

The Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Vanderbilt University
The Spring Semester of the 2022-2023 Academic Year
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**Finding God in All Creation:
The Sacramental Poetics of Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.**



Gerard M. Hopkins S.J.

28 July 1844 – 8 June 1889





June 30.
 on this day clouds were lovely oppo-
 site sun between 10 and 11 was a
 dishevelled cloud on page opposite.
 clouds were repeatedly formed in
 horizontal ribs. At a distance their
 straightness & line was wonderful.
 in passing overhead they were some-
 times



And they
 shapeless
 clouds
 pale and
 not strongly
 marked in
 reality.

Grey
 Horizon.
 Sun opposite.
 June 30.
 as in the (now) opposite page, ribs were
 stretched delicately & spirals twisted with
 lacy curves or honeycomb work, & laws
 of art were exquisitely concealed. Sun

Sprung Rhythm

from the folk-epic *Beowulf*

They called´ him Gren´del, // a de´mon grim´

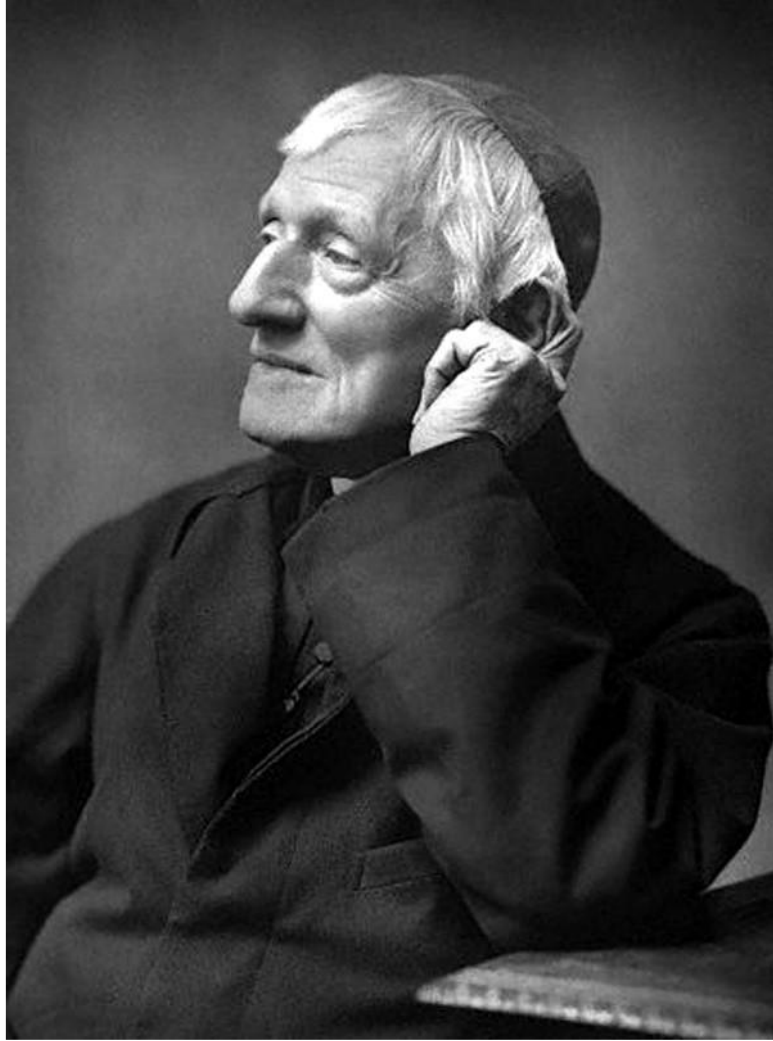








Gerard Hopkins, reflected in a lake.
Aug. 14.



John Henry Newman

1801 – 1890

“Pied Beauty”

~Gerard Manley Hopkins, S. J.

Glory be to God for dappled things –

For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;

For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches’ wings;

Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;

And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;

Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

Praise him.

“God’s Grandeur”

~Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.