

*Inner Fire*

**Opening Music ~ Flamenco**

*Kindling*

- ~ **Baha'u'llah from Bahá'í Writings**
- ~ **Michael Paul Living Zen**
- ~ **Lao Tzu from Hua Hu Ching**
- ~ **Christian Amazing Grace**
- ~ **Baha'u'llah from Bahá'í Writings**
- ~ **Tao from Chuangtse**
- ~ **Moslem from the Qa'ran**

**Music ~ Flamenco**

*The Heat*

- ~ **Baha'u'llah from Bahá'í Writings**
- ~ **Hindu from Aitareya Upanishad**
- ~ **Muhhammad Ali in More Than a Hero**
- ~ **Video Meditation**
- ~ **Christian Confessions of St Augustine**
- ~ **Judaism: Wisdom of Solomon**
- ~ **Bahá'u'lláh from the Bahá'í Writings**

**Music Flamenco**

*The Flame*

- ~ **Buddhist From the Writings of Lafcadio Hearn**
- ~ **Gerald Hausman from Turtle Island Alphabet**
- ~ **Jewish Oseh Shalom**
- ~ **'Abdu'l-Baha from the Bahá'í Writings**

**Musical Finale ~ Flamenco**

**OPENING MUSIC**  
*Flamenco*

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*Kindling*

I will try to find a lift by which I may be raised to God,  
for I am too small to climb the steep stairway to perfection

*St. Therese of Lisieux*

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## O EMIGRANTS!

The tongue I have designed for the mention of Me, defile it not with detraction. If the fire of self overcome you, remember your own faults and not the faults of My creatures, inasmuch as every one of you knoweth his own self better than he knoweth others.

Bahá'u'lláh, *from the Bahá'í Writings*

Once when he was asked what Zen was,  
a great master replied:

‘Attention. Attention. Attention.’

What he meant was that Zen requires  
total concentration.

This is because Zen wants us to pay  
full attention to the smallest details in life  
to be mindful of everything we do.

For Zen recognizes that true awareness  
Transforms every aspect of our lives  
down to the most basic of experiences.

Michael Paul:*Living Zen.*



Sea captain John Newton was a rogue and scoundrel, involved in the slave trade about 1750. One night, when a sea storm raged, he prayed to God for deliverance, promising to change his ways should he be saved; *Amazing Grace* the world famous Christian hymn tells the tale

*Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.*

*'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!*

*Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.*

*The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures*

*Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.*

*The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.*

Now is the moment in which to cleanse thyself with the waters of detachment that have flowed out from the Supreme Pen, and to ponder, wholly for the sake of God, those things which, time and again, have been sent down or manifested, and then to strive, as much as lieth in thee, to quench, through the power of wisdom and the force of thy utterance, the fire of enmity and hatred which smouldereth in the hearts of the peoples of the world. . . .

Say: "O God, my God! Attire mine head with the crown of justice, and my temple with the ornament of equity. Thou, verily, art the Possessor of all gifts and bounties."

Bahá'u'lláh *from the Bahá'í Writings*

“Be careful,” replied Lao Tan, “not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. By gentleness, the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, and it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, it is profoundly still; in motion, it flies up to the sky. Like an unruly horse, it cannot be held in check. Such is the human heart.”

- Tao, Chuangtse (Lin Yutang translation)

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Each hath a succession of Angels before him and behind him, who watch over him by God's behest. Verily, God will not change his gifts to men, till they change what is in themselves....

*from the Qur'an*

**MUSIC**  
*Flamenco*

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*The Heat*

*O God, my God, my Beloved, my heart's Desire*

The Bab *Baha'i Prayer*

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I know not, O my God, what the Fire is which Thou didst kindle in Thy land. Earth can never cloud its splendor, nor water quench its flame. All the peoples of the world are powerless to resist its force. Great is the blessedness of him that hath drawn nigh unto it, and heard its roaring.

Some, O my God, Thou didst, through Thy strengthening grace, enable to approach it, while others Thou didst keep back by reason of what their hands have wrought in Thy days. Whoso hath hasted towards it and attained unto it hath, in his eagerness to gaze on Thy beauty, yielded his life in Thy path, and ascended unto Thee, wholly detached from aught else except Thyself.

I beseech Thee, O my Lord, by this Fire which blazeth and rageth in the world of creation, to rend asunder the veils that have hindered me from appearing before the throne of Thy majesty, and from standing at the door of Thy gate. Do Thou ordain for me, O my Lord, every good thing Thou didst send down in Thy Book, and suffer me not to be far removed from the shelter of Thy mercy.

Powerful art Thou to do what pleaseth Thee. Thou art, verily, the All-Powerful, the Most Generous.

*Bahá'u'lláh from the Bahá'í Writings*

Wisdom is radiant and unfading,  
and she is easily discerned by those who love her,  
and is found by those who seek her.  
She hastens to make herself known to those who desire her.  
He who rises early to seek her will have no difficulty,  
for he will find her sitting at his gates.  
To fix one's thoughts on her is perfect understanding,  
and he who is vigilant on her account will soon be free  
from care,  
because she goes about seeking those worthy of her,  
and she graciously appears to them in their paths,  
and meets them in every thought.

Judaism: Wisdom of Solomon chapter 6

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May my speech be one with my mind, and may my  
mind be one with my speech.

O thou self-luminous Brahman, remove the veil of  
ignorance from before me, that I may behold thy  
light.

Do thou reveal to me the spirit of the scriptures.  
May the truth of the scriptures be ever-present to me.  
May I seek day and night to realize what I learn from  
the sages.

May I speak the truth of Brahman.

May I speak the truth.

May it protect me.

May it protect my teacher.

. . . Peace—peace—peace.

Aitareya Upanishad

Why does everybody attack me for being righteous? What it boils down to is a matter of fear. Do I fear the almighty government more, or do I fear God? I fear God more. I want peace, and I do not find peace in a segregated world. I love to be black, and I love to be with my people. I don't have to be what anyone else wants me to be. I am free to be who I want to be...

-Muhhammad Ali, in *More Than A Hero*, Hana Ali, p 82

## **A Video Meditation**

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We are inflamed,  
by Thy Gift we are kindled; and are carried upwards;  
we glow inwardly, and go forwards.  
We ascend Thy ways that be in our heart,  
and sing a song of degrees;  
we glow inwardly with Thy fire,  
with Thy good fire,  
and we go;  
because we go upwards to the peace of Jerusalem:  
for gladdened was I in those who said unto me,  
We will go up to the house of the Lord.  
There hath Thy good pleasure placed us,  
that we may desire nothing else,  
but to abide there for ever.

Confessions of St Augustine, Book 13

## O Son of Spirit!

I created thee rich,  
why dost thou bring thyself down to poverty?  
Noble I made thee,  
wherewith dost thou abase thyself?  
Out of the essence of knowledge I gave thee  
being, why seekest thou enlightenment from  
anyone beside Me?  
Out of the clay of love I molded thee,  
how dost thou busy thyself with another?  
Turn thy sight unto thyself,  
that thou mayest find Me standing within  
thee, mighty, powerful and self-subsisting.

Baha'u'llah *From the Hidden Words*

**MUSIC**  
*Flamenco*

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*The Flame*

“The only hunger of our souls is for dreams and flowers” *Paul-Jean Toulet (1867-1920)*

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## A Drop of Dew

To the bamboo lattice of my study-window a single  
Dewdrop hangs quivering.

Its tiny sphere repeats the colours of the morning—  
Colours of sky and field and far-off trees.

Inverted images of these can be discerned in it—  
also the microscopic picture of a cottage, upside down,  
with children at play before the door.

Much more than the visible world is imaged by that dewdrop:  
the world invisible, of infinite mystery, is likewise therein repeated.  
And without as within the drop is motion unceasing—motion forever in-  
comprehensible of atoms and forces –  
faint shiverings also, making prismatic reply to touches of air and sun.  
Buddhism finds in such a dewdrop the symbol of that other microcosm  
which has been called the Soul....

What more, indeed, is man than just such a temporary orbing of  
viewless ultimates—imaging sky and land and life—  
filled with perpetual mysterious shudderings—  
and responding in some wise

to every stir of the ghostly forces that environ him?...

Soon that tiny globe of light, with all its fairy tints  
And topsy-turvy picturings, will have vanished away.

Even so, within little while,  
you and I must likewise dissolve and disappear.

Between the vanishing of the drop  
and the vanishing of the man,  
what difference?

A difference of words....

But ask yourself what becomes of the dewdrop?

From the Buddhist writings of Lafcadio Hearn.

## A Story.

Andrew looked out the kitchen window. The sun was shining, the sky was a dancing summertime blue; the light breeze fiddling in the morning glories. Such a perfect morning to be alive. Yet, in the olden-time, Native American way, it was a good day to die. The image of death affected him as he sat and looked out the window. For it was on such a cloudless day, only the week before that a close friend of his was running on the hill when, out of the dazzling blue, he'd been killed by a bolt of lightning.

How could it happen to anyone he knew? Such things happened in epic poems by heraldic poets. Not in real life. But, yes, in the unaccountable desert, such things did happen. And when they did, they left people feeling hollow inside, buzzy and strange, and a little bit suicidal.

The call from Gloria didn't help much. "I've picked something to read at his funeral," she said. It was the dying words of Crowfoot, an Blackfoot orator. In 1890, as the world of his people shadowed into twilight, Crowfoot spoke: "What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset"

Moments before Andrew went to the window, Gloria had alternately cried and laughed. The poem spoken by Crowfoot—The bright New Mexico morning—Gloria and the morning glories outside— Their mutual friend, now dead. Out there in the incomparable south-western sun lay the unspeakable jewelled morning. Andrew asked himself, again, how death could come sneaking up on such a fine, inexhaustible day?

Then a car rumbled up the driveway and a short, heavysset Navajo man got out, stretching. He walked to the door of the house. Andrew recognized Bluejay, his oldest and wisest friend on the reservation. Old friend Bluejay. After greeting each other with customary grins, Bluejay sat down near the kitchen table and accepted a cup of coffee. Then as they started to talk the phone rang again—Gloria. Between apologies and tears, she said that she was having such a hard, hard morning. She just couldn't accept the loss. "I need something," she said, "and I don't know what it is." She wanted something that she didn't know where to find. While speaking on the phone with Gloria, Andrew kept his eyes on Bluejay. Bluejay's face, normally immobile, was full of fanciful humour, like a cat casually playing with a piece of string.

Bluejay's father was a stargazer, a Navajo diagnostician, one of those rare, good men who knows how to consult the stars. A Navajo astrologer, but one who, unlike today's New Age breed, has not lost touch with the wisdom of honest starlight. A man who may, if he wishes, talk to stars; a man who hears them speak their own language. Andrew wondered if Bluejay might have something to say to Gloria, for he was uncertain what to say himself. She was taking this death so very hard. Thinking Bluejay might be able to console her, Andrew offered him the telephone.

He watched attentively as Bluejay cupped the phone to his ear, placing it against his shoulder. The playful light still on his face, he closed his eyelids, and listened. Bluejay listened. And listened. It was an art, what he was doing—or not doing. His mind quiet, he seemed to meditate on each word that was said to him. His cat's face lost none of its bemusement, however, and the corners of his mouth turned up slightly

as if he were watching a mouse. His moustache quivered. Finally, after what seemed like an hour to Andrew, he delicately cradled the phone back into the receiver. He was still smiling, inwardly.

Andrew said impatiently, “Well, did you help her any?” Bluejay shook his head, eased himself into his chair. His coffee was cold now, but he waved aside Andrew’s attempt to add warmth to it. The old familiar smile flickered across his face, stopping at his mouth, which was always kind of set in a smile. He did not really smile, but his face was so relaxed that he seemed to glow from within. The smile, if there at all, was an illusion. Something inside Bluejay was aglow, like a fire coal that warmed his belly without ever burning it.

“Life,” he said philosophically, “is not separate from death. It only looks that way. So it is possible, sometimes, to laugh when someone dies.” Bluejay picked up the cold coffee cup, swirled it around a time or two, and put it back on the table. Andrew nodded. “Do you laugh when someone you love dies?” Andrew asked pointedly. “That man who died,” Bluejay said without expression, “is fortunate.” Bluejay’s face, in repose, was quite ageless. His smooth dark-honey skin was shining. The reflection of well-being in his presence was so palpable that it did not seem possible that Bluejay would ever die. His face had the permanence of uncut stone. Perhaps four or five minutes ticked by—an eternity, it seemed to Andrew.

Then Bluejay began again. “My father says: The corn grows so that it can make seed. The corn dies to make more corn.” Andrew felt like arguing. “We are not corn,” he offered. “We’re flesh and blood. There’s the difference.” Bluejay smiled apologetically as if he had forgotten to say something that would complete his thought. “When you die,” he whispered, “you return to Mother Earth. There’s a song that goes something like this—’Rattlesnake, the earth, lightning, the universe. When rattlesnake takes you, it is the earth. When lightning takes you, it is the universe.’”

“He is blessed, he is of the earth. If he had lived, he would be like the lightning—struck tree that no one comes around. Had he lived, no one would share food with him until he was blessed by ceremony. Today, blessed by ceremony, he is of the earth.”

Bluejay finished the song and sat in silence. The song had been a breath of life; now it was over. After a while he got out of the chair and went to the front door of the house. He did not say goodbye because he was not really leaving, just moving along. Outside, in the noonday sun, he stretched. Andrew saw the playful light enter his eyes again.

“Now I must go to Albuquerque and mediate a Navajo-Hispanic dispute. It’s my job. I’ll sit and watch and wait. The big talkers will flex their muscles. Then they will ask me what I think about things. I won’t say right away what I think. I’ll let them think about what it is I am going to say and hope that they’ve at least heard some of what they themselves have been saying. The trouble today is that people don’t listen anymore. They cannot hear themselves think or speak. They rush from one thing to another. I guess you could say it’s just the American way . . . “- and the Navajo way?” Andrew questioned. “The Navajo way’s to wait and watch.” he said.

**Gerald Hausman from *Turtle Island Alphabet***

May the one who causes peace to reign upon the heavens,  
let peace reign upon Israel and upon all the peoples of the world, and we say,  
amen.

Oseh Shalom

Let us put aside all thoughts of self;  
Let us close our eyes to all on earth,  
Let us neither make known our sufferings  
nor complain of our wrongs.  
Rather let us become oblivious of our own selves,  
And drinking down the wine of heavenly grace,  
let us cry out our joy,  
And lose ourselves in the beauty of the All-Glorious.

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O God! Refresh and gladden my spirit.  
Purify my heart.  
Illumine my powers.  
I lay all my affairs in Thy hand.  
Thou art my Guide and my Refuge.  
I will no longer be sorrowful and grieved;  
I will be a happy and joyful being.  
O God!  
I will no longer be full of anxiety,  
Nor will I let trouble harass me.  
I will not dwell on the unpleasant things of life.  
O God!  
Thou art more friend to me than I am to myself.  
I dedicate myself to Thee, O Lord.

*'Abdu'l-Baha from the Bahá'í Writings*

## **MUSICAL FINALE**

### ***Flamenco***

*Please join us for refreshments*