

**“LOVE IS THE SECRET”  
THE GOLDEN RULE**

**Introduction** Sally Eiler Cordova

**Opening Prayers**

O God, who has revealed to us that of all the virtues Love may for us most clearly describe Thy infinite nature, and that when we selflessly love we approach Most nearly to Thy presence: Grant to us therefore this the supreme virtue; for Thou hast shown us that, without it, persistence hardens into pride, peace chills to cold heartedness and even humility sinks to despair. But enkindled by loving kindness all these virtues become alive, bearing us up into Thy presence where alone our hearts may rest.

**Gerald Heard**

O my God! O my God! Unite the hearts of thy servants, and reveal to them Thy great purpose. May they follow Thy commandments and abide in Thy law. Help them, O God, in their endeavor, and grant them strength to serve Thee. O god! Leave them not to themselves, but guide their steps by the light of Thy knowledge, and cheer their hearts by Thy love. Verily, Thou art their Helper and their Lord

**Baha'u'llah**

Hear me four quarters of the world—  
A relative I am!  
Give me strength to walk the soft earth,  
A relative to all that is!  
Give me eyes to see and the strength to understand,  
That I may be like you  
With your power only can I face the winds.

**from Black Elk Speaks**

**AMERICA—A compilation of inspirational writings on our roots and our future**

**The Tree of Peace**

The Indians of the Five Nations were a practical people.. And nowhere is this practical bent of mind better seen than in the way they talked about peace. Peace was not, as they conceived it, a negative thing., the mere absence of was or an interval between wars, to be recognized only as the stepchild of the law ... To the Iroquois, peace was law. They used the same word for both. Peace (the Law) was righteousness in action, the practice of justice between individuals and nations. If they ever recognized it as a mystic presence, like the light which Shelley conceived as giving “grace and truth to life’s unquiet dream,” they found it, not in some imagined retreat from the world, but in human institutions, especially in good government. Their own Confederacy, which they named the Great Peace, was sacred. The chiefs who administered the League were their priests.

In their thought peace was so inseparable from the life of man that they had no separate term by which to denominate it. It was thought of and spoken of in terms of its component elements: as Health and Reason (soundness of body and sanity of mind), Law (justice codified to meet particular cases), and Authority (which gives confidence that justice will prevail). Peace was a way of life, characterized by wisdom and graciousness...Their symbol for this Peace was a tree, and the tree had roots in the earth.

The power of symbols is profound, especially among an active and emotional people; for symbols are a means by which a practical persons, shy of metaphysics and impatient of theory, are enabled to apprehend great ideas, take them to heart, and put them to work...When Deganawidah stood before the first council of the United Nations at Onondaga and planted the Tree of the Great Peace, he planted in the hearts of the people a symbol that was to give power and permanence to their union.

Like the spires on our churches, the Great White Pine which “pierces the sky” and “reaches the sun.” lifted the thoughts of the Iraquois to the meanings of peace...the Branches signified shelter, the protection and security that people found in union under the shadow of the Law. The Roots, which stretched to the four quarters of the earth, signified the extension of the law, the Peace, to embrace all mankind...and The Eagle that Sees Afar, which Deganawidah placed on the very summit of the Tree, signified watchfulness...

Then Deganawidah uprooted the Tree and under it disclosed a Cavern through which ran a stream of water, passing out of sight into unknown regions of the earth. Into this current he cast the weapons of war, the hatchets and war-clubs, saying, “We here rid the earth of these things of an Evil Mind.” Then replacing the Tree, “Thus,” he said, “shall the Great Peace be established, and hostilities shall no longer be known between the Five Nations, but peace to the United People.”

It was a simple but effective symbol he had given them in the Tree of Peace...It was inspiring and yet at the same time familiar and friendly to the people who knew the forest as their home....And the eagle which the man of the Five Nations saw circling in the sky above him was a reminder that the price of peace, as of liberty, is eternal vigilance.

**Paul A. W. Wallace**

**Concord Hymn**

By the rude bridge that arched the flood.  
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled.  
Here once the embattled farmers stood

And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept:  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps:  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream.  
We set today a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free.  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

***I Hear America Singing***

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should  
be blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or  
beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or  
leaves off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat,  
the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the  
hatter singing as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way  
in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sun  
down,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young  
wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none  
else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of  
young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious  
songs.

**Walt Whitman**

***This Land is Your Land***

This Land is your land, this land is my land  
from California to the New York island,  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me that endless skyway,  
I saw below me that golden valley  
This land was made for you and me

Nobody living can ever stop me  
As I go walking that freedom highway.  
Nobody living can make me turn back.  
This land was made for you and me.

**Woody Guthrie**

***From The People Yes***

The people is a polychrome,  
A spectrum and a prism  
Held in a moving monolith,  
A console organ of changing themes,  
A clavilux of color poems  
Wherein the sea offers fog and the fog moves off in  
rain  
And the Labrador sunset shortens  
To a nocturn of clear stars  
serene over the shot spray of northern lights.

The steel mill sky is alive.  
The fire breaks white and zigzag  
shot on a gun-metal gloaming.  
Man is a long time coming.  
Man will yet win.  
Brother may line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.  
There are men who can't be bought.  
The fireborn are at home in fire.  
The stars make no noise.  
You can't hinder the wind from blowing.  
Time is a great teacher.  
Who can live without hope?

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief  
the people march.  
In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for keeps,  
the people march:

“Where to? What next?”

**Carl Sandburg**

***To the Graduating Class of 2004 by Toni Morrison***

Now, if I can't talk inspiringly and hopefully about the  
future or the past or the present and your responsibility  
to the present or happiness, you might be wondering  
why I showed up. If things are that dour, that tentative,  
you might ask yourself, what's this got to do with me?  
What about my life? I didn't ask to be born, as they  
say. I beg to differ with you. Yes, you did! In fact, you  
insisted upon it. It's too easy, you know, too ordinary,  
too common to not be born. So your presence here on  
Earth is a very large part your doing.

So it is up to the self, that self that insisted on life that  
I want to speak to now—candidly—and tell you the  
truth that I have not really been clearheaded about, the  
world I have described to you, the one you are inherit-  
ing. All my ruminations about the future, the past, re-  
sponsibility, happiness are really about my generation,  
not yours. My generation's profligacy, my generation's  
heedlessness and denial, its frail ego that required end-  
less draughts of power juice and repeated images of  
weakness in others in order to prop up our own illu-

sion of strength, more and more self congratulation while we sell you more and more games and images of death as entertainment. In short, the palm I was reading wasn't yours, it was the splayed hand of my own generation and I know no generation has a complete grip on the imagination and work of the next one, not mine and not your parents', not if you refuse to let it be so. You don't have to accept those media labels. You need not settle for any defining category. You don't have to be merely a taxpayer or a red state or a blue state or a consumer or a minority or a majority.

Of course, you're general, but you're also specific. A citizen and a person, and the person you are is like nobody else on the planet. Nobody has the exact memory that you have. What is now known is not all what you are capable of knowing. You are your own stories and therefore free to imagine and experience what it means to be human without wealth. What it feels like to be human without domination over others, without reckless arrogance, without fear of others unlike you, without rotating, rehearsing and reinventing the hatreds you learned in the sandbox. And although you don't have complete control over the narrative (no author does, I can tell you), you could nevertheless create it.

Although you will never fully know or successfully manipulate the characters who surface or disrupt your plot, you can respect the ones who do by paying them close attention and doing them justice. The theme you choose may change or simply elude you, but being your own story means you can always choose the tone. It also means that you can invent the language to say who you are and what you mean. But then, I am a teller of stories and therefore an optimist, a believer in the ethical bend of the human heart, a believer in the mind's disgust with fraud and its appetite for truth, a believer in the ferocity of beauty. So, from my point of view, which is that of a storyteller, I see your life as already artful, waiting, just waiting and ready for you to make it art.

**Toni Morrison (Wellesley College)**

### *Musical Interlude*

#### **THE GOLDEN RULE**

“This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you”

Jesus of Nazareth (St. John 15:12)

“Only by love can men see me, and know me, and come unto me.”

Bhagavad Gita 11:54

“Conquer anger by love; conquer evil by good...”

Dhammapada XVII v223

#### ***From Spirits Rebellious***

We stand now before your terrible throne  
Wearing the blood-smear'd garments of our fathers;  
Covering our heads with the dust of the tombs  
mingled with their remains;  
Drawing the swords which have been sheathed in their  
their entrails;  
Raising the spears that have pierced their breasts  
Dragging the chains that have withered their feet;  
Crying aloud cries that have wounded their throats,  
And lamentations that have filled the darkness of their  
prisons;  
Praying prayers that have sprung out of the pain of  
their hearts-  
Listen, O Liberty, and hear us!

In order to secure their power and rest at heart's ease  
they have armed the Durzi to fight the Arab;  
Have incited the Shi'i against the Sunni;  
Have incited the Kurd to slaughter the Bedouin;  
Have encouraged the Mohammadan to fight the Christian -  
How long is a brother to fight his brother on the breast  
of the mother?  
How long is a neighbor to threaten his neighbor near  
the tomb of the beloved?  
How long are the Cross and the Crescent to remain  
apart in the eyes of God?

**Kahlil Gibran**

### ***Love is the Secret***

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-Baha**

### ***SONG—A chant from Taize***

Ubi caritas at amor  
Ubi caritas Deus ibi est  
Live in charity and steadfast love  
Live in charity; God will dwell with you

### ***Derelict***

The grime of the ghetto smells  
On his roughened hands and face  
And we recoil as he takes his place  
On the bus beside us.  
His shabby clothes smell  
Of greens and fatback.  
He sits there poker-faced,  
His blurred eyes gazing into space.

A woman stands with her sleeping child  
And reaches for the strap,  
In an effort not to fall.  
A man, face protected  
By his *New York Times*,  
Cocks up one eye to see—  
Yet does not see.  
Across the aisle

A strapping youth  
Tightly holds his girl-friends hand,  
As seated he watches the fragile mother  
With her sleeping youngster.  
Then a silence prevails,  
The derelict's dark face  
Breaks into a smile,  
Revealing stron white teeth,  
As he rises and gives the woman  
Holding the child her seat.

**Helen Underhill**

### ***From Number Our Days***

*Number Our Days* is the fruit of Dr. Meyerhoff's "third birth." To write it she has returned not only to her nation of birth, but also to her Jewish heritage. Anthropologists learn respect for elders among those they study. It was thus a felicitous chance that brought Barbara Myerhoff among the truly elderly folk of the Aliyah Senior Citizen's Center, a group of former migrants from Eastern Europe now mostly abandoned by their more or less successful New World progeny...

*Chapter 4 "for an educated man he could learn a few things" ...Kominsk's last and most definitive breach of a Center norm occurred when on a member's behalf he accepted packages of holiday foods donated by a Jewish organization for the next Passover season. Basha brought matters to a head at the following meeting. "We don't take charity here. We give it. For a few pennies, they (the donors) get rid of guilt and expect we should be grateful. Nobody here is so poor they couldn't afford a box of matzo. A lot of people here got plenty of money. If anybody don't believe me, I am going to stand up her and tell just what everyone in this room is worth, because this I know. Then we can write it down and send to the people with the handouts, so they should know too. Tell them this is not the way to do things. If they got what to give away, let them send it to Israel." People felt Kominsky had humiliated them publicly, depicting them as paupers to the outside world.*

After this episode, Schmuel told me that great skill was always required in getting people to accept money or gifts that they might actually need. "You see, one year Abe did a very smart thing. The temple sent round boxes of matzo. Abe just stacked them in a corner, didn't say anything. Someone would come, look at them, and ask about them. Abe said, "I'm selling them, I got them cheap. What do you think they are worth? Whatever we get we can send to Israel." That was smart. People paid what they could. Abe sent the money to Israel in the Center's name. Everyone got Passover foods. You see, all this is laid

out by our ancient sages. Jewish tradition is very exact about charity. The one who gives must avoid pride and the one who receives must not be shamed. They arranged this in the old days by having two rooms in the Temple of Jerusalem. In the one, the Chamber of Vessels, you put gifts for the Temple. In the other, the Chamber of Secret Gifts, were put gifts that the poor drew out in secret. So no one know who gives and no one knows who receives.”

**Barbara Myerhoff**

**SONG—Taize Chant repeated** (all sing)

Ubi caritas et amor

Ubi caritas, Deus ibi est

Live in charity and steadfast love

Live in charity. God will dwell with you.

**From Resurrection by Leo Tolstoy**

“That is the whole truth of the matter,” thought Nekhlyudov. “If once we admit, be it for a single hour or in a single instance, that there can be anything more important than compassion for a fellow human being, then there is no crime against man that we cannot commit with an easy conscience...Suppose a problem in psychology were set to find means of making people of our time—Christians, humane, simple, kindly people—commit the most horrible crimes without having any feeling of guilt, only one solution would present itself: to do precisely what is being done now, namely, to make them governors, inspectors, officers, policemen and so forth; which means, first that they must be convinced that there is a thing called government service which allows men to treat other men like inanimate objects, thereby banning all human brotherly relations with them; and secondly, that the people entering this “government service” must be so conjoined that the responsibility for the results of their treatment of people can never fall on any one of them individually. Without these conditions it would be impossible in our times to commit such atrocious deeds as those I have seen today. *The whole trouble is that people think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love, but no such circumstances ever exist...* human beings cannot be handled without love any more than bees can be handled without care. That is the nature of bees. If you handle bees carelessly you will harm the bees and yourself. And so it is with people. And it cannot be otherwise, because mutual love is the fundamental law of human life.”

**Leo Tolstoy**

**Outwitted by Edward Markham**

He drew a circle that shut me out—

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.

But Love and I had the wit to win;

We drew a circle that took him in!

**CIRCLE DANCE—Humble by Shaker and Anja**  
(All join in the dancing and singing)

You’ve got to humble yourself in the sight of your  
mother

You’ve got to know what she knows

And humble yourself in the sight of your mother

You’ve got to know what she knows

And we shall lift each other up

Higher and higher we shall lift each other up.

(REPEAT with new verses

You’ve got to humble yourself in the sight of your

father

sisters

brothers

children

elders

yourself

mother

And we shall lift each other up

Higher and higher we shall lift each other up)

**Closing Prayer**

O God, my God! Praise be unto Thee for kindling the fire of divine love in the Holy Tree on the summit of the loftiest mount: that Tree which is “neither of the East nor of the West.” that fire which blazed out till the flame of it soared upward to the Concourse on high, and from it cried out: “Verily have we perceived a fire on the slope of Mount Sinai.”

O God, my God! Increase Thou this fire, as day followeth day, till the blast of it setteth in motion all the earth. O thou, my Lord! Kindle the light of Thy love in every heart, breathe into men’s souls the spirit of Thy knowledge, gladden their breasts with the verses of oneness. Call Thou to life those who dwell in their tombs, warn Thou the prideful, make happiness worldwide, send down thy crystal waters, and in the assemblage of manifest splendors, pass round that cup which is “tempered at the camphor fountain.”

Verily, art Thou the Giving, the Forgiving, the Ever-Bestowing. Verily, art Thou the Merciful, the Compassionate.

**Abdu’l Baha**