

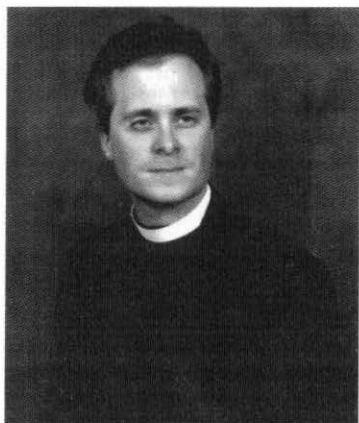
Remembering Father Louis

By Jeffrey Johnson

Two crewcut monks,
one over eighty in slippers,
the other past sixty with *Nikes*,
look like old coaches
except for their hickory-boned
knot-knuckled hands.

In a deep-mine voice
unpolished to the unction
of broadcast news
the older one says, *Imagine a hand.*
One can imagine it,
carved and loose strung.

*Now, if you can,
in the hand see a diamond.*
This poor working man
knows the carat and cut of light
held in amazement.
Father Louis was our diamond.



Jeffrey Johnson is a Lutheran pastor who has published poetry in *Anglican Theological Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, *First Things*, and several anthologies. He lives with his wife Kirsten and sons Matthew and Nathaniel in Sudbury, Massachusetts.