

A  
STRING  
OF  
PEARLS

BY  
H.M. DOLL



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Quotations of Mr. F.  
Avatar: Mabel F. P.  
Tues

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DEDICATED  
to  
DEAREST  
MEHERA

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Grand Rapids  
Michigan

Understanding has no meaning.  
Love has meaning.  
Obedience has more meaning.  
Holding My Damaan has most  
meaning.      Meher Baba



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1. The following items were found  
 2. in the attic of the house  
 3. at the corner of 1st and 2nd  
 4. streets, New York City.  
 5. The items were found in a  
 6. box of the following description:  
 7. The box was made of wood  
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## CONTINUOUS SONG OF LOVE

O Beloved Meher! You are the continuous Song of  
Love, never a break in Your Nature Divine.  
You permeate every part of creation, so evident  
in this Age of Wine.

Your lovers pour into the door of Your Shop  
In response to Your Call to receive a Wine drop.

They have waited so long, hundreds of years  
Prepared once again so Your Sound they can hear.

It pierced the world's barrier to connect with  
heart's core --  
The REAL miracle of life. Now they ask for more

And' more of Your Precious Prasad  
Which You compassionately give on Your Hill in  
Meherabad.

You play Your lovers' heartstrings with Your Own  
lovely Hands  
Releasing Love's fragrances throughout all lands

Which restores the meaning of Life's purpose and  
Goal  
Which is to love You. That is man's only role.

Seeker! Hold to Baba's Hand. He has given you His  
embrace.  
Divide not your attention by His other Divine  
Faces.

## IT'S ALL PASSING AWAY

O Beloved! Love is the Name of my Lover. Just Your  
Presence fills my heart.  
Your fragrant breath upon my soul sweetens Love's  
darts.

Your Song sweetly caresses my heart in the early  
morning hours.  
The scent from the Rose fills the air from Love's  
Garden of Flowers.

O Friends! Why bother with anything but Him? All  
else is passing away.  
You, me, all forms, all things are but props for  
the Beloved's Play

To know Himself as God, to enjoy Knowledge, Power  
and Bliss.  
Focus your mind only on Him. Accept His Love, His  
Kiss

And serve Him alone with happiness and cheer.  
Joy will be boundless as heart's loosed from fear

And willingly becomes the dust at His Lotus Feet,  
Which catches to His Sacred Hem making life complete.

O Seeker! You'd been the world's slave long enough.  
The Lord took mercy on you.  
Out of His Infinite Love and Compassion, He gave  
you to see what's true.

## THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

O Beloved! I search for that spot within my heart  
where Love's Name is etched in blood.  
It alludes my every effort. Instead of songs heart  
feels a thud.

The grip of Love broke my heart. It lay aside Love's  
Door  
To await His Clap to dance again in the dust upon the  
floor.

O Lover! Thank God when the honeymoon is over. Now,  
we can get down to brass tacks.  
Do not worry when in your house appear earthshaking  
cracks.

Anger is sure to arise for the Truth thwarts the al-  
mighty self-will.  
Repeat His Name with trust in His help. The mind  
will soon still

For all things pass, good and bad. Release all by  
His Holy Name.  
You'll come to see what's real and false. By His  
ways the mind tames

And allows the joy of loving Him, the Beloved Lord  
and Friend.  
Open the door when He passes by. To His pleasure  
devotedly tend.

O Lover! Lead a life of Love. Uplift the good in  
the soul.  
Stir your heart to always remember your real pur-  
pose and goal,

With remembrance of His Name, His lovely, honest  
Smile.  
How else to live in this world? With Him we live  
in style.

## TASTED NOT OF YOUR BREW

O Beloved! I try to escape from Your irrisitible  
pull. But Beloved, what can I do?  
You are the only One worth loving. You are the  
only One true.

I cannot step into Your Play and yet cannot turn  
around.

I'm unable to leave Your Door, though I hear not  
the awaited Sound.

I wait for the Door to open, for the welcome to  
Your Dream Divine.

I wait for You to break the chains but You give  
no encouraging sign.

O Lover! How will you know what to want for you  
cannot imagine Me.

Know that My Hand is guiding your heart. How else  
can I set you free?

I pull you into My Divine Game but you must feel  
the pull of the world.

That resistance will make you stronger, then I  
will catch you in My Curls.

O Beloved! Is this the life You allow me to be  
Your fortunate slave,

To serve You as my Lord not off in imagination's  
cave?

If not my Love, plunge a sword through my heart.  
What am I to do?

My life is ruined by the Hand of Fate, yet I tast-  
ed not of Your Brew.



Now this misery is my bliss till You accept me in  
Your Home.  
Until then I sit on Your doorstep. No longer can I  
roam.

O Seeker! The door of Love is open to you. Come step  
along inside.  
Love's way walked by the lovers of old is truly test-  
ed and tried.

Put fear away forever. You are in your Master's  
Hands.  
Follow your heart which is truly His. Listen to  
Love's command

Just to be yourself for Him. Let honesty be your  
friend.  
He'll finish the job in no time flat. Broken-hearts  
He faithfully tends.

## ON MEHERA'S PORCH

O Beloved!

I looked into Love's eyes  
unashamedly

I saw the Truth of existence  
which prevades  
everything

She is as a beautiful  
remnant of  
velvet  
shielding the Sun

Worn thin through Love

The fabric of assertion  
gone

To reveal the beauty  
of Reality

She is as the most delicate  
of flowers  
precious  
pure  
holy  
true

How to serve that beautiful  
Truth  
within You  
and you  
and you?

O Lover!

Live your days in  
remembrance  
of Him

Think only of that which is real

And what is real?

His Love for you  
That is real

His Infinite Kindness  
That is real

His Purity  
That is real

His Beauty  
That is real

His Humor  
That is real

His Compassion  
That is real

And lay your head at His Sacred Feet

## THE JOY OF OBEDIENCE

O Beloved Meher! Love Itself smiled on me to-day,  
unexpectedly.  
Love took an interest in this heart so compassion-  
ately.

Attention given by Baba is a great thing that happ-  
ens to the soul.  
It is that push into the arms of Love bringing one  
to the goal

Of loving God as He should be loved as only He Him-  
self can do.  
The gift of obedience from Love Itself is offered  
to the few.

How many births has it taken to be gifted by Love's  
Presence?  
Why am I blessed at this particular time by the  
Divine Essence?

Obedience is the greatest thing that happens in  
the life of the soul.  
It is something real hearts yearn for as they play  
the lover's role

Waiting for His Whim, becoming beggars at His Gate.  
Taking human form, they practice patiently and wait

For the day when worldly burdens are mercifully  
lifted  
By embracing sweet obedience from Love Itself  
gifted.

Soul waits millions of years for obedience to be  
embraced  
When offered by the Divine One. His Perfect timing  
is His Grace.

O Seeker! You have been kissed by Love Itself in a  
most special way.  
The world disputes the joy of obedience found in the  
Beloved's play.



## THE SOUND I HEAR

O Beloved Meher! The sound I hear within my soul is  
the sound of the Beloved's Voice.  
It fills my heart with a radiant light giving a bliss-  
ful joy.

It speaks of Oneness, Unity, Completeness, the Word  
of Infinite Truth  
Which says there is no other. Heart leaps with the  
spring of youth

Lifted into the Silence where the Beloved beckons to  
me.  
With the Smile of Infinite Purity, He slowly sets me  
free.

I am one with Him, the Father of all, as all in  
creation are.  
The work of Love is to live that Truth, even to  
suffer scars,

To abandon all though stricken with fear, drawn to  
Love's Flame.  
Oh! It's too late now. The die is cast. I'm trapped  
in the Beloved's Game.

Heidi repents a wasteful life filled with hypocrisy.  
Tell the Guest if He comes your way. He'll be  
pleased to see,  
For He, the Perfect One, only demands our honesty.

## HIS NAME

O Beloved Meher! From  
Kabir's couplet, "He who takes always the Name of  
God knows neither death nor birth".  
May Your Grace bestow the strength to use this tool  
of Infinite worth.

Your Name Meher.....the Name of my Lord  
Your Name Meher.....heart's name for God  
Your Name Meher.....a joyous sound  
Your Name Meher.....a treasure found.

A most beautiful sound, an uplifting refrain,  
Beloved Meher Baba, my heart's own name.

You are my own Self. You are my very own heart.  
You are the Divine Beloved, only a thought keeps us  
apart.

O Beloved! When will You remove this thought of  
separation?  
O Lover! When you have completed the journey to  
dust station.

Until then, enjoy My Presence. Hold fast to My  
Dress.  
Keep My Name on your lips. Your Beloved will do  
the rest.

But my Darling, which of us is the Beloved?

## I FOUND SOMETHING REAL

O Beloved! I found something real. My life will never be the same.

I wandered aimlessly till by Your Grace I discovered Your Name.

I am not much of a lover my Lord, but You, the Ancient One, love me.

I beg You keep me in Your service, my heart Your Love will free.

I will water Your flowers with tears in the garden where You rest.

The shade from my lashes will shelter Your song-birds in their nest.

I will lay a carpet of emerald green clover for Your Precious Lotus Feet

And plant borders of delicate violets for Your lovers to gather whenever You meet.

A glimpse of Your beautiful Face is no longer important for this soul,

But to be turned away from service to You would burn in my heart a hole

Which would never ease. It would never heal. It would take my life from this earth.

Better not to be born at all than to miss service to the only One of worth.

I found You my Beloved. My life will never be the same.

I no longer wander for by Your Grace I heard Love's Name.

O Seeker! Liberation is His Game as He frees Himself in us.

Have the courage to step aside without a show or fuss

For He requires no help. He does His Work in His own way.

Be cheered you have heard His Beautiful Name. Let heart sing it out each day.

## AWAKE MY BELOVED!

Awake my Beloved! I need You sweet Heart.  
Awake my Beloved! Do not keep us apart.

Awake my Beloved! I long for Your Glance.  
Awake my Beloved! I no longer sing nor dance,

But, yearn for Your Touch, Your sweet embrace.  
I long for the sun of Your beautiful Face.

Awake my Beloved! I am lost without You.  
Awake my Beloved! I am helpless to do.

Awake my Beloved! Let me hear Your sweet voice.  
Awake my Beloved! You are heart's only joy.

Please open Your Eyes. Respond to my plea.  
Please share Your sweet smile. Please let me see.

You're all that I think of, and all that I want.  
Awake my Beloved! I thirst and I'm gaunt.

Awake my Beloved! Can You hear this heart call?  
Awake my Beloved! Please let me fall

Into Your arms that extend from Your Being,  
To merge in Your Love. Oh! You're all that I'm  
seeing.

Awake my Beloved! Awake. Why not now?  
Why persist in Your sleep? This heart yields and  
bows.

Awake my Beloved! You're the Truth and the Sun.  
Awake my Beloved! Then we will be One.

'The Awakened One comes as the Awakener to awaken  
Himself.'  
*the last line added by Eruch*



## TEARS OF JOY

O Beloved!

Tears that flow within the hearts

You have touched

carry the sweet aroma of  
roses

Caressing Your Feet with  
velvet petals.

Tears of joy

Fragrances to bathe Your

lovely Eyes

their tiny crystals

reflecting Your eternal Light.

Tears of joy

Refreshing the Beloved's Heart

with the gentle rains

of springtime.

Tears of joy

Preparing a room

of sweetness

for Him.

O Beloved! Tears...Love's precious pearls

gathered over lifetimes

of loving

carried on heart's sleeve

always ready to be

laid at Your Feet.

Heidi says this...her Beloved, in His Compassion,  
smiled and her heart danced the Dance of Remem-  
brance.

## HOW HE YEARNs TO FILL OUR CUP

For Beloved Meher!

To my children,

Perceive the Truth. Only God exists. All creation is  
contained in Him.

Continue your life in light of this knowing, "Love It-  
self resides within."

It burns away the crust of ignorance gathered over the  
ages,

Until all is ash burned by Truth's flame. For most it  
is done in stages.

All is false except the Lord Who is Love Itself in  
light.

To meet with Him, the Perfect One gives to the soul  
pure sight

Of Him, the only One, Who holds all in the warmth of  
His arms.

His work is serious, second to none, no place for the  
spaced out or charmed.

There is no place for drugs, escapism and such.  
We need two feet on the ground solid in trust.

Life becomes overwhelming when not grounded in the  
One

Who comes time and again, by most ignored and shunned,

For the poor ignoramuses really believe 'they' are the  
form

And hold fast to that truth, now outdated and worn.

Beware of the tricks in the guises of friends.  
Beware of a world that says this is the end

For we've yet to see the tip of His Bountiful Love.  
Be strong in Him my dears. He has given all a shove

In awareness and consciousness. He is waking us up.  
Hold to Him the Perfect One. How He yearns to fill  
our cup!

O Seeker! Listen to the slightest hint to fulfill  
the Beloved's Wish.

Turn away from sentiment or Love's Presence you  
will miss.

## ONCE HE PULLS A SOUL

O Beloved Meher! Once He pulls a soul close to Him,  
Out of Compassion or the Eternal Whim,

He impresses on that mind that for him the world is  
naught.

The Beloved becomes the focus for all that is sought.

An emptiness is felt as the world drops away  
And the aspirant senses this is no longer play

But a deadly game walking a tight rope  
Razor-sharp....devoid of hope.

He instantly knows not to recruit any others,  
For one must be prepared or their spirit is  
smothered.

Know that He has drawn you close to His Heart.  
My dear, It is made of Fire. It teaches Love's art

Of serving the Lord completely and true.  
Keep all this in your heart. It is only meant for  
you.

On this razor-edged path you will recognize brothers.

It's a sweet recognition not given to others.

You've entered a different world by His Infinite  
Grace.

Play your earthly role with heart focused on His  
Face

For yours is a life between the Beloved and you.  
It is not meant for all. This fact is true.

O Heidi! Speak not of the failings of others, you  
who are far from free.  
Only the Beloved sees their hearts. For you..accept,  
Let things be

And efface yourself in the light of My Love. That is  
the path for you.

Be assured of My help every step of the way. Be honest. To Me remain true.

## ON DHUN'S PASSING

For Beloved Meher! Her life a song of love, lived  
to the end, for His Pleasure.  
On passing even the angels bowed, for they knew of  
her inner treasure.

The words her life expressed fell sweetly on the  
Beloved's Ear,  
For He heard her song, "I Accept", sung clearly  
without fear.

With these words, His Eyes twinkled overflowing  
with happiness  
For His darling had moved His Heart to a degree  
no one can guess.

She sparkled with love for Him as He held her in  
His Hand.  
His Love for her paled the noonday sun. Only Love  
can understand.

O Lover! How can I explain to you this part of the  
Beloved's play?  
A lover never feels he has loved but rather lacking  
in every way.

## VOICES OF LOVE

O Beloved Meher! The voices of Your lovers sing out  
Your Love for creation..  
A Love so vast, beyond imagination.

O friends! It is HIS Love for us which has us sing  
to Him.

It is HIS Love for us which stirs His Divine Whim,

To show His Face within His quickened hearts  
Who spread throughout all lands, Love's piercing  
darts,

Striking chord after chord in a rising melody  
Lifted upon waves of Love, the colors of which I see.

He suffers the weight of illusion out of Love alone  
For each to see the Truth that he is already home!

O Lover! Nothing can reach Him. He is beyond all  
praise and gifts,  
But a small selfless act of Love brings Him running  
to you so swift

That within the very act of loving, His Presence  
manifests

To become the doer and the act itself giving the  
Beloved real happiness!

## THE BELOVED GROOM

O Beloved Meher! One gazes at You with the heart,  
not with the eyes of the mind.  
The eyes of Love loosen. The eyes of the senses  
bind.

Heart sees Beauty unimaginable in the world of  
effects,  
For it sees Love. It sees the Beloved when focus  
on Him is set.

Love runs away when mind attempts to enter His Room.  
But, when heart approaches, He dons the dress of the  
Beloved Groom

Longing to see His Bride Whom He's waited long to  
see.  
O what lays ahead for all when from mind He sets  
us free.

The longing comes from Him. It is always by His  
Grace.  
Leave your head in the debris when you feel His  
Sweet embrace.

When the Beloved issues the call for His Own to  
come to Him,  
Nothing can stop the tide of the Ancient One's  
Whim,

Which tears away the husks of all that is unreal  
And leaves behind intact what's true and loving  
and Real

To serve the One, all-Bountiful and True,  
To release in the world Love which is in truth YOU.



O Heidi! Love is not garlands and roses, Jai Baba's  
and songs.  
Lay down your life for the Beloved. That is a love  
strong!

## PRECIOUS SEEDS

For Beloved Meher!  
To my children,  
Life allows for many experiences for soul to balance  
its lot.  
It's part of His compassionate nature, though the man  
in the street knows Him naught.

Finally comes the day when one tires of the 'opposites game',  
And in that moment of despair, by His Grace, one  
hears His Name.

In that instant the heart is touched in a way as never  
before.  
It's a moment of sweet remembrance of a home heart's  
known before.

No alcohol or drugs or material things ever penetrated heart's core.  
Our precious time is never wasted when directed to  
Love's Door.

No books or learning or philosophical tomes ever  
opened the heart.  
No rite or ceremony or psychological jargon added  
one mite to Love's art

Of forgetfulness of all but Him. Love is His universal name.  
We see Him as Buddha and Christ and Ram. Love contained in a man-frame.

We hear of Him as Krishna, Mohammed, Zoroaster, and  
now as Lord Meher.  
It is He Who stirred again the fire releasing  
sparks into the air

That catch to the heart ripe for love whether consciously or unconsciously known,  
And within that moment of time, the seed of Love is sown.

A seed now destined for the One Experience, that is God Himself.  
All-Knowledge, Power and Bliss becomes its birth-right's wealth,

For within that seed will surely blossom a lotus at the Beloved's Feet.  
He nurtures and tends to His precious seeds but help Him to keep His Love sweet

By remembering always His Name, by obeying the best one can,  
By living a natural life with respect for the Lord within man.

Allow the heart to sing its joy, let it burst out in song each day.  
We've no idea what the Beloved has done to increase in our hearts Love's Rays.

We can only be grateful that such a One has come again into our lives.  
We can never really thank Him enough. He's happy when Love's life we try.

Yours truly,

P.S. I say and write these words because Beloved Baba once said them.  
I claim no experience. I can only hold to His Hem.

## IN THE HOSPITAL

O Beloved!

What will I see to-day? Already tears of happiness  
wash my eyes.

Who knows what the Master has up His sleeve as a  
sweet and loving surprise?

I know what it is! It is easy for me to surmise.  
He is going to give a 'wink' from behind some terrific disguise.

In that loving play, we are both so very pleased,  
For I love to find and He loves to be found....a  
dear moment of love seized.

He is truly Love, my Beloved...and what a Beloved  
He is!

He shows to us the stuff of life. He shows me all  
is His.

He showed me suffering to-day. He showed me sacrifice.

My heart was touched beyond all telling. I share this  
slice of life.....

She was crying in hospital bed, modesty shot to the  
wind.

She was old, on tubes for air and food. No one with  
her time to spend,

She wriggled her fingers as her wrists were restrained.  
I reached over. She grasped my hand.

We stayed that way in a silent peace. My heart did  
understand.

Automatically I whispered, Jai Baba, and she answered  
with light in her eyes.

We knew of Love's humiliation. Love is sacrifice.

O Lover! Deep within the soul rages a fire for the  
Beloved Lord.  
It burns with desire to see His Face....to see the  
Face of God.

## HIS COMMITMENT OF LOVE

O Beloved Meher! Your greatness is without parallel.  
Your compassion frees the mind.  
Your limitless Love surrounds us all. It is You all  
wish to find.

Baba helps us to see love in others, by thinning our  
egoic wall.

Baba helps us to be interested in Love, helps us to  
answer Love's Call.

Baba helps us consider obedience as a way of Love to  
Him.

Baba helps us to be really happy, that which comes  
from within.

Baba helps us to drop unfruitful loves, for Him, the  
One worth loving.

Baba helps us to walk a path by removing the debris  
which was covering.

Baba helps us to focus our minds by being the Adora-  
ble One.

Baba helps us to use our energy for Him the Eternal  
One.

Baba helps us to be content with the life He has de-  
signed.

Baba helps us to step aside, to be completely re-  
signed.

Baba helps us to see the treasure of living a life  
for Him.

Baba helps us accept His Love which dissolves the  
greatest sin.

Baba helps us to walk a path that is no path at all.

Baba helps us to steal Love's Kiss as He gives to us the shawl

Of His Protection, His Commitment, to bring us close to His Heart.

So He can be loved as He should be loved....He's blessed us with the lover's part.

O Lover! Practice everything of His. Practice patience, generosity and good cheer. Practice compassion, mercy and kindness, sweet words for the Beloved to hear.

## SPIRITUAL PRIDE

O Beloved! Spiritual pride, a deadly sin. Only the  
Master can unravel its root  
And loosen the hold it has on the soul, to give it  
a permanent boot.

It is a most horrifying blot upon the heart. It's  
mixed with accomplishment and self-gain.  
Consider yourself blessed if you've avoided that  
path and by-passed a hard to remove stain.

One must first see the horrible plight that desire  
has led him to  
And pray for the Grace of the All-knowing One Who  
can clean that blemish for you.

Spiritual pride, the most deadly of sins would  
tremble the heart of the devil.  
If he could see what's really involved, in his  
accomplishment he would not revel

The medicine prescribed is bitter but sweet for  
with it comes the smile of His Face.  
One must let go of all spiritual possessions, made  
possible by His Grace.

His compassion denies no one His Blessings and Love.  
He did not discriminate when He gave creation a  
shove.

There's no value to mastery unless the ego is tot-  
ally effaced.  
Come down from your pinnacle of learning. It's  
possible to accept His Grace,

To admit real ignorance, to admit the lie,  
To follow His Guidance out of pride's sty.

O Heidi! Do not pray for knowledge or spiritual gain  
But, pray for His Love with its bitter-sweet pain.



## THE PAST IS MINE!

O Beloved! Can't we love God without regulations  
and rules?

Can't we run and play with Our Lord? Must we go  
the way of fools

Of rites and ceremonies, austerities and prayers,  
dangling on seesaws of wrongs and rights.

That's not the way to my Beloved Lord...you dead-  
heads...get out of my sight!

Love is the only answer for all. It is beyond all  
religion and code.

My heart sings loud Meher Baba. He is my heart's  
Mother Lode.

O Seeker! Love blooms naturally within the heart.  
It cannot be forced by any technique.

Once His Glance falls upon you, you're led joyously  
to His Feet.

O Lover! What now can hold you back from drinking  
His Cup of Wine?

You have heard His Compassionate Words, "Continue.  
The past is Mine!"

## THE PATH

O Beloved! Heart leaps at the sight of the Path. It  
does indeed exist.

How can I speak my joy. 'Tis a shadow of Your Bliss,

For upon that Path of Love is my darling Beloved  
Meher.

It means to be ever closer to Him, perhaps feel the  
brush of His Hair.

The Path of my Lord is before my eyes. In truth it  
is Him that I see.

The nearness of the Way clouds my mind but heart  
knows it's the way to be free.

The sight trembles my heart within my breast as the  
truth of the Path becomes clear.

It is sure death to the limited self if to Beloved  
I wish to be near.

It is hardships, suffering, heartaches to walk the  
road reddened by tears,

But the joy of His Company surpasses all else. 'Tis  
a great privilege, that much is clear.

Nowhere else can one be so close to their Beloved,  
the Divine Master, the Lord,

For to walk the royal way is to be one with Him,  
the One the heart calls God.

Why He showed me the Path with this timid heart, I  
truly cannot guess

But it's filled my heart with love for Him, as He  
showed me I felt His Caress.

Will He set these feet upon the Path? I do not dare  
to guess.

To be with Him, the Beloved of hearts, has become  
my only request.

My eyes remain fixed upon Love Street. I've no-  
where else to go.  
I wait Love's Dust to cover my heart to join Him  
wherever He goes.

O Beloved! I see my lack of courage. I'm aware of  
weakness and fear  
As before me rises Love's Life. Are the rigors those  
heart can bear?

O Lover! I supply all your needs. Leave all your  
worries behind.  
I promise you constant companionship as your heart  
becomes refined

In the furnace of Real Love where I lead my dearest  
ones  
Who wish to come ever closer to My Infinite Sun.

O Pathgiver! Desire for the Wine of Love forged a  
river through Heidi's soul.  
Her cup to hold Love's Wine is gone. Her heart the  
Beloved stole.

## THE BELOVED'S BELOVED

O Beloved!

Your Garment of Love covers her heart. What beautiful dress she wears.

Your Beauty and Grace and lovely Rose-fragrance are around her everywhere.

Her sweetness and strength spring from Your Smile.

Love's embrace her pure heart can bear.

How fortunate for us Your dear Mehera is here, the beloved of our Beloved Meher.

We take her into our hearts. By Your Grace she has touched our soul.

In her gentle way she reminds us all, You are life's purpose and goal.

O Lover!

There is no one sweeter to My Heart, chosen as My beloved.

Her heart is as a circle of diamonds, complete, brilliant, uncovered.

## WHAT GOOD FORTUNE

O Beloved! The thorn of Love pierced my heart as You  
showed me to Love's Door  
And held it open with welcome embrace saying, 'Come,  
stay for more'.

How lovely Your Eyes, Your majestic Brow, Your Hair-  
line of princes and kings.  
With the strength of Your earlobe, the sweetness of  
Your Smile, heart staggers on to sing

Not only of Your Beauty, but of Your Infinite Com-  
passionate ways.  
All attributes of God Perfected. May Love's Work be  
completed I pray.

O friends! He uses all of His forms to console you in  
the world external  
And waits in the silence of the heart for that pre-  
cious moment eternal.

For His lover, there is never a question, for His  
signature is on each gift--  
That special song, that note in the mail, that Glance  
give His own that lift

Into His remembrance where He constantly renews the  
lover's pact.  
As He takes away the useless, He gives Himself. That  
is a fact!

O Seeker! What good fortune my friend, for out of  
millions of common men,  
You've been led by the hand of sweet destiny, to take  
sight of His Sacred Hem.

## THE PENITENT'S CLOAK

O Beloved! I'm ashamed to wear this penitent's cloak  
but it's become my second skin.  
To discard it would be an act of murder, yet, 'to  
lose is the way to win'.

One asset carries me through life. It is the Beloved's  
Love for me.  
One liability nips at my heels...myself I clearly see.

I push and pull yet the chains are still on. O! How  
I yearn to be free.  
My only joy is I'm not alone. My Beloved's in the  
chains with me!

O Seeker! Why do you hold to austerity? Drop it and  
break it's back  
And move to the room of the dancing drunkards. Leave  
behind the penitent's rack.

To-day is the time for Love. Salute the Keeper and  
His Friends.  
Lift your glass and sing Love's songs as the life of  
the cloister ends,

And live a life true to Him. Love is all that's real.  
He is the Giver, the Embodiment of Love. On your  
heart I see His Seal.

Why shouldn't you jump with joy? You've heard the  
Beloved's Name.  
Why shouldn't you dance and sing. Your heart Meher's  
inflamed.

The world is filled with down-hearted souls, ignor-  
ant of their real and true state.  
Confused, they trample expressions of joy, though it  
be man's common fate.

## HOW WILL I EVER LEAVE THE TOMB?

O Beloved! How will I ever leave the Tomb to wander  
back to foreign land?

How can I stay within the Tomb without support of  
Your loving Hand?

I'm unaware of what suffering is. I know not whether  
in joy or pain.

I only know this heart is Yours. This heart You now  
with compassion claim.

O Beloved! I am useless and worthless to You, unable  
to live on either shore,

Poor, decrepit and yet You wish this tattered heart  
to love You more.

But, even the desire for You has waned and lost its  
fiery passion.

Heart sinks to the depths within Your Well and waits  
for You to fashion

Whatever You wish, whatever You deem, You would like  
in Your whimsical play.

O Meher, my Love, the Beloved of hearts, within Your  
Being I stay

For where else can I go? What else can I do?  
You are irresistible. I must be with You.

Heidi! All feelings, all words are as nothing in  
Love's world. Is your every action untainted in  
His Service?



## THE BARN

O Beloved! Something within me moved as within the  
Barn I stepped.  
It stirred as it recognized Love. My heart awoke  
and wept.

The movements of inner life, a living, pulsing  
thing  
Yearn to express delight, to be awakened this  
time of spring.

Heart recognized the Master, the One of greatness  
Divine.  
It recognized the living Christ come again to en-  
liven the times

To awareness that God exists, that union is the  
goal for all  
That He came to awaken the world. Some hear and  
answer His Call

That rings within their hearts with familiar sounds  
of eternity  
And leaps to follow its Beloved Who wishes only to  
set hearts free.

O friends! He is Great. He is Love. He is all one  
could ever need.  
He is Compassion. He is Mercy. He is the Good with-  
in all deeds

For He is Perfect. He is ALL. He moves within yet  
apart from earth.  
He is the Beloved. He is the Christ in Whom all's  
destined to have its birth.

The Beloved looks upon this soul and my darling is  
everywhere.  
The lover responds to His Presence. For her, suff-  
ering He bears.



O Seeker! Love is for the brave. There is nothing  
It will not bear.  
Hold tightly to His Hem. Love is not a frivolous  
affair.

Love is for the strong. Leave it all in His Hands.  
None can fathom His ways. Each detail is a part of  
His Plan.

## BUCKETS OF THE BELOVED'S LOVE

O Beloved! My heart's not true. What can I do?  
Take a bucket of Love. Splash it all through.

There's still some dirt on the corner there.  
Take a bucket more. Be afraid not to dare.

It's the easiest way to clear the debris,  
And the sweetest way there will ever be.

Use the buckets of Love, however many you need.  
It's the best you can do, a most fruitful deed.

It'll splash away all remnants of 'you',  
Which keeps Love away from That which is true.

O that Heidi had the courage to accept her  
Beloved's Love.

## HE IS THE REASON

"One must feel that he is not master of his body, but that it is the Guru's and exists merely to render Him Service."

O Beloved! He decides the way in which the body will serve His Task.

He decides the 'givens' in life. What is there to ask?

All is His.....totally His....instruments for His Grace.

He captures the heart and tames the form as He gives to the soul a taste

Of Who He is, what He's about, as He awakens life to Himself.

He is the reason we're here on earth, not fame or power or wealth.

He is the reason we come to this place. He is the reason for this play.

He is the reason we awake each day as He shows us again the way

To Truth, the way to Love, the way to a freedom that's real,

The way to yearn and long for Him, to serve Him under Love's Seal.

O Heidi! Do not be caught in duality's net. Refuse its cunning embrace.

Rather attain to inner poise, inwardly grounded by Baba's Face,

For He is the Axis of life upon which all turns. He tells us He's even beyond that Axis in which Love's Fire burns.

## CHILDREN

For Beloved! O how He loved children and often  
said it so.

Above all else in the passing world, He wanted  
you to know

That you are His and He is yours and in your heart  
He lives.

You need go nowhere to be with Him for in your  
heart He gives

His Company, His Love, His Smile, His Laugh, His  
Joy.

He is with you all the time, in your sleep, when  
you play with toys.

He is with you as you eat, as you dress and play  
your games.

He is with you as you sing and laugh and when you  
cry it is still the same.

He is always there dear children and will help you  
when it's hard.

He will help you every step of the way. Your soul  
He lovingly guards.

All children's hearts are the same to Him and in  
your heart He lives.

It matters not whether rich or poor, Himself to  
you He gives.

It matters not your religion, your color, black  
or brown.

He's the happiest with His children. In you His  
Love abounds.

You bring Him joy and happiness. He gives you  
friendship and Love.  
He gives you to know the Eternal Truth...God's  
not below or above

But in your own heart, home for Him, sweetened by  
Purity's Kiss  
He helps you to grow to the conscious Truth that  
God is all there is.

He is Light. He is Love. He is Compassion and  
Kindness too  
He is All-gentle and yet All-strong. He's the  
very best Friend for you!

## THE GREATEST EVENT

For Beloved Meher! Be unafraid to approach this One  
Who is truly all-compassion.  
Be assured this One is total kindness. Let heart  
fill with Love's passion.

His Mercy falls freely upon our souls. We need only  
accept this gift  
And walk with Him in confident manner. From this  
position do not shift.

Be assured there is none other like Him. He accepts  
us completely as we are.  
Without a doubt He is the Perfect Beloved. His Door  
is always ajar.

His Hand is always there. His lover's company He  
truly enjoys.  
Allow this One, the Eternal Beloved, to turn you  
from useless toys.

Talk with Him. Let Him enjoy you. Love is a two-  
way street.  
Hold not yourself back from Love's sharing times.  
Throw everything at His Feet.

Ignore mind's chatter full of pranks to keep  
Beloved and lover apart.  
Cement your commitment with this greatest of  
treasures. Let Him open your heart

With His Love, His Beauty, His Smile, His Compassion,  
His Eyes, His Kiss.  
He's the greatest event to happen in our lives. What  
fortune this event was not missed.

O Lover! His Presence alone dismantles the ego. For  
what other reason has He come?  
He replaces what He takes with His beautiful Love.  
What a blessing He gives to some.

## WAITING FOR YOU TO TEND

O Beloved! Does anyone really know Your Will? Can  
one ever be sure,  
Or is it always a leap of Faith praying Your Will  
will endure?

O friend! All are struggling in this life. Better  
to struggle for Him  
And win the prize of His Golden Smile, known to  
your heart within.

Why struggle for some passing fad keeping ego in-  
tact,  
Adding to the problems of duality, lost in a world  
of mind-facts?

Struggle to remember His Name. Struggle to live His  
way.  
Struggle to keep your eye on Him. Life is a strug-  
gle not play.

O Lover! It is so difficult to remain at My Feet,  
impossible without My Hand.  
Repeating My Name and thinking of Me are the tools  
to help you stand

Firm in determination which will take you to the  
Goal.  
Bear all for Me. I am that behind all...the One  
Indivisible Soul.

O Heidi! Opportunity to serve knocks at the door.  
Jump up in joy my friend.  
He's beneath the form of that awful wreck waiting  
for you to tend!



## PETALS OF ROSES

O Beloved Meher! Reams of light from Your Heart  
escape  
To wrap creation in a lovely pink cape.

Petals of roses enlivened by Divine Mist  
Dance their way to the Feet of the Beloved Who  
rests in His state of Bliss.

Traveling through obstacles eased by His Grace,  
These petals iridescent with light from His Face

Live on His Fragrance filling the air,  
The Sustenance of all goodness, the Beloved Meher.

Droplets of precious oil, seen only by the Beloved  
Fall to caress His Feet, for them uncovered,

For these sweet drops of oil released for His  
pleasure  
Respond to His Love, heart's priceless Treasure.

O Heidi! Give up all your loves for the One Love  
Divine.  
Step out of your ignorance. Accept His cup of Wine.

Let the cloak of His Form wrap around your heart  
And walk the Path of Love, from anywhere you can  
start!



## IN THE CENTER

For Meher! What is it like to live for Him?  
Full of joy and no chagrin?

No my friend, not at all.  
At times the mind's against the wall.

The tension that builds is beyond compare.  
It provokes the thought, "Why do you care?"

But to bear all for Him with courage true  
From a deep reserve He has given to you

Is the only way to get through some days  
As the forces mount and start to play

Upon a mind that's been set for Him.  
The clash of swords do push to the rim,

And He's in the center of the greatest noise  
Awaiting the raggedness to yield to poise.

O Lover! It behooves you to maintain cheerful-  
ness as ordered by the Lord Meher.  
His order surpasses every personal whim and  
should be your only care.

## CONVERSATIONS ON THE PIER

O Beloved! I'm dissatisfied with the quality of my  
love for You.

I feel as a hypocrite within Your fold. Is there  
something You can do?

O Seeker! Love Him in your own individual way.

Yes, He's aware of weakness but it doesn't stop His  
Play.

He is bringing you toward a purity of heart though  
unbeknownest to you.

Love Him as yourself. Heart need not be told what  
to do.

Do not mimic the great lovers you've seen but to  
yourself be true.

The gift of Love is that each exchange is unfaill-  
ingly always new.

Allow your Beloved all freedom, caring not for self-  
ish desire.

I tell you my friend, without a doubt, your heart is  
truly on fire.

Look my darling, the sun is setting. I see it  
through YOUR eyes.

I'm aware in the deep of your heart for the Beloved  
you truly cry.

I see these things and it pleases me, your heart so  
dear to me.

I'll help you my dear to unfold your heart. You and  
I are One not we.

I continue to please the Beloved, nothing's changed  
though I am now with Him.

When the Beloved is truly loved, the work goes on  
and on within

## LOVE MUST LOVE

O Beloved!

No matter which way I look and turn,  
It's all from Him. My heart does burn

To melt away in His Breath aflame.  
It's surely not a playful game,

But a serious way that takes you in  
To the Heart of God away from the spin,

Then spits you out on the arid soil  
To live your life, to sing, to toil,

For no other reason than the sake of Love,  
For Love must love, a law from above.

O Seeker! Great lovers are not born. They earn  
the freedom of loving through lifetimes of  
trials.

## ONLY A GAME

O Beloved! To-day I find it hard to believe this is  
really only a game.

In this helpless state I find myself in I need you  
to remember Your Name.

If only I could remember You rightly, not from  
using this mind,

But from my soul as it merges in Your Beauty, leav-  
ing all behind.

If only I could remember You rightly, this heart  
would leap from its breast

To roll in the dust for the rest of its days in  
the footsteps of the Guest.

If only I could remember You rightly, not from  
these thoughts that bind.

I tear at my heart with blood-stained hands yet  
Beloved I cannot find.

O Beloved Lord...O Beloved Lord...from Your Mercy  
let pour some sweetness. Please be kind to me.

Rend the veil that hides Your Beauty. Lifetimes  
I've waited to see.

O Lover! Help your Beloved! Stop this incessant  
talk

And place your head inside Love's Gate on His chop-  
ping block.

## WHEN I REALLY REMEMBER

O Beloved! The shadow of Your Smile fell upon my  
heart, now forever changed.  
The sparkle from the stars within Your Eyes left  
my heart deranged.

You are as a sky of light. There is no place that  
You are naught.  
Your banner of colors wrap around the universe.  
By light-threads hearts are caught.

I had no idea of the loveliness of the Soul, no  
idea of Its Beauty and Grace  
Until You came. Now creation bears the imprint of  
Your beautiful Face.

O Friends! When I really remember Him, life is en-  
riched in a marvelous way.  
The joy of Him in remembrance erases all futures  
and yesterdays.

Life is working out in cooperative effort with my  
Love.  
We are in true partnership, the envy of angels  
above.

Glimpses of Love are given, orchestrated by Him  
within.  
How wonderful to know after much confusion, heart  
is truly linked with Him.

O Lover! Put on My garment of Love. Move confident-  
ly in My Peace.  
I've etched God's Name upon your heart. Make your  
life your prayer. Do not cease.

## TOUCHED BY HIS SADRA'S HEM

O Beloved! May this poem reach Your Room, which in  
my heart You prepare.  
May it bring to Your lovely Face a smile which all  
creation can share.

Your Chair in the room of my heart awaits Your re-  
turn once again.  
I bow to my own heart my Lord. It's been touched by  
Your sadra's Hem.

A lock of His Hair across my heart brushed.  
In that moment of time all was hushed.

That same strand of Hair now strangles the mind.  
Death is a fact for those fortunate to find

The entrance to Love Street where echoes sounds of  
laughing men  
Making light of Love's tortures as they hold to His  
Hem.

Heroes, these laughing ones, with conviction that  
Love is Real.  
Their hearts burned in the fires of Love now etched  
with the Beloved's Seal.

O Lover! You thought you were the doer, but Love  
showed you the tricks of the mind.  
Be not caught in the surety of things...relax so  
you can find

That stream of living Truth flowing in the midst  
of duality.  
How fortunate Baba is leading the way for He is  
the Reality.

AS THE BELOVED IS HONORED  
*on Mehera's birthday 1985*

O sweet Mehera! The Beloved's Beloved,  
You stand by His Side, a special place.

You love Him as He should be loved.  
His warmth radiates from your beautiful face.

Welcome dear Mehera. Welcome dear Mehera.  
Your Presence brings blessings to this place.

O sweet Mehera! The Beloved's Beloved,  
A blessing to all in Reality's dream.

Welcome sweet and lovely woman  
In your Being the Beloved beams.

O sweet Mehera! The Beloved's Beloved,  
You please your Lord by special Grace,

To love Him as He should be loved.  
With heart so pure, Light shines from your face.

Welcome dear Mehera. Welcome dear Mehera,  
As the Beloved is honored is this time and place.

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Be pure and simple  
And love all  
Because all are One  
Live a sincere life  
Be natural  
and  
Be honest with yourself

Meher Baba





