

## POETRY/QUOTES

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 our 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 decouvre 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.

—Treya 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 Lanoe 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 him-  
self.

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.  
—Oriah 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 world that rises with us,  
our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere it 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 Proffoff  
(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 en-  
emies, 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 fabu-  
lous?" Actually who are you not to be? You are  
a child of God; your playing small doesn't serve  
the world. There is nothing enlightened about  
shrinking so that other people won't feel in-  
secure 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 permis-  
sion 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 per-  
son 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 happi-  
ness, 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 some-  
thing 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 sub-  
stance 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 nour-  
ishment.  
—Napoleon Bonaparte  
(HOPE ISSUE: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2, 1997)

Si muero sobrevíeme 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 sercrets.  
—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 afternoon glow is brightening the bamboos, the fountains are bubbling with delight, the soughing of the pines is heard in our kettle. Let us dream of evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolishness 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)