"...that heart's joy that needs no name"

3 poems by Stephen Gottschalk for mezzo-soprano and cello

Composed in memory of Stephen Gottschalk

Jennie Gottschalk

3.

If you listened through time like the smallest most attentive being, you could trace those steps in their abundant pattern the trail of the dust during the forty desert days. passing by Chorazin then through Nain the soft music of crunching pebbles before the sea's lap-lap began, the crackling of weeds on the hilly ascent then the drumbeat of dust on the southward march. -the staggering steps, the sudden silence and beginning again.

2. The Desert Fathers

Help me to love Thee O Lord my God. Lift me into thy praise. The Fathers, the Desert Fathers, saw the desert rocks fertile of thy Love. That Love they sought, measureless, bountiful of that heart's joy that needs no name. O let that heart be mine and ours today. Bespeak in us that Holy Silence where no ego blocks thy Word, but all are gathered in vast humility and sacred kindness abiding. Then these the Fathers of that holy silence become our brothers, eternal companions in the holiness of Love, speaking little, feeling much, even the touch of Thy breath, oh God, reaching out to reclaim us, one as by one, never solitary but one with each other as one with Thee.

Could we but see could we understand the arm uplifted from the drowning wave is gripped in the power of thy hand.

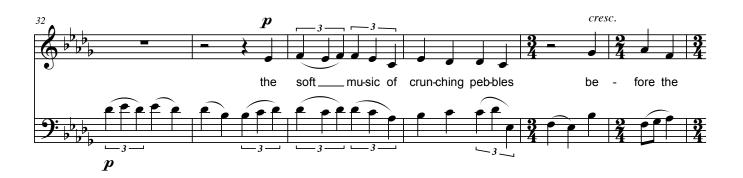
Each one held in his full embrace, all behold thee Face to face

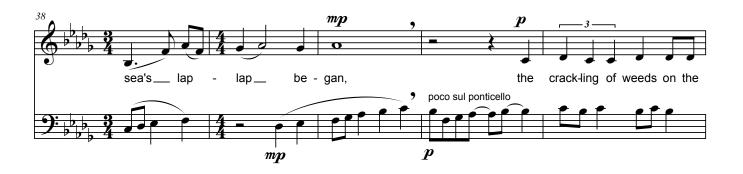
Still are the storms steady the sea Earth has now given its all to Thee.

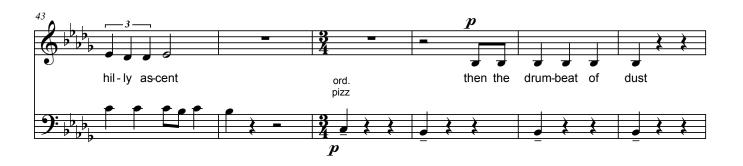
Nothing is lost but all is won the infinite ascent has now begun.

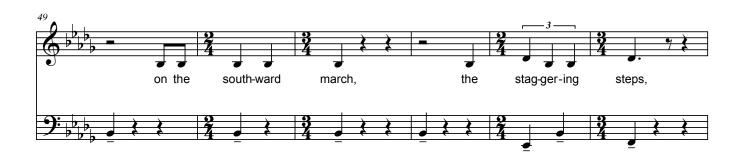
1. Listening



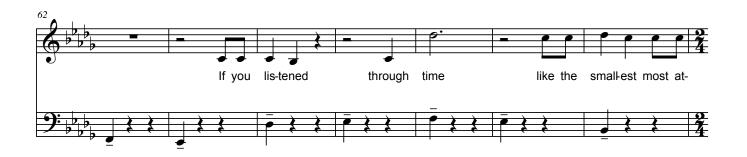


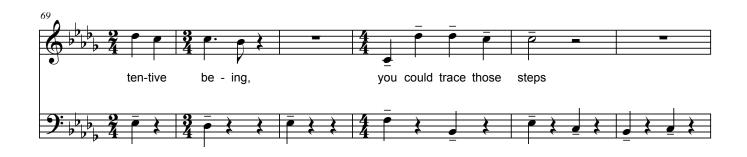






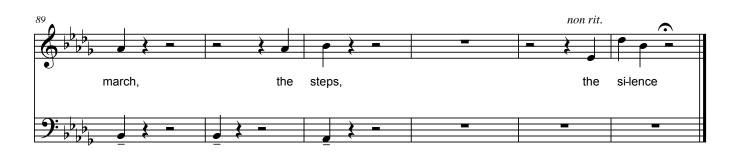












2. The Desert Fathers



