

In the Garden

Opening Music ~ Woodwind Quintet

Paths

- ~ Baha'u'llah, *from Baha'i Writings*
- ~ Malidoma Patrice Some: *West African*
- ~ Mandukya Upanishad
- ~ Leo Lionni *Frederick*
- ~ Eygenia Kleidara *Mother Superior*
- ~ Trans. F. Keshavarz *Reading Mystical Lyric*
- ~ Baha'u'llah, *from the Bahá'í Writings*

Music ~ Woodwind Quintet

Flowers

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- ~ Ernst Toller: *from poems of war*
- ~ Ibn Al-'Arabi *from Islamic tradition*
- ~ Dhammapada: *chap. VIII the thousands*
- ~ Hindu tradition *Parable of Sri Ramakrishna*
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Music ~ Woodwind Quintet

Arbors

- ~ William Faulkner
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Musical Finale ~ Woodwind Quintet

OPENING MUSIC
Woodwind Quintet

Paths

*“We may all come on different ships but we’re in the
same boat now”*

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

O Ye Dwellers in the Highest Paradise!

Proclaim unto the children of assurance that within the realms of holiness, nigh unto the celestial paradise, a new garden hath appeared, round which circle the denizens of the realm on high and the immortal dwellers of the exalted paradise. Strive, then, that ye may attain that station, that ye may unravel the mysteries of love from its wind-flowers and learn the secret of divine and consummate wisdom from its eternal from its eternal fruits. Solaced are the eyes of them that enter and abide therein!

O Children of Men!

Know ye not why We created you all from the same dust?
That no one should exalt himself over the other.
Ponder at all times in your hearts how ye were created. Since We have created you all from one same substance it is incumbent on you to be even as one soul,
to walk with the same feet,
eat with the same mouth and dwell in the same land,
that from your inmost being,
by your deeds and actions,
the signs of oneness and the essence of detachment may be made manifest.
Such is My counsel to you,
O concourse of light!
Heed ye this counsel that ye may obtain the fruit of holiness from the tree of wondrous glory.

O Son of Being

Thou art My lamp and My light is in thee.
Get thou from it thy radiance and seek none other than Me. For I have created thee rich
and have bountifully shed My favour upon thee.

Bahá'u'lláh from Bahá'í Writings

“Shamanic processes in Africa are so life-orientated that basically they’re not interested in escaping the Karmic grip of the moment. They are interested in making the moment feel like paradise. They are interested in enjoying the present and the core of that interest is a desire to stretch life in this present plane. And this is why shamanic processes are more worldly than otherworldly. So, when someone goes to the other world he’s looking for recipes to bring back into this world to make it more pleasurable here.

“You go to the village and basically, by the kind of standards you live by, you realize these people are miserable. But when you get closer you realize that they have the most magical things in the world. And then you start saying ‘Hey, maybe this is why they’re not interested in the kind of pursuits that occupies our day to day life in the West.’ Because the amount of joy they are able to wield with close to nothing is unbelievable. I wouldn’t have known it if I didn’t have a little distance from it. So I could look down upon it and realize that this capacity comes from a nonmaterial perception of Life which uses Spirit as an exciting tool to enjoy the present.

Malidoma Patrice Some: *West African Dagara Tradition*
(*Shamanism*)

He is the same Self of the AUM taken in syllables—
the ‘A’, and the ‘U’, and the ‘M’ viewed as letters;
the Aspects (correspond to) the letters
and the letters (to) the Aspects.

The *Waker*,
whose sphere is the Waking State,
is ‘A’,
the first letter,
because he pervades all and is the first;
he who knows this (Aspect) truly fulfils all desires
and becomes the first (of all).

The *Dreamer*,
whose sphere is dream,
is the ‘U’ the second letter,
because it excels or comes in the middle;
he who knows this (Aspect)
certainly excels in knowledge and becomes equal to all,
(for) none is born into his family ignorant of God.

The *Sleeper*,
whose sphere is (Deep) Sleep,
is the third letter ‘M’,
because it is both the measure and that wherein all become one;
he who knows this,
the Fourth (Aspect) soundless,
transcendent, unmanifest,
still, blissful, secondless,
the very (utterance of) the AUM—
the self who knows This
enters the SELF by means of the self (alone).

Mandukya Upanishad

FREDERICK by Leo Lionni

All along the meadow where the cows grazed and the horses ran, there was an old stone wall. In that wall, not far from the barn and the granary, a chatty family of field mice had their home.

But the farmers had moved away, the barn was abandoned, and the granary stood empty. And since winter was not far off, the little mice began to gather corn and nuts and wheat and straw. They all worked day and night. All—except Frederick.

“Frederick, why don’t you work?” they asked. “I *do* work,” said Frederick. “I gather sun rays for the cold dark winter days.”

And when they saw Frederick sitting there, staring at the meadow, they said, “And now, Frederick?” “I gather colours,” answered Frederick simply. “For winter is gray.”

And once Frederick seemed half asleep. “Are you dreaming, Frederick?” they asked reproachfully. But Frederick said, “Oh no, I am gathering words. For the winter days are long and many, and we’ll run out of things to say.”

The winter days came, and when the first snow fell the five little field mice took to their hideout in the stones. In the beginning there was lots to eat, and the mice told stories of foolish foxes and silly cats. They were a happy family.

But little by little they had nibbled up most of the nuts and berries, the straw was gone, and the corn was only a memory. It was cold in the wall and no one felt like chatting.

Then they remembered what Frederick had said about sun rays and colours and words. “What about *your supplies*, Frederick?” they asked.

“Close your eyes,” said Frederick, as he climbed on a big stone. “Now I send you the rays of the sun. Do you feel how their golden glow . . .” And as Frederick spoke of the sun the four little mice began to feel warmer. Was it Frederick’s voice? Was it magic?

“And how about the colours, Frederick?” they asked anxiously. “Close your eyes again,” Frederick said. And when he told them of the blue periwinkles, and the red poppies in the yellow wheat, and the green leaves of the berry bush, they saw the colours as clearly as if they had been painted in their minds.

“And the words, Frederick?” Frederick cleared his throat, waited a moment, and then, as if from a stage, he said:

“Who scatters snowflakes? Who melts the ice? Who spoils the weather? Who makes it nice? Who grows the four-leaf clovers in June? Who dims the daylight? Who lights the moon?

Four little field mice who live in the sky.
Four little field mice like you and I.

One is the Spring mouse who turns on the showers. Then comes the Summer who paints in the flowers. The Fall mouse is next with walnuts and wheat. And winter is last . . . With little cold feet.

Aren’t we lucky the seasons are four? Think of a year with one less . . . or one more!”

When Frederick had finished, they all applauded. “But Frederick,” they said, “you are a poet!”

Frederick blushed, took a bow, and said shyly, “I know it.”

We all know that the soul at its highest elevation has the vision of a superior and immaterial reality. Besides, since ‘discernment is the souls ability’, is it possible to reject the existence of the soul?

The more one is ascending, the more he is seeking to reach perfection. Man finds his spiritual freedom when he prevails upon himself. The unbuilt Light, the mystic and invisible power, elevates him high and he feels the breath of Infinity.

Eygenia Kleidara

Mother Superior of St Raphael's Holy Monestary Thermi Mytilini Greece

Indeed, O Brother, if we ponder each created thing, we shall witness a myriad perfect wisdoms and learn a myriad new and wondrous truths. One of the created phenomena is the dream. Behold how many secrets are deposited therein, how many wisdoms treasured up, how many worlds concealed. Observe, how thou art asleep in a dwelling, and its doors are barred; on a sudden thou findest thyself in a far-off city, which thou enterest without moving thy feet or wearing thy body; without using thine eyes, thou seest; without taxing thine ears, thou hearest; without a tongue, thou speakest. And perchance when ten years are gone, thou wilt witness in the outer world the very thing thou hast dreamed tonight.

Now there are many wisdoms to ponder in the dream. . . First, what is this world, where without eye and ear and hand and tongue a man puts all of these to use? Second, how is it that in the outer world thou seest today the effect of a dream, when thou didst vision it in the world of sleep some ten years past? Consider the difference between these two worlds and the mysteries which they conceal, that thou mayest attain to divine confirmations and heavenly discoveries and enter the regions of holiness.

God, the Exalted, hath placed these signs in men, to the end that philosophers may not deny the mysteries of the life beyond nor belittle that which hath been promised them.

Baha'u'llah, from the Bahá'í Writings

MUSIC
Woodwind Quintet

Flowers

*“What wisdom can you find that is greater than
kindness?”*

Jean Jacques Rousseau

Consort with the followers of all religions in a spirit of friendliness and fellowship. Whatsoever hath led the children of men to shun one another, and hath caused dissensions and divisions amongst them, hath through the revelation of these words, been nullified and abolished . . .

Of old it hath been revealed: “Love of one’s country is an element of the Faith of God.” The Tongue of Grandeur hath, however in the day of His manifestation proclaimed:

“It is not his to boast who loveth his country, but it is his who loveth the world.”

Through the power released by these exalted words He hath lent a fresh impulse, and set a new direction, to the birds of men’s hearts, and hath obliterated every trace of restriction and limitation from God’s holy book.

—

If thine eyes be turned toward mercy, forsake the things that profit thee, and cleave unto that which will profit mankind. And if thine eyes be turned toward justice, choose thou for thy neighbour that which thou choosest for thyself.

Bahá'u'lláh *from Bahá'í Writings*

TO THE LIVING

Not for you
Is mourning
Not for you
Is rest,
The legacy's yours
That is soaked
In the blood from the hearts of your Brothers,
For you
Is the future-creating Deed.

Time
Presses you down
In the depths
Fling wide
To a joyfuller morning
The gates!

Ernst Toller: *from poems of war*

All is contained in the Divine Breath,
As is light in the darkness before dawn.
Knowledge transmitted by proof
Is like the dawn to one half drowsing.
He perceives what we speak of as in a dream,
But that gives him a clue to the Breath.

Ibn Al-'Arabi

Even though a speech be a thousand (of words), but made up of senseless words, one word of sense is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

Even though a Gatha (poem) be a thousand (of words) one word of a Gatha is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

Though a man recite a hundred Gathas made of senseless words, one word of the law is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a Gandharva, not Mara with Brahman could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint.

DHAMMAPADA: *from* chap. *VIII the thousands*

A man sitting under the shade of the Kalpa-vrikasha (wishing tree) wished to be a king, and in an instant he was a king. The next moment he wished to have a charming damsel, and the damsel was instantly by his side. The man then thought within himself, if a tiger came and devoured him, and alas! in an instant he was in the jaws of a tiger! God is like that wishing tree: whoever in His presence thinks that he is destitute and poor, remains as such, but he who thinks and believes that the Lord fulfils all his wants, receives everything from Him.

Parable of Sri Ramakrishna

A Zen master asked a student, “Where is your mind?”
The student said, “When I perceive my thoughts, it is as if someone were speaking inside my head. So my mind must be in my head.”

The master motioned for the student to approach him. When the student stood right in front of him, the master banged his fist down on the student’s big toe and said, “now where is your mind?”

Zen anecdote quoted in ‘Zen Golf ‘ by Dr Joseph Parent

To conceive of God is difficult; and to describe Him is impossible, even if one is able to conceive Him. For it is not easy for that which is imperfect to comprehend that which is perfect, and it is hard for that which is of short duration to have dealings with that which is everlasting. The one ever is, the other passes; the one is real, the other is but shadowed from sense picturing. So widely is that which is mortal separated from that which is divine. And the wide interval between them dims man’s vision of the Beautiful. With our eyes we can see bodies; but that which is incorporeal and invisible and without shape, and is not composed of matter, cannot be apprehended by senses such as ours...

Hermes Trismegistus: Stobaeus Hermetica

MUSIC
Woodwind Quintet

Arbours

“I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still
believe that people are really good at heart”

Anne Frank

I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among the creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of kindness and compassion.

William Faulkner

My beloved Brethren, we must provide discreetly
for the wants of our Brother the Body,
lest we become overwhelmed with sadness and
weakness.

The servant of God
should satisfy his body with moderation in
eating, drinking, sleeping, and its other necessities,
so that it may not grow weary of watching
and of persevering reverently in prayer.
We must not give Brother Body cause to murmur,
saying 'I perish with hunger,
therefore I cannot bear the burdens you put upon me:
I cannot remain upright and in respectful posture
during your long prayers:
I cannot rejoice in my tribulations,
nor can I do good to others,
because you do not supply me with what is necessary.'

Saint Francis of Assisi

This is indeed a power world. Great forces are at play—the sun, the wind, night, day—they are big things and do big things in nature. Electricity, gravitation, are strong forces that forge the earth, with all its beauty, its life, its growth. We humans are subjected to strong forces too. Love, hate, passion, sorrow, pain—they act on us and spur us on, that develop our qualities and give us colour and individuality.

Why should we want to shun and abolish some of the factors that bring out the best in us, that temper our steel, that teach us to value happiness at its true worth? Can a man who had never been hungry in all his life know what a piece of bread means, and savour all its sweetness, as a man who has starved can? If we must go through life denying the existence of pain and suffering, or refusing to experience their keenness because we pad ourselves with foolish mental attitudes of psychological opiates, we shall grow to be a race lacking depth, lacking sensitivity, devoid of strong moral fibre. The blade of our soul will become dull.

Ruhiyyih Rabbani: *from Prescription for Living*

Sir Edmund Hillary

"In some ways I believe I epitomise the average New Zealander: I have modest abilities, I combine these with a good deal of determination, and I rather like to succeed." These typically modest words were uttered by the most famous living New Zealander – a sporting and adventure hero, who scaled heights and reached places where no human being had gone before.

He conquered Mount Everest and the South Pole and captured a world's imagination. Yet where others would have been content to admire the view, look down and bask in the sheer individuality of achievement, for Sir Edmund Hillary it was only the beginning of a lifetime of service to others.

Hillary was never the sort to be able to accept the profession of full-time celebrity. He had higher ideals than that. His travels in Nepal and friendship with Tenzing had given him a deep appreciation of Nepalese culture and people. Yet he was not so blinded by the romantic beauty of the landscape to overlook the very real social problems that Nepalese people faced, living in a small, poor country dwarfed by two huge nations.

Hillary recalled how an elderly Sherpa from Khumjung village, the hometown of most of the Sherpas on his Everest ascent, had come to him a few years after that expedition and said, "Our children lack education. They are not prepared for the future. What we need more than anything is a school in Khumjung." What the Nepalese needed was practical help, to be able to help themselves improve their standards of education and health.

Hillary established the Himalayan Trust, and in 1961 a three room school-house was built in Khumjung with funds raised by the tireless mountaineer. Throughout the 1960's Hillary's commitment to Nepal broadened as he returned there to help the Nepalese build clinics, hospitals and more schools. Over the next four decades, Hillary worked to raise the funds and help set up over 30 schools, two hospitals and 12 medical clinics. He also raised the funds to build two airstrips in Nepal to make it easier to bring in supplies.

"I have never felt sorry for the Sherpas , and I have never tried to impose projects on them. These are all things that the local people wanted, and we just responded. Every time we finish one project we get more requests."

Although preferring the quiet life, Hillary's fame was the ticket to fundraising and, into his ninth decade, he spends more than half the year travelling the world from his New Zealand home, raising money for the trust and supervising the various projects undertaken with the funds he's raised.

A good walker leaves no tracks;
A good speaker makes no slips;
A good reckoner needs no tally.
A good door needs no lock,
Yet no one can open it.
Good binding requires no knots,
Yet no one can loosen it.
Therefore the sage takes care of all men
And abandons no one.
He takes care of all things
And abandons nothing.

Lao Tsu: *Tao Te Ching*

○ Great Spirit,
Whose voice I hear in the winds,
And whose breath gives life to all the world,
hear me!
Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes
ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make
my hands respect the things you have made
and my ears sharp to hear your voice.
Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in
every leaf and rock.
I seek strength, not to be greater than
my brother, but to fight my greatest
enemy – myself.
Make me always ready to come to you with
clean hands and straight eyes.
So when life fades, as the fading sunset, my
spirit may come to you without shame.

Native American

From the Tablet of Ridvan

Hear Me, ye mortal birds!
In the Rose Garden of changeless splendour a Flower
hath begun to bloom,
compared to which every other flower is but a thorn,
and before the brightness of Whose glory the
very essence of beauty must pale and wither.
Arise, therefore and,
with the whole enthusiasm of your hearts,
with all the eagerness of your soul,
the full fervour of your will,
and the concentrated efforts of your entire being,
strive to attain the paradise of His presence,
and endeavour to inhale the fragrance of the
incorruptible Flower,
To breathe the sweet savours of holiness,
and to obtain a portion of this perfume of celestial
glory.
Who so followeth this counsel will break his chains
asunder,
will taste the abandonment of enraptured love,
will attain unto his heart's desire,
and will surrender his soul into the hands of his
Beloved.
Bursting through his cage, he will, even as the bird of
the spirit,
wing his flight to his holy and everlasting nest.

Baha'u'llah *From the Baha'i Writings*

O Thou kind God! In the utmost state of humility and submission do we entreat and supplicate at Thy threshold, seeking Thine endless confirmations and illimitable assistance. O Thou Lord! Regenerate these souls, and confer upon them a new life. Animate the spirits, inform the hearts, open the eyes, and make the ears attentive. From Thine ancient treasury confer a new being and animus, and from Thy pre-existent abode assist them to attain to new confirmations.

O God! Verily, the world is in need of reformation. Bestow upon it a new existence. Give it newness of thoughts, and reveal unto it heavenly sciences. Breathe into it a fresh spirit, and grant unto it a holier and higher purpose.

O God! Verily, Thou hast made this century radiant, and in it Thou hast manifested Thy merciful effulgence. Thou hast effaced the darkness of superstitions and permitted the light of assurance to shine.

O God! Grant that these servants may be acceptable at Thy threshold. Reveal a new heaven, and spread out a new earth for habitation. Let a new Jerusalem descend from on high. Bestow new thoughts, new life upon mankind. Endow souls with new perceptions, and confer upon them new virtues. Verily, Thou art the Almighty, the Powerful. Thou art the Giver, the Generous.

'Abdu'l-Baha from Baha'i Writings

MUSICAL FINALE

Woodwind Quintet

Please join us for refreshments after the program