

in spirituality.

In every action, the monks perform in a relaxed manner; communication is limited to sign language. They seemed to despise the fact that some of their bodily desires and needs, such as the need for sleep and food, could not be overlooked for the much more important task of feeding and restoring the soul; but with confident resignation they live the life as it is prescribed for them in the Rule for their community.

For three days I lived that life as completely as my spiritual maturity would allow. Then, hesitatingly, I walked back through that weather-beaten gate, this time not to be filled with awe at the silence of one world, but to be stricken with fear at the confusion of another. As I struggle to find words to convey my impressions, I relive the entire experience and am overwhelmed with love and respect for the men who live that "hidden" life—day after day, after day, after day.

Of Things Past

Gretchen Rhett

I SQUIRMED uncomfortably on the hard wooden bench. Try as I might, I was unable to make my feet touch the floor of the hospital waiting room. I was eight and one-half, and I was tired. It was Christmas Eve, and I wanted desperately to go home. I pitied the small forlorn Christmas tree in the corner of the room. Its bright lights seemed to be trying in vain to warm the stark, white walls about it. Unable to look upon the tree any longer, I walked over to the window.

My parents had brought me with them to the hospital to see my grandfather. I closed my eyes and mentally retraced the few short years I had known him. My first unsteady steps in life had carried me happily behind him as we walked through those lazy, fun-filled days which he had shared. Life with him had been dolls and bicycles. It had been fuzzy white puppies brought home in pink hatboxes. Random incidents came one by one into hazy focus. I recalled the greenhouse in which we had spent so many hours, bound together by our mutual interest in flowers. Only this afternoon I had stood in the doorway and gazed at the seven hundred and fifty Easter lilies, which we had so recently planted.

I jumped when a hand on my shoulder brought me back to reality. Silently, I followed my mother down the hall and into a room. I saw my grandfather in the bed at the far side. I reached for my mother's hand but it was not there. In mute terror I walked to the side of the bed. I did not want to look at him; and yet I knew in my heart that I must. All the while he spoke to me I kept my frightened tears within me by the strength of my clenched hands and by the desire to be the kind of person he wanted and needed me to be.

He explained that his greatest wish was that I should graduate from college. He said that it had all been taken care of, and that whatever college I wished to attend was within my means. I knew that he had never been able to finish the sixth grade, and that he had created a world for us with his own hands. He had unlocked doors for me so that my life would be easier. I nodded that I would do as he wished.

As I turned to leave, I found that I could not. I turned and smiled at him for the last time. He smiled weakly and said, "Hang a sock up for me tonight. I don't think I'll be able to make it home." As I passed the door of the room, I started to run—down the hall and past the beaten Christmas tree. All I could think of were the seven hundred and fifty lilies which had turned into ivory bugles of death.

Berlin Is Worth A Trip

Angelica Homola

MAY I INVITE you on a trip through Berlin?
"Why through Berlin?" Well, Berlin is a city with a unique atmosphere. Berlin is—but why don't you see it yourself?

Let's start out on a mild, sunny May morning downtown at the Gedächtniskirche on Kurfürstendamm, Berlin's shopping street. Take a deep breath of this fresh morning breeze, and you'll feel immediately that there is something special about the air of Berlin. You'll remember the names of some of the songs and musicals which were written about this city, and you'll notice that in every single one of them the air of Berlin is mentioned. The Berlin air is never heavy—hot or oppressive. It is always cool and refreshing, even in mid-summer. And in winter when heavy, dark-grey clouds cover the sky above the roofs you can smell soon-to-come snow in the wind. There is really something about the air in Berlin. I am sure, you agree with me after having taken a deep breath on this May morning on Kurfürstendamm.

I know that at first sight the Kurfürstendamm looks much the same to you as the Champs Elysees in Paris, Fifth Avenue in New York, or the Via Veneto in Rome. You see exceptionally well-dressed passers-by, expensive luxury goods in the windows and showcases, and heavy traffic on the Damm. And yet there is something that makes even this street with its international look different. Perhaps it is the Gedächtniskirche that gives the street a different flavor. This church is a leftover from the black days of the last World War. Dark brown and menacing stands this high ruin at one end of the Kurfürstendamm and looks down at the busy life beneath it. The Gedächtniskirche is a reminder of the disastrous consequences of a war.

Our May morning, however, is too young and fresh a day for