

A TIME TO HEAL

Where Everything Is Music

Don't worry about saving these songs!
And if one of our instruments breaks,
It doesn't matter.

We have fallen into the place
Where everything is music.

The strumming and the flute notes
Rise into the atmosphere,
And even if the whole world's harp
Should burn up, there will still be
Hidden instruments playing.

So the candle flickers and goes out.
We have a piece of flint, and a spark.

This singing art is sea foam.
The graceful movements come from a pearl
Somewhere on the ocean floor.
Poems reach up like spindrift and the edge
Of driftwood along the beach, wanting!
They derive
From a slow and powerful root
That we can't see.

Stop the words now.
Open the window in the center of your chest,
And let the spirits fly in and out

Jelaluddin Rumi

Reveal then Thyself, O Lord, by Thy merciful
Utterance and the mystery of Thy divine being, that the
holy ecstasy of prayer may fill our souls—a prayer
that shall rise above words and letters and transcend
the murmur of syllables and sounds—that all things
may be merged into nothingness before the revelation
of Thy splendor

Abdu'l Baha

Little Girl be careful what you say

When you make talk with words, words—
For words are made of syllables
And syllables, child, are made of air—
And air is so thin—air is the breath of God—
Air is finer than fire or mist,
Finer than water or moonlight,
Finer than spider-webs in the moon,
Finer than water-flowers in the morning:
and words are strong, too
stronger than rocks or steel
Stronger than potatoes, corn, fish, cattle,
And soft, too, soft as little pigeon-eggs,

Soft as the music of hummingbird wings.

So, little girl, when you speak greetings,
When you tell jokes, make wishes or prayers,
be careful, be careless, be careful,
be what you wish to be

Carl Sandburg

Pain is a Treasure

Pain is a treasure, for it contains mercies;
The kernel is soft when the rind is scraped off.
O brother, the place of darkness and cold
Is the fountain of Life and the cup of ecstasy.
So also is endurance of pain and sickness and disease.
For from abasement proceeds exaltation.
The spring seasons are hidden in the autumns,
And the autumns are charged with springs

Jelaluddin Rumi

When the heart is hard and parched up,

come upon me with a shower of mercy.
When grace is lost from life,
come with a burst of song.
When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides, shut-
ting me out from beyond,
come to me, Lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.
When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a
corner, break open the door, my king,
and come with the ceremony of a king.
When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust,
O thou holy One, thou wakeful,
come with thy light and thy thunder.

Rabindranth Tagore

Song—Amazing Grace

O thou who art turning thy face towards God!

Close thine eyes to all things else, and open them to
the realm of the All-Glorious. Ask whatsoever thou
wishest of Him alone. With a look He granteth a hun-
dred thousand hopes, with a glance He healeth a hun-
dred thousand incurable ills, with a glimpse He layeth
balm on every wound, with a nod He freeth the hearts
from the shackles of grief. He doeth as He doeth, and
what recourse have we? He carrieth out His Will, He
ordaineth what he pleaseth. Then better for thee to
bow down thy head in submission, and put thy trust in
the All-Merciful Lord.

Abdu'l Baha

Song—He's got the whole world in his hands

From that which we fear, make us fearless.

O bounteous One, assist us with your aid.
May the atmosphere we breathe
Breathe fearlessness into us:
Fearlessness on earth
And fearlessness in heaven!

To put an end to war.

May fearlessness surround us
Above and below!

May we be without fear
By night and by day!
let all the world be my friend!
Atharva Veda XIX

You will not enter paradise until you have faith and
you will not complete your faith until you love one
another.

Prophet Mohammad

Watch Thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or
watch, or weep tonight, and give Thine angels charge
over those who sleep.

Tend Thy sick ones, O Lord Christ: rest Thy weary
ones; bless Thy dying ones; soothe Thy suffering ones;
shield Thy joyous ones; and all for Thy Love's sake.

Saint Augustine

O Befriended Stranger!

The candle of thine heart is lighted by the hand of My
power, quench it not with the contrary winds of self
and passion. The healer of all thine ills is remem-
brance of Me, forget it not. Make my love thy treasure
and cherish it even as thy very sight and life.

Baha'u'llah

Song

Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream
words and music by Ed McCurdy

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war

I dreamed I saw a mighty room
Filled with women and men
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again

And when the paper was all signed
And a million copies made
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful pray'rs were prayed

And the people in the streets below
Were dancing 'round and 'round
While swords and guns and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground

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