

Processional of Joy

By Malcolm Schloss

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Processional of Joy

By Malcolm Schloss

MALCOLM SCHLOSS

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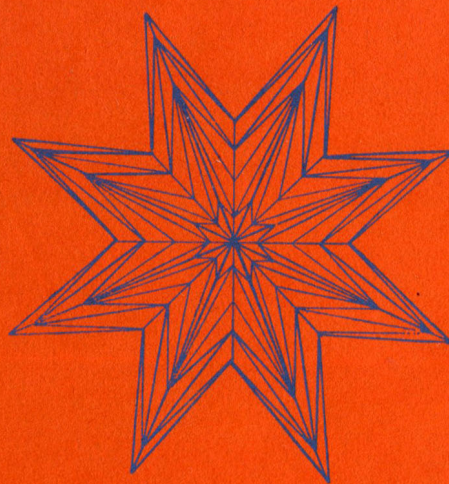
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MALCOLM SCHLOSS



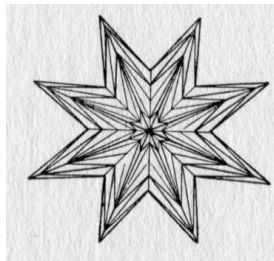
PROCESSIONAL OF JOY

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BY

MALCOLM SCHLOSS

Author of
Songs to Celebrate the Sun
The Infinite Glory



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To
The One Supreme Self
which is in all,
communion with which
alone makes possible
Processionals of Joy.

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PROCESSIONAL OF JOY

PROCESSIONAL OF JOY

TO LIVE *now*.

To leave yesterday without regret.

To face tomorrow without conjecture.

To release the Divine Perfection

In thought and speech and action.

To find God in everything.

To love God in everything.

To praise God in everything.

To serve God in everything.

To enjoy God through everything.

To thank God for everything.

To leave God with everything.

Who is there, other than He?

AWAKENING

I AWAKE to the presence of God—
No other presence exists for me.
As I arise, I commit my heart,
My mind, my soul, my body,
My affairs, to God—
He will direct the unfoldment of life.
Whatever I think, or say, or do,
He will inspire.
Whatever I touch, or taste, or smell,
Whatever I see or hear,
He will infuse
With His living presence.
Together we will move in love
And light and peace and joy and power,
In grace and beauty.
Together, in constant communion,
We will attend to *His* affairs.
I am alive with the presence of God—
No other presence exists for me.

PRAYER TO THE GREAT MOTHER

MOTHER, release Thy love through me
In infinite simplicity!
In prayerful silence join with me
To heal and bless humanity!

Mother, release Thy light through me!
Illuminate humanity!
Reveal, that we, now blind, may see
Our fundamental unity!

Mother, release Thy peace through me
And liberate humanity
From fear, and greed, and anger wild!
Accept this prayer of an erring child!

ASSURANCE

I WILL not leave you comfortless.
My love for you shall be
Assurance of abiding bliss,
Unending ecstasy.

I will not leave you comfortless.
Your very breath shall be
Alive with My own livingness,
Uniting you with Me.

I will not leave you comfortless.
All else may come and go.
But I abide within the soul—
Merge with Me now, and know!

THE GRACE OF GOD

THE GRACE of God is a wondrous thing—
Like a subtle fragrance—or bells that ring
From towers of light in a joyous land—
Or the healing touch of an unseen hand.
Eternity suddenly breaks through time
And the rhythm of life becomes sublime.

The grace of God is a wave of bliss
That sweeps through the soul like an angel's kiss,
Dissolving the forms that have held it bound
Into limitless light and primal sound;
And oneness reigns, and freedom lives,
And the love of the Infinite sings and gives.

BENEDICTION

CAN YOU feel benediction as it flows to you
Through the boundless ether, as direct and true
As a wild bird winging on its homeward way,
Or a bee returning at the close of day?

Can you feel benediction as it sweeps the night
Like a wind-born fragrance, or a searching light?
Does your heart stand waiting like a chalice rare
For the wine of rapture that dissolves all care?

Can you feel benediction as it moves through space
Like a vibrant splendor, like a wave of grace,
Like the repetition of a soundless word
That no tongue can utter, that no ear has heard?

Can you feel benediction as it speeds your way
On the wings of silence, like an unseen ray—
Like an emanation that will never cease
Till it brings abiding and complete release?

Can you feel benediction when, pervading you,
It descends as gently as the morning dew—
Like a distillation of the love divine,
That supreme elixir of the life sublime?

Can you feel benediction with each indrawn breath
As it transforms living, as it conquers death,
As it brings you power, as it sets you free,
And you know the bliss of immortality?

LOVE IS THE WORD

LOVE IS THE word for today.
Love is the word for tomorrow.
Love is the word that is always heard
In the land where there is no sorrow.

Love is the word that heals
Body, and mind, and heart.
Love is the key to mastery.
Love is the greatest art.

Love is the central sun.
Love is the guiding star.
Love is the light of immortal sight.
Love is the avatar.

Send the word of love abroad
Through the starry spaces!
Loving is its own reward,
Supreme among the graces!

Speed the word of love on high
Like a comet through the sky—
Blazing glory, freely spent
To bless the whole wide firmament!

THE LADY OF LOVE

THE Lady of Love, she dwells above—
Above, and away, and afar—
Yet she can be with you and me
Wherever we are, we are.

For the Lady of Love is the soul of love,
And the soul of love is a star
That shines through space like a haunting face
To remind us of what we are.

THE LORD OF LOVE

THE LORD OF Love is the Generator of Power.
The Lord of Love is the Giver of Bliss.
His is the lightning that rises to heaven,
Borne on the wings of an angel's kiss.

The Lord of Love is the Dancer of Dancers—
Weaver of patterns of infinite grace—
Shifting like sands with His changing vibrations—
The forms of the Formless, projected in space.

The Lord of Love wears anklets of silver,
Bracelets of bells that can scarcely be heard—
Carillons swept by the winds of devotion,
Setting in motion the motionless Word.

The Lord of Love comes laden with garlands
Of roses and jasmine, woven to please.
Wound 'round His head is a turban of conches,
Booming with rhythms of thundering seas.

The Lord of Love is the Fountain of Nectar.
The Lord of Love is the Keeper of Bees—
Swarming in madness, establishing gladness
Deep in the hearts of His devotees.

The Lord of Love plays the flute of attraction.
The Lord of Love strikes the cymbals of joy.
Where there is love, there is never distraction,
Nor can the boredom of dullness annoy.

The Lord of Love blows the trumpets of silence.
The Lord of Love beats the drums of delight—
Spreading the glory of unwritten story,
Conferring the vision beyond all sight.

The Lord of Love strums the lute of remembrance.
The Lord of Love wanders timeless through Time—
Opening the portals to all the immortals,
Leading them into the life sublime.

The Lord of Love is wherever you find Him.
The Lord of Love is whatever you dream—
Let it be joyous, or let it be tragic,
His is the magic that makes it seem.

KRISHNA ON PARADE

EVERYWHERE His feet are planted—
Everywhere He strides and sings—
Krishna, freeing the enchanted
From the tyranny of things.

Where He moves, all life is quickened—
Where He lingers, hearts are thrilled—
Everywhere He brings awareness—
Endlessly He stands fulfilled.

In the lazy, unlit meadows,
In the busy marts of trade,
In the fields where blind men battle,
Witness Krishna on parade.

In the shadows where bewildered,
Frightened children cry and pray—
In the deepest devastation,
Where dread famine holds firm sway,

There He gives the Cosmic Vision,
There reveals the Form Sublime,
There transmits, with sure precision,
Truth transcending space and time.

Hear His flute, O weary exile!
Glimpse His radiance divine!
Breathe His Name, whose love restores thee
To the glory truly thine!

SING TO DE LAWD!

DE LAWD loves music,
An' de Lawd likes grace—
So sing to de Lawd
Wid a shinin' face.

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
An' de Lawd am listenin'
Everywhere.

De Lawd loves rhythm
An' you can't go wrong
If you dance fo' de Lawd
De whole day long.

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
A-listenin', a-lookin'
Everywhere.

De Lawd has power,
Oh, de Lawd am free—
He kin do what He likes
Wid you an' me.

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
A-figgerin', a-workin'
Everywhere.

De Lawd has plenty—
He kin clothe, an' feed,
An' perteck His chillun
From ev'ry need.

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
An' de Lawd owns all things
Everywhere.

De Lawd has mercy,
Oh, de Lawd has love—
He coos to de sinner
Like a turtle-dove.

Fo' de Lawd knows sheep—
How dey always roam—
But de Lawd wants *His* sheep
To come along home.

De Lawd has wisdom—
Oh, de *Lawd* am *bright!*
If you ask *Him* questions
He will set you right!

Fo' de Lawd gets 'round
Mos' everywhere—
He knows all de answers
An' more to spare.

De Lawd am happy,
Oh, de Lawd has fun—
He jokes wid Peter
While de debbils run.

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
Enjoyin' His heaven
Everywhere.

So sing to de Lawd
Wid love in your heart,
But be sure, oh, brudder,
Dat you done your part!

Fo' de Lawd am here,
An' de Lawd am dere,
An' He mus' have heaven
Everywhere.

VERILY

WISDOM makes one adequate.
Mercy proves one strong.
Loving God with all one's heart
Makes all of life a song.

THE LOVE OF GOD

THE love of God pervades all space.
The love of God flames in the hearts
of all living beings.
The love of God illumines and directs
all intelligences.
The love of God harmonizes and purifies
all relationships.
The love of God liberates all souls.

FREEDOM

I DRINK of the water of living springs,
Partake of the bread that divine grace brings,
Commune with the Lord through a heart that sings,
And travel always on joy's own wings.

EVOCATION

WAKE the sleeping God in me!
Call me by His Name!
Speak the Word that once but heard
Lights the Holy Flame!

PRAISE YE THE LORD!

SPEECH is creative.

It should flow from power

And convey power.

It should establish peace.

Speech is creative.

It should emanate from knowledge

And impart knowledge.

It should reveal truth.

Speech is creative.

It should spring from love

And evoke love.

It should lead to union with God.

Be strong, or remain silent.

Be wise, or remain silent.

Be kind, or remain silent.

Speech is creative.

It should praise and magnify the Lord.

TRIBUTE

BECAUSE I love Thee, I love all life more;
Share the increasingly abundant store
Of blessings that expanding love must bring,
Enriching life with miracles of ministering.
Because I love Thee, there flow on through me
Unending streams of creativity,
Bringing such beauty and delight to birth
That heaven seems incorporate in earth.
Moment by moment the monotony
Of crystallized habituality
Becomes transformed into a symphony
Of liberating spontaneity.
An ever-present, all-embracing whole
Freely expresses Universal Soul.

HUMILITY

HUMILITY is lowly, like the earth.
It lends itself completely to God's will.
It brings His vision momentarily to birth,
Yet of its labors rests completely still.

Humility is brilliant, like a star
That shines in unseen splendor all the day.
Invisible its ministrations are
Till darkness brings its power into play.

Humility is carefree and serene.
It sees and serves the One alike in all.
Cares not for what shall be, nor what has been,
But in each present moment finds its call.

Humility is lowly, like the earth;
Yet, like the earth, 'tis fruitful, fragrant, strong.
It leads the soul to freedom from rebirth
Through selfless service, rendered with a song.

INESCAPABLE

BUSY with so many things,
I have no time for Thee—
Yet—Thou art my companion
Even as I flee!

Uttering so many names,
Thine is rarely heard—
Yet is it the essence
Of every living word!

Enchanted with so many forms,
Thou art almost unknown,
Whose spirit is the substance of
All life from sun to stone.

COMMUNION

I WAS aflame with Thy Glory!
I was caught up in Thy bliss!
I had called for Thy love, O Beloved—
But I had not visioned—*this!*

So *this* is the way to union—
Simple, and easy, and clear;
Love renders the holy communion
Possible *always, here!*

I shall keep it alive, O Beloved!
I shall remember how;
Neither time, nor space, nor illusion,
Shall ever divide us, now.

For *this* is the mystical body,
And *this* the blood divine;
And the heart, the cup of compassion,
Shall ever be brimming with wine!

THE HIDDEN GARDEN

I KNOW a garden that blooms by night
In starry splendor and pure delight.
The lotus of wisdom opens there,
And heavenly fragrance fills the air.
There fountains of nectar rise and fall,
And bees are swarming, and white swans call.
There pools of silence reflect a light
That cannot be seen with earthly sight.
There music rises, and angels dance,
And time is halted, as if in trance.
And those who find this garden rare
Nor sleep, nor wake, but are aware.

INSTRUMENTS OF BLISS

THE voice of God rides on the breath of angels,
Stirring the strings of the lyre of the heart.

The eye of God is like a pool of wisdom,
Mirroring unfathomable being.

The touch of God is like a dream of snowflakes
Dissolving into ineradicable bliss.

CORONATION

THE whole of heaven is not large for me,
Nor is the whole of earth too small.
I wander, singing merrily,
Wherever roads may call.

On every road there is a hilltop.
On every hilltop blooms a flower.
In every sky there shines a star.
In every star resides a power.

So let us live, so let us wander,
So let us sing, so let us pray,
That every night new stars in heaven
Will crown the deeds of every day.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY does not only lie
In the things afar—
Snow-encrusted mountain-top,
Scintillating star.

Beauty waits at every turn
For awakened eyes—
Intimate, and prodigal,
To the beauty-wise.

The scent of unseen lilac
Along a windy lane—
An unlocated nightingale's
Magnificent refrain.

The muted breathlessness of dawn;
The dew upon a rose;
The witchery of willow trees
Against the sky's repose.

Ballets of leafy shadows
That gaily rise and fall
In wind-directed pantomime
Upon a moonlit wall.

The iridescent loveliness
Of bubbles on the air,
Dissolving into nothingness
Before one is aware—

All these are fleeting witnesses
Of beauty everywhere.

THE INNER LIGHT

STARLIGHT, moonlight, sunlight through the
trees;

What of the earth's light, as radiant as these?

What of our own light, flowing out unseen,
Carrying the record of all that we have been?

What of our own light, flowing out unseen,
Bright as the heart and the mind are clean?

What of our own light, flowing out unseen,
Ours to recover when the vision is more keen?

Starlight, moonlight, sunlight through the trees;
What of our own light, as radiant as these?

PRESENCE

I STOOD in a wood on a summer day
When a vision arose of Old Cathay—
I, there, teaching a group of men to pray
To an unknown God in a secret way . . .
Oh, where, where, where was I, and where were they?

I tarried one winter before a fire—
Beheld myself in a white-robed choir
Chanting responses higher and higher
Under a great cathedral spire . . .
Oh, where, where, where was I, and where the fire?

I joined with a number of friends for tea,
But my heart went winging across the sea
To one whom I felt remembering me . . .
Oh, where, where, where was I, and where was he?

LIFE

LIFE holds an endless mirror up.
Life offers us a brimming cup,
No drop of which we ever drain
Before Life fills it up again.

BOUNDLESS

THE wind is blowing, and blowing,
and blowing—
The leaves are flying, away and away—
And all things moving, and blowing, and flying,
Are meant to be woven in song today.

The West is brilliant with autumn sunset—
The East is clouded with gathering rain—
The zenith shimmers with starry splendor,
Seen, unseen, and seen again.

And I am spellbound with fleeting wonder—
I cannot go, and Time cannot stay—
Beauty would hold me with sun and thunder,
But Life is creating another day!

REVELATION

I SAT upon a holy hill
And watched the working of God's will.
And here was peace, and yonder strife;
And here was death, and there was life;
And here was love, and there was hate;
Here joy, there men disconsolate;
And here was fear, and yonder faith;
Here health, and there the melancholy wraith,
Disease; here weakness hovered round about;
There power, gay with song and shout;
And here abundance and there need;
Here generosity, there greed;
Here wisdom, there stupidity;
Here kindness, there cupidity;
Here fertile soil, there desert lands;
Here busy minds, there idle hands;
Here beauty, there deformity;
Here pride, and there humility.
And, as I watched, there came from me
This one persistent inquiry:
"Where, where can justice ever be
When one have bliss, one misery?"
And then God seemed to answer me:

"But this is justice that you see.
Justice and mercy, hand in hand,
Tempered and balanced; understand
That each soul reaps what it has sown.
What comes to each, is each one's own.
Free will is my authority
For man to shape his destiny.
If love be given, love shall be
His self-determined equity.
Each one his own design creates;
Within each heart reside the Fates.
Angels or furies they will seem
As long as man is bound by dream.
But once the dream is quite dispelled,
Then only God is e'er beheld.
And God, when life is understood,
Appears as neither bad nor good,
But as transcendent Being, free
From qualifying agency.
The Player, when the play is done,
Becomes Himself. The Varied One
Becomes again the Only One.
The Only One is seen to be
Creator of Infinity."

A POET'S PRAYER

O WOULD that mine were a minstrel heart
That sang the whole day long,
Weaving around and over me
An aureole of song!

Song that rose like the morning star,
Song that spread like the dawn;
Song that lingered, benignly warm
As noon on mead or lawn.

O, would that mine were a minstrel heart
That sang come rain, come shine,
Come hail, come sleet, come frost, come heat—
For singing is divine!

THE HIDDEN POET

THERE is a poet
Hidden in the heart
Of everyone—
Sleeping the sleep
Of ignorance—
Caught in the illusory dream
Of separateness.
Awakened,
As he must,
In everyone,
Awake one day,
To love,
To oneness,
To reality,
He will remake the world
Into a joyous heaven
With his happy song,
Blissfully wandering
In holy minstrelsy
Along.

POETRY

LOVE it for its beauty!
Revere it for its truth!
Poetry is wise as age,
Radiant as youth!

Flow with it in rhythm! .
Rest with it in tone!
Share it in communion!
Cherish it alone!

Stride with it in power!
Merge with it in bliss!
Rise with it in spirit!
Prove it limitless!

COLLABORATION

HOW shall I know by whom I am inspired?
You, in the sun, so eager to illumine—
Could it be you by whom the mind is fired,
Leaping like flame within a darkened room?

How shall I know by whom I am exalted?
You, in the earth, your beauty not yet seen,
Pushing, with life that never will be halted,
Into a miracle of birth serene?

How shall I know through whom my quiet deepens?
You, in the sea, who glide so silently—
Could you, by some strange mystic contemplation,
Contribute this alert profundity?

How shall I know what thrills my heart
 with gladness?
You, in the wind, now waiting to be heard—
Still as the perfume of a mango blossom,
Bringing the muted magic of your word?

THE FLAMING ROSE

WHAT is more lovely than the flaming rose
That blooms, more felt than seen,
 within the heart?
With every single act of love it grows
Until no thing in life remains apart.
Its fragrance, laden with a sweet content,
Abides, inclusive, interpenetrant.
Light radiates through petals that unfold, unfold,
Gently releasing deeply hidden spirit gold.

THE UNDYING FIRE

STARS are not brighter than calm eyes that smile
Upon the universe with quiet love;
Nor does their glory last a longer while,
Nor more exalt the heart they lift above.
Love, deeply felt, and actively interpreted,
Has led unto the very throne of God;
Raised moaning Jacopone from his dead
To blaze a path where souls had never trod;
Drove Orpheus to Hades with his lyre
To resurrect Eurydice, his wife;
Kindled the flame of everlasting fire
That Zoroaster used to transform life.
Love is the beacon that leads all men home
Out of the darkness into which they roam.

ILLUMINATION

STAR upon whirling, blazing star arose
Within the microcosm seen by mind,
Forming a constellation like a cross
To grace a heaven difficult to find,
So deeply is it hid within the heart,
And visible alone to inner sight
When consecration wakes the full response
Of love divine—a cross of living light,
Rising and flashing like a crystal fount,
Cleansing and purifying like a stream
Of cosmic bliss—illuminating all
Of life—dispelling the deluding dream
With total revelation—setting free
Another soul to join the liberated company
Of sons of God in service to humanity
Until the whole of life shall manifest divinity.

IMPERATIVE

WE MUST become
Islands of peace
In the sea of chaos—

Towers of light
In the mists of illusion—

Rainbows of love
In the dark storm of hatred—

Citadels of faith
In the valleys of fear.

SONG OF THE MASTER

I COME to give what you cannot buy—
If you cling to your comforts, pass me by!
Mine is the way that the saints have trod—
A timeless path to a spaceless God.

I come to give what you cannot buy—
The courage to live and the faith to die—
To die while living and live while dead—
To give up the world ere the breath has fled.

I come to give that which cannot be bought—
A love-born wisdom which transcends thought—
A peace-born bliss which transmutes desire—
A joy-born power which never will tire.

I come to give, that you may be free—
I come to love you totally—
I come to lift you into me—
Take what I give, and enter me!

THE DIVINE COMMAND

BE NOT impeded, my soul—be free!
Be strong, my soul, be swift!
Infinite power awaits the use
Of the soul that will not drift.

Be not deluded, my soul—be wise,
Lucid, detached, and clear.
Infinite wisdom lights the way
For the soul that has no fear.

Be not distracted, my soul—remain
Centered in that which abides.
Infinite peace and bliss reward
The soul that in Truth resides.

TREASURE THE PEACE

TREASURE the peace
That comes to the heart
Which is free from attachment,
Free from longing,
Free from swaying from like to dislike,
From swinging from love to hatred.

Treasure the peace
That shines in the heart
Which is free from the thirst
That comes from the clinging to form,
Free from the anger
That comes from thwarted desire.

Treasure the peace
That dwells in the heart
Which is free from the fear and the greed
Which arise from the sense of the Self as body—
From the thought of beginning, the thought of
 ending—
From the limits of time, from the measure of space.

Treasure the peace
That abides in the heart
Which is free from the pride of possession,
The pride of knowledge, the pride of power.

Treasure the peace
Enthroned in the heart
Which knows the truth about the Self—
In the heart which sees the Supreme Spirit
Pervading the whole of life—
In the heart at one with the Source of Power,
The Source of Knowledge, the Source of Bliss.

Treasure the peace
That glows in the heart
Which is rapt in communion.

Treasure the peace
That illumines the heart
Which has found Itself
And sings!

DELIGHT

I ENJOY the highest good—here.
I enjoy the highest good—now.
I enjoy the highest good,
For life is seen and understood
As God's delight, supremely fair,
All the time and everywhere.

CHOICE

"**H**E WHO does not choose is chosen."

"He who chooses, chooses ill."

Such the terrible dilemma
Of the unillumined will!

But the soul that is enlightened
Faces choice serene and still,
Choosing but to be a channel
For the Universal Will.

EVER PRESENT, EVER TRUE

I EVOKE the Christ in you, here.
I evoke the Christ in you, now.
I evoke the Christ in you,
Ever present, ever true,
Guardian and guarantee
Of your immortality.

I evoke the Christ in you, here.
I evoke the Christ in you, now.
No remote divinity
Can liberate humanity.
Ever present, *ever* true,
Is the Christ that dwells in you.

Realize without delay
Christ companions *you* today.
Christ and you and love are one,
And your light is like the sun;
And your peace is like a star
Where no obscurations are;
And your boundless power flows
Into action and repose,
Weaving wisdom and delight
Into glory infinite.

Ever present, ever true,
I behold the Christ in you.
Ever loving, ever kind,
Animating heart and mind;
Shaping thought and word and deed
To each momentary need.
Ever present, ever true,
Christ reveals Himself in you.

PATTERN FOR PERFECTION

SO TO think that we shall find
Revelation through the mind.

So to love that we shall be
Constantly in ecstasy.

So to act that we release
Endless power, boundless peace.

So to live that all shall see
Manifest divinity.

THE MASTER SPEAKS

"**W**HY not let perfection come?"

He said to me one day.

I thought that was a grand idea

And asked him "How, what way?"

He said to love—He said to give—

He said to draw on Him.

These three will free the soul to be

A Perfect One, like Him.

REJOICE

All ways lie clear before you.

All doors are open to you.

All love flows to you, through you.

All life is one.

All power rises from you.

All-knowing wisdom guides you.

All substance waits to serve you.

Work becomes fun.

All peace is centered in you.

All bliss exhilarates you.

All beauty forms around you.

God's will is done.

I WILL

I WILL sit at the feet of anyone
Who speaks the simplest truth.
I will humble myself before all those
Who are more humble than I.
I will delight in the presence of those
Through whom God's beauty flows.
I will love those who love God
More than they love themselves.

FRIENDSHIP

FRRIENDSHIP never ceases—
Friends may come and go.
Loving, it releases
So that life may flow
Like a lilting river,
Strong and swift and gay._
Friendship loves and liberates,
Spreading day by day.

SUNS

WE TURN in worship to the sun,
Forgetting we inhabit one,
Forgetting we should be one.

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TRUTH

THE Christ was never in the tomb.
The Christ will never die.
The Christ resides in every heart
To bless and glorify.

The Christ ascends eternally—
Dispels always the dream
That any soul is ever bound,
Whatever life may seem.

REFLECTED IMAGE

MADE in Thine image? Lord, we wander far,
Who should be shining like a star—
Who should be singing like a bird—
We, who have heard Thy sacred word!

Let us recapture now Thy sight
And bring Thy vision in delight
To birth. The barren earth will bloom
With flowers where we walk; and, when
We talk, 'twill be as if an angel choir
Had, singing, kindled holy fire
To lead all souls forever higher
Until they rest at one with Thee.
Then would Thine image truly be
Reflected in humanity.

THE SIMPLE WAY

LOVE without ceasing,
Give without measure;
Who can exhaust
God's limitless treasure?

THE GAME OF CREATIVE GIVING

I GIVE my life to God—
He gives me immortality.
I give my consciousness to God—
He gives me omniscience.
I give my energy to God—
He gives me omnipotence.
I give my form to God—
He gives me omnipresence.
I give my time to God—
He gives me eternity.
I give my possessions to God—
He gives me His limitless abundance.
I give my love to God—
He gives me perpetual communion.

WHENCE?

THE whole of life
Is the expression
Of a joy
So great
That it cannot
Contain itself—

Of an energy
So vast
That it cannot
Encompass itself—

Of a love
So intense
That it cannot
Find objects enough
To which to devote itself—

But what begot
The joy, the energy, the love?

MEDITATION

THE sky my mind presents to me
Is cradled in immensity;
Born of a light that burns all trace
Of anything but empty space;
An omnipresent, utterly
Pervading luminosity.

And here at last the mind is free
From endless objectivity;
And now the very soul of me
Can rest in its integrity,
Can recognize reality,
Can realize divinity.

THE SONG OF LIFE

LIFE is like a song rising from the lips of the Great Singer, the True Self of everything that lives. If we become so enchanted with the song that we forget the Singer, then we shall be led ever outward and away from the True Self. If we allow the song to lull us to sleep, then we shall forget both the Singer and the song. What we need is to become so absorbed in the Singer that we realize that we ourselves are the Singer, and the song is the overflowing of our joy.

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