

To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
—Ecclesiastes, 3:1-4
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

If we can say that grace is a sense of connection with the sacred within and around us, we may see how, impossible as it may sometimes seem, tragedy holds the seeds of grace. And we see, too, that grace may not always be pleasant but it always brings us closer to our true heart.
—Stephen Levine
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

At thirty-one, a suicidal but only partially deaf Beethoven had written of his loss of hearing, “Oh, if I were rid of this affliction, I could embrace the world.” At fifty-four, an utterly deaf Beethoven immortalized Schiller’s Ode to Joy, “Be embraced by ye millions with a kiss for all the world,” in the lyrical, life-affirming chorus of his Ninth Symphony.
—George Vaillant, from *Adaptation to Life*
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

Being an artist means: not numbering and counting, but ripening like a tree, which doesn’t force its sap, and stands confidently in the storms of spring, not afraid that afterward summer may not come. It does come. But it comes only to those who are patient, who are there as if eternity lay before them, so unconcernedly silent and vast. I learn it every day of my life, learn it with pain I am grateful for: patience is everything.
—Rainer Maria Rilke
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

The process of wounding awakens us to our strength. It shuffles our values, and the top priority is never what you thought it would be. It’s never about perfection or power. It always turns out to be about love.
—Rachel Naomi Remen
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

An easy life and a good life are not the same thing.
—Rachel Naomi Remen
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

What I know for sure is that there is no strength without challenge, adversity, resistance, and often pain. The problems that make you want to throw up your hands and holler “mercy!” will build your tenacity, courage, discipline, and determination.
—Oprah Winfrey
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

Your grief for what you’ve lost lifts a mirror up to where you are bravely working.

Expecting the worst, you look and instead, here’s the joyful face you’ve been wanting to see.

Your hand opens and closes and opens and closes.
If it were always a fist or always stretched open, you would be paralyzed.

Your deepest presence is in every small contracting and expanding, the two as beautifully balanced and coordinated as birdwings.
—Rumi
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

Then Sunrise kissed my Chrysalis—
And I stood up—and lived—
—Emily Dickinson
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

As the heart mends, the meaning of life continues to change. At first perhaps with a bit of disappointment, but then with great relief and a sense of limitless possibility, we come to the realization that the meaning of life—to life—is the meaning we bestow upon it. That nothing but forgetting separates us from the divine.

How we approach not knowing what comes next is what gives meaning to our lives. Learning to trust the joy and pain of our unpredictable lives engages the richness of the heart and suggests purpose.
—Stephen Levine
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

Always trust yourself and your own feelings, as opposed to argumentations, discussions, or introductions of that sort; if it turns out that you are wrong, then the natural growth of your inner life will eventually guide you to other insights. Allow your judgments their own silent, undisturbed development, which, like all progress, must come from deep within and cannot be forced or hastened. Everything is gestation and then birthing. To let each impression and each embryo of a feeling come to completion, entirely by itself, in the dark, in the unsayable, the unconscious, beyond the reach of one’s own understanding, and with deep humility and patience to wait for the hour when a new clarity is born; this alone is what it means to live as an artist; in understanding as in creating.

—Rainer Maria Rilke, from *Letters to a Young Poet*
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

Authenticity brings to mind such elusive qualities as being fully present, centered, and in touch with out best selves in our most important conversations. Moving in this direction requires us to clarify—to ourselves and others—what’s important to us.

—Harriet Lerner, from *The Dance of Connection*
(CHANGE ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2, 2002)

THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children’s lives
may be,

I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great
heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

—Wendell Berry
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002)

Sea Change: A change wrought by the sea, as in the forming of a pearl; hence, marked transformation, as to something richer or finer.

—The Webster Dictionary (Second Addition)
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002)

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.

—William Shakespeare, from
The Tempest, I. ii. 400
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002)

Death is an advisor looking over our shoulder showing us how to live.

—Carlos Castenada
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002;
PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

On ne decourve pas de terre nouvelle sans consentir à perdre de vue, d’abord et longtemps, tout rivage.

One doesn’t discover new lands without consenting to lose sight of the shore at first and for a long time.

—André Gide
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002)

The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither, and the faint flame trembled on her cheek.

—James Joyce, from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
(JOURNEY ISSUE: VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1, 2002)

Every symbol carries some inner meaning, whether simple or complex. In all cases, a symbol is an object whose content is greater than its form, for with just a few lines or gestures it conveys a message that would otherwise require many words. But precisely because of this meager form, because their meaning is not overt, symbols demand that the viewer reconstruct the original message within himself. As such, they are vehicles for inner transformation, and are among the primary tools of the religious life, which seeks to convey truths that are altogether beyond words. Symbols are points of contemplation, for only by dwelling upon them are their contents revealed. And the more one contemplates them, the more meaningful they become. Furthermore, religious symbols, whose subject is the infinite, have the potential to convey an infinity of meaning.

—*The Temple of Amount* by Eliezer Stone.
Quotes from *Parabola*, Fall 1999.
(SANDTRAY ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 4, 2001)

They move in slow circles, circling closer and closer to enclose, to enclose, soft language issuing from their lips.

—James Joyce
(SANDTRAY ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 4, 2001)

Take courage. The human race is divine.
—Pythagoras
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Go into your grief
for there your soul
will grow.
—Carl Jung
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001;
GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

A PRAYER

Refuse to fall down.
If you cannot refuse to fall down,
refuse to stay down.
If you cannot refuse to stay down,
lift your heart toward heaven,
and like a hungry beggar,
ask that it be filled,
and it will be filled.
You may be pushed down.
You may be kept from rising.
But no one can keep you
from lifting your heart
towards heaven—
only you.

It is in the middle of misery
that so much becomes clear.
The one who says nothing good
came of this,
is not yet listening.
—C.P. Estés
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Because I can no longer ignore death, I pay more attention to life.
—Trey Wilber
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Truly, it is in the darkness
that one finds the light,
so when we are in sorrow,
then the light is nearest to all of us.
—Meister Eckhart
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

After despair, many hopes flourish.
Just as after darkness,
Thousands of suns open and
Start to shine.
—Rumi
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Blessed are those who mourn,
For they shall be comforted.
—The Beatitudes
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

To acknowledge the truth of suffering allows us
to feel our unity with others.
—Sharon Salzberg
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

I wish I could show you,
when you are lonely or in darkness,
the astonishing
light of your own being.
—Hafiz
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

The soul grows by its constant participation in
that which transcends it.
—Gregory of Nyssa
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Truly one learns only by sorrow; it is a terrible
education the soul gets, and it requires a terrible
grief that shakes the very foundation of one's
being to bring the soul into its own.
—Major Lanoë Hawker
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

The fruit of silence is prayer
The fruit of prayer is faith
The fruit of faith is love
The fruit of love is service
The fruit of service is peace.
—Mother Theresa
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

I, God, am in your midst. Whoever knows me
can never fall. Not in the heights, nor in the
depths, nor in the breadths. For I am love, which
the vast expanses of evil can never still.
—Hildegard of Bingen
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Open your heart,
and you will hear
the lutes of the angels.
—Rumi
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

ONENESS

The moment I die,
I will try to come back to you
As quickly as possible.
I promise it will not take long.
Isn't it true
I am already with you,
As I die each moment?
I come back to you In every moment.
Just look,
Feel my presence.
If you want to cry,
Please cry.
And know
That I will cry with you.
The tears you shed
Will head us both.
Your tears are mine.
The earth I tread this morning
Transcends history.
Spring and Winter are both present in the
moment.
The young leaf and the dead leaf are really one.
My feet touch deathlessness,
And my feet are yours.
Walk with me now.
Let us enter the dimension of oneness
And see the cherry tree blossom in Winter.
Why should we talk about death?
I don't need to die
To be back with you.
—Thich Nhat Hanh
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001;
ONENESS ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4, 1997)

Until he extends his circle
of compassion to all living things,
man will not find peace.
—Albert Schweitzer
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Just as with her own life
a mother shields from hurt
her own, her only, child,
let all-embracing thoughts
for all that lives be thine,
— an all embracing love
for all the universe
in all its heights and depths
and breadth, unstinted love,
unmarred by hate within,
not rousing enmity.
So, as you stand or walk,
or sit or lie, reflect
with all your might on this;
—'tis deemed a state divine.
—Buddha in the Sutta-Nipata
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Something has
spoken to me in the night,
burning the tapers of
the waning year;
something has
spoken in the night,
and told me I shall die,
I know not where.
Saying:
“To lose the earth you know,
for greater knowing;
to lose the life you have,
for greater life;
to leave the friends you loved,
for greater loving;
to find a land more kind than home,
more large than earth—
Whereon the pillars of this
earth are founded,
toward which the conscience
of the world is tending—
a wind is rising,
and the rivers flow.”
—Thomas Wolfe
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Love is from the infinite,
and will remain
until eternity.
—Rumi
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

I live my life in growing orbits
that move out over the world.
Perhaps I can never achieve the last,
but that will be my attempt.
—Rainer Maria Rilke
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Our love is part of infinity,
Absolute as death and beauty...See,
our hearts are joined and our
hands are united
Firmly in space and in eternity.
—Renée Vivien
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Open your heart,
and you will hear
the lutes of the angels.
—Rumi
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Life shrinks or expands in proportion to one's
courage.
—Anaïs Nin
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

To open deeply,
as genuine spiritual life requires,
we need tremendous
courage and strength,
a kind of warrior spirit.
But the place of this warrior strength
is in the heart.
—Jack Kornfield
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Love is the ultimate
and the highest goal to which
man can aspire.
—Viktor Frankl
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Peace cannot be achieved
through violence,
it can only be attained
through understanding.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Conquer anger by love;
conquer evil by good.
—Dhammapada
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

If we have no peace,
it is because we have forgotten
that we belong to each other.
—Mother Theresa
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

The planet is in fact one interwoven web of life.
I MUST love my neighbor as I do myself, because
my neighbor and myself are interwoven. If I hate
my neighbor, the hatred will recoil upon me.

If I treat my neighbor's pain and grief as foreign,
I will end up suffering when my neighbor's pain
and grief curdle into rage.

But if I realize that in simple fact the walls
between us are full of holes, I can reach through
them in compassion and connection.
—Rabbi Arthur Waskow
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Who can tell what miracles
Love has in store for us
If only we have the courage
To become one with it?
Everything we think we
Know now is only the beginning
Of another knowing that itself has
No end. And everything we now can
Accomplish will seem derisory to us
When the powers of our divine nature
Flower in glory and at through us.
—Sufi Mystic Iqbal
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

Everything is laid out for you.
your path is straight ahead of you.
Sometimes it's invisible, but it's there.
You may not know where it's going.
But you have to follow that path.
It's the path to the Creator,
It's the only path there is.
—Chief Leon Shenandoah
(PRAYER ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3, 2001)

THE WEST CANCER CLINIC BLESSING

May you know that you are in
A Place of Compassionate Healing.
May you feel cared for by loving hands and open
hearts.
May you always feel seen and heard in this place.
May you find even greater strength because our
prayers
are linked with yours.

May we always see in every face a mother,
spouse or loved one...
Someone no different than us and those we love.
May we always see each patient as an individual
person with
wants and needs far beyond cancer.
May we always be worthy of the gifts of trust
from those
who seek our care.
May we seek excellence in all aspects of care
trusting
in a higher wisdom.
—WINGS Cancer Foundation
(DESIGN ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 2, 2001)

And we are put on earth a little space.
That we may learn to bear the beams of love...
—William Blake
(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

The problem of
the meaning of life
is solved by
the mystery of love.
—Sam Keen
(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

I realized that there are things that every person is sent to earth to learn. For instance, to share more love, to be more loving toward one another. To discover that the most important thing is human relationships and love and not materialistic things.

—quoted by Sogyal Rinpoche as told to Kenneth Ring from *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*

(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

Love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward in the same direction.

—St. Exupéry

(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

The polestar that will guide you into a more loving future is already shining bright in the night sky of your soul. But to see it, you must accustom your eyes to the fertile darkness you have tried to avoid. Look deeply into your disappointments, examine your heartache, interrogate your longing, probe your loneliness, meditate honestly on the elements of love of which you are still ignorant, and you will discover that the void within you is already filled with the desire for fulfillment. Your yearning itself is an internal guidance system that is moving you to become a lover.

—Sam Keen, from *To Love and Be Loved*

(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

When love beckons to you follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions
may wound you.

And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the
north wind lays waste the garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify
you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for
your pruning.

Even as he ascends to your height and caresses
your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,
So shall he descend to your roots and shake
them in their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.

He threshes you to make you naked.

He sifts you to free you from your husks.

He grinds you to whiteness.

He kneads you until you are pliant;

And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that
you may become sacred bread for God's sacred
fear.

All these things shall love do unto you that you
may know the secrets of your heart, and in that
knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.

—Kahlil Gibran, from *The Prophet*

(LOVE ISSUE: VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 2001)

Inside you there's an artist
you don't know about...

Say yes quickly, if you know,
if you've known it from before the
beginning of the universe.

—Rumi

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000;

CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3, 1998)

There is a vitality, a life-force, an energy, a quickening that is translated through you into action. And because there is only one of you in all time, this expression is unique. And if you block it, it will never exist through any other medium... The world will not have it. It is not your business to determine how good it is, nor how valuable, nor how it compares with other expressions. It is your business to keep it yours clearly and directly, to keep the channel open.

—Martha Graham

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000;

RITUAL ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3, 1996)

I must write it all out, at any cost. Writing is thinking. It is more than living, for it is being conscious of living.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

WHY AM I A WRITER?

Because my hand is gifted with
The power of word, and God
whispers stories in my ear.
Eager to hear the next chapter,
I write. I listen carefully, I look
at everything, I dissect my
thoughts. I dedicate myself
to life, to people, to tale. I
am born in words and know
my home on the page.

God is my goal—I want to
meet God in my journal,
and I am creative for
that reason. I love my

pen, ink excites me, and I
am worth 70 dollar pens.

Someday I will always want another
notebook. I'd rather write my
own book than buy someone else's,
and I love to read. Bookstores
delight me and my soul loves to
talk. Dream on through the
Night, for my spirit is endless
and so are my stories, so I am
a writer.

—Jennifer Hennings

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

Poems speak to us when nothing else will. Poetry
helps us to feel out lives rather than be numb.

—John Fox, from *Poetic Medicine*

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

A self is made, not given. It is a creative and
active process of attending a life that must be
heard, shaped, seen, said aloud into the world,
finally enacted and woven into the lives of others.
Then a life attended is not an act of narcissism
or disregard for others; on the contrary, it is
searching through the treasures and debris of
ordinary existence for the clear points of intensity
that do not erode, do not separate us, that are
most intensely our own, yet other people's too.
The best lives and stories are made up of minute
particulars that somehow are also universal and
of use to others as well as oneself.

—Barbara Myerhoff

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

What is the source of our first suffering?

It lies in the fact that we hesitated to speak.

It was born in the moment

When we accumulated silent things within us.

—Gaston Bachelard

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

All suffering is bearable if it is seen as part of a
story.

—Isak Dinesen

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

Ring the bells that still can ring.

Forget your perfect offering.

There is a crack in everything.

That's how the light gets in.

—Leonard Cohen

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

There are notes and then there are feelings, and
you try to imbue the notes with feelings. That's
the whole idea. I would hope. Otherwise it's just
notes.

—Keith Jarrett

(ART & HEALING ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3,
2000)

Hope is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul,

And sings the tune without the words,

And never stops at all.

—Emily Dickinson

(ANIMALS ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 2, 2000)

Reconcile yourself with the animal inside you
and you will become healthy and whole.

—East German Pastor

(ANIMALS ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 2, 2000)

The bird is symbolic of the release of the spirit
from bondage to the earth, just as the serpent is
symbolic of the bondage to the earth.

—Joseph Campbell

(ANIMALS ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 2, 2000)

BETWEEN THE BRANCHES

It was always snowing
when I visited.

Remembering, I see you

again and again

opening the door,

and then your face as

if it mattered that I came, as if it

made some kind of difference after all.

You'd offer tea

and one day,

worrying that I was cold

coming out of my boots,

you gave your rag wool socks to me to

wear, warm from the radiator.

Each time I came

there was less of you waiting,

less hair,

less fullness to your face,

less energy.

Only your elaborate eyes increased,

taking my breath away.

Sometimes we'd meditate.

The animals would join us.

Or you would let me read to you,

Audre Lorde

or Mary Oliver.

I thought that there would be

more time,

that Spring might come

and we might see a bit of it begin

before you left us.

Every now and then

I find myself

looking for you.

Just now, between the branches

of the birch, I catch the rich

mosaic colors of your eyes,

but then the clouds close.

—Deborah Cooper

(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

IT DOESN'T INTEREST ME

It doesn't interest me
what you do for living. I want to know what
you ache for—and if you dare to dream of
meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me
how old you are. I want to know if you will
risk looking like a fool for love, for your
dream, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me
what planets are squaring your moon.
I want to know if you have touched the
center of your own sorrow, have been opened
by life's betrayals, or have become shriveled
and closed from fear of further pain.

I want to know
if you can sit with pain, mine or your own,
without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know
if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if
you dance with wildness and let it fill you to
the tips of your fingers and toes, without
cautioning us to be careful, to be realistic, or
to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me
if the story you are telling is true. I want to
know if you can disappoint another to be true
to yourself, if you can bear the accusation of
betrayal—and not betray your own soul.

I want to know
if you can see beauty even when it is not
pretty everyday, and if you can source your
life from its presence.

I want to know
if you can live with failure, yours and mine,
and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout
to the moon: YES!

It doesn't interest me
to know where you live or how much money
you have. I want to know if you can get up
after the night of grief and despair, weary and
bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be
done for the children.

It doesn't interest me
who you are or how you came to
be here. I want to know if you can stand in
the center of the fire with me and not
shrink back.

It doesn't interest me
what or where or with whom you have
studied. I want to know what sustains you
from the inside, when all else falls away.

I want to know
if you can be alone with yourself—and if you
truly like the company you keep in the
empty moments.
—Oriahe Mountain Dreamer, An Indian Elder
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

Under the
glassy,
cool,
translucent
wave.
—John Milton
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

Identity always worries me, and memory and
eternity.
—Gertrude Stein
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

I said to my soul, be still,
and wait
without hope,

For hope would be hope
for the wrong
thing: wait without love

For love would be love of the wrong
thing; there is yet faith

But the faith and the love
and the hope
are all in the waiting.
—T.S.Eliot
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

Our birth is but a sleep
and a forgetting:
The would that rises with us,
our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
—Wordsworth
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

A world of grief and pain, flowers bloom
Even then.
—Issa
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

There are two means of refuge from the miseries
of life: music and cats.
—Albert Schweitzer
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

The great tragedy of life is not death, but what
dies inside us while we live.
—Norman Cousins
(GRIEF ISSUE: VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1, 2000)

We are always in relationship, always inter-
connected. Expanding our spiritual practice is
actually a process of expanding our hearts, of
widening our circle of insight and compassion to
gradually include the whole of our life.
—Jack Kornfield
(MILLENNIUM ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4,
1999)

We are engaged in entering the well of our life
and in reaching as deeply into its sources as we
can.
—Ira Progoff
(MILLENNIUM ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4,
1999)

Work is love made visible
And what is it to work with love?

It is to weave the cloth with
threads drawn from your heart,
even as if your beloved were to
wear that cloth.

It is to build a house with
affection, even as if your beloved were to dwell
in that house.

It is to sow seeds with tenderness
and reap the harvest with joy,
even as if your beloved were to eat
the fruit.

It is to charge all things you
fashion with a breath of your
own spirit,

And to know that all the
blessed dead are standing about
you and watching.

Work is love made visible.
—Kahlil Gibran
(WORK ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 3, 1999)

To be nobody but yourself in a world which is
doing its best to make you be everybody else
means to fight the hardest battle which any
human being can fight and never stop fighting.
—e.e. cummings
(WORK ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 3, 1999)

In Silicon Valley, where young millionaires are
made daily, it has been recently noted with irony
that the rate of charitable giving is significantly
low.
—David Campbell
(WORK ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 3, 1999)

This is a glorious approach at life, that what has
to be done you do with such a will, that you play
at it. This is what Nietzsche called, "the love of
life."
—Joseph Campbell
(WORK ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 3, 1999)

To the extent that we forgive others, we are for-
giving ourselves.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

If we could read the secret history of our ene-
mies, we should find in each person's life sorrow
and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.
—Longfellow
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Pain that cannot forget, falls drop by drop upon
the heart, and in our sleep, against our will,
comes the awful grace of God.
—Aeschylus
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Beauty is a human need. We need to contem-
plate beauty and we need to express it. We need
to do things like sit in a meadow and meditate,
and just allow the sun and the colors and the
fragrances to fill us. When we do that, we can
become the experience. However briefly, we can
become one with nature, with the life force...the
beauty of the life force.
—Lenore Lefer
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

The love that flows through your heart
purifies not only your own spirit, but the
love you share with others.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Forgiveness is like a new wind.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Forgiveness is letting go of
the old and discovering the new.
—A divine invitation.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

One of the greatest struggles of the healing pro-
cess is to forgive both yourself and others and
to stop expending valuable energy on the past
hurts.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

In order to heal oneself, we must learn how to
forgive.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Forgive and call back the energy wasted on past
events.
—Caroline Myss
(GRACE, GATITUDE, FORGIVENESS ISSUE: VOL-
UME 4, NUMBER 2, 1999)

Intention bends towards the light.
—Joseph Campbell
(INTENTION ISSUE: VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1, 1999)

Take your practiced powers
and stretch them out
until they span the chasm between
two contradictions...
For the god wants
to know himself in you.
—Rilke, excerpted from *The Enlightened
Heart: An Anthology of Sacred Poetry*, edited by
Stephen Mitchell
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

The new era is the era of spiritual creativity.
—Henry Miller
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

It is not what we do, it is how much love we put
in the doing.
—Mother Teresa
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

I myself do nothing.
The Holy Spirit accomplishes all
through me.
—William Blake
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

Poetry often enters through the window of irrelevance.
—M.C. Richards
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

Creativity is harnessing universality and making it flow through your eyes.
—Peter Koesterbaum
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

Inspiration may be
a form of super consciousness,
or perhaps of subconsciousness
I wouldn't know.
But I am sure it is the antithesis
of selfconsciousness.
—Aaron Copland
(CREATIVITY ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3,
1998)

Our worst fear is not that we are inadequate,
our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond
measure. It is our light, not our darkness that
most frightens us. We ask ourselves, "Who am
I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous?"
Actually who are you not to be? You are
a child of God; your playing small doesn't serve
the world. There is nothing enlightening about
shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure
around you. We were born to make manifest
the glory of God within us. It is not just in some
of us, it is in everyone and as we let our own light
shine we unconsciously give other people permission
to do the same. As we are liberated from our
own fear our presence automatically liberates
others.
—Marianne Williamson
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

For reasons
we cannot know
happiness
and inner peace
depend on
our relationship
to beauty
to gratitude
to love
and to the service
of something
greater than
the self.
—Rod MacIver
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

I think it is incumbent upon us who have been
given the gift of life to give something back,
something that costs us, something that involves
sacrifice. It is in sacrifice that we lose ourselves,
our pain, our problems. It is in the sacrifice of
self for something bigger that life gains meaning.
—Sara Harrison
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

That is what life is all about, this struggle. We're
supposed to learn from it, this struggle between
our fears and our insecurities, our weaknesses
and our selfishness and our separateness. Our
desire to love and to be loved, to reach out and
to do kind things and to create something of
beauty and to live a life of beauty. Life is this
struggle—in some ways it's the significance of
life.
—Rod MacIver
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin
it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
—Goethe
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

In every human situation, every conflict, there
is always this great responsibility, laid on us
by life, that the person who is most aware, who
is most highly, most widely, most completely
conscious, must accept responsibility for the person
who is less conscious.
—Sir Laurens van der Post, from the movie,
*Hasten Slowly: The Journey of Sir Laurens van
der Post* by Mickey Lemle
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

There is nothing wrong in searching for happiness,
but we use the term as if it were the ultimate
in human striving. What gives far more comfort
to the soul, I found in prison and in life, is something
greater than happiness or unhappiness—and
that is meaning. Meaning transfigures all.
—Sir Laurens van der Post
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

Where your talents and the needs of the world
cross, there lies your vocation.
—Aristotle, from *How to Find the Work You
Love* by Laurence Boldt
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him
ask no other blessing.
—Thomas Carlyle, from *How to Find the Work
You Love* by Laurence Boldt
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

The only ones among you who will be really
happy are those who have sought and found
how to serve.
—Albert Schweitzer, from *How to Find the
Work You Love* by Laurence Boldt
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

The future belongs to those who believe in the
beauty of their dreams.
—Eleanor Roosevelt
(MISSION ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2, 1998)

Nothing
is more intimate
than home
and therefore
nothing
more proper
to the soul.
—Thomas Moore
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

My hut;
Even the icicles
Greet a new year.
—Natsume Soseki
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

Every life
needs its altar.
It may be in a church
or quiet nook,
it may be in a moment in a day,
or a mood of the heart...
but somewhere
the spiritual life
must have its altar.
From there,
life gains its poise
and direction.
—Esther B. York
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

The value of a personal relationship to things
is that it creates intimacy, and intimacy creates
understanding, and understanding creates love.
—Anaïs Nin
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

The house is more than a box within which to
live; it is a soul activity to be retrieved from the
numbness of the world of modern objects.
—Robert Sardello
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

Bless the soul that lives herein...
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

Go confidently in the direction of your dreams.
Act as though it were impossible to fail.
—Dorothea Brandt
(THE HEALING HOME ISSUE: VOLUME 3, NUMBER
1, 1998)

Something has
spoken to me in the night,
burning the tapers of
the waning year;
something has
spoken in the night,
and told me I shall die,
I know not where.
Saying:
"To Lose the earth you know,
for greater knowing;
to lose the life you have,
for greater life;
to leave the friends you loved,
for greater loving;
to find a land more kind than home,
more large than earth—
"—Whereon the pillars of this
earth are founded,
toward which the conscience
of the world is tending—
a wind is rising,
and the rivers flow."
—Thomas Wolfe, excerpted from *You Can't Go
Home Again*
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Before men read, the ear and the tongue were
subtle, and delighted one another with the tunes
that were in words.
—W.B. Yeats
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Poetry is given life
because it is, basically,
a transcription of voice
and of breath—
and of the silences between.
When a poet reads,
the creative process is somehow recapitulated.
We almost hear
the muse whispering
in the poet's ear.
—Erica Jong, from her introduction to *In Their
Own Voices*
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

It is in the experience of beauty that we connect
with the Divine.
—Therese Schroeder-Sheker
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Transforming our sorrows (losses) into the substance
of our lives is about reconciliation. We
humans must reconcile love and loss, and the
risk involved in becoming fully human and fully
capable of loving.
—Therese Schroeder-Sheker
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Courage is like love, it must have hope for nourishment.
—Napoleon Bonaparte
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Si muero sobrevíveme con tanta fuerza pura
que despiertes la furia del palido y del frío,
de sur a sur levanta tus ojos indelebles,
de sol a sol que suene tu boca de guitarra.
No quiero que vacilen tu risa ni tus pasos,
no quiero que se muera me herencia de alegría,
no llames a me pecho, estoy ausente.
Vive en mie ausencia como en una casa.
Es una casa tan grande la ausencia
que pasarás en ella a través de los muros
y colgarás los cuadros en el aire.
Es una casa tan transparente la ausencia
que yo sin vida te veré vivir
y si sufres, me amor, me moriré otra vez.

If I die, survive me with such sheer force
that you waken the furies of the pallid and the cold,
from south to south lift your indelible eyes,
from sun to sun dream through your singing mouth.

I don't want your laughter or your steps to waver,
I don't want my heritage of joy to die.
Dont' call up my person. I am absent.
Live in my absence as if in a house.
Absence is a house so vast
that inside you will pass through its walls
and hang pictures on the air.
Absence is a house so transparent
that I, lifeless, will see you, living,
and if you suffer, my love, I will die again.

—Pablo Neruda
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Love is not merely an emotion, it is a metta that
reestablishes a more unified space of brilliance,
goodness, and sadness—this is the function of
love in the spiritual tradition.

—Joan Halifax
(MAITRI ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1, 1997)

Love and death are the great gifts that are given
to us; mostly they are passed on unopened.
—Rainer Maria Rilke, as quoted by Joan Halifax
(MAITRI ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1, 1997)

Metta—the sense of love that is not bound to
desire, that does not have to pretend that things
are toher than the way they are—overcomes the
illusion of separateness, of not being part of a
whole.

—Sharon Salzberg
(MAITRI ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1, 1997)

Divine knowledge can only come when we enter
the darkness and rest there to learn its secrets.

—Andrew Harvey
(ONENESS ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4, 1997)

gently
(very whiteness: absolute peace,
never imaginable mystery)

descend

—e.e.cummings
(RITUAL ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3, 1996)

Where words leave off, music begins.

—Heinrich Heine
(RITUAL ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3, 1996)

Do not say “too late.”

—Suzuki Roshi
(RITUAL ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3, 1996)

See,
there are no
edges to this garden.
Sweet fruits,
every kind
you can think of,
branches green
and always
slightly moving.

—Rumi
(TEA CEREMONY ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1996)

It is in change that things find rest.

—Heraclitus
(TEA CEREMONY ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1996)

Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea. The after-
noon glow is brightening the bamboos, the foun-
tains are bubbling with delight, the sougning of
the pines is heard in our kettle. Let us dream of
evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolish-
ness of things.

—Okakura Kakuzo, *The Book of Tea*
(TEA CEREMONY ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1996)

Be a lamp to yourself.
Be your own confidence.
Hold to the truth
within yourself, as to
the only truth.

—The Buddha
(TEA CEREMONY ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1996)

We may worry about death
but what hurts the soul most
is to live without tasting
the water of its own essence.

—Rumi
(TEA CEREMONY ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1996)

The breeze at dawn
has secrets to tell you.
Don't go back to sleep.
You must ask what
you really want.

Don't go back to sleep.
People are going
back and forth across
the doorsill where
the two worlds touch.
The door is
round and open.
Don't go back to sleep.
—Rumi, trans. by J. Moyne and C. Barks
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)

With every
breath the sound
of love surrounds
us, and we
are bound for the
depths of space,
without sightseeing.
We've been in orbit
before and know the
angel's there...

—Rumi, trans. by J. Moyne and C. Barks
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)

Today like every
other day, we wake up
empty and frightened.
Don't open the door to
the study and being reading.
Take down the dulcimer.

Let the beauty we love
be what we do.
There are hundreds
of ways to kneel
and kiss the ground.
—Rumi, trans. by J. Moyne and C. Barks
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)

Journeys bring
power and love
back into you.
If you can't
go somewhere,
move in the passageways
of the self.

They are like
shafts of light,
always changing,
and you change
when you
explore them.
—Rumi, trans. by J. Moyne and C. Barks
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)

The tender
words
we said
to one another
Are stored
in the
secret heart
of heaven.
One day
like the rain
they will
fall and spread
And our mystery
will grow
green over
the world.
—Rumi, trans. by Andrew Harvey
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)

Soul is not
very mysterious.
It is measured
by vitality,
by depth of feeling,
and by depth
of thought. But most
of all, it is
measured by the
experience of
participation.
—David Whyte
(VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE, 1996)

When the inward and
the outward are illumined,
and all is clear,
you are one with the light
of sun and moon.
When developed to its
ultimate state,
this is a round luminosity
which nothing can deceive,
the subtle body
of a unified spirit,
pervading the whole universe.
Then you have
the same function
as the sun and moon.
—Liu I-Ming, from *Awakening to the Tao*
(FIRST ISSUE: VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, 1996)