

It is with the  
**Heart**  
that one sees rightly;  
what is essential is  
invisible to the  
**Eyes.**

- Antoine De Saint-Exupery

*Listening  
to the  
Heart*



Proudly presented by the Baha'i community of Adelaide

The Baha'i Faith celebrates the unity and diversity of the human family,  
the essential harmony of all religions and the oneness of the Universal Creator

## *Opening Music*

# LOVE IS THE KEY

O Friend

In the garden of thy heart plant naught but the rose of love, and from the nightingale of affection and desire loosen not thy hold. Treasure the companionship of the righteous and eschew all fellowship with the ungodly.

O Son of Justice

Whither can a lover go but to the land of his beloved? And what seeker findeth rest away from his heart's desire? To the true lover reunion is life, and separation is death. His breast is void of patience and his heart hath no peace. A myriad lives he would forsake to hasten to the abode of his beloved.

O Son of Being

Thy heart is my home, sanctify it for my descent. Thy spirit is my place of revelation; cleanse it for My descent.

—*Baha'u'llah, from the Baha'i Writings*

Even though I speak in human and angelic language - but I have no love - I am as noisy and brass as a clashing cymbal. And although I have the prophetic gift and see through every secret and through all that may be known, and have sufficient faith for the removal of mountains - but I have no love - I am nothing. And though I give all my belongings to feed the hungry and surrender my body to be burned - but I have no love - I am not in the least benefited.

Love endures long and is kind. Love is not jealous. Love is not out for display. It is not conceited or unmannerly. It is neither self-seeking, nor irritable, nor does it take account of a wrong that is suffered. It takes no pleasure in injustice but sides happily with truth. It bears everything in silence, has unquenchable faith, hopes under all circumstances; endures without limit. Love never fails. As for prophesying, they will pass away. As for tongues, they will cease. As for knowledge, it will lose its meaning. For our knowledge is fragmentary and so is our prophesying. But when the perfect is come then the fragmentary will come to an end.

When I was a child I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. But on becoming a man I was through with childish ways. For now we see indistinctly in a mirror, but then face to face. Now we know partly, but then we shall understand as completely as we are understood.

There remain then, faith, hope, love. These three; but the greatest of these is love.

—*The First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, from the Bible*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*William Shakespeare (1564-1616), Sonnet CXV*

All through eternity  
Beauty unveils His exquisite form  
in the solitude of nothingness;  
He holds a mirror to His Face  
and beholds His own beauty.  
he is the knower and the known,  
the seer and the seen;  
No eye but His own  
has ever looked upon this Universe.

His every quality finds an expression:  
Eternity becomes the verdant field of Time and Space;  
Love, the life-giving garden of this world.  
Every branch and leaf and fruit  
Reveals an aspect of His perfection-  
The cypress give hint of His majesty,  
The rose gives tidings of His beauty.  
Whenever Beauty looks,  
Love is also there;  
Whenever beauty shows a rosy cheek  
Love lights Her fire from that flame.

When beauty dwells in the dark folds of night  
Love comes and finds a heart  
entangled in tresses.  
Beauty and Love are as body and soul.  
Beauty is the mine, Love is the diamond.

They have together  
since the beginning of time-  
Side by side, step by step.

—*Rumi*

## *Musical Reflection*

# FOUR KINDS OF LOVE

There are four kinds of love. The first is the love that flows from God to man; it consists of the inexhaustible graces, the Divine effulgence and heavenly illumination. Through this love the world of being receives life. Through this love man is endowed with physical existence, until, through the breath of the Holy Spirit—this same love—he receives eternal life and becomes the image of the Living God. This love is the origin of all the love in the world of creation.

The second is the love that flows from man to God. This is faith, attraction to the Divine, enkindlement, progress, entrance into the Kingdom of God, receiving the Bounties of God, illumination with the lights of the Kingdom. This love is the origin of all philanthropy; this love causes the hearts of men to reflect the rays of the Sun of Reality.

The third is the love of God towards the Self or Identity of God. This is the transfiguration of His Beauty, the reflection of Himself in the mirror of His Creation. This is the reality of love, the Ancient Love, the Eternal Love. Through one ray of this Love all other love exists.

The fourth is the love of man for man. The love which exists between the hearts of believers is prompted by the ideal of the unity of spirits. This love is attained through the knowledge of God, so that men see the Divine Love reflected in the heart. Each sees in the other the Beauty of God reflected in the soul, and finding this point of similarity, they are attracted to one another in love.

This love will make all men the waves of one sea, this love will make them all the stars of one heaven and the fruits of one tree. This love will bring the realization of true accord, the foundation of real unity.

—*Abdu'l-Baha from the Baha'i Writings*

## *Musical Reflection*

# SPIRITUAL LOVE

## *Confucianism*

To Love all men is the greatest benevolence.

## *Buddhism*

Let a man cultivate towards the whole world a heart of love.

## *Hinduism*

One can best worship the Lord through love.

## *Zoroastrianism*

Man is the beloved of the Lord and should love Him in return.

## *Taoism*

Heaven arms with love those it would not see destroyed.

## *Sikhism*

God will regenerate those in whose hearts there is love.

## *Christian*

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

## *Judaism*

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself.

## *Islam*

Love is this, that thou shouldst account thyself very little and God very great.

## *Baha'i*

Love Me that I may love thee. If thou lovest Me not My love can in no wise reach thee.

## *Musical Reflection*

# THE VALLEY OF LOVE

Now is the traveller unaware of himself, and of aught besides himself. He seeth neither ignorance nor knowledge, neither doubt nor certitude; he knoweth not the morn of guidance from the night of error. He fleeth both from unbelief and faith, and deadly poison is a balm to him.

The steed of this Valley is pain; and if there be no pain this journey will never end. In this station the lover hath no thought save the Beloved, and seeketh no refuge save the Friend. At every moment he offereth a hundred lives in the path of the Loved One, at every step he throweth a thousand heads at the feet of the Beloved.

O My Brother! Until thou enter the Egypt of love, thou shalt never come to the Joseph of the Beauty of the Friend; and until, like Jacob, thou forsake thine outward eyes, thou shalt never open the eye of thine inward being; and until thou burn with the fire of love, thou shalt never commune with the Lover of Longing.

A lover feareth nothing and no harm can come nigh him: Thou seest him chill in the fire and dry in the sea. Love accepteth no existence and wisheth no life: He seeth life in death, and in shame seeketh glory. To merit the madness of love, man must abound in sanity; to merit the bonds of the Friend, he must be full of spirit. Blessed the neck that is caught in His noose, happy the head that falleth on the dust in the pathway of His love.

Wherefore, O friend, give up thy self that thou mayest find the Peerless One, pass by this mortal earth that thou mayest seek a home in the nest of heaven. Be as naught, if thou wouldst kindle the fire of being and be fit for the pathway of love.

—*Baha'u'llah, from the Baha'i Writings*

Spread love everywhere you go: first of all in your own house . . . Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness; kindness in your face, kindness in your eyes, kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting.

—*Mother Teresa*

# PEANUTS FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

Ten years ago the book *True Love* was published to benefit Habitat For Humanity. This was a collection of stories I gathered by sitting in front of coffee houses and taverns in Seattle with a sign that read, "Tell Me A Short Love Story and I Will Make You Famous." The response was overwhelming. Here's my favorite by Marilyn of Tacoma, Washington.

"This really is my mother's love story. I asked her to tell you, but she's too shy. It's too good not to pass on. It explains why my brother and I say we owe our existence to peanuts.

"When she graduated from high school my mother had everything going for her but one. She was pretty, smart, and came from a well-to-do family, but she was terminally shy, especially around men. Boys didn't take her out because she was so quiet. She went off to the same college her mother went to, and to please her mother she agreed to be rushed by her mother's sorority. At the first rush party she sat out of sight at one end of a room, in a corner by a table that had snacks on it. She ate a lot of peanuts out of nervousness.

"She began to notice a waiter, who seemed to be as shy as she. He never said anything, but he was taking care of her. He kept her glass filled with non-alcoholic punch, and he kept her peanut bowl full. From time to time their eyes met and they smiled at each other.

"When the dancing started and the party got rowdy, she walked into the kitchen and out the back door to escape. As she was going down the alley, she heard someone calling, 'Wait, wait, please wait.'

"It was the waiter running down the alley after her with a paper bag in his hands. They stood in awkward silence, just smiling. Then he reached into the bag, pulled out a whole can of peanuts and offered them to her. He said, 'I only wish these were pearls.'

"Well, one thing led to another. Twenty-five years later, on the silver anniversary of the marriage of my mother and the waiter (my father) he gave her a sterling silver jar marked 'peanuts.' She thought that was the gift and was really pleased. But there was more. When she lifted the lid, inside was a string of pearls.

"No gift ever pleased her more. She wore those pearls as her only jewellery for years. When my father was killed in a traffic accident, she put the silver peanut can in his coffin with him. I've never seen her wear the pearls since. I think I know where they are, but I'm too shy to ask."

This story also belongs to Marilyn's Dad. Chocolates and roses are nice, but sometimes, peanuts will do.

—*Robert Fulgham*

## *Musical Reflection*

The poor are great people.  
They don't need our sympathy.  
They aren't asking us to feel sorry for them.  
They are great people!  
They deserve our love!

Not long ago, some sisters and I went out and picked up four or five people off the streets. One of them was in terrible condition, so I told the sisters, "I'll take care of her." And I tried to do all that I could for her, all that my love of Jesus could do.

When I put her in bed, she took hold of my hand. There was a beautiful smile on her face. She said only, "Thank you!" And then she died.

She gave me much more than I ever given her, she gave me her grateful love. I couldn't help but examine myself, I said, "If I were she, what would I have done?" And my answer was sincere, "I would have tried to draw some attention to myself by saying, "I am hungry, I'm cold, I'm dying!"

But she had courage, and she had love to give to me, instead of keeping it to herself, instead of being focussed on herself. These are very admirable things!

—*Mother Teresa*

. . The more we desire to benefit others, the greater the strength and confidence we develop and the greater the peace and happiness we experience. If this still seems unlikely, it is worth asking ourselves how else we are to do so. With violence and aggression? Of course not. With money? Perhaps up to a point, but no further.

But with love, by sharing with others' suffering, by recognizing ourselves in all others— especially those who are disadvantaged and those whose rights are not respected— by helping them to be happy: yes. Through love, through kindness, through compassion we establish understanding between ourselves and others. This is how we forge unity and harmony.

Compassion and love are not mere luxuries. As the Source both of inner and external peace, they are fundamental to the continual survival of our species.

— *The Dalai Lama*

So far as ye are able, ignite a candle of love in every meeting, and with tenderness rejoice and cheer ye every heart. Care for the stranger as for one of your own; show to alien souls the same loving kindness ye bestow upon your faithful friends.

Should any come to blows with you, seek to be friends with him; should any stab you to the heart, be ye a healing salve unto his sores; should any taunt and mock at you, meet him with love.

Should any heap his blame upon you, praise ye him; should he offer you a deadly poison, give him the choicest honey in exchange; and should he threaten your life, grant him a remedy that will heal him evermore. Should he be pain itself, be ye his medicine; should he be thorns, be ye his roses and sweet herbs.

Perchance such ways and words from you will make this darksome world turn bright at last; will make this dusty earth turn heavenly, this devilish prison place become a royal palace of the Lord – so that war and strife will pass and be no more, and love and trust will pitch their tents on the summits of the world. Such is the essence of God's admonitions; such in sum are the teachings for the Dispensation of Bahá.

—*Abdu'l-Bahá, From the Bahá'í Writings*

*Musical Finale*

*join us* for the next program

**Sunday the 15th of March, 11am**  
Radford Auditorium,  
Art Gallery of South Australia