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Patrick and I were friends for over forty years. We first met in New York City in 1978 at a conference on Thomas Merton held at Columbia University. Subsequently we would meet at Gethsemani or at various Merton tribal gatherings. Mostly, however, we spoke on the telephone, since as secretary to the abbot he had easy access to a phone. We would speak at least once a month over the decades, sometimes for business but always prefacing our calls with news from Notre Dame, since he never forgot his early years as a Holy Cross religious. A fair amount of my writing was due to Patrick's sending me books to review for *Cistercian Studies Quarterly* and,

at his invitation, when I edited the third volume of the Merton journals (1951-1960). If I were to single out a particular virtue of Patrick it would be his generosity. I always looked forward to his mailings with gifts of offprints or books as I appreciated the little bundle of Gethsemani goodies he would give me on my departure from my visits from the abbey. That generosity helps explain the vast web of friends that he had. I was always astounded as he spoke of the people with whom he corresponded or had as visitors at the abbey. Patrick loved his monastic community and did not stray from it often, except when duty called, but that did not exempt him from engaging in the apostolate of friendship about which Thomas Merton spoke in his correspondence with Pope John XXIII. He was the embodiment of the Cistercian charism of being a “lover of the Rule and the place.” After Patrick went to the infirmary to live, I would get updates on him and his health courtesy of Brother Christopher’s kind emails, as our phone conversations were out of the question. I would write him with some regularity and he would less regularly write me back. I could tell from his shaky handwriting (he had a fine hand) that he was not in the best of health. My Advent letter did not get a response so I intuited that his health was failing. When Chris sent me a message that Patrick had died I was sad but not surprised. Here is a curious truth: I remember Patrick in many settings – up at the Merton hermitage; at the guest dining room at the abbey; as a guest at our house on his way home from Kalamazoo; at Bellarmine College etc. But when I think of him I first of all think of him as standing in the monastic choir in his place and as a member of the schola. That memory is my best memory because it best sums up my friend Brother Patrick Hart: he was, above everything, a monk, who now is “standing before the throne and the Lamb robed in white” (Rev. 7:9).



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