

### Ibn Abbad woke early

IBN ABBAD woke early, put on  
his patched garment, turned to God  
and said, 'Peace be to us, and to all, this day.'

Rabbi Schmelke of Nikolsburg,  
when a rich and distinguished man  
tried to make him look ridiculous,  
read the forty-first psalm, and  
translated verse eleven, "By this  
I know that you delight in me:  
my enemy will suffer no ill because of me."

Father Louis in his American hermitage  
wrote to Abdul Aziz, "Let us  
have great love for truth, and open our hearts  
to the Spirit of God our Lord and Father,  
Compassionate and merciful."

All three went to Paradise,  
Ibn Abbad, Rabbi Schmelke of Nikolsburg,  
and Father Louis, and sat to eat  
at the same table. They drank the water of life  
and eat the meat of friendship. Whenever  
their cups ran dry, or their plate was empty  
a little Nazarene came by, and filled them up.  
'Who are you?' they said.  
'I am Jesus, son of Mary. Can I sit awhile?'  
'Be our guest', they said.

As he sat, the ground beneath them shook,  
their faces paled, and their eyes were filled  
with knowledge, and with grief. Today,  
said Jesus, they will hate more and  
love more, than on any other day since  
the world began. Hold hands  
and ask our God to speak to us,  
in Spirit. And there they sat  
in love and prayer, all day, all day,  
Ibn Abbad, Rabbi Schmelke of Nikolsburg,  
Father Louis, and Jesus, Mary's son.

*and their silence was more profound than words  
and their communion was most eloquent  
and they willed the world to peace*

After a long time they opened their eyes,  
and there were only three at the table.  
Jesus, Mary's son, had gone.

*had gone to join some other hands in love  
sit by some other beds of pain  
pray with some other desperate men  
break for some other hearts the loaf  
share with some other faiths the way*

and that goes on today,  
unceasing in his care to see beyond the robes  
of different length, and hue, and cloth,  
the common beating heart, and to mark again  
as on the Bethlem night, the angels' call:  
'Peace on the earth, good will to all, to all.'

### Prades

*A Town in the Pyrenees\**

PRADES—paved with rose marble as is surely paradise.  
The soft sound of streamlets running by  
The walls of cobbled streets enchants the day,  
Make magic of the night. Mountains, touched with snow,  
Rise beyond the jigsaw roofs of red saddle-tiles.

Prades—embraced by forest, mountain guarded.  
Mountains whose snow-water rushes noisy  
Through the darkened gorge, or flashes like a sword  
Amidst the garrison of trees.  
Mountains whose massive slopes, green enshawled,  
Protect the quiet valleys where narcissus,  
White as fragrant snow,  
Tremble in plantagenet's brave light;  
Where waterfalls unpin their long pale hair  
And mysterious hamlets deeply sleep.

Mountains' awesome heights, old when time was young,  
Forever dressed with snow, invite a prayer.

*\*Pink marble is quarried in the Pyrenees*