SOME RENAISSANCE THEOLOGIANS worked hard at reconciling paganism with Judaism and Christianity. We have yet to achieve this detente that is essential to the life of soul. Fragments of our hearts and minds are located in the garden of Gethsemane and in the garden of Epicurus, on the zodiac of the Apostles and on the zodiac of the animals, in the wine of Dionysus and in the wine of the Eucharist, in the psalms of David and in the hymns of Homer.

It is not a matter of belonging to a religion or professing one’s faith, it is a matter of orientation in life and participation in its mysteries. We can all be pagan in our affirmation of all of life, Christian in our affirmation of communal love, Jewish in our affirmation of the sacredness of family, Buddhist in our affirmation of emptiness, and Taoist in our affirmation of paradox.

The new monk wears invisible robes. Thomas Merton travels across the globe, and in the home of Eastern monks, dies. Isn’t this a myth for our time about the resurrection of the monastic spirit!