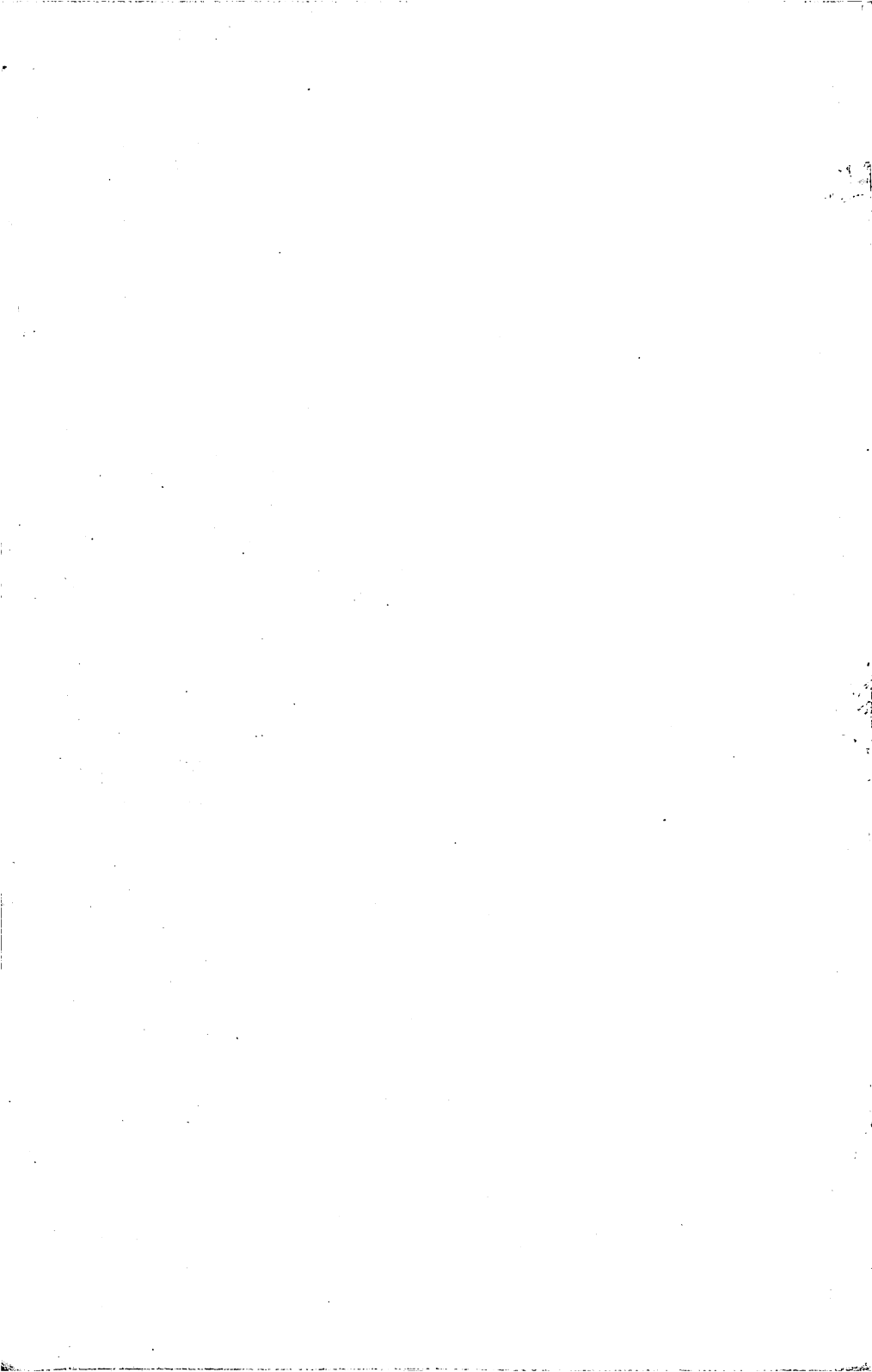


NOW . . . *has come*
the Moment of Joy!

*

FRANCIS BRABAZON

02294.



IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE VISIT OF
SHRI MEHER BABA
TO AUSTRALIA
IN AUGUST
1 9 5 6



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N O W H A S C O M E T H E

NOW has come the moment of joy
in this land,

The moment it has waited in woman-waiting
through the ages,

The moment of BABA and the touch of His feet
on her earth,

And the seal of His glance to her sun-adoring eyes,

And the rivers of His silent Word to her thirsty lips
and the cry of her soul.

M O M E N T O F J O Y

Now has come the moment of joy in our hearts,
And the leaping in dance of our souls in the
steps of His feet,
And the breaking of bonds of our hearts, and
and our heart's breaking
Into laughter of flowers of love and gratefulness,
And our soul's surge no less than the ocean in the
direction of His glory and human-ness.

;

*

Now will begin our history:
Of the withholding of the axeman's hand from the axe
And the mad career of our senses after
a vanishing wish
And the rivers of their waters to the sea:
A converting of the blow to the opening of areas
and districts in the heart,
A reducing of the senses to the sense and the
scent of the soul,
A channelling of the waters for the wheat-fields
and orchards of God.

The books of this history will tell the stories
Of obscure men and women lost of all else but love,
and in love well lost.
Of heroes of pastures and crops, and farmers
on wide seas storm tossed,
Of adventurers who work at a bench
And housewives who go forth with their shopping
baskets to find God.

*

But now is not the history, but the moment . . .
The moment of God and His advent in this
Land of Australia:
The touch of His feet on this earth, and the
breath of His Word on the breeze and
in the breath of our lives;
The moment long waited, the moment of joy
and apprehension . . .
When each one . . . when each leaf and piece of
earth and stone
On whom and on which falls His glance.
Must decide the issue of surrendrance, and lay down
that much of his life as he will.



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