

# *Child of Forever*

Opening Music ~ Shadow

## *Child of the Sea*

- ~ Baha'u'llah from *Bahá'í Writings*
- ~ Guru Nanak *Sikh Scripture*
- ~ Lao Tzu *Hua Hu Ching*
- ~ Buddhist from *the Word (The Eightfold Path)*
- ~ Christian from *1 Corinthians 2:10—13*

Music ~ Shadow

## *Child of the Earth*

- ~ Christian Saint Catherine of Siena: *Dialogue*
- ~ C. S. Lewis from *The Chronicles of Narnia*
- ~ D H Lawrence *reflects on Australia*
- ~ Paulo Coelho *Manual for the Warrior of Light*
- ~ Baba Kuhi of Shiraz *Fragment - Persian Ode*
- ~ Baha'u'llah *Gems of Divine Mysteries*

Music ~ Shadow

## *Child of the Spirit*

- ~ Confucianism *Analects 2.4*
- ~ Zen Buddhism *Pebbles in the Bowl*
- ~ Christian *Confessions of St. Augustine*
- ~ Story *Mr. Randall meets 'Abdu'l-Baha*
- ~ 'Abdu'l-Baha *from the Bahá'í Writings*
- ~ Christian *Psalm 86*
- ~ Baha'u'llah *from Bahá'í Writings*

Musical Finale ~ Shadow

**OPENING MUSIC**  
*Shadow*

---

*Child of the Sea*

*“You feel free—that’s the queerest thing—yet the collective movement grips you faster than any old gnarled roots in European soil. . . ”*

*Carl Jung*

---

## 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.

..

I am well aware, O my Lord, that I have been so carried away by the clear tokens of Thy loving-kindness, and so completely inebriated with the wine of Thine utterance, that whatever I behold I readily discover that it maketh Thee known unto me, and it remindeth me of Thy signs, and of Thy tokens, and of Thy testimonies. By Thy glory! Every time I lift up mine eyes unto Thy heaven, I call to mind Thy highness and Thy loftiness, and Thine incomparable glory and greatness; and every time I turn my gaze to Thine earth, I am made to recognize the evidences of Thy power and the tokens of Thy bounty. And when I behold the sea, I find that it speaketh to me of Thy majesty, and of the potency of Thy might, and of Thy sovereignty and Thy grandeur. And at whatever time I contemplate the mountains, I am led to discover the ensigns of Thy victory and the standards of Thine omnipotence.

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

He in this station is content with the decree of God, and seeth war as peace, and findeth in death the secrets of everlasting life. 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.

Bahu'llah, *from the Bahá'í Writings*

Seeing without eyes,  
Hearing without ears,  
Walking without feet,

Working without hands,  
Speaking without tongue,  
Thus dying without living.

O Nanak, know this as the way unto thy Lord,  
To be attained unto His cosmic Law

Guru Nanak, *Sikh Scripture*

Each moment is fragile and fleeting.  
The moment of the past cannot be kept,  
                  however beautiful  
The moment of the present cannot be held,  
                  however enjoyable.  
The moment of the future cannot be caught,  
                  however desirable.  
But the mind is desperate to fix the river in place:  
          Possessed by ideas of the past,  
          preoccupied with images of the future,  
          it overlooks the plain truth of the moment.  
          The one who can dissolve her mind  
will suddenly have the Desert of the Tao at her feet,  
          and clarity at hand.  
                                  Lao Tzu: *Hua Hu Ching*

In the absolute sense, . . . there is nothing that remains the same even for two consecutive moments; for the Five Khandhas, or Groups of Existence, are in a state of perpetual change, of continual dissolution and renewal. They die every moment, and every moment new ones are born. Hence it follows that there is no such thing as a real existence, or "being", but only as it were an endless process, a continuous change, a "becoming," consisting in a "producing," and in a "being produced"; in a "process of action," and in a "process of reaction, "or "rebirth."

This process of perpetual "producing" and "being produced" may best be compared with an ocean wave. In the case of a wave, there is not the slightest quantity of water travelling over the surface of the sea. But the wave structure, that hastens over the surface of the water, creating the appearance of one and the same mass of water, is, in reality, nothing but the continuous rising and falling of continuous, but quite different, masses of water, produced by the transmission of force generated by the wind. Even so, the Buddha did not teach that Ego-entities hasten through the ocean of rebirth, but merely life-waves, which, according to their nature and activities (good, or evil), manifest themselves here as men, there as animals, and elsewhere as invisible beings.

Buddhist: *The Eightfold Path, Buddha, the Word*

The Spirit searches all things,  
even the deep things of God.  
For who amongst men knows the thoughts of a man  
except the man's spirit within him?  
In the same way no one knows the thoughts of God  
except the Spirit of God.  
We have not received the spirit of the world  
but the Spirit who is from God,  
that we may understand  
what God has freely given us.  
This is what we speak,  
not in words taught by human wisdom  
but in words taught by the Spirit,  
expressing spiritual truths in spiritual words.

*1 Corinthians 2:10–13*

**MUSIC**  
*Shadow*

---

*Child of the Earth*

*“My soul is a strange country”*

*Randolph Stow*

---

O eternal God, light surpassing all other light because all light comes forth from you! O fire surpassing every fire because you alone are the fire that burns without consuming! You consume whatever sin and selfishness you find in the soul. Yet your consuming does not distress the soul but fattens her with insatiable love, for though you satisfy her she is never sated but longs for you constantly. The more she possesses you the more she seeks you, and the more she seeks and desires you, the more she finds and enjoys you, high eternal fire, abyss of charity.

Saint Catherine of Siena: *from 'The Dialogue.'*

### Of Dream Unborn

The difference between the old Narnia and the new Narnia was like that. The new one was a deeper country: every rock and flower and blade of grass looked as if it meant more. I can't describe it any better than that: if you ever get there you will know what I mean.

It was the Unicorn who summed up what everyone was feeling. He stamped his right fore-hoof on the ground and neighed and then cried: "I have come home at last! This is my real country! I belong here. This is the land I have been looking for all my life, though I never knew it till now. The reason why we loved the old Narnia is that it sometimes looked a little like this . . .

COME!

FAT THER UP AND FARTHER IN AND SEE

C. S. Lewis

*D. H. Lawrence reflects on Australia*

And the vast, uninhabited land frightened him.  
It seemed so hoary and lost, so unapproachable.

It was so phantom-like, so ghostly,  
with its tall pale trees and many dead trees,  
like corpses, partly charred by bush fires;  
and then the foliage so dark, like grey-green iron.

And then it was so deathly still.

Even the few birds seemed to be swamped in silence . . .

He walked on, had walked a mile or so into the bush,  
and had just come to a clump of tall, nude, dead trees,  
shining almost phosphorescent with the moon,  
when the terror of the bush overcame him . . .

There was something among the trees,  
and his hair began to stir with terror, on his head.

There was a presence. . .

What was the good of trying to be an alert conscious man here?

You couldn't,

Drift, drift into a sort of obscurity,  
backwards into a nameless past,  
hoary as the country is hoary.

Strange old feelings wake in the soul: old, non-human feelings.

And an old, old indifference,  
like a torpor,  
invades the spirit. . .

Would the people waken this ancient land,  
or would the land put them to sleep,  
drift them back into the torpid semi-consciousness  
of the world of the twilight? . . .

“I love it, Jaz. . . .  
But this place - it goes into my marrow,  
and makes me feel drunk.  
I love Australia . . .  
[It] tempts me . . .  
[but] I don’t want to give in to the place.  
It’s too strong.  
It would lure me quite away from myself . . .  
It’s too tempting.  
It’s too big a stride, Jaz.”

..

For some things too I love Australia,  
its weird, far-away natural beauty  
and its remote, almost coal-age pristine quality.  
Only it’s too far for me.  
I can’t reach so awfully far.  
Further than Egypt.  
I feel I slither on the edge of a gulf,  
reaching to grasp its atmosphere and spirit.  
It eludes me, and always would.  
It is too far back . . .  
Strains my heart, reaching.  
But I am very glad to have glimpsed it.

..

From far off, from down long fern-dark avenues there seemed  
to be the voice of Australia, calling low . . . [He] knew [it]  
would go on calling for long ages before it got any adequate  
response in human beings.

*From Kangaroo and a letter to Katherine Susannah Prichard*

From The Manual for the Warrior of Light

From now on—and for the next few hundred years—  
the Universe is going to help warriors of light  
and hinder the prejudiced.

The Earth's energy needs to be renewed  
New ideas need space.

Body and soul need new challenges.

The future has become the present,  
and every dream—

except those dreams that involve preconceived ideas  
will have a chance to be heard.

Anything of importance will remain;  
anything useless will disappear.

However,

it is not the warrior's responsibility  
to judge the dreams of others,  
and he does not waste time  
criticizing other people's decisions.

Paulo Coelho

In the market, in the cloister—only God I saw.  
In the valley and the mountain—only God I saw.  
Him I have seen beside me oft in tribulation;  
In favour and in fortune—only God I saw.  
In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,  
In the religion of the Prophet—only God I saw.  
Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,  
Qualities nor causes—only God I saw.  
I opened mine eyes and by the light of His face around me  
In all the eye discovered—only God I saw.  
Like a candle I was melting in His fire:  
Amidst the flames out-flashing—only God I saw.  
Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,  
But when I looked with God's eyes—only God I saw.  
I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,  
And lo, I was the All-living—only God I saw.”

Fragment of a Persian Ode by Baba Kuhi of Shiraz  
*From the Mystics of Islam by Reynold A. Nicholson*

When once the seeker hath ascended unto this station, he will enter the City of Love and Rapture, where upon the winds of love will blow and the breezes of the spirit will waft. In this station the seeker is so overcome by the ecstasies of yearning and the fragrances of longing that he discerneth not his left from his right, nor doth he distinguish land from sea or desert from mountain. At every moment he burneth with the fire of longing and is consumed by the onslaught of separation in this world.

He speedeth through the Paran of love and traverseth the Horeb of rapture. Now he laugheth, now he weepeth sore; now he reposeth in peace, now he trembleth in fear. Nothing can alarm him, naught can thwart his purpose, and no law can restrain him.

He standeth ready to obey whatsoever His Lord should please to decree as to his beginning and his end. With every breath he layeth down his life and offereth up his soul. He bareth his breast to meet the darts of the enemy and raiseth his head to greet the sword of destiny; nay rather, he kisseth the hand of his would-be murderer and surrendereth his all.

He yieldeth up spirit, soul, and body in the path of his Lord, and yet he doeth so by the leave of his Beloved and not of his own whim and desire. Thou findest him chill in the fire and dry in the sea, abiding in every land and treading every path. Whosoever toucheth him in this state will perceive the heat of his love. He walketh the heights of detachment and traverseth the vale of renunciation.

His eyes are ever expectant to witness the wonders of God's mercy and eager to behold the splendours of His beauty. Blessed indeed are they that have attained unto such a station, for this is the station of the ardent lovers and the enraptured souls .

Baha'u'llah, Gems of Divine Mysteries, p. 28)

**MUSIC**  
*Shadow*

---

*Child of the Spirit*

“The proper function of a man is to live not to exist.”  
*Jack London*

---

The master said,  
At fifteen I set my heart upon learning.  
At thirty, I had planted my feet upon firm ground.  
At forty, I no longer suffered from perplexities.  
At fifty, I knew what were the biddings of heaven.  
At sixty, I heard them with a docile ear.  
At seventy, I could follow the dictates of my own heart;  
for what I desired  
no longer overstepped the boundaries of right.

Confucianism: *Analects* 2.4

### **Pebbles in the Bowl**

A young monk was spending some time each day in meditation and contemplation. He wondered how many thoughts during those sessions were virtuous (about doing good deeds) or non-virtuous (about deeds on hatred, greed, or prejudice). He collected a pile of pebbles and put them in front of himself. He also placed a bowl to his left and another to his right. As he meditated, he would put a pebble in the left-hand bowl when he recognized a virtuous thought. For a non-virtuous thought, he would place a pebble in the right-hand bowl. At the end of the first day, he looked down to see how he had done and was surprised to see that all the pebbles were in the “non-virtuous” bowl. Without judging himself, he simply continued this practice, starting over each day. After a few days, the number of pebbles in the two bowls was about equal. After a few more days, almost all the pebbles were in the “virtuous” bowl.

Zen Buddhist story quoted in *Zen Golf* by Dr Joseph Parent.

What art Thou then, my God? What, but the Lord God? For who is Lord but the Lord? or who is God save our God? Most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just; most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong, stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not; ever working, ever at rest; still gathering, yet nothing lacking; supporting, filling, and overspreading; creating, nourishing, and maturing; seeking, yet having all things. Thou lovest, without passion; art jealous, without anxiety; repentest, yet grievest not; art angry, yet serene; changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged; receivest again what Thou findest, yet didst never lose; never in need, yet rejoicing in gains; never covetous, yet exacting usury. Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe; and who hath aught that is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing nothing; remittest debts, losing nothing. And what had I now said, my God, my life, my holy joy? Or what saith any man when he speaks of Thee? Yet woe to him that speaketh not, since mute are even the most eloquent.

Confessions of St Augustine, Book 1

## Mr. Randall meet 'Abdu'l-Baha

Mr. Randall had long had a lively interest in religion. Born a Catholic, he had become an Episcopalian, but he had gone into Theosophy, Christian Science and New Thought movements; he had studied ancient religions. He felt he knew all there was to know about religion. He had no real interest in a new faith, but at the invitation of a friend, he came to hear 'Abdu'l-Baha lecture in Boston in 1912. Listening to Him, he thought that this Man was certainly a very great Man, truly a Saint.

As Mr Randall was leaving he heard a secretary to 'Abdu'l-Baha ask if "there was anyone who would be gracious enough to buy 'Abdu'l-Baha some fresh grape juice as he really enjoyed it and was looking forward to a glass after the talk." Mr. Randall replied he would be happy to do so. He brought the juice to the hotel thinking he could give it to someone to take into 'Abdu'l-Baha, as he himself did not want to become involved at a personal level.

However, he was soon drawn into conversation with friends as he handed the juice to a secretary. The next thing he knew the secretary had returned with a glass of juice on a tray and knowing a personal interview with 'Abdu'l-Baha was particularly sought after by the people there, he invited Mr. Randall to take the prepared juice into 'Abdu'l-Baha himself. Mr. Randall didn't like the idea yet he did not wish to appear ungracious so he consented.

He planned to quietly put it on a little table just inside the door to the room where 'Abdu'l-Baha was sitting and escape without being seen. And so he did.

But just as he was backing out, pleased that he had not disturbed ‘Abdu’l-Baha, who seemed asleep in a chair, his eyes opened and he looked directly at Mr Randall and said “be seated.” As Mr. Randall sat down Abdu’l-Baha closed his eyes again.

William Randal sat still for a few moments and then began to get angry, thinking that ‘Abdu’l-Baha did not know in whose presence He was sitting. Randall became more and more agitated as time wore on. He wondered, “what does it mean that I have to sit in the presence of this old Man while He falls asleep?” He thought about getting up and leaving, but decided against it. He was conscious of how rude that would seem. Soon his legs began to go to sleep, in fact his whole body began to get numb. Even his collar, on which he prided himself, starched and stiff and never wilted in public – drooped down. His anger increased.

At the peak of his rage, a voice inside him said, ‘ You have studied all the great religions of the world and what good have they done you, for you cannot sit in the presence of an old man for 20 minutes in a state of peace and composure.’” As this thought struck him ‘Abdu’l-Baha opened his eyes, looked directly at him and said, “the intellect is good but until it has become the servant of the heart, it is of little avail.”

His words were a turning point in Randall’s life.

O dear one of ‘Abdu’l-Baha!  
Be the son of thy father and be the fruit of that tree. Be a  
son that hath been born of his soul and heart and not only of  
water and clay. A real son is such one as hath branched  
from the spiritual part of man. I ask God that thou mayest  
be at all times conformed and strengthened.

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

Bow down thine ear O lord, hear me:  
For I am poor and needy.  
Preserve my soul; for I am holy:  
O Thou my God,  
Save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.  
Be merciful unto me, O Lord:  
For I cry unto thee daily.  
Rejoice the soul of Thy servant:  
For unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

Psalm 86: 1-4

O SON OF LIGHT!  
Forget all save Me and commune with My spirit. This is of  
the essence of My command, therefore turn unto it.

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

## MUSICAL FINALE

### *Shadow*

**Please join us for refreshments after the program**