

# *Reconciliation; a Gentle Justice*

Opening Music ~ Josh and Tim Bennet

## *Heart*

- ~ Baha'u'llah, *from Bahá'í Writings*
- ~ Jewish Psalm 139 *from the Old Testament*
- ~ Christian Hebrews 13:1-3
- ~ *Tribal Wisdom*
- ~ Langston Hughes *from Dream Variations*
- ~ Rosemary Plummer *Black Mother*
- ~ Isadora Duncan *My Life*
- ~ C. E. Flynn *True Greatness*

Music ~ Josh and Tim Bennet

## *Mind*

- ~ Prayer - *Hollow Reed*
- ~ Attributed to Muhammad
- ~ Brian J Brock *Kuarna People*
- ~ Jan *This Locality*
- ~ Bahá'u'lláh *from Bahá'í Writings*
- ~ Christian: *from the Bible*
- ~ Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Music ~ Josh and Tim Bennet

## *Harmony*

- ~ Shoghi Effendi *from the Baha'i Writings*
- ~ Nelson Mandela
- ~ *From an interview with Priscilla Hayner*
- ~ 'Abdu'l-Baha *from the Baha'i Writings*

Musical Finale ~ Josh and Tim Bennet

**OPENING MUSIC**  
*Josh and Tim Bennet*

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*Heart*

*“As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also  
to them likewise”*

*Luke 6:31*

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**O Son of Spirit!**  
My first council is this:  
Possess a pure, kindly and radiant heart,  
That thine may be a sovereignty ancient, imperishable  
and everlasting.

**O Son of Being!**  
Ascribe not to any soul  
that which thou wouldst not have ascribed to thee,  
and say not that which thou doest not.  
This is My command unto thee,  
do thou observe it.

**O Son of Being!**  
Thy heart is My home;  
Sanctify it for My descent.  
Thy spirit is My place of revelation;  
Cleanse it for My manifestation.

**O Son of Spirit!**  
Know thou of a truth:  
He that biddeth men be just  
and himself committeth iniquity is not of Me,  
even though he bear my name.

*Bahá'u'lláh, from Bahá'í Writings*

O Lord, You have searched me and You know me.  
You know when I sit and when I rise;  
You perceive my thought from afar.  
You discern my goings out and my lying down;  
You are familiar with all my ways.  
Before a word is on my tongue  
You know it completely,  
O my Lord.

*Psalm 139: 1-4 Jewish : From the Old Testament*

Keep on loving each other as brothers.  
Do not forget to entertain strangers,  
for by so doing,  
some people have entertained angels  
without knowing it.  
Remember those in prison  
as if you were their fellow prisoners,  
and those who are mistreated  
as if you yourselves were suffering.

*Hebrews 13 :1-3 Christian: from the New Testament*

## Tribal Wisdom

At the dawn of this millennium, tribal peoples of the world still echo the voices of their Elders as they encourage us to respect each other.

In their timeless wisdom lie the seed of hope and the promise of tomorrow yet to come.

## Dream Variations

To fling my arms wide  
In some place of the sun,  
To whirl and to dance  
Till the white day is done.

Then rest at cool evening  
Beneath a tall tree  
While night comes on gently,  
Dark like me –  
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide  
In the face of the sun,  
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!  
Till the quick day is done.  
Rest at pale evening ...  
A tall, slim tree ...  
Night coming tenderly  
Black like me.

Langston Hughes *from Dream Variations*

## **Black Mother**

Black mother you are beautiful  
your skin black like a crow in a tree.  
Black mother you've a warm gentle heart  
like the spirits that walked upon this place

Created in the Dreamtime.  
We know you have feelings deep inside  
like the woman doing body painting  
ready for dance.  
Black mother you're beautiful like the kangaroos  
who carry and feed joeys in their pouch.  
Oh! what more can I say except this—  
Is there a part  
which I owe you  
Or perhaps a sentimental path  
Making us lifelong friends?

Rosemary Plummer: Aboriginal poem from Central Australia

The most terrible part of a great sorrow is not the beginning, When the shock of grief throws one into a state of exultation which is anaesthetic in its effects, but afterwards, long afterwards, when people say, “Oh, she has got over it”— or “She is all right now, she outlived it”;

When one is, perhaps, at what might be considered a merry dinner-party to feel Grief with one icy hand oppressing the heart, or clutching at one’s throat with the other burning claw—Ice and Fire, Hell and Despair, overcoming all — and, lifting the glass of champagne, one endeavours to stifle this misery in whatever forgetfulness—possible or impossible.

This was the state I had now reached. All my friends said: “She has forgotten; she has outlived” whereas the sight of any little child who entered the room suddenly, calling “Mother,” stabbed my heart, twisted my whole being with such anguish that the brain could only cry out for Lethe, for Oblivion, in one form or another, and from this horrible suffering I aspired to create Art...

Autobiographical extract: *from MY LIFE by Isadora Duncun*

## True Greatness

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams  
As great as the love he bears;  
As great as the values he redeems,  
And the happiness he shares.  
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,  
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks,  
And the insight he has gained.  
A man is as great as the truth he speaks,  
As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives.

C. E. Flynn

**MUSIC**  
*Josh and Tim Bennet*

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*Mind*

*The best reflection is there when the wind, water and  
you are quite still.*

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Oh, God, make me a hollow reed,  
from which the pith of self hath been blown  
so that I may become as a clear channel  
through which Thy Love may flow to others.  
I have left behind me impatience and discontent.  
I will chafe no more at my lot.  
I commit myself wholly into thy hands,  
for thou art my Guide in the desert,  
the Teacher of my ignorance,  
the Physician of my sickness.  
I am a soldier in my King's army.  
I have given up my will to Him  
and my life to dispose of as He may please.  
I know not what fate Thou deignest for me,  
nor will I inquire or seek to know.  
The task of the day suffices for me,  
and all the future is Thine.  
Thou changest weakness to strength,  
doubt to faith,  
perplexity to understanding.  
When I am fit to bear the burden,  
Thou wilt lay it on my shoulders.  
When I am prepared to take the field,  
Thou wilt assign me a place in the Army of Light.  
Now I have no other duty than to equip myself for Thy Service.  
With eagerness and patience,  
with hope and gratitude,  
I bend to the task of the hour,  
lest when thy call comes  
I be found unready.

*from Bahá'í Tradition*

Seek for mankind that of which you are desirous for yourself,  
that you may be a believer;  
**T**reat well as a neighbour the one who lives near you,  
that you may be a Muslim.  
**T**hat which you want for yourself seek for mankind.  
**T**he most righteous of men is the one  
who is glad that men should have what is pleasing to himself,  
and who dislikes for them what is for him disagreeable.  
**W**hatever you abhor for yourself,  
abhor it also for others,  
and whatever you desire for yourself desire also for others.

Attributed to Muhammad, *Sukhanan-i-Muhammad*

## Kaurna People

Kaurna people  
this was your land  
now concrete roads and cars

Kaurna people  
this was your land  
now drifting dunes where once the mallee grew

Kaurna people  
these were your living hills  
where now the streams are still  
or rage in flood

Kaurna people  
these were your open spaces  
where now the fence confines

Kaurna people  
these were your swamps and waterways  
where now our garbage lies

Kaurna people  
best your spirits dream  
than see all this  
and die again  
as this your land has done.

Brian J Brock

## This Locality

Localities have an in-born native accuracy  
A speaking knowledge of the atmosphere  
Locked into the cosmos it cannot be obliterated  
By the bird scratching of architecture

A soul reaches out to time and place  
And time and place reach out to it  
A silent doorway to the inner eye

Let's walk the platform of this place  
Let colour soak into our being  
Let the smell charge our batteries  
Let the angle of the sun wash our skin.

Let the composition of ions name our thoughts  
Let the weight of the atmosphere bear down on us  
Let latitude and longitude define us.

Let what we do and how we do it  
Be sharpened and sympathetic.  
Let time and place connect us.  
Let our feet dance lightly across our mother earth.

Jan

*In 1852 Baha'u'llah was taken to the notorious Siyah-Chal, the "Black Pit" of Tihran, a subterranean dungeon in which He was imprisoned for four months. Along the way He was stoned, ridiculed, and stripped of his outer garments.*

“Upon our arrival We were first conducted along a pitch-black corridor, from whence We descended three steep flights of stairs to the place of confinement assigned to Us. The dungeon was wrapped in thick darkness, and Our fellow-prisoners numbered nearly a hundred and fifty souls. . . Though crowded, it had no other outlet than the passage by which We entered. No pen can depict that place, nor any tongue describe its loathsome smell. Most of these men had neither clothes nor bedding to lie on. God alone knoweth what befell Us in that most foul-smelling and gloomy place.”

“All those who were struck down by the storm that raged during that memorable year in Tihran were Our fellow-prisoners in the Siyah-Chal, where we were confined.”

“We were all huddled together in one cell, our feet in stocks, and around our necks fastened the most galling of chains. The air we breathed was laden with a the foulest impurities, while the floor on which we sat was covered with filth and infested with vermin. No ray of light was allowed to penetrate that pestilential dungeon or to warm its icy-coldness. We were placed in two rows, each facing the other. We had taught them to repeat certain verses which, every night, they chanted with extreme fervour. “God is sufficient unto me; He verily is the All-sufficing!” one row would intone, while the other would reply: “In Him let the trusting trust.” The chorus of these gladsome voices would continue to peal out until the early hours of the morning. Their reverberation would fill the dungeon, and, piercing its massive walls, would reach the ears of Nasiri'd-Din Shah, whose palace was not far distant from the place where we were imprisoned. “What means this sound?” he was reported to have exclaimed.”

*Baha'u'llah, from the account of His imprisonment*

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth:  
for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away;  
and there was no more sea.  
And I John saw the holy city,  
new Jerusalem,  
coming down from God out of heaven,  
prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.  
And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying,  
Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,  
and he will dwell with them,  
and they shall be his people,  
and God himself shall be with them,  
and be their God.  
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. . .

*The Bible, Revelation 21:1-4*

It is not enough to say we must not wage war. It is necessary to love peace and sacrifice for it. We must concentrate not merely on the negative expulsion of war, but on the positive affirmation of peace. In short, we must shift the arms race into the peace race. Some years ago a novelist died, among his papers was found a list of suggested plots for further stories, the most prominently underscored being this one:

A widely separated family inherits a house in which they have to live together. This is a great new problem of mankind. We have inherited a big house, a great world house in which we have to live together, black men and white men, easterners and westerners, gentiles and Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Muslims and Hindus. A family unduly separated in ideas, culture, and interest, who, because we can never again live without each other, must learn somehow, in this one big world house, to live with each other.

And this is our great challenge. This means that more and more, our loyalties must become ecumenical rather than sectional. We must now give an overriding loyalty to mankind as a whole in order to preserve the best in our individual societies. This call for a worldwide fellowship that lifts neighbourly concern beyond one's tribe, race, class and nation is in reality a call for an all-embracing, an unconditional love for all men. I'm not speaking of some sentimental and weak response which is little more than emotional bosh. I'm speaking of that force which all of the great religions have seen as a supreme unifying principle of life.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

**MUSIC**  
*Woodwind Quintet*

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*Harmony*

“The sun arrives...and with her—the day.  
As a Tapestry is woven.”

Peter Kelso (12 year old)

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Let there be no mistake. The principle of the Oneness of Mankind . . . Is no mere outburst of ignorant emotionalism or an expression of vague and pious hope. Its appeal is not to be merely identified with a reawakening of the spirit of brotherhood and good-will among men, nor does it aim solely at the fostering of harmonious cooperation among individual peoples and nations. Its implications are deeper, its claims greater . . . Its message is applicable not only to the individual, but concerns itself primarily with the nature of those essential relationships that must bind all the states and nations as members of one human family. It does not constitute merely the enunciation of an ideal, but stands inseparably associated with an institution adequate to embody its truth, demonstrate its validity, and perpetuate its influence. It implies an organic change in the structure of present-day society, a change such as the world has not yet experienced. It constitutes a challenge, at once bold and universal, to outworn shibboleths of national creeds—creeds that have had their day and which must, in the ordinary course of events as shaped and controlled by Providence, give way . . . It calls for no less than the reconstruction . . . Of the whole civilized world—a world organically unified in all the essential aspects of its life . . . Yet infinite in the diversity of the national characteristics of its federated units. . .

The principle of the Oneness of Mankind . . . Carries with it no more and no less than a solemn assertion that attainment of this final stage in this stupendous evolution is not only necessary but inevitable, that its realization is fast approaching, and that nothing short of a power that is born of God can succeed in establishing it.

Shoghi Effendi *from the Bahá'í Writings*

Reconciliation requires that we work together to defend our democracy and the humanity proclaimed by our constitution. It demands that we join hands. . . Let us celebrate our rich diversity as a people, in the knowledge that when the TRC (Truth and Reconciliation Commission) in its wisdom apportions blame, it points at previous state structures; political organizations; at institutions and individuals, but **never**, and I want to repeat, **never** at any community.

. . . It is for those who have the means, to contribute to the efforts to repair the damage brought by the past. It is for those who have suffered losses of different kinds and magnitudes to be afforded reparation, proceeding from the premise that freedom and dignity are the real prize that our sacrifices were meant to attain. . .

A better future depends on all of us lending a hand - your hand, my hand.

Nelson Mandela

Several hundred amputees of the war live in a refugee camp in the capital city, Freetown. I went there with a colleague to speak with them, and many told us they were ready to forgive. When we asked about the amnesty written into the new peace accord, they said, "Well, you know, we're not entirely happy with the amnesty, but if that's what's necessary for peace, then we support it." When we asked about their ability to forgive after such horrendous atrocities, they pointed out that many of the perpetrators were their own relatives forced into the war. "These are our brothers and our cousins," one man said. "We want them to come home." I was still skeptical until another man said, "You know, just yesterday, one of the rebels came into the camp, and he told us what he had done, and we all talked about it, and at the end of the conversation, I took the shirt off my own back and gave it to him as a gift of acknowledgment."

*From an interview with Priscilla Hayner*

Know thou of a certainty that love is the secret of God's holy Dispensation, the manifestation of the All-Merciful, the fountain of spiritual outpourings.

Love is heaven's kindly light, the Holy Spirit's eternal breath that vivifieth the human soul.

Love is the cause of God's revelation unto man, the vital bond inherent, in accordance with the divine creation, in the realities of things.

Love is the one means that ensureth true felicity both in this world and the next.

Love is the light that guideth in darkness, the living link that uniteth God with man, that assureth the progress of every illumined soul.

Love is the most great law that ruleth this mighty and heavenly cycle, the unique power that bindeth together the divers elements of this material world, the supreme magnetic force that directeth the movements of the spheres in the celestial realms.

Love revealeth with unfailing and limitless power the mysteries latent in the universe.

Love is the spirit of life unto the adorned body of mankind, the establisher of true civilization in this mortal world, and the shedder of imperishable glory upon every high-aiming race and nation. . .

O ye beloved of the Lord! Strive to become the manifestations of the love of God, the lamps of divine guidance shining amongst the kindreds of the earth with the light of love and concord.

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

## **MUSICAL FINALE**

***Josh and Tim Bennet***

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