

# The Sun and the Moon

By Rachel M. Srubas

(for Rose Carol Taul)

*In Louisville, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, in the center of the shopping district, I was suddenly overwhelmed with the realization that I loved all those people. . . . There is no way of telling people that they are all walking around shining like the sun.*

Thomas Merton: *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*

Like Cassius Clay, himself,  
Walnut Street has been renamed  
Muhammad Ali Boulevard.  
Although gentrified today  
with cobbled walks and dainty signage,  
the juncture of Ali and Fourth beats on:  
it'll always be Louisville's  
disordered, downtown heart.

One mid-March, mid-century afternoon,  
Merton, having ventured from Gethsemani  
("the center of America"),  
found his own heart at this crossroads –  
found it floodlit with love for the burdened consumers,  
for all of us God-blessed, oblivious humans  
who walk around and shine on like the sun.

Tom shone on another decade.  
From the edgy confines of his hermitage,  
he looked beyond the monastery's walls  
to a world erupting with the possible,  
the brutal. He knew censers and censors,

and through it all, he lived for us  
"to know the Christ of the burnt men"  
until he died, smoldering and burnished, facing east.  
Lift up your eyes. You'll glimpse his face,  
shining like the moon over Trappist, Kentucky,  
reflecting the splendor of Christ in us,  
disclosing love's excellent ways.



Rachel M. Srubas

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**Rachel M. Srubas** serves as Director of Compassion Ministries for Rincon Congregational Church in Tucson, AZ; she is a Benedictine oblate whose writing has appeared in *The Christian Century*, *Theology Today*, *Praying*, *The Other Side*, *Spirit & Life*, and elsewhere.