

*Angelic Spirit*

OPENING MUSIC - GOLONKA

***KNOW THYSELF***

- ~ **Baha'i *Bahá'í Writings***
- ~ **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**
- ~ **Margaret Sangster**
- ~ **St. John of the Cross**
- ~ **Maya Angelou**
- ~ **Pablo Picasso**
- ~ **Nathaniel Hawthorne**
- ~ **Baha'i *Bahá'í Writings***

MUSIC - GOLONKA

***SHOW MERCY***

- ~ **Buddhism *Itivuttakas 65 & 25***
- ~ **Shirley Huie *From The Forgotten Ones***
- ~ **Navajo Prayer**
- ~ **Edgar Allan Poe**

MUSIC - GOLONKA

***GIVE COMFORT***

- ~ **Baha'i *Bahá'í Writings***
- ~ **Mother Teresa of Calcutta**
- ~ ***Dhammapada - Sayings of the Buddha***
- ~ **Lord Byron**
- ~ **Veronica M. Hay**
- ~ ***Qu-ran***

MUSIC - GOLONKA

**OPENING MUSIC—GOLONKA**

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*Know Thyself*

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Intone, O My servant,  
the verses of God that have been received by thee,  
as intoned by them who have drawn nigh unto Him,  
that the sweetness of thy melody may kindle thine own soul,  
and attract the hearts of all men.

Whoso reciteth in the privacy of his chamber,  
the verses revealed by God,  
the scattering angels of the Almighty  
shall scatter abroad the fragrance of the words uttered by his  
mouth, and shall cause the heart of every righteous man to  
throb.

Though he may, at first, remain unaware of its effect,  
yet the virtue of the grace vouchsafed unto him  
must needs sooner or later exercise its influence upon his soul.

Thus have the mysteries of the Revelation of God been decreed  
by virtue of the Will of Him Who is the Source  
of power and wisdom.

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

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For, who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long after, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroken;

And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Inspiration is a fragile thing... just a breeze,  
touching the green foliage of a city park,  
just a whisper from the soul of a friend.  
Just a line of verse clipped from some book.

Inspiration... who can say where it is born,  
and why it leaves us?  
Who can tell the reasons for its being or not being?  
Only this... I can think.

Inspiration comes from the Heart of Heaven  
to give the lift of wings,  
and the breath of divine music to those of us who are earthbound.

*Margaret Sangster*

A man, then, should rejoice,  
not when he has such graces and makes use of them,  
but when he reaps from them the second spiritual fruit, namely that of serving God in them with true charity, for herein is the fruit of eternal life.

*St. John of the Cross, from Ascent of Mount Carmel*

A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer, it sings because it has a song.

*Maya Angelou*

Everyone wants to understand painting. Why is there no attempt to understand the song of the birds?

*Pablo Picasso*

Happiness is a butterfly, which when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

O SON OF SPIRIT!

The bird seeketh its nest; the nightingale the charm of the rose; whilst those birds, the hearts of men, content with transient dust, have strayed far from their eternal nest, and with eyes turned towards the slough of heedlessness are bereft of the glory of the divine presence. Alas! How strange and pitiful; for a mere cupful, they have turned away from the billowing seas of the Most High, and remained far from the most effulgent horizon.

*Bahá'u'lláh, from The Hidden Words*

MUSIC—GOLONKA

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*Show Mercy*

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There are three kinds of persons existing in the world: one is like a drought, one who rains locally, and one who pours down everywhere.

How is a person like a drought? He gives nothing to all alike, not giving food and drink, clothing and vehicles, flowers, scents, and unguents, bed, lodging, and light, neither to recluses and Brahmins nor to wretched and needy beggars. In this way, a person is like a drought.

How is a person like a local rainfall? He is a giver to some, but to others he gives not. . . In this way, a person is like a local rainfall.

How does a person rain down everywhere? He gives to all be they recluses and Brahmins or wretched, needy beggars; he is a giver of food and drink, clothing . . . Lodging and lights. In this way a person rains down everywhere.

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If beings knew as I know, the result of giving and sharing, they would not eat without having given, nor would they allow the stain of meanness to obsess them and take root in their minds. Even if it were their last morsel, their last mouthful, they would not eat without having shared it, if there were someone to share it with. But, Bhikkhus, as beings do not know, as I know, the result of giving and sharing, they eat without having given, and the stain of meanness obsesses them and takes root in their minds.

Buddhism *Itivuttakas* 65 & 25

We all came to an agreement that the doctors would get a larger ration as they were called upon day and night and we couldn't afford to lose them. Dr. Engel refused to accept our offer and I still remember her words clearly, "Take your food! I wouldn't dream of it. It is your only medicine. The rations as they are now are only barely enough to keep you alive. If you are going to splinter it by taking a little away from all to feed one a bit better, you are writing your own death sentence."

Dr Engel looked a little like Madame Curie with light grey, almost white curly hair, pulled back from her ears into a tight knot at the nape of her neck. Her strict coiffure was unable to control a few wayward curls from tumbling out, as resistant to restraint as herself. Only tiny, she had the heart of a lion. Her clear blue eyes shone with intense determination when she was on a job and the force of her personality could get failing and downhearted women up on their toes again. When necessary she could be soft and compassionate but I have seen those blue eyes turn to hardened steel when the occasion warranted it. She had a quick sharp wit and could lash out with it mercilessly.

The most common and dangerous illness in those days was self-pity. She looked on this with despair and tried to root it out whenever she observed it by showing us our responsibilities to ourselves and to others. It was she who dragged me out of a deep, dark, nervous breakdown and made me useful again. Her energy was boundless and to herself she was pitiless. These qualities fired all those who worked around her. She never walked if she could help it and ran all day long and half the night too sometimes. Her way of running was characteristic of her spirit. She took off with one shoulder higher than the other as though sprinting from a starter's block in the Olympic Games.

If a patient, child or adult, was in danger she never left their side during the battle against her biggest enemy, death, and she didn't take defeat lightly. Every patient she lost took a little bit of herself with them. This stubborn little woman wouldn't go down for a prison guard either.

I can never forget one awful moment when she stood before a high-ranking officer and looked him straight in the eye . . . She had just moved quickly past him to attend to a fainting woman and had neglected to bow, a terrible offence. He slapped her hard in the face and without hesitation she slapped him back, with equal force. His face took on an ugly, purple colour and he drew his sword. As quick as lightning she grabbed it and pulled it from his hands. Who would have expected such an action from this tiny, grey-haired, tired, little woman? Certainly not this officer. He stood there stunned for a moment and then ordered his guards to lock her up.

They took her away and beat her mercilessly. They kicked her about the body and head but they didn't break her. . . . She was taken away and for months we heard nothing of her fate except vague reports that she was still alive. Then Tenno Haika had his birthday and we were allowed to make a wish. They expected us to ask for extra food but almost without exception we requested that Dr Engel be brought back to us.

To our great surprise the wish was granted. . . .She told us she could have given up by banging her head against the wall at any time but had forced herself to keep going by pretending she was doing her ordinary work. Now she gradually started eating again but refused to rest and carried on almost as though she had never left us.

Shirley Huie From *The Forgotten Ones*

It was the wind that gave them life.  
It is the wind that comes out of our  
mouths now  
that gives us life.

When this ceases to blow we die.  
In the skin at the tips of our fingers  
we see the trail of the wind;  
it shows us the wind blew  
when our ancestors were created.

*Navajo Prayer*

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow

You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,

In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand

How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep - while I weep!

O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?

Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

*Edgar Allan Poe*

**MUSIC—GOLONKA**

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*Give Comfort*

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O God! O God! This is a broken-winged bird and his flight is very slow - assist him so that he may fly toward the apex of prosperity and salvation, wing his way with the utmost joy and happiness throughout the illimitable space, raise his melody in Thy Supreme Name in all the regions, exhilarate the ears with this call, and brighten the eyes by beholding the signs of guidance.

O Lord! I am single, alone and lowly. For me there is no support save Thee, no helper except Thee and no sustainer beside Thee. Confirm me in Thy service, assist me with the cohorts of Thy angels, make me victorious in the promotion of Thy Word and suffer me to speak out Thy wisdom amongst Thy creatures. Verily, Thou art the helper of the weak and the defender of the little ones, and verily Thou art the Powerful, the Mighty and the Unconstrained.

*‘Abdu’l-Bahá , from the Bahá’í Writings*

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 had 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’m 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 focused on herself. These are very admirable things!

Mother Teresa of Calcutta

The scent of flowers cannot travel against the wind, and nor can that of sandalwood or jasmine, but the fragrance of the good does travel against the wind, and a good man perfumes the four quarters of the earth...

Like a beautiful, fragrant lotus, springing up on a pile of rubbish thrown out on the highway, so a disciple of the Enlightened One stands out among rubbish-like and blinded ordinary people by virtue of his wisdom...

*Dhammapada - Sayings of the Buddha*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee...

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,  
A fine extension of the faculties,  
Platonic, universal, wonderful,  
Drawn from the stars, and filtered through the skies,  
Without which life would be extremely dull...

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now.  
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

Lord Byron

## What Do Angels Look Like?

Like the little old lady who returned your wallet yesterday.  
Like the taxi driver who told you that your eyes light up the world, when you smile.

Like the small child who showed you the wonder in simple things.  
Like the poor man who offered to share his lunch with you.  
Like the rich man who showed you it really is all possible,  
if only you believe.

Like the stranger who just happened to come along,  
when you had lost your way.  
Like the friend who touched your heart, when you didn't think you had one left to touch.

Angels come in all sizes and shapes, all ages and skin types.  
Some with freckles, some with dimples, some with wrinkles,  
some without. They come disguised as friends, enemies, teachers, students,  
lovers and fools.

They don't take life too seriously, They travel light.  
They leave no forwarding address,  
They ask for nothing in return.  
They wear sneakers with gossamer wings,  
They get a deal on dry cleaning.  
They are hard to find when your eyes are closed,  
But they are everywhere you look when you choose to see.

Veronica M. Hay

Whatsoever good you expend is for par-  
ents and kinsmen,  
orphans,  
the needy,  
and the traveller;  
and whatever good you may do,  
God has knowledge of it.

Qu'ran

## **MUSIC—GOLONKA**

*Please join us for refreshments*