



## Program — Sacred Heart February

“In the garden of thy heart plant naught but the rose of Love...”

*Baha'u'llah*

It  
Is with the  
Heart that one sees  
Rightly;  
What is essential is  
Invisible to the  
Eyes.

*Antone De Saint-Exupery*  
‘The Little Prince’

### Sacred Heart

The Word of God is the king of words and its pervasive influence is incalculable... The Great Being saith: The Word is the master key for the whole world, inasmuch as through its potency the doors of the hearts of men, which in reality are the doors of heaven, are unlocked... It is an ocean inexhaustible in riches, comprehending all things.

*Divine Therapy, p194*

### Pearls of wisdom from *The Hidden Words*:

O BEFRIENDED STRANGER!

The candle of thine heart is lighted by the hand of My power, quench it not with the contrary winds of self and passion. The healer of all thine ills is remembrance of Me, forget it not. Make My love thy treasure and cherish it even as thy very sight and life.

O SON OF MAN!

Rejoice in the gladness of thine heart, that thou mayest be worthy to meet Me and to mirror forth My beauty.

O SON OF SPIRIT!

My first counsel is this: Possess a pure, kindly and radiant heart, that thine may be a sovereignty ancient, imperishable and everlasting.

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 manifestation.

O SON OF DUST!

All that is in heaven and earth I have ordained for thee, except the human heart, which I have made the habitation of My beauty and glory; yet thou didst give my home and dwelling to another than Me; and whenever the manifestation of My holiness sought His own abode, a stranger found He there, and, homeless, hastened unto the sanctuary of the Beloved. Notwithstanding I have concealed thy secret and desired not thy shame.

\* \* \* \*

Create in me a pure heart, O my God, and renew a tranquil conscience within me, O my Hope! Through the spirit of power confirm Thou me in Thy Cause, O my Best-Beloved, and by the light of Thy glory reveal unto me Thy path, O Thou the Goal of my desire! Through the power of Thy transcendent might lift me up unto the heaven of Thy holiness, O Source of my being, and by the breezes of Thine eternity gladden me, O Thou Who art my God! Let Thine everlasting melodies breathe tranquillity on me, O my Companion, and let the riches of Thine ancient countenance deliver me from all except Thee, O my Master, and let the tidings of the revelation of Thine incorruptible Essence bring me joy, O Thou Who art the manifest of the manifest and the most hidden of the hidden!

*Bahá'u'lláh*

### **In My Heart**

*Listen!*

Listen, my heart, to the whispering of the world.  
That is how it makes love to you.

My heart beats in waves  
on the shore of the world  
And writes its name in tears  
with these words: "I love you."

*Rabindranath Tagore*

\* \* \* \*

Mister man  
Have you looked at your face  
Like mine that is mirrored in land  
Yours reflects only on pools  
My image goes deep in the sand  
The soil and the rocks and the trees  
The souls of my people are here  
The birds and the clouds and the breeze  
The sun and the moon and the stars  
Talk to me are of me they dwell  
Inside me they each are a part  
Of me they live in my heart  
All things all created by God  
Are in me this whole universe  
Are of me – we speak and we cry  
We talk and we dance and we sing  
And I bring them gifts of my soul  
Of my love God has bidden me bring

Mister man  
If perchance you do find  
The essence the life force in land  
All giving expression to self  
To soul-force then you'll understand  
The God-soul in all things around  
This essence of life then you live  
Then indeed, Mister man, you do live.

*Kevin Gilbert, 'Mister Man' 1978*

### **From Leunig's The Prayer Tree:**

We search and we search and yet find no meaning.  
The search for a meaning leads to despair.  
And when we are broken the heart finds its moment  
To fly and to feel and to work as it will  
Through the darkness and mystery and wild contradiction.  
For this is its freedom, its need and its calling;  
This is its magic, its strength and its knowing.  
To heal and make meaning while we walk or lie dreaming;  
To give birth to love within our surrender;  
To mother our faith, our spirit and yearning;  
While we stumble in darkness the heart makes our meaning  
And offers it into our life and creation  
That we may give meaning to life and creation  
For we only give meaning we do not find meaning:  
The thing we can't find is the thing we shall give.  
To make love complete and to honour creation.

\* \* \* \*

### ***An Uncommon Thought on Common Things* by Robert Fulghum**

In the Solomon Islands in the South Pacific some villagers practice a unique form of logging. If a tree is too large to be felled with an axe, the natives cut it down by yelling at it. (*Can't lay my hands on the article, but I swear I read it.*) Woodsmen with special powers creep up on a tree just at dawn and suddenly scream at it at the top of their lungs. They continue this for thirty days. The tree dies and falls over. The theory is that the hollering kills the spirit of the tree. According to the villagers, it always works.

Ah, those poor naïve innocents. Such quaintly charming habits of the jungle. Screaming at trees, indeed. How primitive. Too bad they don't have the advantages of modern technology and the scientific mind.

Me? I yell at my wife. And yell at the telephone and the lawn mower. And yell at the TV and the newspaper and my children. I've even been known to shake my fist and yell at the sky at times.

Man next door yells at his car a lot. And this summer I heard him yell at a stepladder for most of an afternoon. We modern, urban, educated folks yell at traffic and umpires and bills and banks and machines – especially machines. Machines and relatives get most of the yelling.

Don't know what good it does. Machines and things just sit there. Even kicking doesn't always help. As for people, well, the Solomon Islanders may have a point. Yelling at living things does tend to kill the spirit in them. Sticks and stones may break our bones, but words will break our hearts....

\* \* \* \*

Split the atom's heart, and lo!  
Within it thou wilt find a sun.

*Qur'an 41:53*

There was once a lover who sighed for long years in separation from his beloved, and wasted in the fire of remoteness. From the rule of love, his heart was empty of patience, and his body weary of his spirit; he reckoned life without her as a mockery, and time consumed him away. How many a day he found no rest in longing for her; how many a night the pain of her kept him from sleep; his body was worn to a sigh, his heart's wound had turned him to a cry of

sorrow. He had given a thousand lives for one taste of the cup of her presence, but it availed him not. The doctors knew no cure for him, and companions avoided his company; yea, physicians have no medicine for one sick of love, unless the favour of the beloved one deliver him.

At last, the tree of his longing yielded the fruit of despair, and the fire of his hope fell to ashes. Then one night he could live no more, and he went out of his house and made for the market place. On a sudden, a watchman followed after him. He broke into a run, with the watchman following; then other watchmen came together, and barred every passage to the weary one. And the wretched one cried from his heart, and ran here and there, and moaned to himself: "Surely this watchman is 'Izrá'il, my angel of death, following so fast upon me; or he is a tyrant of men, seeking to harm me." His feet carried him on, the one bleeding with the arrow of love, and his heart lamented. Then he came to a garden wall, and with untold pain he scaled it, for it proved very high; and forgetting his life, he threw himself down to the garden.

And there he beheld his beloved with a lamp in her hand, searching for a ring she had lost. When the heart-surrendered lover looked on his ravishing love, he drew a great breath and raised up his hands in prayer, saying: "O God! Give Thou glory to the watchman, and riches to long life. For the watchman was Gabriel, guiding this poor one; or he was Isráfíl, bringing life to this wretched one!"

Indeed, his words were true, for he had found many a secret justice in this seeming tyranny of the watchman, and seen how many a mercy lay hid behind the veil. Out of wrath, the guard had led him who was athirst in love's desert to the sea of his loved one, and lit up the dark night of absence with the light of reunion. He had driven one who was afar, into the garden of nearness; had guided an ailing soul to the heart's physician.

\* \* \* \*

With inward and outward eyes he witnesseth the mysteries of resurrection in the realms of creation and the souls of men, and with a pure heart apprehendeth the divine wisdom in the endless Manifestations of God. In the ocean he findeth a drop, in a drop he beholdeth the secrets of the sea.

The Seven Valleys  
*Bahá'u'lláh*

\* \* \* \*

Let us pray to God that He will exhilarate our spirits so we may behold the descent of His bounties, illumine our eyes to witness His great guidance and attune our ears to enjoy the celestial melodies of the heavenly Word. This is our greatest hope. This is our ultimate purpose.

\* \* \* \*

### **My Heart's Desire**

Christ said in St Matthew's Gospel: 'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'

If thou be a man of communion and prayer, soar up on the wings of assistance from Holy Souls, that thou mayest behold the mysteries of the Friend and attain to the lights of the Beloved. "Verily, we are from God and to Him we shall return."

*Bahá'u'lláh*

\* \* \* \*

How wonderful, O Lord, are the works of your hands!  
The heavens declare Your glory,

the arch of sky displays your handiwork.  
In Your Love You have given us the power  
to behold the beauty of Your world  
robed in all its splendour.  
The sun and the stars, the valleys and hills,  
the rivers and lakes all disclose Your presence.  
The roaring breakers of the sea tell of Your awesome might;  
the beasts of the field and the birds of the air bespeak Your wondrous will.  
In Your goodness you have made us able to hear the music of the world.  
The voices of loved ones reveal to us that you are in our midst.  
A divine voice sings through all creation.

*Judaism*

\* \* \* \*

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,  
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;  
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;  
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;  
Be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;  
Be thou in me dwelling , and I wish thee one.

Be thou and thou only the first in my heart;  
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art;  
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

*Celtic Prayer*

\* \* \* \*

O my Joy and my Desire and my Refuge,  
My Friend and my Sustainer and my Goal;  
Thou art my Intimate, and longing for Thee sustains me;  
Were it not for Thee, O my life and my Friend,  
How I should have been distraught over the spaces of the earth;  
How many favours have been bestowed, and how much hast Thou given me  
Of gifts and grace and assistance;  
Thy love is now my desire and my bliss,  
And has been revealed to the eye of my heart that was athirst;  
I have none beside Thee, Who dost make the desert blossom,

Thou art my joy, firmly established within me;  
If Thou art satisfied with me, then,  
O Desire of my heart, my happiness has appeared.

*Islam: Rābi'a*

\* \* \* \*

All praise, O My God, be to Thee Who art the Source of all glory and majesty, of greatness and honour, of sovereignty and dominion, of loftiness and grace, of awe and power.  
Whomsoever Thou wilt Thou causest to draw nigh unto the Most Great Ocean, and on whomsoever Thou desirest Thou conferrest the honour of recognising Thy Most Ancient Name. Of all who are in heaven and on earth, none can withstand the operation of Thy sovereign Will. From all eternity Thou didst rule the entire creation, and Thou wilt continue

for evermore to exercise Thy dominion over all created things. There is none other God but Thee, the Almighty, the Most Exalted, the All-Powerful, the All-Wise.

Illumine, O Lord, the faces of Thy servants, that they may behold Thee; and cleanse their hearts that they may turn unto the court of Thy heavenly favours, and recognise Him Who is the Manifestation of Thy Self and the Dayspring of Thine Essence. Verily, Thou art the Lord of all worlds. There is no God but Thee, the Unconstrained, the All-Subduing.

*Bahá'í Faith*