

Eternal Wonder

Opening Music - Jaya Suartika

Child of the Sea

- ~ **Baha'u'llah from Bahá'í Writings**
- ~ **An ancient song of India**
- ~ **Native American, Pawnee hymn**
- ~ **Lao Tzu: Hua Hu Ching**
- ~ **Zen teachings**
- ~ **Christian from 1 Corinthians 2:10—13**
- ~ **Christian Saint Catherine of Siena: Dialogue**

Music - Jaya Suartika

Child of the Earth

- ~ **Celtic Invocation**
- ~ **Paulo Coelho Manual for the Warrior of Light**
- ~ **Baba Kuhi of Shiraz Fragment - Persian Ode**
- ~ **Baha'u'llah Gems of Divine Mysteries**

Music - Jaya Suartika

Child of the Spirit

- ~ **Joseph Sheppherd, from A Leaf of Honey**
- ~ **Confucianism Analects 2.4**
- ~ **Qur'an, chapter of the heifer**
- ~ **Kipsigis saying from Kenya**
- ~ **'Abdu'l-Baha from the Bahá'í Writings**
- ~ **Christian Psalm 86**
- ~ **Mayan Prayer**

Musical Finale - Jaya Suartika

OPENING MUSIC
Jaya Suartika

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

And the first effulgence which hath dawned from the horizon of the Mother Book is that man should know his own self and recognize that which leadeth unto loftiness or lowliness, glory or abasement, wealth or poverty.

Having attained the stage of fulfilment and reached his maturity, man standeth in need of wealth, and such wealth as he acquireth through crafts or professions is commendable and praiseworthy in the estimation of men of wisdom, and especially in the eyes of servants who dedicate themselves to the education of the world and to the edification of its peoples. They are, in truth, cup-bearers of the life-giving water of knowledge and guides unto the ideal way. They direct the peoples of the world to the straight path and acquaint them with that which is conducive to human upliftment and exaltation. The straight path is the one which guideth man to the dayspring of perception and to the dawning-place of true understanding and leadeth him to that which will redound to glory, honour and greatness.

Baha'u'llah *from the Bahá'í Writings*

In the beginning there was darkness covered in darkness;
There was no existence, and no non-existence,
There was no earth, no sky above,
There was no death, and no immortality.
There beginning of life floated on the waters of empty space.
And from fire came the wind,
and from the wind the waters,
from the waters came the earth
and from the earth the seeds of man were created.. . .

An ancient song of India

Behold! Our Mother Earth is lying here.
Behold! She gives of her fruitfulness.
Truly, her power gives she us.
Give thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.
Behold on Mother Earth the growing fields!
Behold the promise of her fruitfulness!
Truly, her power gives she us.
Give thanks to Mother Earth who lies here.
Behold on Mother Earth the spreading trees!
Behold the promise of her fruitfulness!
Truly, her power gives she us.
Give thanks to Mother Earth the running streams;
We see the promise of her fruitfulness.
Truly, her power gives she us.
Our thanks to Mother Earth who lies here!

Native American, *Pawnee hymn*

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

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 sat-
isfy 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 de-
sires you, the more she finds and enjoys you, high eternal fire, abyss of
charity.

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

MUSIC
Jaya Suartika

Child of the Earth

“My soul is a strange country”

Randolph Stow

I call upon the four winds,
Earth to ground me,
Air to teach me,
Fire to empower me,
Water to uplift me,
I honor Grandmother Earth who bore me,
Grandfather Sky who watches over me,
And the Creator whose spark
Is within me and all things.

Celtic Invocation

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 repositeth 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
Jaya Suartika

Child of the Spirit

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

Jack London

The old tribesman had been gone about an hour. He emerged from the forest with his frayed work shirt now tied around his waist. Bits of leaves and dry grass clung to the sweat on his old skin. He held his machete in front of him as he made his way through the undergrowth. As he entered the clearing, I saw he carried a long pole on his shoulder with a beehive impaled on the end of it. Papa Atanga had brought back what he had set out to find. He carried his load to the tree under which I was sitting and laid it down in the shade. As he approached, I quickly stood up and moved out of his way. Most of the bees had apparently not yet vacated their hive and buzzed angrily about him. The old Ntumu gave me a bemused sidelong glance as I stood watching from a safe distance out in the noonday sun. The bees flew wildly about him and yet they didn't seem to sting him.

He left his prize in the shade, went back to the clearing's edge and soon returned with several broad green leaves, the kind I called "elephant ears" because of their shape and size. He squatted down and carefully laid out the leaves on the ground in front of him. He placed the hive in the centre of the leaves and slowly withdrew the pole. Honey oozed from the wound onto the leaves. The old man gently began to cut up the hive with his machete. The bees became even more agitated and covered his arms and back. . . The old man seemed unbothered by the bees swarming and crawling over his bare skin. He took each section of the hive and squeezed it in his hands. The clear golden liquid spread out in a pool on the leaves. "My elder, why is it that the bees do not eat you?" I asked him in Ntumu. "Sting, not eat" he corrected. Without lifting his eyes from his work, he replied with a proverb: "Homeless bees never sting." This saying . . . was chosen to remind me of my place. He watched me to see if I understood the analogy of "homeless bees".

When all of the honey had been squeezed out of the hive the old man folded up the leaves into a cone-shaped package and sealed the top closed with a spine he had cut from a nearby vine. It didn't leak, a functional origami masterpiece. He stood up and brushed the

remaining bees and leaves off his back and put his shirt on. He put the residual wax from the hive and the package of honey into an old basket he slung over his shoulder and prepared to leave. . . He asked, “Do you want to hear an old proverb?” . . . “I am the child who wants to learn,” . . . I said carefully, showing proper deference to my elders. He pointed to the package of honey and said: “Mot ane oka woe” “Man is a leaf of honey.” . . . “How is man a leaf of honey?” I asked. Papa Atanga started off down the path that led to the village. . . As we walked he explained. “I will take this leaf of honey back to my village and give it to my first-wife to store. She will drain the honey from the leaf into a special bottle she keeps. When she is finished she will give the leaf to the children. Each will lick the leaf and find some honey to sweeten the tongue. When the last child has finished, he will throw the leaf out behind the hut where the goats sleep. They will have their turn. The other animals, the chickens, the flies, ants and so on will come and find their share of honey left on the leaf.”

The old man paused and stared into my soul with his black eyes, and for the first time smiled at me. “Man is a leaf of hone. This is what you need to know about us.” He repeated this several times to make sure I understood, and then continued: “Man is good and man is precious and, like the leaf of honey, his goodness is inexhaustible. When you think that there is none left, there is still some there to find. This you should not forget.” The old man smiled with the pleasure of someone who has just given a gift to his grandson. This was his first act of kindness towards me. With a nod of his head and a gesture of hand, he silently indicated that he would say no more and that I should go back to the clearing . . .

That night, back in the village, as I lay awake in my hammock . . . I saw the significance of this one proverb. . . He had begun to teach me and like in any good master-apprentice relationship, he knew what I needed to learn.

Joseph Sheppherd, from *A Leaf of Honey*

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*

O ye folk! Serve your Lord who created you and those before you; haply you may fear Who made the earth for you a bed and the heaven a dome; and sent down from heaven water, and brought forth therewith fruits as a sustenance for you; so make no peers for God, the while ye know.

Qur'an, chapter of the heifer

It is not only physical bravery that counts. One must have the courage to face up to life as it is, to go through sorrows, and always sacrifice oneself for the sake of others.

Kipsigis saying from Kenya

O Thou kind Lord! Thou hast created all humanity from the same stock. Thou hast decreed that all shall belong to the same household. In Thy Holy Presence they are all Thy servants, and all mankind are sheltered beneath Thy Tabernacle; all have gathered together at Thy Table of Bounty; all are illumined through the light of Thy Providence.

O God! Thou art kind to all, Thou hast provided for all, dost shelter all, conferest life upon all. Thou hast endowed each and all with talents and faculties, and all are submerged in the Ocean of Thy Mercy.

O Thou kind Lord! Unite all. Let the religions agree and make the nations one, so that they may see each other as one family and the whole earth as one home. May they all live together in perfect harmony.

O God! Raise aloft the banner of the oneness of mankind.

O God! Establish the Most Great Peace. Cement Thou,

O God, the hearts together.

O Thou kind Father, God! Gladden our hearts through the fragrance of Thy love. Brighten our eyes through the Light of Thy Guidance. Delight our ears with the melody of Thy Word, and shelter us all in the Stronghold of Thy Providence. Thou art the Mighty and Powerful, Thou art the Forgiving and Thou art the One Who overlooketh the shortcomings of all mankind.

‘Abdu'l-Bahá

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

Long Life
Honey in the Heart
No Evil
Thirteen Thank yous.

Mayan Prayer

MUSICAL FINALE
Jaya Suartika

Please join us for refreshments after the program