

Key to Loving

Opening Music
ALAIN VALADOZE

LOVE OF GOD FOR MAN AND MAN FOR GOD

- ~ Baha'i *Bahá'í* Writings
- ~ Buddhist *Buddha, the Word The Eightfold Path*
- ~ Christian *Deuterocanonical Apocrypha*
- ~ Jewish *Torah (Law), Devarim Deuteronomy*
- ~ Psalms
- ~ Islam *The Sayings of Muhammad*
- ~ Sikh *Shri Guru Granth Sahib*

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LOVE IN MARRIAGE

- ~ Bahá'í *from the Baha'i Writings*
- ~ William Shakespeare
- ~ Anne Bradstreet
- ~ Dylan Thomas *My Craft and Sullen Art*
- ~ Idries Shah *From Caravan of Dreams*

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LOVE OF THE WORLD

- ~ Bahá'í 'Abdu'l-Baha *Four Kinds of Love*
- ~ Oriah Mountain Dreamer: *from 'The Invitation.*
- ~ Buddhist *The Dalai Lama*
- ~ Rabindranath Tagore *A New Birth*
- ~ Bahá'í *from The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys* '

MUSICAL FINALE
ALAIN VALADOZE

OPENING MUSIC

*Love of God for Man and Man for
God*

For the love of God and our severance from all beside Him

'Abdu'l-Baha

O Son of Man!

Veiled in My immemorial being and in the ancient eternity of My essence, I knew My love for thee; therefore I created thee, have engraved on thee Mine image and revealed to thee My beauty.

O Son of Man!

I loved thy creation, hence I created thee. Wherefore, do thou love Me, that I may name thy name and fill thy soul with the spirit of life.

O Son of Being!

Thy Paradise is My love; thy heavenly home, reunion with Me. Enter therein and tarry not. This is that which hath been destined for thee in Our kingdom above and Our exalted dominion.

O Son of Being

Love Me, that I may love thee. If thou lovest Me not, My love can in no wise reach thee. Know this, O servant.

O Son of Man!

If thou lovest Me, turn away from thyself; and if thou seekest My pleasure, regard not thine own; that thou mayest die in Me and I may eternally live in thee.

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

Undisturbed shall our mind remain, no evil words shall escape our lips; friendly and full of sympathy shall we remain, with heart full of love, and free from any hidden malice; and that person shall we penetrate with loving thoughts, wide, deep, boundless, freed from anger and hatred

Buddha, the Word The Eightfold Path

And Daniel said, Thou hast remembered me, O God: neither hast thou forsaken them that seek thee and love thee.

Love him that made thee with all thy strength, and forsake not his ministers.

Christian Deuterocanonical Apocrypha,

And now, Israel, what doth the LORD thy God require of thee, but to fear the LORD thy God, to walk in all His ways, and to love Him, and to serve the LORD thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul; to keep for thy good the commandments of the LORD, and His statutes, which I command thee this day? Behold, unto the LORD thy God belongeth the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, the earth, with all that therein is.

Jewish Torah (Law), Devarim Deuteronomy

They that go down to the sea in ships,
that do business in great waters;
These see the works of the LORD,
and his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth,
and raiseth the stormy wind,
which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven,
hey go down again to the depths:
their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro,
and stagger like a drunken man,
and are at their wit's end.
Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
and he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet;
so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Psalms 107:23-31

Muhammad's prayer, after being stoned out of Ta'if was this:

O Lord! I make my complaint unto Thee, out of my feebleness, and the vanity of my wishes. I am insignificant in the sight of men, O Thou most merciful! Lord of the weak! Thou art my Lord! Forsake me not. Leave me not a prey to strangers, nor to mine enemies. If Thou art not offended, I am safe. I seek refuge in the light of Thy countenance, by which all darkness is dispelled, and peace cometh in the Here and the Hereafter. Solve Thou my difficulties as it pleaseth Thee. There is no power, no strength, save in Thee.

The Sayings of Muhammad, compiled by Sir 'Abdu'llah
Suhrawardy

Some sing of His Power-who has that Power?
Some sing of His Gifts,
and know His Sign and Insignia.
Some sing of His Glorious Virtues,
Greatness and Beauty.
Some sing of knowledge obtained of Him,
through difficult philosophical studies.
Some sing that He fashions the body,
and then again reduces it to dust.
Some sing that He takes life away, and then again restores it.
Some sing that He seems so very far away.
Some sing that He watches over us, face to face, ever-present.
There is no shortage of those who preach and teach.
Millions upon millions offer millions of sermons and stories.
The Great Giver keeps on giving,
while those who receive grow weary of receiving.
Throughout the ages, consumers consume.
The Commander, by His Command, leads us to walk on the Path.
O Nanak, He blossoms forth, Carefree and Untroubled.
True is the Master, True is His Name-speak it with infinite love.
People beg and pray, "Give to us, give to us", and the Great Giver gives His
Gifts.
So what offering can we place before Him,
by which we might see the Darbaar of His Court?
What words can we speak to evoke His Love?
In the Amrit Vaylaa, the ambrosial hours before dawn,
chant the True Name, and contemplate His Glorious Greatness.
By the karma of past actions, the robe of this physical body is
obtained. By His Grace, the Gate of Liberation is found.
O Nanak, know this well: the True One Himself is All.
He cannot be established, He cannot be created.
He Himself is Immaculate and Pure.
Those who serve Him are honoured.

Sikh Shri Guru Granth Sahib

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Love in Marriage

Spread love everywhere you go: first of all in your own house.

.Mother Teresa

The bond that unites hearts most perfectly is loyalty. . . Once united . . . show forth the utmost faithfulness one to another. Allow no trace of jealousy to creep between you, for jealousy, like unto poison vitiates the very essence of love. You must dedicate your knowledge, your talents, your fortunes, your titles, your bodies and your spirits to God . . . and to each other. Let your hearts be spacious, as spacious as the universe of God! Let not the ephemeral incidents and accidents of this changeful life cause a rift between you. When differences present themselves, take counsel together in secret, lest others magnify a speck into a mountain. Harbour not in your hearts any grievance, but rather explain its nature to each other with such frankness and understanding that it will disappear, leaving no remembrance. Choose fellowship and amity and turn away from jealousy and hypocrisy. Your thoughts must be lofty, your ideal luminous, your minds spiritual, so that souls may become a dawning-place for the sun of Reality. Let your hearts be like unto a pure mirror reflecting the stars of the heaven of love and beauty. Together make mention of noble aspirations and heavenly concepts. Let there be no secrets one from another. Make your home a haven of rest and peace. Be hospitable, and let the doors of your house be open to the faces of friends and strangers. Welcome every guest with radiant grace and let each feel that it is his own home.

- 'Abdu'l-Baha

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Nor 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 start 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 this brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never write, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare.

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of
gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recom-
pense.

Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens regard thee manifold I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more we may live ever.

Anne Bradstreet.

In my Craft or Sullen Art

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labor by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spendrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

Dylan Thomas

The Two Brothers

There were once two brothers who jointly farmed a field, and always shared its yield. One day one of them woke up in the night and thought: 'My brother is married and has children. Because of this he has anxieties and expenses which are not mine. So I will go and move some sacks from my share into his storeroom, which is only fair. I shall do this under cover of night, so that he may not, from his generosity, dispute with me about it.'

He moved the sacks, and went back to bed. Soon afterwards the other brother woke up and thought to himself, 'It is not fair that I should have half of all the corn in our field. My brother, who is unmarried, lacks my pleasures in having a family, and I shall therefore try to compensate a little by moving some of my corn into his storeroom.'

So saying, he did so.

The next morning, each was amazed that he still had the same number of sacks in his storeroom, and afterwards neither could understand why, year after year, the number of sacks remained the same even when each of them shifted some by stealth.

Idries Shah *From Caravan of Dreams*

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Love of the World

In as much as love grows in you, so in you beauty grows. For love is the beauty of the soul.

St Augustine

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

Oriah Mountain Dreamer: from 'The Invitation.'

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.
I want to know what you ache for,
and if you dare to dream
Of meeting your heart's longing.
It doesn't interest me how old you are.
I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your
dream,
for the adventure of being alive.
It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.
I want to know if you have touched the centre of your
own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals
or have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain.
I want to know if you can sit with pain,
mine or your own,
without moving to hide it or fix it.
I want to know if you can be with joy,
mine or your own,
If you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you
to the tips of fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, to be
realistic,
to remember the limitations of being human.
It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true.
I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if
you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not
betray your own soul;
if you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty,
even when it's not pretty,
every day,
and if you can source your life from its presence.

I want to know,
to know if you can live with failure,
Yours and mine,
and still stand on the edge of the lake and shout
to the silver of the full moon,
“Yes”

It doesn't interest me to know where you live
or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up,
after the night of grief and despair,
weary and bruised to the bone,
And do what needs to be done to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me who you know
or how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the centre of the fire with me
and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied.

I want to know what sustains you,
from the inside,
when all else fades away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself,
and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

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

New Birth

New deliverer-
The new age eagerly looks
to the path of your coming.
What message have you brought
to the World? In the mortal arena
what seat has been prepared for you?
What new form of address
have you brought to be used
In the worship of God in Man?
What song of heaven
have you heard before coming?
What great weapon for the fighting of evil
have you placed in the quiver,
bound to the waist of the young warrior?
Will you, perhaps,
where a tide of blood besmirches your path,
where there is malice and discord,
construct a dam of peace,
a place of meeting and pilgrimage?
Who can say if there is written on your forehead
the invisible mark
of the triumph of some great striving?
Today we search for your unwritten name:
You seem to be just off the stage,
like an imminent star of morning.
Infants bring again and again
a message of reassurance -
they seem to promise deliverance, light, dawn.

Rabindranath Tagore

O Lord!
O Thou whose bounty granteth wishes!
I stand before Thee,
All save Thee forgetting.
Grant that the mote of knowledge in my spirit
Escape desire and the lowly clay;
Grant that Thine ancient gift,
this drop of wisdom,
Merge with Thy mighty sea.

Thus do I say:
There is no power or might save in Thee,
the Protector,
the Self-Subsistent.

*Bahá'í from *The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys* ‘*

**MUSICAL FINALE
ALAIN VALADOZE**

Please join us for refreshments