

Long before I became a Merton Legacy Trustee, Tommie O’Callaghan introduced me to Brother Patrick Hart, as she did to so many wonderful people. Shortly after our introduction I asked Brother Patrick to help with a tour when I brought a group of Protestant friends to Gethsemani. I remember that day vividly. The sun shone, the green grass flourished, and Patrick was full of good cheer as he shepherded us to the hermitage and to Merton’s grave. We ended up in a conference room where Merton’s secretary, fielding questions, held forth with candor and a sly sense of humor. “Where do you get your money?” one person asked. “Cheese,” Brother Patrick responded, echoing Merton’s famous poem on “Chee\$e.” “What do you do all day?” “*Ora et labora*. We pray and we work.” Then, from a savvy questioner, “Did the CIA kill Merton?” Brother Patrick: “Merton was always a klutz, never to be trusted with machinery. He was accident prone. His death was just that, an accident.” Patrick’s death was less accidental and more a simple matter of aging. I last saw our hospitable friend during the 2016 Merton Scholars’ Retreat



Mary R. Somerville



**Mary Somerville, Brother Patrick,
Anne McCormick**

in a private dining room at Gethsemani. That night ITMS “Louie” Award winner Brother Patrick got photographed along with me, plus fellow Louie Award winners Anne McCormick and Jonathan Montaldo. Memories of the evening are hazy except for Brother Patrick’s radiant smile and his abiding sense of humor – which brings us to the present sense of loss or of heavenly gain. I envision Patrick communing with Merton, both of them smiling, encircled by choirs of angels, not really standing but, as in an Eastern icon, suspended mid-air.

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