

Requiescat in Pace: Matthew Kelty, OCSO (1915-2011)

By **Jeanne Doriot, SP**

For Father Matthew's Golden Jubilee
(February 26, 1960 – February 26, 2010)

Venturing inside Gethsemani
one winter day, you found yourself
in an unfamiliar world where some Voice
within had drawn you, despite yourself, to come:

“Begin in this holy place
to enter more deeply into Me,
to become Christ to your brothers
and to all you meet along the Way.”

And now, beyond years of psalms and tears
and joys, the Voice still speaks, inviting you
to rekindle the Light in another winter-wrapped world,
and be warmed by the joy of Jubilee.
As you remember and give thanks, the Voice
still reassures, “I am your God, your Light.”



Jeanne Doriot, SP

Jeanne Doriot, a Sister of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, IN, lives in Los Angeles, CA. She is an administrative assistant at Saint John's Health Center Foundation in Santa Monica. Her collection of poetry submitted toward her MA degree in creative writing from Indiana University was titled “Diving After Flame,” in honor of Thomas Merton. Her poetry and reviews have appeared in several publications, including *The Merton Seasonal* and *Cistercian Studies Quarterly*.

Dream

Monks came to visit
last night, processing in, then
dancing out again. . . .

A Matthew query
Waning like a moon,

Matthew leaves Gethsemani

behind. Or does he?

Too far away
Gethsemani bells
beckon from too far away
this year – but O! Next!

Panoramic View

and you, Matthew, no longer newly dead,
but still I find you, your white-hooded self
facing north, with tips of your black shoes
drawing me through the circling crowd to where you wait,
facing north toward Merton's hermitage one last time
while monks signal you with their farewell psalms, preparing to lift,
then turning, to lower you, facing till Resurrection the Abbey Church