

A New Day

OPENING MUSIC AND FABLE
DAN, DELIA, and FUZZY

FUTURE DREAMING

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- ~ Tao, *Chuangtse* Ascribed to Confucius
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MUSIC AND FABLE
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MUSIC AND FABLE FINALE
DAN, DELIA, and FUZZY

**OPENING MUSIC and FABLE
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Future Dreaming

I've seen the Promised Land

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

O SON OF LOVE!

Thou art but one step away from the glorious heights above and from the celestial tree of love. Take thou one pace and with the next advance into the immortal realm and enter the pavilion of eternity. Give ear then to that which hath been revealed by the pen of glory.

O SON OF DUST!

Blind thine eyes, that thou mayest behold My beauty; stop thine ears, that thou mayest hearken unto the sweet melody of My voice; empty thyself of all learning, that thou mayest partake of My knowledge; and sanctify thyself from riches, that thou mayest obtain a lasting share from the ocean of My eternal wealth. Blind thine eyes, that is, to all save My beauty; stop thine ears to all save My word; empty thyself of all learning save the knowledge of Me; that with a clear vision, a pure heart and an attentive ear thou mayest enter the court of My holiness.

O SON OF JUSTICE!

Whither can a lover go but to the land of his beloved? and what seeker findeth rest away from his heart's desire? To the true lover reunion is life, and separation is death. His breast is void of patience and his heart hath no peace. A myriad lives he would forsake to hasten to the abode of his beloved.

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

Life and Death, possession and loss, success and failure, poverty and wealth, virtue and vice, good and evil report hunger and thirst, heat and cold -- these are changes of things in the natural course of events. Day and night they follow upon one another, and no man can say where they spring from. Therefore they must not be allowed to disturb the natural harmony, nor enter into the soul's domain. One should live so that one is at ease and in harmony with the world, without loss of happiness, and by day and by night, share the (peace of) spring with the created things. Thus continuously one creates the seasons in one's own breast. Such a person may be said to have perfect talents. . . .

When standing still, the water is in the most perfect state of repose. Let that be your model. It remains quietly within, and is not agitated without. It is from the cultivation of such harmony that virtue results. And if virtue takes no outward form, man will not be able to keep aloof from it.

Tao, *Chuangtse* Ascribed to Confucius

Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold,
Rend each man's temple-veil and bid it fall
That we may know that Thou hast been of old.
Gather us in; we worship only Thee:
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common Soul we see,
In many ships we seek one spirit-land,
Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven:
Thou art the Fullness of our partial sight—
We are not perfect till we find the seven.

G. Matheson

Jesus said,
"Love your brother like your soul, guard him like
the pupil of your eye.

Christian
Other Apocrypha, The Gospel of Thomas

Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any
grudge against the children of Thy people, but
Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Jewish: *Leviticus*

Pay homage to God . . . and be good to your par-
ents and relatives, the orphans and the needy and
the neighbours who are your relatives and the
neighbours who are strangers, and the friend by
your side.

Al-Qur'an 4:36

Speak to us of friendship, and he answered, saying:

Your friend is your needs answered. He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving. And he is your board and your fireside. For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the 'nay' in your own mind, nor do you withhold the 'ay.' And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart; for without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is un-acclaimed . When you part with your friend, you breathe not; for that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.

And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit. For love that seeks for but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend. If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also. For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill? Seek him always with hours to live. For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness. And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures. For in the due of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.

Kahlil Gibran *from the Prophet*

[Baha'u'llah] likened this world of being to a single tree, and all its peoples to the leaves thereof, and the blossoms and fruits. It is needful for the bough to blossom, and leaf and fruit to flourish, and upon the interconnection of all parts of the world-tree, dependeth the flourishing of leaf and blossom, and the sweetness of the fruit.

For this reason must all human beings powerfully sustain one another and seek for everlasting life; and for this reason must the lovers of God in this contingent world become the mercies and the blessings sent forth by that clement King of the seen and unseen realms. Let them purify their sight and behold all humankind as leaves and blossoms and fruits of the tree of being. Let them at all times concern themselves with doing a kindly thing for one of their fellows, offering to someone love, consideration, thoughtful help. Let them see no one as their enemy, or as wishing them ill, but think of all humankind as their friends; regarding the alien as an intimate, the stranger as a companion, staying free of prejudice, drawing no lines.

Bahá'í: 'Abdu'l-Bahá

**MUSIC and FABLE
DAN, DELIA and FUZZY**

Walls

*What may appear as truth to one person will often appear as untruth to another
person..*

.Mahatma Gandhi

O ye dear friends! The world is at war and the human race is in travail and mortal combat. The dark night of hate hath taken over, and the light of good faith is blotted out. The peoples and kindreds of the earth have sharpened their claws, and are hurling themselves one against the other. It is the very foundation of the human race that is being destroyed. It is thousands of households that are vagrant and dispossessed, and every year seeth thousands upon thousands of human beings weltering in their life-blood on dusty battlefields. The tents of life and joy are down. The generals practise their generalship, boasting of the blood they shed, competing one with the next in inciting to violence. 'With this sword,' saith one of them, 'I beheaded a people!' And another: 'I toppled a nation to the ground!' And yet another: 'I brought a government down!' On such things do men pride themselves, in such do they glory! Love -- righteousness -- these are everywhere censured, while despised are harmony, and devotion to the truth.

The Faith of the Blessed Beauty is summoning mankind to safety and love, to amity and peace; it hath raised up its tabernacle on the heights of the earth, and directeth its call to all nations. Wherefore, O ye who are God's lovers, . . . walk in this road that is drawn straight, and show ye this way to the people. Lift up your voices and sing out the song of the Kingdom. . . . so that this world will change into another world, and this darksome earth will be flooded with light, and the dead body of mankind will arise and live; so that every soul will ask for immortality, through the holy breaths of God.

- 'Abdu'l-Baha

And another reason that I'm happy to live in this period is that we have been forced to a point where we are going to have to grapple with the problems that men have been trying to grapple with through history. Survival demands that we grapple with them.

Men for years now have been talking about war and peace.

But now, no longer can they just talk about it. It is no longer a choice between violence and nonviolence in this world; it's nonviolence or nonexistence. That is where we are today.

Dr. Martin Luther King , Jr.

What becomes of our obligation to do good to others, if we do not exert ourselves, when all the means are in our power, to confer the most valuable of all benefits; to remove the greatest of all ills.

Of what stuff must that heart be made which can behold, unmoved, genius and worth, destitute of religion; wandering in a maze of passions and doubts, devoured by fantastic repinings and vague regrets. Drearily conscious of wanting a foundation whereon to repose; a guide in whom to trust. What heart can gaze at such a spectacle without unspeakable compassion.

Not to have our pity and our zeal awakened, seems to argue the utmost depravity of heart. No stronger proof can be given that we ourselves are destitute of religion. The faith or the practice must be totally wanting.

We may talk devoutly; we may hie, in due season, to the house of prayer; while there, we may put on solemn visages and mutter holy names. We may abstain from profane amusements, or unauthorized words; we may shun, as infectious, the company of unbelievers. We may study homilies and creeds; but all this, without *rational* activity for others' good, is not religion. I see, in all this, nothing that I am accustomed to call by that name.

I see nothing but a narrow selfishness; sentiments of fear, degrading to the Deity; a bigotry that contracts the view; that freezes the heart; that shuts up the avenues to benevolence and generous feeling. This buckram stiffness does not suit me. Out upon such monastic parade! I will have none of it.

Charles Brockden Brown: *from Jane Talbot*

A Prayer by Leunig

Dear God,

We struggle, we grow weary, we grow tired. We are exhausted, we are distressed, we despair. We give up, we fall down, we let go. We cry.

We are empty, we grow calm, we are ready. We wait quietly.

A small, shy truth arrives. Arrives from without and within. Arrives and is born. Simple, steady clear. Like a mirror, like a bell, like a flame. Like rain in summer. A precious truth arrives and is born within us. Within our emptiness.

We accept it, we observe it, we absorb it. We surrender to our bare truth. We are nourished, we are changed. We are blessed.

We rise up.

For this we give thanks. Amen.

**MUSIC and FABLE
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Building the Future

Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will.

Mohatma Gandhi

Unity of heart, and unity of mind, freedom from hatred, do I procure for you. Do ye take delight in one another, as a cow in her new-born calf!

The son shall be devoted to his father, be of the same mind with his mother; the wife shall speak honeyed, sweet, words to her husband!

The brother shall not hate the brother, and the sister not the sister! Harmonious, devoted to the same purpose, speak ye words in kindly spirit!

That charm which causes the gods not to disagree, and not to hate one another, that do we prepare in your house, as a means of agreement for your folk.

. . . Do ye come here, co-operating, going along the same wagon-pole, speaking agreeably to one another! I render you of the same aim, of the same mind.

Identical shall be your drink, in common shall be your share of food! I yoke you together in the same traces: do ye worship Agni, joining together, as spokes around about the hub!

I render you of the same aim, of the same mind, all paying deference to one through my harmonizing charm. Like the gods that are guarding the ambrosia, may he be well disposed towards you, night and day!

Hindu, *Atharva Veda*

How can you buy or sell the sky,
The warmth of the land?
The idea is strange to us.
If we do not own the freshness of the air
and the sparkle of the water,
how can you buy them/
Every part of this earth is sacred to my people.
Every shining pine needle,
every sandy shore,
every mist in the dark woods,
every clearing
and humming insect is holy in the memory
and experience of my people.
The sap which courses through the trees
carries the memories of the red man.

- . . The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst.
- The rivers carry our canoes and feed our children . . .

This we know: the earth does not belong to man;
man belongs to the earth.
All things are connected.
We may be brothers after all.
We shall see.
One thing we know which the white man may one day discover:
Our God is the same God.

Seattle, Chief of the Suquamish

He who experiences the unity of life,
sees his own Self in all beings,
and all beings in his own Self,
and looks on everything with an impartial eye.

Hindu: Bhagavad-Gita

O ye children of men the fundamental purpose animating the Faith of God
and His Religion is to safeguard the interests and promote the unity of the
human race... The well-being of mankind, its peace and security, are unat-
tainable unless and until its unity is firmly
established.

from the Bahá'í Writings

Only heart to heart can speak the bliss of mystic knowers:
No messenger can tell it and no missive bear it.

Hafiz: Shamsu'd-Din Muhammad

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Please join us for refreshments and warm fuzzies