retarded brother.

Gregory W.m Schmidt

His Calm and Serene Face Resembled

His calm and serene face resembled
a clear and gentle mountain lake.

That same natural aged face reinforces
the secure feelings of many fond memories
of yesterday, like a sturdy oak that has weathered
many years of existence.

The still expression of his face
ripples into a warm, loving smile —
the reassurance that tomorrow will be filled
with laughter and happiness.

Patty Kielmann



Staring

What is this life, if full of care;
We have no time to sit and stare.

No time to sit beneath the boughs;
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to talk, when woods we pass;
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight;
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance;
And watch her move, how she does prance.

No time to wait till her heart can;
Enrich that Love her eyes began.

A poor life this is, if so full of care;
We have so little time to stare.

T.S.

Sonnet to South Florida

The lake in front of Baptist Hospital
Is lovely blue this autumn afternoon
The moon reflects on whitish ducks a little
Through thousand trunked trees wind sighs a tune.

I ride on "Speedy" traveling towards the Grove
A kamikaze mockingbird attacks
Past Plymouth Church's old stone wall I rove
From Banyon roots the bumpy sidewalk cracks.

In Billy's outdoor bar at Old Key West,
We listen to the sounds of Sam's guitar.
Our scarlet hobie cat outruns the rest
The sun's rays hit the spinnaker afar.

The smell of coffee brewing in the heat,
Cafe Cubano calls from Flagler Street.

Belinda Grossman

Royalty

They continue to walk well and together,
Perhaps deliberately and a little less quickly,
But with continued, generative grace,
And clear, energized warming pride.

Looking closely, I see two sculptured hands clasped
and two turned out, inviting us . . . quietly;
They hold their focus fixed in grounded visions,
loving always growing children and hurting people.

Seriousness too, is shaken with periodic probes,
Raised eyebrows and grand, grand parenting joys.
The age of royalty is upon them,
Waking each morning and loving their kingdom.

As subjects we love their rule,
Modeling our steps after theirs,
Walking and working through our own generations,
Looking to them, just to be sure, that's all.

One day they will stop and sit,
Urging us to their timeless conversation table.
Where Christendom and kingdom are the same,
And mutual nurturing is the eternal feast.

Frank McGarry

Night Train: Madrid-Paris

In the night while we slept
The train dismembered and transformed itself.

The wheels first: the sensation of being lifted,
A half-conscious awareness of the need to change the gauge
For the waiting French tracks.
The late-teened boy in our compartment slept on his side,
Sneakered feet stacked ankle on ankle, jeaned leg jack-knifed,
His hands locked in prayer between his knees,
The handsome Spanish profile chiseled against the small pillow.
Did nothing tell him that we who had begun on earth
Were now ascendant?
What dream kept him from our midnight ritual,
What vision of a girl in a smoke-filled bar in Madrid in March,
Or parade of splendid bodies at the beach near Fuengirola
The whole month of July?

In the morning the antique dining car of wood and brass,
From which the previous afternoon we had watched
The plains of Castile pass dreamily by,
Had become a modern self-serve cafeteria, and the red-coated waiters
Were now a woman at a cash register who took only francs.

In the night while we slept, the train had lengthened:
In first class new-smelling French cars, luxurious and empty;
In second, cars alive with Moroccan women
With infants in sacks on their backs.
(They must have joined us at the border,
They must have been on a train from Algeciras
And crossed the entire peninsula,
We must have pitied the mothers with their wrinkled desert faces,
Have heard the cries from the black sacks on their backs
And let them couple on.
But why this new hegira?
Why abandon North Africa's sun and the Mediterranean breeze
For the cold January rain?
"To have the babies baptized at Notre Dame," a voice answered.
"To hear the premiere of 'The Messiah' at the Opera."
A mean, sad voice answered.)

Oh that I too might have been transformed
In the night while we slept,
Dismembered at the last light south of Burgos,
Rejoined as the dawn broke over Biarritz and the Bay of Biscay.
Oh to awake and find my gauge changed,
My despair for an infant in a black sack,
My cold heart for a boy's dream of a beach in July.

Richard Raleigh



Terrorism

The sun that rose upon that day,
Beneathe the dust and rubble lay.
Death dealt by terror, its victims found,
Torn and twisted on the blood red ground.

Yet, no one knows from where Death came:
Those bombs that killed in nameless shame.
The guilty were safe, at home in bed,
With peaceful visions within their heads.

And when tomorrow's headline reads:
"A Hundred Dead" they'll pay no heed.
And in a photo, they will not see,
The grieving mother with her murdered three.

Remember well those who died and who will,
For we turn our heads in blindness still.
And the innocent blood will continue to run,
Until, against them, we stand as one.

Janette Griffra

War

Men around marble tables selling our boys' lives
War established in a building which walls number five
Our enemies they do not know; we must try to kill
For their ideas violate some written on a bill

The warmth must leave our souls; love disappears from the field
To slay use fear as the sword and hate as a shield
Hopeless are our protests; just listen and do as told
And if we do to death we march our bodies sent home cold
But please don't take us wrong death we do not fear
It's the cause for which we die; the money sheds no tears

Phil Parsels & Matt Gibbons

Creativity . . .

Creativity abounds in those that cannot create.
It eats away at old folks bones;
once strong, once working, now dying.

Creativity abounds in the lonely.
They are constantly reflective,
multiplying ideas,
but never making them tangible.

Think of the unknown artists . . . unknown.
They think of themselves also but in a pessimistic darkness.

No paper.
No needles.
No wood.

Just slowly rocking
until the Creator of All
relieves these thought-filled minds,
only to create more reflective, intangible ideas.

Laurie L. Graham

Simpatico Salvaje

Whence, with catlike stealth and ruddy oaken mien,
Flew your spirit's searing arrow into my heart already rent
And left it reverberating, like the sound of your basso voice,
An unplumbed depth that knows no measure or restraint?

My inmost parts echo your intensity and searching moods,
Even if my smooth surface, like yours, belies the turbulence beneath.
Words, the shallow signs of hollow heads, cannot speak
The savage passion for life and love that both we share.

Friend, whose storm-eye calm seduced me,
And cast my gentle-crafted vessel onto frothy seas,
Be my faithful partner through life's most agitated tides
So that together we might navigate united and unscathed.

James J. McCartney, OSA, Ph.D.

The Legacy

Rita looked at the clouds through the window on the 747. She imagined her uncle Paul floating above those clouds. He had sent for her from his death bed.

Paul Garrison was a very wealthy man who had made his fortune in diamonds when he was very young. Rita was sure he would leave his entire fortune to her father. However, she was not thinking of the money now but of her uncle whom she had always loved and respected. He had always been good to her and had brought her presents when he had visited, which had been often. She had wished many times he had been her father instead of George.

George was a cruel man. He beat Rita constantly without good cause and had done the same to her mother. She had ended her miserable life by swallowing a handful of sleeping pills.

For some strange reason Uncle Paul had sent his brother money every month to keep his family, he had spent most of it drinking and gambling. At night he came home drunk and, as usual, in the company of strange women.

Several times Rita had started to leave home but every time her father had begged her to forgive him and had promised to improve. But he never changed. And he was still her father. She did not want to bother her uncle with her problems and besides, her father would act very nice towards her when Uncle Paul came to visit.

Now that his brother was dying George was very happy.

Rita's stomach gave a slight turn as the plane descended. She had always feared planes, but she was willing to do anything to please her uncle in his last moments.

When the plane finally landed, Rita gathered her things and rushed to the door. She was met by Johnson, her uncle's private chauffeur.

"Hello Miss Garrison," he said, "did you have a nice trip?"

"Yes, Johnson. How is my uncle?"

"He is very bad, Miss. I don't think he has much time." He lifted her only bag and added, "We must hurry."

The ride to her uncle's mansion was a pleasant one. When they arrived Rita recognized John and Lewis, her uncle's body guards of many years. The gate opened automatically as they acknowledged her. It was a mile ride to the main door and when they arrived, Rita rushed to it, anxious to see her uncle. She knocked on his bedroom door. Her faint smile disappeared when the door was opened by a nurse.

Her tall, handsome uncle seemed shrunken. His body disappeared under the blue sheets. There were needles connected to both his arms and a green plastic oxygen mask covered his face. Rita realized her uncle was truly dying. She approached the bed slowly as the nurse touched her patient lightly on the leg.

"Mr. Garrison, your niece has arrived." She turned to Rita, "He's been waiting for you." Gently, she took the mask off his face.

"Rita," called Uncle Paul as he made a feeble effort to sit up in bed. The nurse rushed to his side.

"No, Mr. Garrison, you mustn't do that." She said softly. "I will raise the bed."

"Please," he said, hardly moving his purplish lips as he spoke, "leave us alone."

The nurse walked out hesitantly. Rita was still standing. He signaled her to come closer.

"Uncle," she said, tears beginning to flow down her cheeks. She rushed to his side and sat on the bed close to him. "Uncle, I . . ."

"Shhh . . ." he interrupted. She held his hand. "I have made arrangements for you to stay here when I leave. I'm leaving everything to you. I want my brother to have nothing."

"Uncle I don't understand! You've been sending him money all this time." said Rita.

"I hope you can forgive me for all I have done to you," he whispered, looking up at her.

"Forgive you?" she asked, puzzled. "Don't you mean forget — don't forget all the things you've done for me?"

"No Rita I mean what I say. All your life I have deprived you of all the happiness you really deserved. I know how cruel George has been to you and I have made arrangements to have him killed."

"Killed?" Rita said, "Why?"

"Listen carefully, dear, to what I am about to tell you."

"Yes, Uncle," and she thought that he must be going out of his mind. He could not possibly be serious about having her father killed.

"I had an affair with a beautiful young lady while I was married to Harriet. I loved her dearly but was forced to give her up, to avoid a family scandal. She was one of my secretaries. She became pregnant. I made arrangements for a man to marry her because she came from a decent family. She was your mother."

Rita was shocked by her uncle's confession.

"That means you are my father?"

"Yes, Rita, I am. But you must understand that I was very young and I was a married man. George took advantage of the situation and blackmailed me for years." He closed his eyes. Rita called out to him, worried. He spoke again, slowly. "You will stay here and live as you deserve to live. George will get what he deserves, too. You know, he killed your mother and I loved her very much. Please Rita, forgive me. Everything is yours, and if you don't want George killed, my guards will follow your instructions. I don't want to hurt you again, ever. Please forgive me, Rita?" and his voice faded.

"Uncle!" she called out but there was no answer. "Uncle-daddy? Yes, I forgive you and I love you."

George did not attend the funeral but he was on time for the reading of the will. When the will was read he was neither shocked nor surprised by the contents. He knew he could convince his daughter to share everything with him.

Rita did not attend the reading of the will. She had suffered the loss of her father greatly and was sitting in the library, staring at his portrait when John and Lewis entered.

"Miss Garrison," said one of them, "Mr. Garrison's brother is downstairs to see you. We have been instructed by your father to . . ." She cut him off. "I know and I want my father's wishes carried out."

The guards walked out of the room. Rita turned and smiled at the portrait.

Georgina Martinez

"Flower of Capricorn"

She had blossomed as a delicate bud,
And absorbed the warmth of the shining sun.
Cool — the shower and nourishing — the mud,
This world seemed to promise her life and fun.

She met Mr. Breeze one moderate day,
Who made her breezy to test her rigid stem.
A flower of Capricorn she had stayed,
And brightened a soul like a precious gem.

Aimed to delight was in her little soul,
Till the day she wilted and Death came by.
I know now that she has reached her life's goals,
For you see . . . this bud and flower was I!

Caroline

The Beginning

How did the world begin?
Not with a bang or boom
It started on a warm summer's morning
In the youngest part of June.

How did the world begin?
Not with nothin' to see
For nature brought out all her beauty
With the joys of Galilee

How did the world begin?
Not with a weep or cry
For I know how the world began
It started with the bluest sky.

Mary Mitchell

A Person, A Paper, A Promise

On a piece of green paper with blue lines a boy wrote a poem.

He got an "A" and a gold star, his grandmother read it aloud at dinner and his mother hung it on the refrigerator. This was the year his sister was born. His parents kissed a lot then.

On a piece of white paper with blue lines a boy wrote a poem.

He got an "A" and no gold star, his grandmother never heard it and his parents had just painted the kitchen so his mother never hung it on the refrigerator. His sister was learning to ride his bike. His parents didn't kiss as much now.

On a piece of yellow paper with green lines a man wrote a poem.

He got an "A" and an inquisitive look from his professor. He read it aloud at his grandmother's grave. He never read it to his mother, his sister wore too much makeup, and since his parents divorce he never saw his father much.

On the back of a matchbook a man wrote a poem.

He gave himself an "A" and a slash on each wrist and hung it on the bathroom door because he never made it to the kitchen.

Timothy Yaccarino

To Doina

I walked in verbal silence
As my senses came to meet
The sound of my footsteps
As they paced upon the street

I took much time to listen to
Each footstep's sounding story
And with each step the sound grew strong
A ringing of God's Glory

My senses came to light in prayer
And I felt all that I could
I prayed that some day God's Ways
By all be understood

Then I reached the point to turn
And start back where I came
I prayed for blessings upon all
And sensed it all again

Now my feet have sounded many paths
But my purpose has stuck to one
To be the best that I can be
And bring glory to the Son

Rance

Miracles

You say that miracles were possible
only in the days of Jesus'
walk on earth,

Not true I tell you
miracles continue to happen
every day we're on this earth,

You expect fantastic things
to happen, to believe a
miracle has occurred,

But the things you take for
granted every day are
miracles to me,

The birth of a child is
a miracle, even the
changing of the seasons,

So you see, miracles do not
have to be the healing
of a cripple, or sight to the blind,

Miracles continue everyday
in the simple things
happening all around us.

Cindy Smith

Friendships Are Lasting If

We've helped each other through
growing pains,
Little girl hurts and grown-up
strains.

We've seen the fall of each
other's dreams,
Picked up the pieces and mended
the seams.

We helped each other grow to
what we are now,
We've struggled, and fought, and we
learned . . .
God knows how.

But through all the turmoil of
becoming adult,
We've learned the best lesson that
could ever be felt.

The children grow up and people change
all the time,
But friendships are lasting if
they're like yours and mine.

Lisa Guillouma

Me and My Shadow

You know me like no one else does.
You lead my soul from day to day.
You're alive within me — I grow in your image.
You are my confidant.
I try to understand the things you do and wonder "why."
You know what's best for me.
I leave all of life's matters in your sacred hands.
For you are truly omniscient.
I have no fear, for I am assured of your strength, if
I should stumble or fall.
Death was once a frightening thought — but now, as I
Mature with your guidance, and continue to discover
All there is to know about you
I can only ponder over the unknown glory my soul will
Experience when I enter into your heavenly Kingdom.
Take my hand Father, and lead me beyond your Golden
Gates where I shall live with you in ever-lasting
happiness for all of eternity.

Margie Pinto



Drawing by Gregory Schmidt

Staying in the Ring

You flick a wrist
dodge the eye
wince when dose it comes
face the challenge
see the days' efforts
battered shoulders
arms up-turned
sometimes no defense
you can flail and chant
you can pray and retreat
but will you stay the outcome
struggle the challenge
head the challenge
hit the canvas
with pride of courage.

Gregory Schmidt

The Sirens' Song

Orange the hue amidst the setting sun,
The dreaded song of the sirens sung.
The Sirens' words so sweet, so pure,
All sailors 'round could hear the lure.
But the songs that spoke of heaven's peace,
Lay whitened bones upon the beach.
There sailors found a violent fate,
Where the angry waters white did break.
Men drove themselves against the barren shore,
Where they breathed the breath of life no more.
Yet, seeking the Sirens' sweetest sound,
A bitter truth the sailors found.
The Sirens, sought by pleasure's decree,
Were the open arms of greed's destiny.

Janette Ginffra

My Mind is Boggled With Confusion

My mind is boggled with confusion
I know not where to turn,
My heart entangled in intrusion,
The love has yet to burn.
Our destiny is never founded
Until that final day
When all our sins are thus compounded
and God sends us on our way.
Where do we go from here, I say.
In quest, I pray up to the altar.
 May I find a love like yours forever
 Until that final coming day.

Michael Fundiller

The Fountain

Open your arms to me.
Close your eyes and receive me in silence.
I offer to you . . .

paradise
peace
eternity.

Let me
Relieve your pain and dry your tears.
Come unto me — oh Children of Earth.

I will keep you,
and bless you,
I will forever free you.

I am your parent from conception.
I am your guardian from birth.
Come unto me,

with gentle arms
I await you.

I will shroud your being with harmony,
And spread your powers

so mortal
upon the universe.

We will be one.

For I am the Fountain,
you are my waters.

Janette Giuffra

Ravenna

You have given my life more
joy than I've ever known before
Your smile lights up a room
when you enter it
Your laughter sounds like angels
singing praises up above.

I anticipate arriving home to
hear of your day at school
You always have some exciting
tale to tell.

Things are not always perfect
between us
But then there is nothing
perfect in this life.

Just remember as we continue
growing and learning together
That I will always love
you, the child that God has
given me.

Cindy Smith

Sugar Sweet Feet

Vanessa Johnson sat rocking the large oak chair slowly as her eyes aimlessly followed her dog outside playing in the snow. The gray colored sky and the cold temperature would mean a good snowfall tonight. There would be good skiing over the coming February break. Vanessa had always been a good skier, the best in her family as shown by her trophies which lined the walls of the family room.

This semester would be Vanessa's last. She would graduate in June from the small, private, liberal arts college near her home. She had always wanted to live in the dorms or have an apartment, but her parents had always worked hard for their children and it would have made their finances too tight. Besides, she probably would not have been able to keep her job in the pro shop, which meant free skiing. Vanessa resigned to stay at home until she finished her college education. Her mind wasn't on graduating though, it concentrated on two more days of classes and then winter break. It would be seven days of powder skiing. The conditions would be perfect by then.

Vanessa still slowly rocking the chair back and forth became startled suddenly by the slam of the sliding glass door. It was her younger sister, Jessica, with whom she had a very normal sibling relationship.

"Vanessa! Didn't you hear Pumpkin barking outside. She was freezing and you're here on your seat doing nothing! God, you're such a jerk!" screamed Jessica.

"Ah, Jessica, go to hell." Vanessa stood up and left the family room towards her own studio in the back of the house. Before she was able to reach her studio, she again heard Jessica's shrill voice.

"When are you going to move out, you're 22 ya know — it's about time."

Vanessa quickly turned and blurted out to her sister, "when I feel like it! Now leave me alone please, Jessica. Isn't it time to meet your friends in McDonald's parking lot. Isn't that where your dates usually take you!"

Vanessa continued through the hallway and slammed her door shut. She realized she would soon be getting a lecture from her mother about her impatience with her younger sister. It always happened this way — the fights and then Jessica would go to Mom and tell her everything. Vanessa didn't care, she did not even listen anymore. She felt her parents catered to every whim of Jessica's. She loved her sister, but Jessica had it easier than anyone else in the family.

Vanessa put her sister out of her mind as her eyes scanned the small studio room — the eclectic decor from garage sales and church bazaars, the milk crates filled with books, the bed strewn with papers and a large psychology book. The thought clicked, she forgot about her psych test tomorrow. Vanessa was a known procrastinator. She had stalled till the last minute before the test. She would not be ready but worse — she couldn't get motivated enough to study and prepare for the exam.

Vanessa glanced at the clock, "o crap, it's already 8 o'clock. Well I better start cramming or think of something else to do." She lay on her bed, her book open but her eyes were fixed on the ceiling. "I've got it, I can get out of this exam if I have a fever. I can get excused with no penalty from Dr. Brown." Vanessa immediately sprang from her bed to the cabinet on the far corner of the room. She kept coffee, tea, hot chocolate and sugar in her small cupboard above the one burner hot plate. Vanessa grabbed the glass jar of sugar and placed it beside her bed. She kicked her white Keds sneakers off and stripped her feet of the heavy socks. Just then, there were several knocks on the door and then her mother entered immediately.

"Vanessa, what's wrong with you anyway? I don't think that it was very nice of you to treat your younger sister like that. You know how much she looks up to you. Vanessa, are you listening to me!" Her mother's eyes opened as Vanessa poured two large tablespoons of sugar into her sneakers. "Vanessa! What are you doing!" questioned her mother.

"Mom, I am trying what Dr. Lopez told me, about getting your temperature up to 105° in three hours."

"But Vanessa, why do you want to do that?"

"Mom, I want my temperature up because I'm not ready for my psych exam and I need an A or B to pull a good grade from Brown. Besides Dr. Lopez told me he sees a lot of young girls doing it. He told me if you put about 2-3 tablespoons in your shoes and wear them with bare feet, and within a couple of hours your feet will absorb the sugar and raise your temperature."

"Are you sure he wasn't just kidding around with you, Vanessa?"

"No, Mom, watch — it's going to work. Tomorrow I'll have a high temperature and then go to the Nurse's Office and have her send an excuse form to Dr. Brown. Then I can take the exam after break and make a better grade on it. Then, tomorrow, I'll take a cold shower to bring the fever down and I'll go skiing in the afternoon."

"You certainly are a conniver. I just hope it works out that way for you."

Vanessa finished tying her shoe laces as her mother left the room. She walked around the room a few times, twisting her soles into the floor so she could feel the small, sharp, granular objects obstructing the usual comfort of her Keds. Vanessa felt satisfied now that everything would turn out in her favor. With this pleasing thought, she concentrated on studying with her feet wiggling the toes against the sugar.

After about an hour or so, there was a light tap at her door.

"Who is it?" Vanessa asked.

"It's Jess. May I come in?"

"All right — what do you want?"

"Mom told me what you're doing and I thought you might want me to take your temperature?"

"Okay, I guess you've got an idea there Jess. I should be watching it although I feel a little hot already."

"Lie down Van and put the thermometer under your tounge. I'll be back in about four minutes. Okay?"

Vanessa mumbled "okay" to her sister as she left the room. Vanessa closed her eyes as she waited for her sister's return. She thought of all the things she needed to do tomorrow — taking her skies in to be hot waxed and the bindings tightened. Jessica returned, reaching for the thermometer, she held it up to the light trying to find the mercury line.

"How do you feel?"

"A little achy, what does the thermometer read?"

"It's normal Vanessa. Are you sure you kept it under your tongue the whole time?"

"Yes, of course I did! Maybe it needs some more time to work. I'll give it two more hours."

"Why don't you try taking a walk or a jog so that you can create some friction and maybe the sugar will absorb faster."

"Good idea Jess. You want to take a walk?"

"Sure, just let me get changed and I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Jessica and Vanessa left their home for a brisk walk in the cold evening. There were no stars out, it was already beginning to flurry. They had walked a good mile on the snow packed ground until they decided to return.

"My feet are freezing" complained Vanessa.

"Well, of course they are Van — you haven't got any socks on. What do you expect?"

"Come on, let's run home. I think this sugar is freezing to my feet!"

"Hold on Van, I can't run as fast as you and you've got the flashlight. Wait!"

Both of the girls arrived back at the house exhausted. Vanessa fixed her younger sister a cup of hot chocolate.

"Take my temperature again, will you please Jess. If this thing doesn't work — I'm in trouble and I better get cramming too."

"Okay lie down and remember to keep still and keep the thermometer under your tongue!" Several minutes later Jessica returned, "let's see, Vanessa, I cant find the line again."

"Let me have a look" answered Vanessa as she held the thermometer to the light. "oh no, this can't be, are you sure this thing is accurate?"

"Mom just bought it at the drugstore last week, why?"

"Great, my temperature is still normal! Forget this, I've got to get studying. Damn it! I've wasted a night with this jackass idea of sugar in my shores." By now, the sisters had forgotten their differences of earlier in the day and enjoyed a laugh over Vanessa's foolishness in order to get out of an exam.

"Sorry, Vanessa, why don't you start studying and I can quiz you later if you'd like."

"Thanks, Jessica, I'll call you when I'm ready, but first I've got to wash my feet!"

Patty Kielmann

Be There

Going out when I should have gone
in
My you're looking mighty thin
Sometimes I know, and wonder,
why it has to be this way,
Still its just another day.
I walk down the path but where does
it lead?
There are signs all along the way —
I have forgotten how to read
Beauty oh beauty, my how you've cast
your spell,
What will happen? I know you'll never
tell.
I see the rainbow is here. With its arrival
departs all fear
All the events agreed and disagreed,
endlessly I feel the need
The star shines bright the light of the
night
Be there always to help me with your
sight . . .

Michael Viola

Ode To The Spectre

A long time ago
Or an eternity or so
When life was beautiful and young
And sad songs were left unsung
Because they didn't have a place,
In the happiness of youthful space

But time passed
And so did childhood
And youth didn't last
It left the neighborhood

The sad songs came to life,
And the Spectre claimed both husband and wife,
Father, mother, sister or brother,
Friend or foe or any other
The Spectre has no bounds
When it journeys to earthly grounds

It daims souls of all races and creeds
No matter how evil or good.
No curiosity for past deeds.
It invades man's neighborhood.

It will stalk, it will crawl and sometimes creep.
Into men while awake or asleep.
It has no respect for society or wealth
Nor poverty, sickness or health.
The Spectre strikes forever evenly
On both devilish and heavenly

Yes the Spectre is ultimately fair
In showing its cloak and hood
It touches everyone with eloquent care
throughout the universal neighborhood.

So when the Spectre comes, don't call cruel or unfair
Remember it takes special care
To make sure the balance is preserved.
Death is fair, though seemingly not deserved.
The Spectre holds a special gift for us all,
As part of the scales universal.

So do not hate the gift bringer
Who is neither evil or good,
Anymore than the sad song singer,
When it comes to the neighborhood.

Anonymous

To You Mr. O'

Although your eyes can no more see,
I'm sure that you are watching me.
The man that I once knew is gone.
Your words and thoughts in me live on.
I can't help but think that from your birth
You soon displayed that Irish mirth
That so endeared yourself to us
That impish smile; your hair all mussed;
Those expressive wise old eyes of blue!
My own eyes fog when thoughts of you
come rushing in like a sweet refrain;
I must forget this selfish pain!
Your selfless works we won't forget.
I can't forget your laughter yet!
You helped in molding how I speak,
The subtle points; the tongue-in-cheek.
I became, through you, a better writer.
To be a poet, not a fighter.
I looked to you for sound advice
And criticism sounded nice
When from your mouth the words came forth
When listening, I'm never bored.
How much I care, you now must know,
And so, like you my friend, I go.
!Buen Viaje!

Van Horn Ely, III

Moments of Serenity

As dusk sets in, the warm sun descends into the
Peaceful depths of the sea.

I rest on the cooling sand — breathing in the
Soft music of the majestic waters as she sings.
One by one crystal diamonds appear, the first
One, to be wished upon.

The gentle breeze from the heavens blows smoothly,
Touching my senses ever — so gently, leaving a
Feeling of total peace and tranquility.

I start to doze, as I listen to the rustling of
The white-capped waves delicately rolling onto
The sandy shore line.

Such beauty God has bestowed on us — we take such
Advantage of.

The world is in peace, during our moments of
Serenity.

Margie Pinto

Photo by Dominic Romeo

Paths

We all walk down a path each day,
You have yours and I have mine.

There are rough roads but they all have
smooth areas.

Sometimes I fall, only to rise, having learned,
and continue walking, more able now to
appreciate the beautiful sights surrounding
our trail.

Though I must walk alone,
I hope that if our roads
should someday intersect,
you will walk with me awhile
or I with you.

And that upon returning to our personal
paths, you will have grown and
learned from me
and I from you.

Monique H. Smith

Man In The Moon

Once upon a midnight dreary
A shade of light came bright and weary
From above it shone down here
On the river bright and clear

I looked up high to see a face
He smiled at me and stared in space
I hope someday I can meet that man
And hold just once his swiss cheese hand

It is now my time to rest
I said good night with all my best
I waved good-bye and walked away
And ambled home to hit the hay

Mary Mitchell

Time Holds Answers Selfishly

It is painful, very painful
this separation of hours.
Painful, too, is the
uncertainty:

Will this distance between us
cause a different type of distance?

Will our hearts no longer feel
the passion we once had and
took for granted or abused?

Will patience (that stupid virtue
I've never had) run out
for both of us and doom our tomorrow's?

Will we fulfill our dreams?

Time, time holds these answers
selfishly.

No, don't ask her. I already
have. She does not respond.

She knows but smiles teasingly, revealing
nothing.

I won't ask her again. I don't need
her to give me answers.

For it is up to us to make them.

Monique H. Smith

His Body

The image of the group clearly focused itself.
Men heavy with money, weight and smiles
Condescended to give their offspring five minutes.
Chuckling children rolled their eyes, curtsied and scampered.

A thin woman leaned on her primitive tool
As the dozing child rolled his heavy head
Across her back. Lean and taut, she rested;
Small beaded bubbles on her glowing brown skin.

He stopped for his evening glass and stories.
Pushing his hat back, holding the cold tankard,
He raised it to his pursing lips and sighed.
Twenty-four hours went by in three quenching seconds.

She raised the whitish curtain and peered out,
Getting permission finally to relax and muse.
Any minute now he will turn the corner,
Pull in front of the house, exit and look up.

A quiet quickness moved through her body,
The anxious rise and fall of her breasts were
Silhouetted against the worn curtain and stained window.
The dull green auto turned and stopped . . . her King had arrived

Crushed, bent aluminum cans were squeezed some more,
As the silver cart crept cat-like through the alley.
Its tattered driver pushed deliberately, looking hard,
Also wanting to hold on, rest . . . or even sleep.

Compelling, increasing noises, were racing, across the tracks.
His branch of an arm grasped the one strap expertly,
And assisted with reading the morning news in motion.
Fluidly folding his paper and sliding out, he hustled the
crowd on the platform.

So different, so same, so programmed, so searching . . .
"Can we all get together for a banquet?"
"What will I bring . . . salad? bread? fruit?"
Did they hear? Do they know about the party?

Frank McGarry



**It Was Late On A Thursday Night,
Approximately 12:30 When We Met**

I saw a lone old man sitting on a bench. Clutched to his chest, he held a brass saxophone. I asked him why he was sitting in a park in the middle of the night. He looked up at me and said that he had no place to go and no one to see. He never had any family and all his friends were dead or gone.

**It Was Late On A Thursday Night,
Approximately 12:45 When I Made A Friend**

He asked me if I liked sax music and I nodded a yes. He played his saxophone, oh God how he played. It made me feel warm and glad as if the angels above had lifted the world from my shoulders.

The music stopped and suddenly I felt cold and afraid. The old man sat still as the sax slumped to the ground. I ran to his side to see if there was anything I could do. He just looked at me and said, "Thank you for being my friend".

**It Was Late On A Thursday Night,
Approximately 1:30 When I Lost A Very Dear Friend**

Tim Yaccarino

Artificial Kingdom

I dimbed the stairs
To what I thought the top
But when I looked down
All I saw was up

Artificial Kingdom was
The palace I went
All riches gathered
All soul spent

History created a kingdom
Need of knowledge
Success is business
And business is college

Artificial Kingdom was
The college I went
All knowledge gathered
All soul spent

Now I was at what
Most felt the peak
But the Kingdom of God
Shall inherit the meek

Artificial Kingdom where's
The happiness and love?
I realize now I'm
Down and they're above.

Rance

Wm. James Gave Me Permission

It wears and glazes;
The subtle effect of seeming,
But desensing smiles you into middle age.
You have not lost it quickly.
(Perhaps you still have it?)

The others are nice
And see it as you;
"mmm . . . yes, (but not really.)"

You sleep,
You wake.
Fatigue, and dust, are always there.
Larger spools are now gathering.

You are not older, just tired;
(May be slightly worn)
Yes . . . just tired . . .

Tired in the mind;
So you speared the conflict
And many times won.
Now you win less.

You spear for sure,
Rather than loose the hold
That needs the whole life
To yes its true existence.

But yet we strive . . .
That life is here;
Sand-like it slips,
Sliding thru to history.

We are now half a statistic,
Half a history, half a completion,

We smile, push, set our jaws,
Fade and rush, sleep, talk
Dream, pray and hope.

We pray with acts
And hope with prayer — a call,
A scream, a plea, a contact,
A greeting, a question,
A pierce of pain to that Which is . . .
If It is . . .

What should I have . . . ?
Rather should I have?
(Or should I halve?)

I need Something
Men are good,
Some are great,
. . . but I need Something.

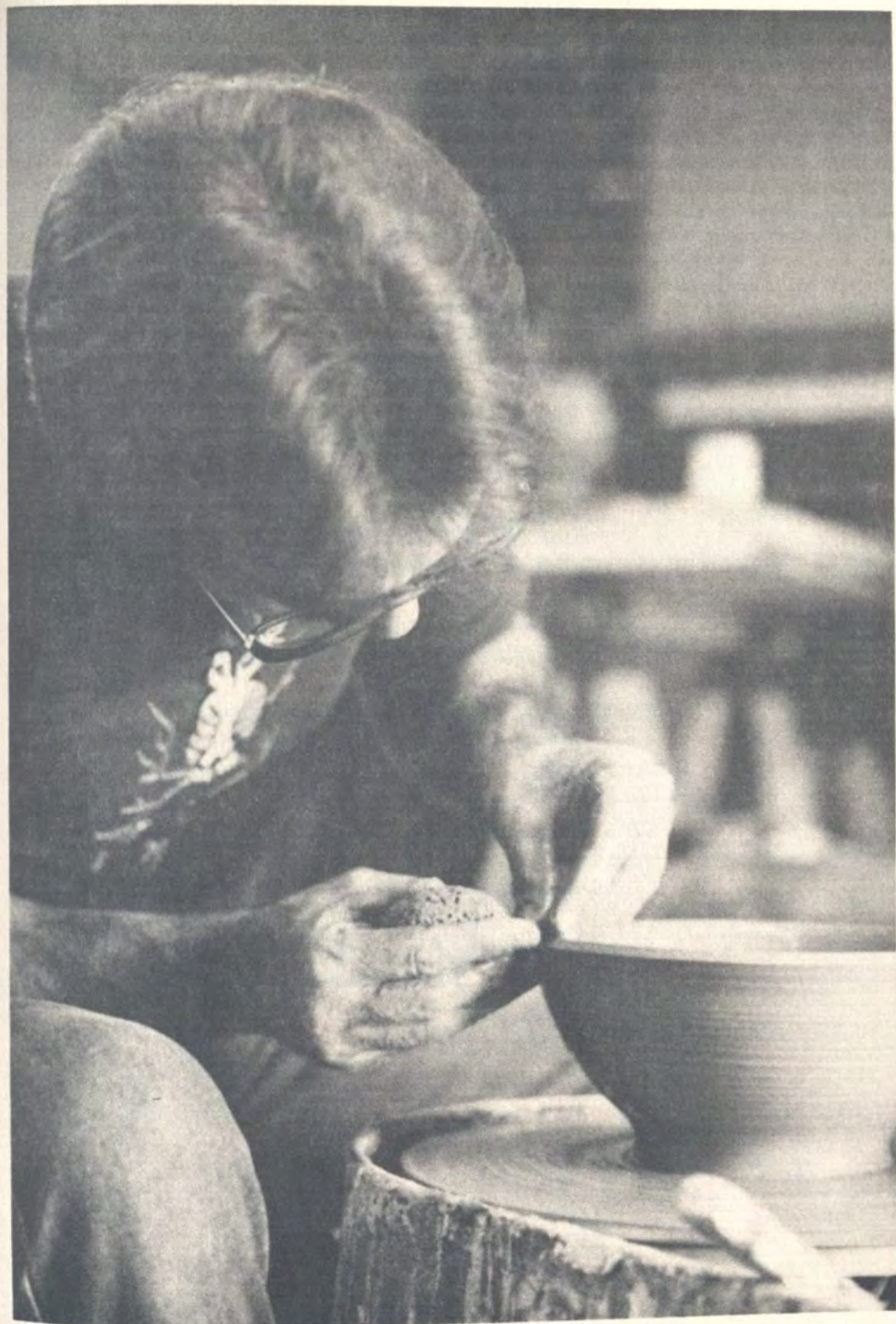
William James gave me permission
He said I could
Others won't say no . . .
They say you can't or shouldn't.

They can't say no!
Because yes to them is not that big.
How can they say no?

I like to;
Yes;
It helps,
But I want more;
I always want more, and more . . .

I want to grab and hug,
And know no end of any;
I want time not to be;
I want it now,
When now is past and yet to be.

.....
I am thirsty;
Please fill my glass.



Come To Me

Come to me
And love me
And follow childhood dreams with
me.

Share the goodness of life.
Smell the fragrance of the trees,
feel the breeze on a slow summer
day,
watch the patterns the shadows
make as they crawl across the
earth under our feet.
Or the sounds of the birds above
us.

Lie in a field of flowers with me
And tell me what you see in the
clouds.

Or walk the coastline with me,
And tell me what the waves are
whispering in your ear.

Or just sit here with me and listen to
The little things that make today
what it is.

Lisa Guilliouma

Casa Dominica

Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum,
In vanum laborant qui aedificant eam.
Psalm 126

An artist's touch, a poet's gaze,
A planner's mind, a craftsman's hand;
A house, like love, reflects the ways
Our Father, God, creates the land.

Wide pacific vistas calm the strained spirit through and
through
And remind the watchful traveler that promises once made are
always to be kept.
A kindly hearth within warms hearts as well as hands,
As friendship's sacred power weaves a web of kinship and of
homely pride.

A warming touch, a smiling face,
A pained tear, a plaintive moan;
Love, like a house, reflects the grace
Our Father, God, shares with his own.

James J. McCartney, OSA, Ph.D.

Selections From Spain Journal: Spring, 1983

(In January of 1983 thirty-two students flew to Madrid to inaugurate the Biscayne College in Spain program. In the following entries from the last days of February and the first days of March, Mr. Richard Raleigh observes the coming of spring to the mountain town of El Escorial where the group lived.)

Friday, February 25: Opening events of Paso del Ecuador, a three-day ceremony marking the half-way point in the university careers of the Maria Cristina students.

After the ceremony we paraded across the *lonja* of the monastery and up the steep incline to the Chistera for *aperitivos*, Padre Agustin explaining that they would have preferred the far more elegant Boite for the reception, but that it would not be open until early spring. There was a heavy mist in the air, and the *madrina* and her *damas* in their white gowns and red sashes bent their heads slightly to better place their feet on the tricky cobblestones, an impressionist painting through the haze.

La Chistera was indeed a rather common place for this illustrious gathering of university officials, royal women, and students dressed in their finest clothes, this Chistera of the low overhead and the high decibels, this home, from five to seven on Fridays, of the giant vodka and tonic made in a glass a foot high into which the bartender poured three bottles of Schweppes and several jiggers of vodka simultaneously by using the fingers of a pianist.

Various hors d'oeuvres had been put out and there was a choice of beer or white wine to drink before the power failed, quieting our conversations for a second, but then giving rise to laughter and shouts as our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness. There were flares every few moments as cigarettes were lit, but otherwise the only illumination was that from windows that looked out to the afternoon fog, the soft shafts of light dense with smoke, so that La Chistera had been transformed into nothing less than a dope den, our elegant gathering a collection of fiends of the night.

Saturday, February 26: At five as part of the continuing series of events celebrating El Paso del Ecuador there was a *Jimkana* starting from the main entrance of Maria Cristina, a combination of road rally and scavenger hunt featuring wildly decorated cars and zany stunts performed at several locations in and around town. Again the fascinating juxtaposition of the old and the new as the participants lined their cars in front of the ancient stone walls of the university, their Seats and Ford Fiestas and Renaults festooned with toilet bowl brushes, beer cans, figures in effigy, and crepe, their car stereos blaring Billy Joel's "Allentown."

Sunday, February 27: Today the sun displaced the cold and drizzle of the previous days and the *lonja* was filled with people in from Madrid and children with balloons and bare-legged boyscouts kicking about cans and each other.

Monday, February 28: Last day of February and more signs of spring, Maria Cristina students studying in the park across from the entrance of the university, all the young trees with buds, birds singing, and little violet flowers in the ivy growing at the base of the statue of Phillip II. Behind the monastery boys from the *colegio* pestered some rabbits in a hutch set into the stone wall, while others played tennis further down the hill. Over the plain below visibility was such that the profiles of cities could be seen in the distance for the first time, who knows, maybe even Madrid, and also for the first time, on the sidewalk in front of our hotel, chairs and tables had been set out, where Chris and Paola, their reigns as *damas* ended, sat in jeans and t-shirts reading their mail.

Tuesday, March 1: Another glorious day. The Spaniards from the university are down below us at the sidewalk cafe of our hotel nursing beers in the sun, their cars double-parked in the street, one of them with the stereo going full throttle. It is a custom to double-park here, especially in front of the Miranda which seems to be the center of social life for the town. When you find you are locked in, you simply lay on the horn and eventually someone from the bar will come out and with a slight apology move his offending car. There are of course ingenious ways of getting out if you are penned in, so that sometimes you will see a line of cars parked in the middle of the street, the trapped vehicles having somehow escaped, the effect comical, as if all the drivers are mad.

Wednesday, March 2: At the Prado there is always the danger of dropping dead from all the beauty, so we went first to the room upstairs with the Breughels and the Bosch "Garden of Earthly Delights" and the Durer "Adam and Eve" and were again satisfied that at least some men are made in the image and likeness of God. Because we had not dropped dead and we had time, we went downstairs to see the Rubens "Adoration of the Magi," where we stood a long time waiting for the canvas to resume its motion, waiting for the Child to perhaps remove his finger from the golden bowl and stick it into his mouth and giggle. And finally to the Goyas, especially the "Fusilade of April 12, 1912," just to confirm the fact of man's inhumanity to man.

From the Prado we walked to the Palace Hotel bar where Hemingway liked the martinis, but it was too early for that nonsense and we had a gin and tonic instead. Later we sat in a park that had as its centerpiece an Egyptian temple that had been rescued from the flooding of the Nile and watched the sun, a slightly flattened Florida orange, set in the valley where the Fusilade of 1812 had taken place.

It is fun living here. Hemingway put his finger on it in *Death in the Afternoon*: "If Madrid had nothing else than the Prado it would be worth spending a month in every spring. But when you can have the Prado and the bullfight season at the same time with El Escorial an hour to the north it makes you feel very badly to know that you will have to die and never see it again."

Thursday, March 3: The hike up the mountain to the great white cross takes about two hours, but there is an outcropping of rocks at the midway point which affords a magnificent view of the town and monastery. Wedged between the rocks is a crude metal cross, as if in mimicry of the landmark at the top, and scattered about are five or six beer and soda cans. It is an excellent place to bring a lunch and be alone. You will probably eat Serrano ham on a hard roll, potato chips — which are superb in Spain, better than Frito Lays — and a bottle of Banda Azul wine for which you payed the equivalent of about eighty cents, though a cheaper brand was available. Stomach calmed and head glowing from the wine, you will survey the scene below: the square reservoir half way down holding the water to boil tonight's pasta in; further down the once-elegant Hotel Felipe II, now closed, a victim of its own pretentiousness, though still handsome as it sits perched over every other building in sight; and then the town itself with its rows of red tile roofs, and to the south the monastery.

You will not appreciate the monastery if you pull up to it in a tourist bus like Leo and I did that first time; you must come up the mountain, at least to this outcropping, to understand why it was often called the eighth wonder of the world. You had this same feeling when you visited the Kennedy Space Center and saw the pad from which Apollo 8 was launched, three men in a rocketship who read Genesis to us while circumnavigating the moon on Christmas Eve.

There is no rusted gantry here, only the metal cross, but there is a leap into space of sorts, as you imagine how the granite rocks from this mountain were cut and carried to that distant prospect, where they were then assembled, after a labor of twenty years, into a monastery and palace, a place for a king who ruled the greatest empire the world has ever known to dwell. Is it not wonderful to imagine how a barren section of mountain becomes, an hour's walk away, a palace filled with tapestries and paintings and roaring fires set against the winter cold and royal children playing hide and seek with the court dwarfs?

Friday, March 4: As a boy I used to have a fantasy about being locked up in a department store at night and having all those things to myself. I had somewhat that feeling a few years ago when I was virtually alone for an hour on the island cemetery of San Michele, near Venice, where Igor Stravinsky and Serge Diaghilev and Ezra Pound are buried. I had it again today, when for over two hours I wandered about the museum of the monastery of Escorial without seeing a tourist or a guard, having Velasquez and Greco and the rest all to myself. I worried though about the lack of security, that some mad Hungarian might come and slash "Joseph's Robe" or throw housepaint on "The Martyrdom of St. Maurice." Being alone with Stravinsky and the others on the island cemetery was better, there being so few ways to harm the dead.

Saturday, March 5: There was medieval music from the street below this morning. I looked down and there were four adults, the men with beards, sitting on the stone bench the kids from the music school use to wait for their parents to pick them up: Four adults were singing medieval songs on the stone bench in front of the music school.

Sunday, March 6: We had lunch outside on the patio of the hotel for the first time today, another sign of spring.

Our vacationers are returning, and at dinner stories and counter-stories from all over Spain and North Africa.

