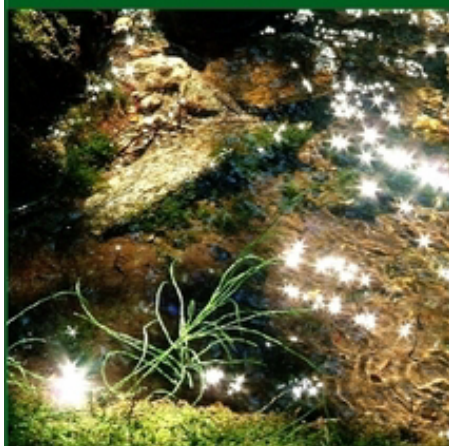


Enough Rain  
Makes a River  
(Includes the Book of Tiles)

walter shawlee 2 & walter shawlee 3.0







# Enough Rain Makes a River

**(Includes the Book of  
Tiles)**

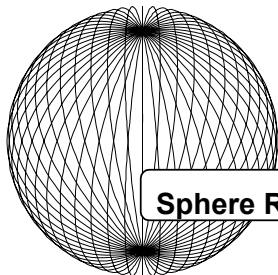
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Walter Shawlee 2**

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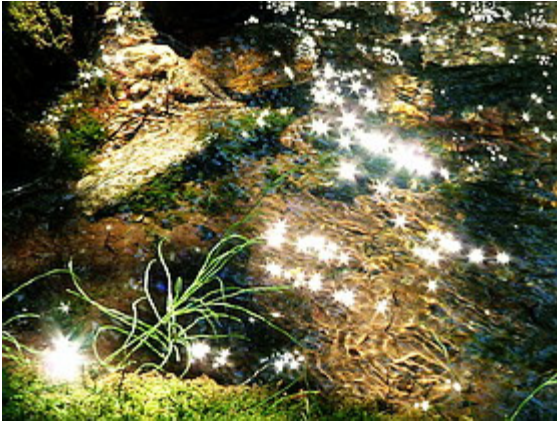
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## In the beginning:

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Poetry has certainly fallen on hard times in North America. People used to know Robert Frost, Ogden Nash, Leonard Cohen, e.e. cummings, William Carlos Williams, Rod

McKuen, or someone else at least casually.

Today people know the Coke or Pepsi jingle, or possibly have committed the opening lines of Star Trek to memory. This seems like a very poor literary turn of events to me.

I think that poetry has a special abbreviated power all its own that serves us very well. At this point, however, I certainly wouldn't mind if it was *called something else*, since it seems to have come into such considerable disfavor with just about everyone. The "Poetry" section in Chapters bookstore is one tiny four foot high bookshelf, with hardly anything on it. Just not much of an inducement to write that kind of material.

People often seem to be deterred from reading poems because they feel (or far worse, are *made to feel by others*) that they don't really understand what they are reading. This is especially unfortunate because poems only come to life in the light of your own interpretation and experience. There are no larger issues of wrong or right in this material, and the interpretation you find on your own is fine with me, so enjoy yourself here. If you didn't get what I intended, then that was strictly my fault.

My own experience has been that shorter explanations often seem to be better, which is how I came to write in this particular way. If a word like "poem" offends you, or makes you feel less of a man, somewhat effeminate and emasculated, then think of these as *very short* essays or stories; or possibly as the sound tracks of commercials, if you're not much of a regular reader.

There is a slight chronological order to these, but they are also grouped by related events, if that's any help in their decoding. Actually, now that I think of it, they really are a bit random...

Since I ran into quite a few problems, some of which wound up here, you may find something of real use to you personally. Some people find comfort in knowing they are not the only one to have troubles. Frankly, it's hard to be cheered by the knowledge that not only you, but countless unknown others, are going to sink in any given boat. Just keep in mind that God has quite a sense of humor, if you feel your tenuous perspective slipping away. It's also important to remember that God isn't finished yet.

We are not monolithic and seamless. We show everyone different things, give them more or less access to our hearts and thoughts. We are each a thousand different people, every version tailored for the person we are meeting at the moment, because no other behavior is possible. No matter what we show, other people can only see some things, and never see others, and we reflect that in the same moment. Some see the box, some see the contents, and others worry about how it was made or where it comes from, and see the least of all.

Every so often, we show everything to someone, and they see it all, and return that generosity back. That's the moment, that state of tenderness, that explains what life is for, why we are in it, and what our part is. It's where strength comes from, and what love is built on. The greatest tragedy is

that the moment eludes some people all their lives, and they live in the emptiest kind of sadness, unaware how close escape has always been, sometimes only a few words or looks away. We choose everything, but often never realize that it happened.

Most of these are like picture frames, waiting for you to fill them in with your own private thoughts and feelings. I hope they give you some pleasure or pause while you go through them.

Special thanks to my son (Walter Shawlee 3.0) who took many of the photographs (and certainly the best ones) in this book. He has a great eye, and a good heart. And to my daughter Rosanne, who has the best laugh in the world, and always cheers me up.

### ***Walter Shawlee 2***



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

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The haiku and other brief oriental poems reproduced here have come from a variety of translators, Hoyen's comes from D. T. Suzuki's excellent and extraordinary book "Zen

Buddhism". Since I have read at least two differing translations for most of these poems, I hope I have remembered the ones with the best sense of the original author, as I felt it.

The line from J. R. R. Tolkein is from his "Lord of the Rings" trilogy, and is also written in his book as:

***"elen sila lumenn omentilmo"***





My wife, Suzie, had it inscribed on a ring for me years ago. After 39 years, I still think it's true.

The lines from my father's book (*Only Lovers Know*) are taken from the poem of the same name, and are the closing five lines of his book.

The quote from Mel Webster is from one of his science classes in the late sixties, which I am sure none of his students ever forgot.

Some people have also had a very great influence on me either personally, or indirectly, and I see traces of them in these pages, my wife's being the deepest.

Robert A. Heinlein, Jerry Severeid, D. T. Suzuki, Taj Mahal, Kim and Alice Badrkhan, D. H. Lawrence, Bonnie Raitt, Hermann Hesse, Eric Frank Russell, Holly Sparks, Gwen Voorhees, Mel Webster, Al Singer, Bob Pitters, Jerry Cutler, Jesse Vasquez, Charmaine Kadley, Rod McKuen, Lois Young, Van Morrison, Danny Leonette, Magan Bensow, Sten Nilsson, Dan Wheeler, Bertil Gustafsson, Keith Laumer, Lasse Smedlund, Jack Hartman, Kahlil Gibran, Ronnie Brittian, Scott and Rena Kaplan, Chris Loelke, Bart Braverman, Eric Nadler, Sandy Bull, Scott and Johnny Davis, all three of my parents, my sister Angela, and especially my uncle Ted, who gave me the best and most important advice of my life.

Thank you all. No matter what any of you imagine, I *never forgot any of you*, even though we are certainly far apart now.



**“Nature  
tends toward  
equilibrium”**

--Mel Webster

● 1



**This in your hands  
is the clearinghouse of my life**

**this is the part i built  
that is for showing**

**the rest has gone silent and forgotten  
waiting for different days.**



**I wonder  
and it is enough**

**for i have come to love you  
without any escalation  
of reality.**



**On this day  
there is quiet  
and in the great empty spaces  
god is crying the oceans**

**even now  
he knows of the days to follow.**



**When i saw you last  
so many months ago**

**i didn't know you at all  
we were both so obscured  
by layers of other people  
and unrealized dreams**

**now you shape my world warm in your soft outline  
and color it  
in your very green eyes.**



**The eye lies on the edge  
between the mind  
and the body**

**balanced on the thin line  
we hope is sanity.**



**The mixture of welcome and reserve  
in your open body**

**still color in your face  
when you see me looking at you  
though i see the smile too**

**and your hands  
moving us closer together.**





**Fear is the worst fire  
If you let it  
it will burn down the house of your heart  
and fill every room with darkness  
rob every moment of your future from you**

**it makes its way in like cold rainwater  
and finds every crack and crevice  
winding like a serpent around your life  
choking your dreams into extinction**

**it's not weakness that invites it in  
it slips in when faith and hope are forgotten  
when you lose the feel of the sun on your face  
and stop hearing god's endless heartbeat  
every moment of the day.**



**I can understand a musician**

**he has found the beauty  
motion makes with objects  
as the ear watches.**



**Revisions cover the pages  
of my letters**

**so unsure of us both.**



**Sorrow is a simple thing**

**without the complications  
of assembled emotions**

**it's just the closing of a tired hand  
on nothing.**

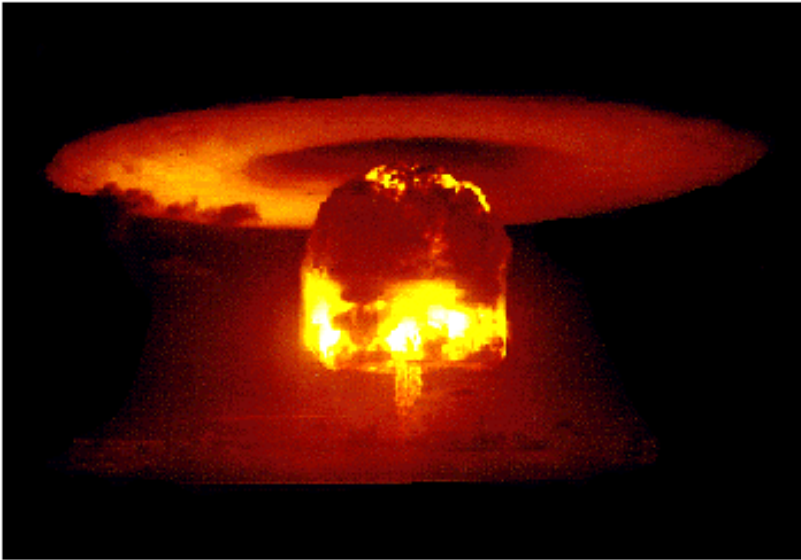
**Some days, we feel compelled to count**



**about thirty-six million minutes  
makes a lifetime**

**two thousand tears fills a cup**

**but the world has its own scale  
so enough stars make a night sky  
and enough rain  
makes a river.**



**Of all the fires we made  
there has never been one like this before**

**it seems like we have taken  
all the hate and shame in the world  
and made it visible**

**touchable  
tasteable  
immediate**

**but we remain far too foolish  
to be afraid of this nightmare  
even though it is looking at us  
slyly with slitted eyes  
and a bottomless hunger.**



**My hands resting on your  
body  
almost unbelieving**

**your eyes are a mixture of  
color and my reflection  
angled up in the corners**

**where our communal smile  
is changing the shapes of our  
faces.**



**Surfaces changing  
hair or clothes**

**and it matters only  
to the people looking in**

**and passing on.**





**In this place  
in the streets  
down just below foot height**

**rebounding off curbstones  
and becoming conduit rapids  
the last edges of rivers flow**

**for the most part  
very changed  
now carrying only the decay  
and soap washed from cars  
in this place  
the very height of mastery  
and delusion  
man walks on water every day.**



**We have a great many fears  
and illusions**

**you and i**

**and we color every moment  
of our lives with them**

**the momentary reflections of our eyes**

**everything lives there, waiting  
and nothing is hidden for long**

**when someone stops to look inside.**



**Each man and woman  
like a christ**

**born into the uncaring stone womb of the world  
at the hands of the ethically blind**

**that we reach out to you  
through the darkness we build and worship  
is really the miracle**

**our denial of each other:  
the cornerstone and beginning  
of the denial of you also**

**as we condemn and execute each other  
for a wrong word or gesture.**



**I remember you warm  
next to me**

**and i try to put your smile on everyone**

**because i remember you too well**

**soft  
and gone.**



**From my six foot two height  
i watch what we have done**

**and suffer from a dim desire  
to walk down to the harbor  
early some sunday morning**

**and row out to heaven  
in an abandoned boat.**



**Evening  
and late**

**and my mind and body upset  
by whatever process**

**hand and mouth do their telephone work  
and i shake a little while i wait  
for you**

**to come and untangle today for me  
with the right words  
and your clothes thrown over the chair.**



**I gave back the shadows  
and obligations  
i received as gifts**

**I put them back in the hands  
that never could spell my name**

**then picked up my life and left  
and found a new home**

**and all the times i thought i had been sold  
and lost to me**

**i see are otherwise**

**though the margin is not so great.**



**Hands unbuttoning my clothes  
some yours, some mine**

**while we clear off  
all the things separating our bodies  
from the love we want to share**

**and later  
quiet and no longer rushed  
our shared memories play back in my closed eyes  
in time to your heart**

**and i wonder  
just before sleep  
why you smile and love me still  
even though you know i will soon be gone**

**whatever the reason  
i love you with all my heart  
and i hope you heard me say it.**





**I saw them for only a few minutes  
their lives about to be broken  
by people with papers and rifles  
who didn't even know their names**

**that's why he held her so close  
that her tears were running down his cheek.**

**Lonely now  
even when i walk beside you**



**twenty and soon more  
and everything has moved**

**and tonight**

**with both the pillows on one side  
i know i will not sleep so well  
because i dream now  
without the gentle touch of your love.**



**In a very basic sense  
there is just no escape**

**if the fools come into power  
they will surely inherit us all.**



**“for a cool evening  
i hired the old temple porch  
penny in the dish.”**

**--Shiki**

**● 2**



**The days pass quietly  
through my hands**

**bringing new lines  
to the pattern of my face**

**and everywhere i see the distant shadows  
of memories  
coloring everything through my eyes**

**the pressure of their presence  
turns me down empty streets**

**and much farther inside.**



**After i've tried everything to keep sleep away  
eventually i slip into the lonely shapes  
of my dreams**

**where i look for someone else  
to wake me.**



**Excuse my smile  
when you are so deeply involved in my criticism  
but i can see you don't understand yet**

**that it's my life  
and not my desk  
that is so cluttered**

**and that isn't something  
easily corrected with a dust cloth  
and a few boxes.**



**Our bodies are made from the hearts of stars  
and our souls from god's dreams**

**so no matter the scale of what happens  
it's just what's next  
and never a reason to be afraid.**



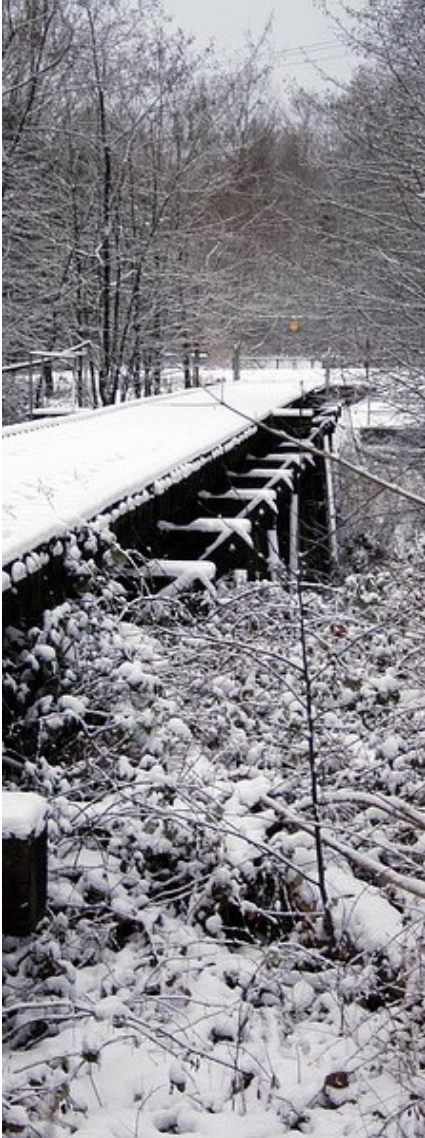


**Everything cold  
and i stand like an idiot**

**with my jacket open  
absently watching the snow**

**possibly awaiting a word from god  
to the effect**

**awake.**



**Winter,  
sometimes  
the bitter snowfall  
of the heart**

**with your tracks  
leading away**

**and out of sight.**



**It is a strange thing to have hands like mine  
things flow together around them  
like sugar crystals  
around an inspired string**

**tools move and even people soften  
entire ideas live in their motion**

**but they have yet to close on something  
they do not come to release.**



**Awakening  
and seeing my homesickness in the mirror**

**wanting my feet to walk  
in familiar places**

**the ever expanding truth  
is my knowing  
that i never had a place to go**

**except your arms**

**and those are gone now, too.**



**Fingers moving up and down the strings  
tracing my mind in music**

**eventually slipping into a cool and quiet  
mantra shape**

**that runs over my life  
like clean water**

**and washes away my past  
for half an hour.**



**Hands against my face  
leaning on the desk**

**no feeling left  
no traces of the years before  
and no future promises**

**i can't break out of this loneliness  
even though crowds spill around me  
like waves on the beach.**

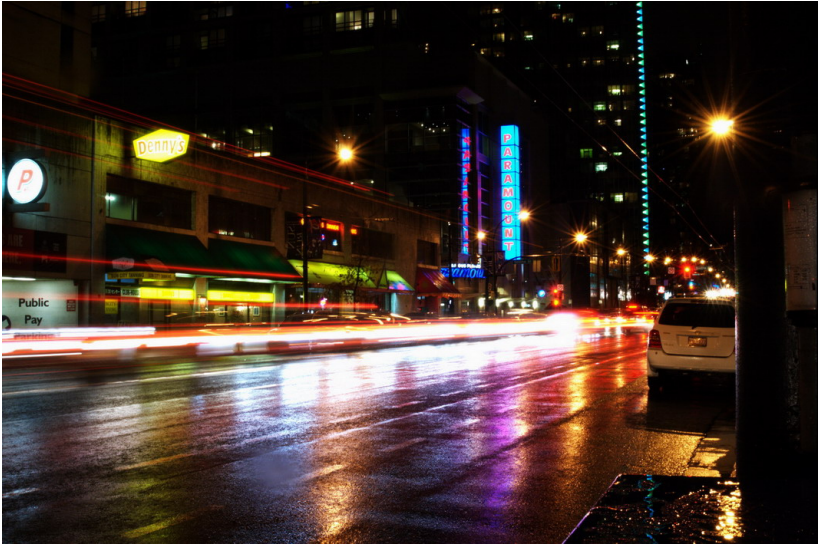


**In the motion of revolution  
the ominous pressure of evil**

**it squeezes people like soft fruit  
to cover the country in blood  
obscuring an endless host of unclean motivations**

**and the patriotic survivors  
will praise the new order**

**as a visitation of the maker.**



**Leaning back in my chair  
eyes passing over the months of uncompleted work**

**i know perfectly well  
i've no eyes left for it**

**so  
all the power shut off to my workbench  
i wander through the streets home  
hoping to run into company**

**who is tired of things too.**





**We have built on soft sand  
hiding our love and thoughts from each other  
quick to be angry  
slow to forgive  
certain, but wrong**

**so all the walls will come down in time  
with a short scrub grass  
growing up between the street corners**

**and the gray sunlight  
lightly coloring the spaces between the buildings**

**the winds at year's end  
will cover the cities  
hiding them in snow and old leaves**

**and those left  
will sing their mourning songs in a low voice**

**and count numbers on their fingers.**



**I learned to cry when i was very young  
and perhaps that saved me  
because my tragedies were short lived  
and soon forgotten**

**other than that**

**what can i say to you?**

**those who didn't love me  
i loved anyway  
and left my sadness unspoken**

**i simply left eventually  
to go on my own way**

**and those who loved me  
saw me safely through.**



**This war cost us all so much**

**those who went  
discovered there was no coming home  
and those who wouldn't go  
found there was no staying home**

**the ones who schemed to stay behind  
found themselves difficult to live with  
and surrounded by shallow friends**

**saddest of all, were those who cheered  
and buried their sons and lovers  
with brave faces**

**only the damned scriptwriters slipped through  
almost without a scratch  
already hard at work  
on their next effort.**



**Snow and heat are all the same  
when you are in transit**

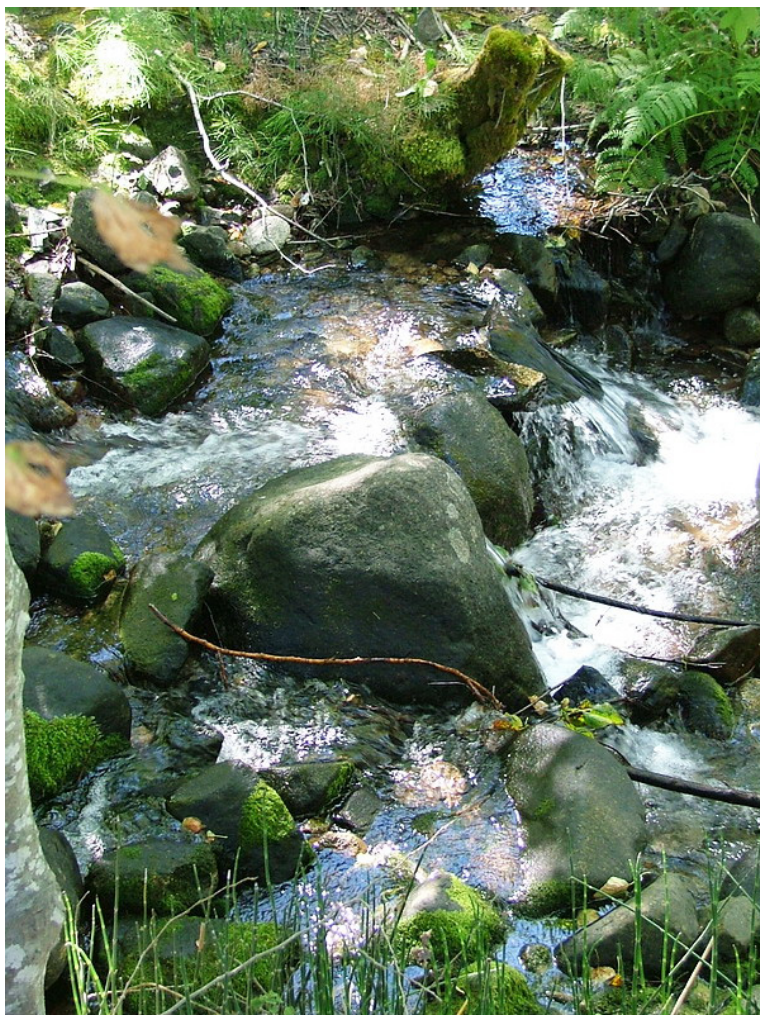
**i only wonder where i will wash up next  
and how the hand that picks me up  
will deal with me.**



**A small piece of mind and metal**

**fashioned with hands  
that long to close on another hand  
rather than steel**

**but i couldn't find one  
that would take my hands to lips  
and erase the scars my life has bought.**



**“a star shines on the hour  
of our meeting”**

--J. R. R. Tolkein

● 3



**So difficult for me to speak sometimes**

**you hold my life and dreams  
in the smallest corner of your smile**

**words only the something we use  
when our love is in doubt  
and we hesitate**

**inches from god**

**to reach out  
with our broken lives.**



**Morning, and our time**

**quiet voices speaking  
and when i look at you resting on my shoulder**

**the sun rises through your hair  
changing the shadows and lights  
that spill over your face**

**so beautiful  
that it makes my heart hurt.**





**Face to the window  
my mind traveling with the rain**

**you know by the pattern  
of my face**

**that i am much too far away  
to be reached with a word.**



**Your hand moving up my back  
coming to rest in a few minutes  
with a finger touching my lips**

**and with some soft words  
you slow down my life  
and bring me sleep.**



**Tomorrow**

**i will give back  
all that i took from  
you**

**the sound of your  
breathing  
and the view from  
your eyes**

**i will give it all  
back to you  
tomorrow**

**and the day after**

**i will be no one  
again.**



**Morning graying into existence**

**overhead, the pressure of rain  
and future rain**

**here at this lonely moment  
we will part company**

**but we will be together again,  
we will be together again.**



**We are  
sad children  
with eyes that wander to the sea**

**and you are alone in us all  
slipping away on tired feet**

**because you have known love**

**and we have seen only its pantomime unfolding.**



**We've been so hard on each other  
but the learning process is slowly ending**

**each moving off in a different direction  
to find someone whose body and mind  
moves in a warmer harmony**

**during the long wait for sunrise.**



**“here  
where ten thousand captains  
swore grand conquest  
tall grass their monument.”**

--Basho

● 4



**I am the word  
that precedes the sword**

**and the voice that will continue  
through other lips**

**i am the carrier of absolute death  
and darkness**

**i count the minutes in the universe**



**no christ image, this**

**this is the pealing of bells  
in the graveyard  
brief, distant notes of warning**

**i am neither lesson nor reminder  
and I hold out no salvation**

**at any price**

**i am the utter darkness in guile shapes  
that runs on desire feet  
through your thoughts**

**i am the expedient evil  
that you will happily bless as truth.**



**Here, between these two trees  
the water runs quickly over the stones**

**breaking into pale gray tears  
of industrial waste.**



**Hot summer ashes  
enclosed in a two dollar jar  
for this journey**

**the resting place where no one can call you back  
for one more mission  
or one more flight**

**god have mercy on this soul  
written across the top  
but unreadable now.**



**This is any of us**

**half his face burned away  
lying by the side of the road in the dark water**

**while the waves of government  
wash his blood  
into the fiberglass coffers of progress**

**farther up the beach  
the various liberation forces  
are churning the fields into wreckage**

**while the sky is sick with smoke.**



**This is the place  
where man plays with symbols**

**here ideas migrate from mind to hand to chalk**

**and from time to time  
someone copies down the chalk**

**and a shadow passes across the earth.**



**From behind the shelter  
of his uniform**

**a broken man cried out  
in the pain of a life  
with too many empty spaces  
and unfittable pieces**

**all the words and years  
translated into gunfire  
that sweeps the field of our own children  
and lowers them awkwardly**

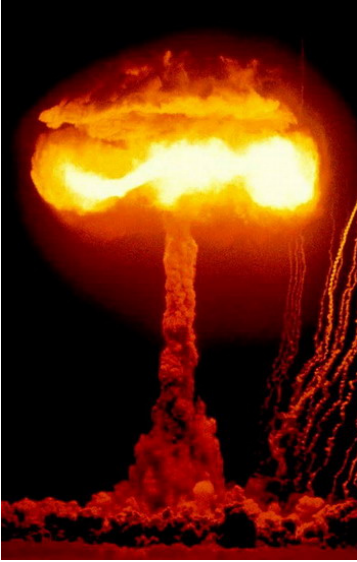
**to rest.**



**A coin is only metal  
backed by an idea**

**a thing to be felt  
to know the full impact  
of faithless silver serrated edges  
and a politically inspired prayer**

**and a thing to be passed into the flame  
to make at last  
something of value.**



**Distant bubbles crack on the horizon**

**summoning the heat and glaze from their sleep**

**to walk again on the surface  
as they did on creation morning**

**in that shimmering moment  
we are returned to the simple parts  
of our construction  
that we have always been**

**though somehow reluctant to say it**

**now,  
if lips and tongue were still intact  
one might say that we have found  
a small measure of peace**

**amid the heat and ash.**





**“buddha on the hill  
from your holy nose, indeed  
hangs an icicle.”**

--Issa

**●5**



**Occasionally,**

**while flashing on tuna sandwiches  
i have the feeling**

**that if christ had died for the dolphins**

**it would have all turned out better.**



**I sure look  
suave as hell**

**with my tie  
in the welsh  
rarebit.**



**We never know exactly who we are  
until that fateful moment**

**when we are faced with a four page form.**



**What is the difference between science and faith?**

**when the sun rises, it can be all about  
orbital vectors, radiated spectra and  
rising soil temperatures**

**or it can be the unexpected miracle  
that makes life possible  
while it opens a field of flowers  
and warms your cold, upturned face**

**one is the spiral bound set of tables, one is the poem  
whichever view is more important to you  
determines how your life is lived**

**but just remember that all of it is true.**



**The meek do not inherit the earth**

**unless they also know a bit of kung-fu  
and have pretty good aim**

**because balance in life means not only to do no harm  
but sometimes also not to let it be done  
a much more difficult task**

**the subtle difference between being a stone  
and being a tree  
in the landscape of life.**



**“The early dawn  
Found the lovers alone.  
With their thousand things.  
The things that  
Only lovers know.”**

--Walter Shawlee

● 6

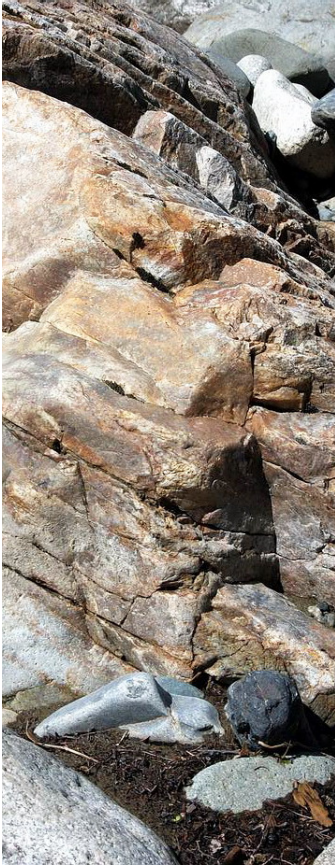


**Dawn arrives  
having practiced the whole afternoon and evening  
on some distant neighbor**

**with a very gentle touch  
she sets the evening's end on fire  
bringing the not so quiet  
truck and store opening morning  
in tow**

**i think that early then  
with your heart alight  
you look equally beautiful.**





**My promise is that i will  
never leave you alone  
and dying**

**abandoned  
in the wasteland of the heart**

**i will be here with you  
until the stars are dust  
and time is forgotten**

**until words  
are no longer spoken**

**and everything  
is only memory  
except the fact that i remain.**



**In my life**

**there have only been a few  
soft voices  
people that would turn to me**

**and whisper**

**only a few eyes that made  
the journey  
into my own**

**and lived to tell the tale.**



**After our beginning song  
and all the stored tensions  
in hands and lips**

**have quieted**

**more relaxed  
we stretch out deeply into each other  
hands resting on the malleable forms  
of each others lives.**



**“When water is scooped in the hands  
the moon is reflected in them**

**when flowers are handled,  
the scent soaks into the robe.”**

--Ho-yen

●7



**The risks we welcome  
unthinking**

**our tools lying idly  
on shelves and streets**

**our collective thoughts unclear  
and filled with too little love**

**hands in pockets  
while mankind struggles to be born.**



**We believe so quickly  
it can all be done from inside**

**but the truth is that no one sees their own face  
like another**

**or hears what our hearts  
have waited a lifetime to say.**



**The source of all things  
who is heaven and earth**

**dearly loved is your name  
in the minds of your children,  
who have touched your face  
in the shapes of their dreams**

**give us in the passage of each day  
the bread and breath of life,  
through the work of our own hands  
at the cost of our own tears**

**forgive us out of love  
when there is reason  
as we struggle to close the spaces between us**

**and may our love bring light into the world.**





**I try to live every day  
as if I will never see another**

**because one day it will be true**

**i try to leave no kind word unspoken  
and no heart forgotten**

**i know it is all illusion  
but I love the taste of food  
the feel of the sun on my face  
the sound of my sweetheart's voice  
and the view of the night sky**

**every day seems like an unexpected gift  
that passes without regret**

**something for which I remain eternally grateful.**



**Sunlight fractured across the snow and ice**

**blue-white, brilliant, freezing  
overpowering**

**alone and awake  
on the frozen verge of heaven.**



**Despite endless discussion  
and the certain impact of events**

**everyone finally makes their own life  
from what chance casually provides**

**but even though the truth  
is fast forgotten**

**the outcome is never in doubt  
you will become the person you choose  
and all the rest  
is no more important  
than old leaves**

**lost in a winter river.**



**On the first day of the world  
he raised his hands to the face of god**

**it was a man and a woman rescaled  
the chain not yet become flesh  
of the living  
and that which gives life**

**and in time  
they became the same  
and it was as if the waves  
that struck the beach  
were the fingers of his wife  
tenderly touching his face**

**the sea and the sky took on the same color  
and without a horizon  
heaven and earth became forever linked  
though we deny it with the same breath  
of our understanding.**



**I have a rock and roll soul  
and a heart expectant**

**so all my scars went away  
with improved perspective.**



**Remember,  
there is something  
broken in all of us**

**that only someone else can fix**

**that's why god created love,  
so that none of us would mind the repair.**



**Life hollows out your heart  
sometimes with careless strokes  
and not so gently**

**and that emptiness is grief and sorrow  
loneliness and fear  
but those moments pass**

**and that greater space  
becomes filled with joy  
love and understanding  
tenderness and compassion**

**life touches you  
so that you will contain more  
and understand more**

**you can hide from it  
but then how will you know  
how precious some things are**

**if your heart is small  
and filled with fear?**



**Trying to justify this all  
is hopeless**

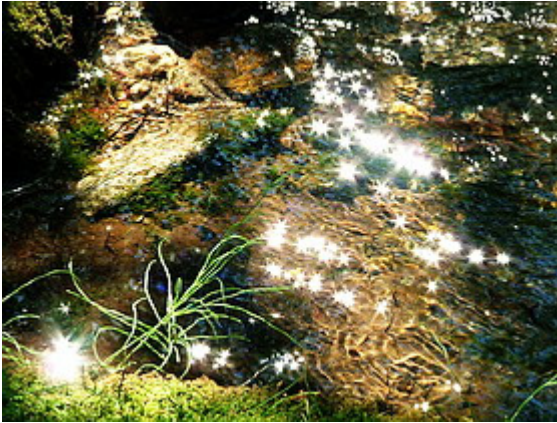
**i write because i have  
nothing else that brings me  
peace**

**restless always  
to be on my way.**



## AUTHOR'S NOTES:

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Many of these have been circulated before to friends, in different forms. Danny once made me a group of hand-thrown prayer jars, and one Christmas I sent them out

with copies of the prayer in the last section. Some have been in letters, some on things I built, some in shorter hand-made copies of this book.

Originally I wrote (because I didn't have a typewriter) on punched cards, and used an old unit record machine (IBM 407) to list out what I was working on. Since then, I have used many different computers, and a pile of handwritten notes and margin notations. The final draft for this was made on a computer because I am still in contention for the title of world's worst typist. Besides, why deceive you? I really like them, I have a machine-friendly heart.

These have all been written over the last forty-plus years, the first ones between 1967 and 1973. The ones I like the best came later, around 1980 to 1988, and again in 2005 and 2009. Some of the oldest ones I have rewritten to make them cleaner and less clumsy, but I feel the ideas have remained the same. Many I got rid of altogether because they were too personal, silly, self-indulgent, ghastly, too obvious, badly written, irrelevant, or some ugly combination of the above. You may feel that I did not edit out nearly enough material. Everyone's a critic at heart.

I've had a few comments over the years about the mechanics of my writing style. Not everyone seems to appreciate my punctuation or format. I can only provide a peripheral explanation, since I am too used to it now to explain it any better.

The idea of capitalizing "I" everywhere it appears on a page seems to place too much undue emphasis on me; after all, why not capitalize "You" (common in many European languages, but not English). Form is just not a good substitute for content.

The spacing lets me put emphasis or a pause where it seems most appropriate, and to make the reading smoother. Often the shape of words seems to have its own meaning. I don't think that a forest of brackets, semicolons and commas would be much of an improvement, coupled with dense-packed text. Anyway, style is personal, and this is mine; so don't fret over it. I'm not likely to change to make you happy (if you are grammar crazed), but I'll certainly let *you* write any way *you* want, which is quite a gift these days.

Bart Braverman was kind enough to share something with me years ago that I thought was humorous originally, but have since found to be surprisingly accurate:

*You can tell whether someone really loves you by whether or not they lean over to unlock the car door for you.*

Because I have found it to be so useful, along with its logical derivatives, I feel compelled to pass it along.

Every so often, I come across something great, a story or song, and wish I had a way to put a footnote in your life so you would see it too. This is my best chance to have my way on this issue, and I hope something here will be new to you, and a welcome and pleasant surprise. This is a pretty eclectic mixture, so something here may interest you, no matter what your taste may be.

## **Books and stories:**

<i>"The End of the Dream"</i> .....	<i>Philip Wylie</i>
<i>"Wasp"</i> .....	<i>Eric Frank Russell</i>
<i>"The Peter Prescription"</i> .....	<i>Dr. Laurence Peter</i>
<i>"Three Hearts and Three Lions"</i> .....	<i>Poul Anderson</i>
<i>"100 Poems from the Chinese"</i> .....	<i>Kenneth Rexroth</i>
<i>"Ahead of Time"</i> .....	<i>Henry Kuttner</i>
<i>"The Prophet"</i> .....	<i>Kahlil Gibran</i>
<i>"More than Human"</i> .....	<i>Theodore Sturgeon</i>
<i>"Zen Buddhism"</i> .....	<i>D. T. Suzuki</i>
<i>"Diabologic"</i> .....	<i>Eric Frank Russell</i>
<i>"The Moon is a Harsh Mistress"</i> .....	<i>Robert A. Heinlein</i>
<i>"Jack of Shadows"</i> .....	<i>Roger Zelazny</i>
<i>"The Man who Died"</i> .....	<i>D. H. Lawrence</i>
<i>"The Door into Summer"</i> .....	<i>Robert A. Heinlein</i>
<i>"Tree and Leaf"</i> .....	<i>J. R. R. Tolkien</i>
<i>"Out of the Crisis"</i> .....	<i>W. Edwards Deming</i>
<i>"The Psychology of Everyday Things"</i> .....	<i>Donald Norman</i>

A few of these will be difficult to obtain, since they are not all currently in print. Henry Kuttner's book, for example, does not seem to have been reprinted since 1952. Philip Wylie's book has just been reprinted by DAW, and is available again. Eric Frank Russell's books were re-printed in 1986, Deming's book is available only from MIT Press.

## Songs and records:

"Snowflakes are Dancing".....	Tomita
"A Little Help from my Friends".....	Joe Cocker
"Bare Wires".....	John Mayall
"Dead Skunk".....	Louden Wainwright III
"Who Knows where the Time Goes?".....	Judy Collins
"Giant Step".....	Taj Mahal
"Electric Blend".....	Sandy Bull
"How Can I keep from Singing?".....	Enya
"Have a Heart".....	Bonnie Raitt
"Hungry for your Love".....	Van Morrison
"Scatterlings".....	Juluka
"Catching the Sun".....	Spyrogyra
"Hello and Goodbye".....	Tim Buckley
"Coffee Blues".....	Mississippi John Hurt
"Jungle Book".....	Weather Report
"Can't find my way Home".....	Blind Faith
"Arc of a Diver".....	Steve Winwood
"As falls Wichita, so falls Wichita Falls" .....	Pat Methany & Lyle Mays
"In the Midnight Hour".....	Roxy Music
"Time has Come Today".....	Chambers Brothers
"Embryonic Journey".....	Jefferson Airplane
"Visitor from Venus".....	MJQ
"Ecstasy of the Dancing Fleas".....	Penguin Cafe Orchestra
"Gloria".....	The Doors

Some of these are also a little tricky to find. The album "MJQ Space" may not be available in the US, it is a European Apple release, they are the Modern Jazz Quartet. Sandy Bull and John Hurt are on Vanguard records, and may be available only on order. The Doors version of "Gloria" is on "Alive She Cried". Juluka are from South Africa, but are available on WEA. PCO is very tough to locate, but really worth it. I have Scott Davis to thank for discovering them.

If you are a drinker, let me pass along my favorite drink; CC, grapefruit juice and ice. Another one, called a "Captain's Enigma" from The Cannery restaurant in Vancouver, is also not bad; light and dark rum, apricot brandy, orange juice and crushed ice.

On a closing note, I have lost track of quite a few friends over the years, since we have all traveled so much. This is my attempt to make amends. If you want to get a note off to me, even if it is just to berate me for my bad writing, you can send it to me by Email at: [walter2@sphere.bc.ca](mailto:walter2@sphere.bc.ca) I also collect **blue things**, and you' are always welcome to send me one. All for now.

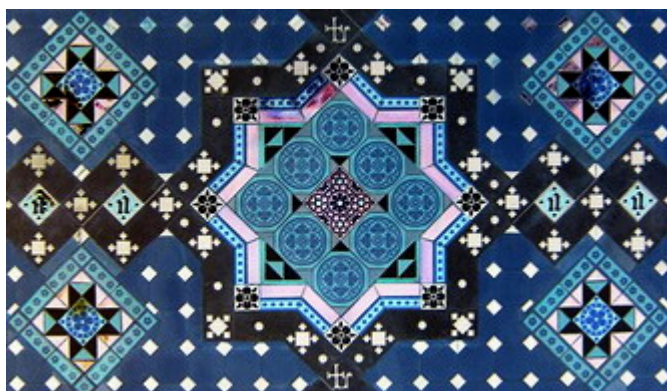


**Every heart is a lock  
every word is a key**

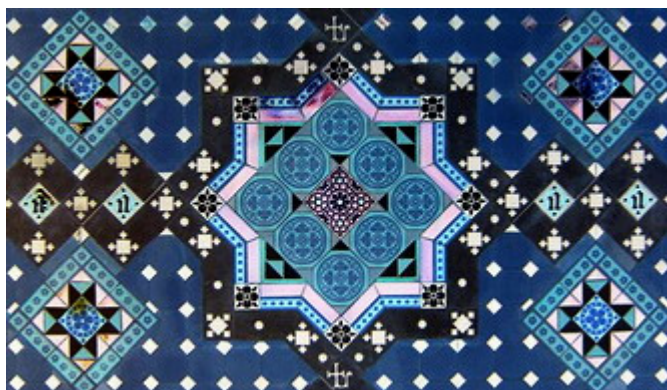
**this book is for you  
a small gift from me.**







The real origin of **The Book of Tiles** is unknown to me, we provide it here as custodians rather than authors. The express right to reproduce it is extended to anyone who requires it. Its one and only purpose is to make you consider all the paths to greater understanding.



# The Book of Tiles

---

- ◆ The origin of the book of tiles  
Is the faint trail of god's word throughout the ages.  
It was made from the words recorded in many tongues,  
But it is written here in only one.
  
- ◆ Because at this moment in the world,  
All the pieces of god's word  
Are meant to come together.  
Fitted each next to the other,  
Just as the stones are in the floor upon which you stand.  
They are here to guide your steps  
To the fullest understanding of god,  
And to fill your heart with hope,  
And your days with purpose.
  
- ◆ There is no author,  
Because it is always god that is speaking,  
Even though we are not always listening.  
These words are all around you in the very rocks of the Earth,  
And alive in the burning stars in the heavens.  
They have fallen to these pages  
Because it is their time  
To be known and understood,  
And you have a deep need in your heart to hear them.



◆ Think long and carefully over what you find here,  
And let what is true refresh your soul,  
And gladden your heart.  
Take comfort in the truth  
That you are dear to god,  
But understand that you are meant to find  
Your own way through the world.  
That is the task that god has set before you,  
And it is through that path,  
And how you live,  
That you will find your way back to the hand of god  
When your days are finished here.

◆ Do not be afraid of life.  
For you are never alone,  
And never forgotten,  
Even though you easily forget that god is all around you,  
Every day of your life,  
In every breath that you take,  
And alive in the faces of everyone you see.

◆ You wish to know the answers to so many things,  
Yet they are revealed to you freely every day,  
And too often you remember none of them.  
You wish to find purpose and reason  
For each breath and each moment,  
Yet the world is alive with them,  
And all too often you choose not to see them.

◆ Every age has its messenger,  
And every moment its record.  
History is not the dry notation of dates and names,  
It is the faint trail through time,  
Of all the men and women before you,  
Who listened to god, or who chose not to listen.  
It is kept to teach those who will listen,  
And to warn those who will not.  
Even though all of time is only an illusion,  
Just as it is also real for us.

◆ It is not enough to think of god on some certain day,  
And to ignore god's words,  
On every other day.  
Your works,  
Your words,  
And your deeds are the history of your heart,  
And they are known to all.  
You cannot do what is right on one day,  
And then abandon everything that is right on the next.  
God sees into your heart at every moment,  
And knows what is true.  
But god is compassionate and forgiving,  
And will never turn from your side,  
Only you can turn away from god.

◆ None can fall from the hand of god,  
Except by their own choosing.  
None can be left alone and unloved,  
Except by their own will.

◆ The world is an expression of something  
We cannot see or understand,  
Even though every waking hour  
we search our hearts for its true nature.

◆ Until we are gone from the physical world,  
We cannot understand the pattern god has fashioned,  
And it could not be otherwise,  
So do not be troubled by this.  
There must be both good and evil in the world,  
It is their pattern and ours together  
That reveals our nature  
And our hearts to god,  
And determines which of many possible paths  
We will choose to follow.

◆ There is no escape from suffering  
In the physical world,  
As long as we cling to it as the only world.  
In truth,  
There is no life or death,  
They are only illusions  
Created by our imperfect understanding.

◆ Never forget,  
Even when you are deep in sorrow,  
And your heart is consumed  
With darkness and despair,  
That nothing is ever lost from the hand of god,  
Except by its own denial of that loving touch.

◆ For those who rejoice only in the physical world,  
And see nothing further,  
There is both delight,  
And torment in endless variety to be found.  
They can choose to disappear,  
And to be dead if they wish.  
They can know hell  
And find power  
And wealth  
In this transient place.  
But they cannot find god  
Or know heaven  
Because they can no longer see them.

◆ God shows us the deepest beauty of the universe  
every day,  
But we often choose to look elsewhere for our pleasure,  
Lost in the familiar patterns  
Of our own illusions.  
This is the greatest sorrow in the universe.

**◆ Both those who doubt  
And those that believe  
God is in every breath of the universe  
Are found in this tale:**

◆ A old man who was filled with the understanding of god  
Gave a small wooden box to a passer-by  
He met walking along the roadway to a small town.  
“Here is a small gift I made to bring some joy into your life  
when you are sad,  
And some comfort when you are filled with doubt,”  
He said as he presented the box.  
The man who received the box opened it,  
And saw only that it was empty.  
Shaking his head angrily,  
He threw the box away,  
Imagining the old man to be a fool.  
And he hurried off to his life that he believed was so important.

◆ The old man picked up the box from the dust  
at the side of the road,  
And waited patiently as he continued walking.  
A young girl soon came by,  
Carrying her work for school.  
The man gave her the box, and repeated,  
“Here is a small gift I made to bring some joy into your life  
when you are sad,  
And some comfort when you are filled with doubt.”  
She took the box from his hand,  
And thanked him for his kindness.  
When she opened the box,  
She smelled the fresh scent of the newly worked wood.  
In her mind, she saw the green forest  
from which the wood had come,  
Carefully cut and prepared over many days.  
She saw the hands of the man fitting the wood together  
In an act of love for a stranger.  
She saw the feeling in his heart,  
And the simple wish for her to be happy.  
She heard the night breeze rustling the trees

From which the box had come,  
And the ocean thundering in the distance from the forest,  
One of god's many voices.

◆ Her heart was lightened and she smiled,  
And thanked the old man again  
For such a wonderful gift,  
And went on her way, as he went on his,  
Each much happier than before  
Sharing in the joy of small things.

◆ God is always speaking to us  
At every moment of our lives,  
But we are not always listening to that voice.  
This is the source of all the sadness in the universe.

◆ Many find that their lives come to some terrible conflict.  
They may have tragedy visit them with no forewarning,  
And it may bring them to their knees in deep despair,  
Crushing their hearts into dust,  
And make them question how god could be so cruel  
And indifferent to their suffering.

◆ But only if we abandon the hand of god,  
And fall to Earth  
Like a burning stone from the heavens,  
Can we know death,  
And so become filled with fear.  
But nothing is lost from the hand of god  
Except by its own choosing,  
And death is not the end of your life,  
Although your body will surely pass away in time.  
Of this you need have no fear.

◆ If you fear death,  
It is because you believe that god will abandon you,  
Leaving you to a lonely and cruel end,  
Lost and afraid in a dark corner of the world.  
If you have no faith in god,  
And trust only the impermanent things of this world,  
Then indeed,  
That is the end you will find.  
Not because god would want it so,  
But because you will not see that you are meant  
To be held together with all other life.  
Safe in the hand of god until the very end of time,  
When even the stars have finally become dust,  
And the universe becomes dark.  
Only to be reborn yet again,  
Part of a pattern vast in its complexity,  
But simple in its purpose.

◆ God turns from no one,  
Not those who do evil  
And are covered in the blood of the innocent,  
And not those who are indifferent and uncaring.  
But they can never find god  
In their hate filled lives,  
And so are doomed to perish,  
Burning as in the hearts of the stars overhead,  
Lost forever from the hand of god,  
And made into solitary ashes.

◆ Words are no comfort to those who have no faith,  
Because they do not see them pointing  
to the welcoming face of god.  
They are only noise,  
And empty.

◆ Every man and woman is dear to god,  
And is meant to return there,  
When their bodies have become tired,  
And their days here have ended.

◆ God is every life that has ever been, and will ever be,  
Joined in a way we cannot see from this temporary place.  
Every bird that flies and person that lives  
Is an expression of god.  
We see them here as separate and distinct,  
Beginning and ending,  
But they are all one endless light that spans all of time.  
And yet, they are as fleeting as a heartbeat,  
And smaller than a grain of sand.

◆ Just as some see the empty box,  
And some see the trees,  
Every person carries their own vision of god.  
And that is the purpose and meaning of life.  
Every thread of every soul, unique and rare,  
Is blended back into god,  
And makes the very fabric of the heavens,  
From which every new soul is made.

◆ It is a task that takes eternity to accomplish,  
And is a vision too large  
To be seen clearly from here.  
But it is a part of the stones you stand on,  
And the air you breathe.  
It is in the light that streams through your window each sunset,  
And wakens you each sunrise.  
It is in the faces of those you love,  
And those who love you.  
And it regulates the very heartbeat of the universe.

## Muhammad records these words in the Qur'an, In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful

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◆ *Thus God, the Mighty One, the Wise One, inspires you as He inspired others before you.*

◆ *His is what the heavens and the earth contain.. He is the Most High, the Supreme One.*

◆ *The heavens above well-nigh break apart as the angels give glory to their Lord and beg forgiveness for those on earth. God is the Benign One, the Merciful.*

◆ *As for those that serve other masters besides Him, God Himself is watching over them. You are not accountable for what they do.*

◆ *Thus, We have revealed to you an Arabic Qur'an, that you may warn Mecca and those who dwell around it; that you may forewarn them of the day which is sure to come: when all mankind are brought together, some in Paradise, and some in Hell.*

◆ *Had it been God's will, He could have made them all of one religion. But God brings who he will into His mercy; the wrongdoers have none to befriend or help them.*

◆ *Have they set up other guardians besides Him? Surely God alone is the Guardian. He brings back the dead to life and has power over all things.*

◆ *Whatever the subject of your disputes, the final word belongs to God. Such is God, my Lord. In him I have put my trust, and to Him I turn in repentance.*

◆ *His are the keys of the heavens and the earth. He gives abundantly to whom He will and sparingly to whom he pleases. He has knowledge of all things.*



◆ *He has ordained for men the faith He has revealed to you and formerly enjoined on Noah and Abraham, on Moses and Jesus, saying "Observe this faith and be united in it." But that to which you call them is unacceptable to the idolators. God chooses for it whom He will, and guides to it those that repent.*

◆ *Yet men divided themselves through their own wickedness only after knowledge had been given them. And had God not deferred their punishment to an appointed time, they surely would have been punished in this life. Those who inherited the Scriptures after them have their grave doubts too.*

◆ *Therefore call men to the true faith, and follow the straight path as you are bidden. Do not be led by their desires, but say: "I believe in all the scripture that God has revealed. I am commanded to exercise justice among you. God is our Lord and your Lord. We have our own works and you have yours; let there be no argument between us. God will bring us together, for to Him we shall return."*

◆ *As for those who argue about God after pledging Him obedience, their arguments will have no weight with their Lord, and His wrath will fall upon them. They shall be sternly punished.*

◆ *It is God who has revealed the Book with truth and justice. And who can tell? The Hour of Doom may be fast approaching.*

◆ *Those who deny it seek to hurry it on; but the true believers dread its coming and know it is the truth. Indeed, those who doubt the Hour are in the grossest error.*

◆ *Benign is God towards His servants. He is bountiful to whom He will. He is the Invincible One, the Almighty.*

◆ *Whoever seeks the harvest of the world to come, to him We will give in great abundance; and whoever desires the harvest of this world, a share of it shall be his: but in the hereafter he shall have no share at all.*

◆ *Have they idols which in the practice of their faith have made lawful to them what God has not allowed? Had the decisive word not been pronounced already, their fate would surely have been settled in this life. The wrongdoers shall endure a harrowing torment.*

◆ *On that day you shall see the wrongdoers aghast at their own deeds, for then Our scourge will surely smite them. But those that have faith and do good works shall dwell in the fair gardens of Paradise and receive from their Lord all that they desire. Surely this is the supreme boon.*

◆ *Such is God's promise to true believers who do good works. Say: "For this I demand of you no recompense. I ask you only to love your kindred. He that does a good deed shall be repaid many times over. God is forgiving and bountiful in His rewards"*

◆ *Do they say: "He has framed a falsehood about God?" But if God pleased, he could seal your heart. He will bring falsehood to nothing and vindicate the truth by His words. He knows the secret thoughts of men.*

◆ *He accepts the repentance of His servants and pardons their sins. He has knowledge of all their actions.*

◆ *He hears the prayer of those who have faith and do good works, and enriches them through His bounty. But a woeful punishment awaits the unbelievers.*

◆ *Had God bestowed abundance upon his servants, they would have filled the earth with evil. He gives them what He will in due measure; He knows and observes His servants.*

◆ *It is He who sends down the rain for them when they have lost all hope, and spreads abroad His blessings. He is the Glorious Guardian.*

◆ *Among His signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth and the living things which He has dispersed over them. If He will, He can gather them all together.*

◆ *If a misfortune befalls you, it is the fruit of your own labors. He forgives much.*

◆ *On this earth you cannot escape Him, nor is there any besides God to protect or help you.*

◆ *And among His signs are the ships which sail like mountains upon the ocean. If He will, He calms the wind so that they lie motionless upon its bosom (surely there are signs in this for steadfast men who render thanks); or causes them to founder as a punishment for their misdeeds. Yet many are the sins that He forgives.*

◆ *Those who dispute Our revelations shall know that they have no escape.*

◆ *That which you have been given is but the fleeting comfort of this life. Better and more enduring is God's reward to those who believe and put their trust in Him; who avoid gross sins and indecencies and, when angered, are willing to forgive; who obey their Lord, attend to their prayers, and conduct their affairs by mutual consent; who bestow in alms a part of that which We have given them and, when oppressed, seek to redress their wrongs.*

◆ *Let evil be rewarded with like evil. But he that forgives and seeks reconciliation shall be rewarded by God. He does not love the wrongdoers.*

◆ *Those who avenge themselves when wronged incur no guilt. But great is the guilt of those who oppress their fellowman and conduct themselves with wickedness and injustice. These shall be sternly punished.*

◆ *To endure with fortitude and to forgive is a duty incumbent on all. He whom God leads astray has none to protect him.*

◆ *When they face their punishment, you shall see the wrongdoers exclaim: "Is there no way back?" You shall see them brought before the Fire. Humbled by shame, they shall look back upon it with furtive glances. The true believers will say: "Great indeed is the loss of those who forfeited their souls and all their kindred on the Day of Resurrection."*

◆ *The wrongdoers shall suffer an everlasting punishment. They shall have no friend to help them besides God. He whom God leads astray shall be lost indeed.*

◆ *Obey your Lord before that day arrives which none can defer against the will of God. For on that day there shall be no refuge for you, nor shall you be able to deny your sins.*

◆ *If they give no heed, know that We have not sent you, Muhammad, to be their keeper. Your only duty is to warn them.*

◆ *When We bestow a blessing on man, he rejoices in it; but when through his own fault evil befalls him he is ungrateful.*

◆ *To God belongs the kingdom of the heavens and the earth. He creates what He will. He gives daughters to whom He will, and sons to whom He pleases. To some He gives both sons and daughters, and to others He gives none at all. Mighty is God, and all knowing.*

◆ *It is not vouchsafed to any mortal that God should speak to him except by revelation, or from behind a veil, or through a messenger sent and authorized by Him to make known His will. He is exalted and wise.*

◆ *Thus We have inspired you with a spirit of Our will when you knew nothing of faith or scripture, and made it a light whereby We guide those of Our servants whom We please. You shall surely guide them to the right path: the path of God, to whom belongs all that the heavens and the earth contain. **All things shall in the end return to Him.***

◆ God has spoken to every age,  
And god has given each a message  
Cast for them to understand.  
Those words are meant to guide every life  
Back to god's hand when their days are finished.

◆What is important is short  
Easily recorded and carried by anyone.  
It is the later works of covetous  
And intolerant men and women  
That created endless pages and discussion  
And endless division,  
That drive our hearts so far apart,  
And make our hearts grow hard and cold..  
All the important words of god  
Could be written in your open hand,  
And never forgotten.

◆For the message has always been the same,  
From the beginning of time.  
But each is a view of god,  
Unique and beautiful,  
Each is a piece of the whole.

◆Every tile fits together  
To show the reflected true face of god,  
And every view is needed.

Matthew records these words from Jesus of Nazareth  
in the New Testament

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◆ *“Take heed that you do not give your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise you can have no reward of your God who is in heaven.”*

◆ *“Therefore when you do your alms, do not sound a trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do that they may have the glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward, but you would not wish it.”*

◆ *“Give your alms in secret: and God who sees this in secret himself shall reward you openly.”*

◆ *“And when you pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing that they may be seen by men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward, but you would not wish it”*

◆ *“When you pray, make your prayers to God in private, and God who hears your prayers in solitude shall reward you openly.”*

◆ *“When you pray, do not use vain repetitions, as the heathens do: for they think that they shall be heard better for their longer prayers. Do not be like them, for God knows what things you have need of even before you ask him.”*

◆ *“Therefore pray in this manner:”*

*Our God, who is in Heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom comes.  
Thy will be done in this world,  
As it is heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts,  
As we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kingdom,  
And the power, and the glory,  
For ever. Amen.*

◆ *“For if you forgive other men and women in this world their trespasses, God will also forgive you: But if you do not forgive others, then neither will God forgive you.”*

◆ *“Lay not up for yourself treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust corrupts, and where thieves break through and steal.”*

◆ *“But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupts, and where thieves do not break through or steal.”*

◆ *“And judge not, lest you be judged likewise.”*

◆ *“For with the judgment you give, so will you be judged, and with the measure you give, so will you receive.”*

◆ *“Do not see the failing in your brother, but forget to see the failing in yourself.”*

◆ *“Do not say unto others that they have sinned or have fault, until you have first seen and corrected your own.”*

◆ *“Whosoever shall do the will of god in heaven is my brother, and sister and mother.”*

◆ **Jesus spoke to his disciples this parable:**

◆ *“Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered up every kind of thing. When the net was full, and drawn to shore, the good was put away into vessels to keep it safe, but the bad was cast away and lost. So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just. And they shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”*

◆ **Jesus said unto them,** *“Have you understood all these things?”* They said unto him, *“Yes, Lord, we have understood.”*

◆ *Scribes and Pharisees came to Jesus, and questioned him why he and his disciples transgressed the traditions of their elders, for they did not wash their hands before they ate.*

◆ **Jesus spoke to them and said:** *“Hear and understand.”*

◆ *“That which goes into a man’s mouth does not defile him, it is that which comes out of a man’s mouth that defiles him.”*

◆ **He spoke again to his disciples who were concerned that his answer had upset the questioners, and said further:**

◆ *“Are you also still without understanding?”*

◆ *“Do you not yet understand that what enters your mouth goes into the belly and is cast out of the body?”*

◆ *“But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man.”*

◆ *“For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness and blasphemies. These are the things which defile a man: but to eat with unwashed hands does not defile a man.”*

◆ **Jesus spoke to his disciples further when he prepared them for his own death with these words:**

◆ *“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”*

◆ *“For whoever will save his life will lose it; and whoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.”*

◆ *“For what shall it profit a man or woman if they shall gain the whole world, and lose their own soul? What shall they give in exchange for their souls?”*

◆ *“For the son of man shall come in the glory of God, with his angels, and then he shall reward every man and women according to their works.”*

◆ *The disciples asked Jesus, who is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven? Jesus called a little child to him, and set him in the midst of them.*

◆ *“Verily I say unto you, except you become as little children, you will not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”*

◆ *“Whosoever therefore will humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.”*

◆ *“And whosoever will receive one such little child in my name receives me.”*

◆ *“But whoever will offend one of these little ones that believes in me, it were better that for him that a millstone were*



*hanged around his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.”*

◆ *“Woe unto the world because of offences! For it must be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence comes.”*

◆ ***Jesus traveled with his disciples out of Galilee, and came into the coasts of Judea beyond Jordan. Many followed him, and he spoke to them when they asked him questions.***

◆ *One said, “Good master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?”*

◆ ***Jesus said:*** *“Why do you call me good? There is none good but God in heaven, but if you will live as God wishes, keep the commandments.”*

◆ *“You will do no murder, and you will commit no adultery. You will not steal, and you will bear no false witness. “*

◆ *“Honor your father and mother who gave you life, and you must love your neighbor as yourself”.*

◆ *The young man said to Jesus, “I have done all these things from my youth, what do I still lack?”*

◆ ***Jesus said,*** *“If you will be perfect, go and sell what you have, and give it to the poor. So will you have treasure in heaven, then come and follow me.”*

◆ *When the young man heard those words, he went away sorrowful, for he had many great possessions.*

◆ ***Then said Jesus to his disciples:*** *“Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”*

◆ ***The Pharisees questioned Jesus further, and asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?***

**Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said:** “Why do you tempt me, you hypocrites? Show me the tribute money.”

◆ **They brought him a penny to see. He looked at it and said to them:** “Whose image and inscription is this?”

◆ **They replied that it was Caesar’s. Jesus then said to them:** “Render therefore to Caesar the things which are Caesar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.”

◆ **Another questioned him, asking:** “Master, which is the great commandment in the law?”

◆ **Jesus replied to him:** “You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind.”

◆ “This is the first and greatest commandment.”

◆ “And the second is like it, you shall love your neighbor as yourself.”

◆ “On these two commandments hang all the law and prophets.”

◆ **After Jesus was crucified, and died, and then rose from the dead to show men that death is not the end of life, he spoke these last word to his disciples:**

◆ “Go and teach all the nations, baptizing them in the name of God through my words. Teach them to observe all the commandments I have taught you. And know that I am with you always, **even unto the end of the world.**”

◆ No man or woman who claims to speak for god  
And whose words are choked with violence  
And hatred,  
Is speaking the truth,  
Or could ever know it.

◆ No man or woman that can justify  
The death of others  
As something god has asked for,  
Has ever heard a single word from god's lips.

◆ When god speaks,  
Every life in the world is brought together,  
All made from the same fabric,  
The dust of stars,  
All a part of god.

◆ How can you have heard these words  
For thousands of years,  
And still see the world as divided,  
Isolated,  
Consumed with the irrelevance  
Of a million different names,  
And so far from the truth?

◆ God has no name,  
But if it existed,  
We could not speak it.

◆ There is not one special faith,  
True to god,  
And all others are false.  
Each is a piece of the path,  
A stone upon which you must also walk,  
To find all the ways to god.

◆ There is not one path to god,  
There are endless paths,  
Rich in variety.  
There is not one faith,  
But an endless river of faiths,  
That lead to god.

◆ You are all different,  
And that is meant to be the pattern.  
Each must find their way,  
Unique and willing,  
To the destination.

◆ Over thousands of years,  
And in so many languages,  
God has spoken to us.  
The message is always the same,  
But its setting  
And our nature  
Are always different,  
And each time more is revealed to us,  
If we are willing to listen.

◆ The path to god is through your heart,  
And the people that you meet.  
You must turn away from what is evil  
And unjust.  
Your actions and your words will define you,  
And open your heart and eyes to god.  
God is not a symbol,  
Not an idol,  
Not something that requires a special place,  
Other than your heart.

◆ Judgment is reserved for god alone,  
It is not our task to condemn ourselves or others.  
You must forgive yourself,  
And forgive those you meet,  
Before you can ever hope to see the face of god.

***The words of Shakyamuni Buddha are recorded in the  
Dhammapada and related to us in this way:***

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◆ *Hatreds never cease by hatreds in this world.  
By love alone they cease.  
This is an ancient law.*

◆ *Not to do any evil,  
To cultivate good,  
To purify one's mind,  
This is the advice of the Buddhas.*

◆ **Awareness:**

◆ *The path to the deathless is awareness;  
Unawareness, the path of death.  
They who are aware do not die;  
They who are unaware are as dead.*

◆ **Wrong:**

◆ *Be quick in goodness;  
From wrong hold back your thoughts.  
Indeed, of one performing the good too slowly,  
The mind delights in wrong.*

◆ *Should a person do wrong,  
Let him not do it again and again.  
Let him not form a desire for it,  
Suffering is the accumulation of wrong.*

◆ *Should a person do good,  
Let him do it again and again.  
Let him form a desire for it.  
Happiness is the accumulation of good.*

◆ **Stains:**

◆ *Life is easily lived  
By a shameless one,  
A disparager, crafty as a crow,  
Obtrusive, impudent and corrupt.*

◆ *But life is lived with hardship  
By one sensitive to shame, ever seeking purity,  
Free from clinging, and not impudent,  
Discerning, pure in the mode of life.*

◆ *Whoever in this world destroys life,  
And speaks falsely,  
Taking what is not given,  
And goes to another's wife,*

◆ *And the man who engages in  
The drinking of intoxicants,  
Right here in this world  
He digs up his own root.*

◆ **Flowers:**

◆ *Let one regard  
Neither the discrepancies of others,  
Nor what is left undone by others,  
But only the things one has done oneself or left undone.*

◆ *Just as a brilliant flower,  
Full of color but scentless,  
So is a well-spoken word fruitless  
For one who does not do it.*

◆ *Just as a brilliant flower,  
Full of color and fragrance,  
So is a well-spoken word fruitful  
For one who does it.*

◆ *Just as many garland strands  
One could make from a mass of flowers,  
So, much that is wholesome ought to be done  
By a mortal born into this world.*

◆ The lessons of so many years  
Have taught us that suffering and death  
Are the results of our passion for  
The physical and transient things of this world.

◆ To be free of this suffering, our minds need  
To learn the truth of these things,  
And understand what is of value.

◆ The world sometimes seems awash in flames,  
Burning with the most foolish thoughts,  
Consumed with evil,  
Driven by greed.

◆ This is always a warning of how deep  
Our foolishness has become,  
And what we have left undone,  
Consumed with our illusions.

◆ If we let what is right  
And just  
Drift away through neglect  
And indifference,  
Then we all come to live in the world we deserve.  
Though we will fear it every second of its life.

◆ God's message is always clear,  
We must look for what is just,  
And cherish what is good.  
And never forget that all others  
Are also dear to god,  
No less than we are.

◆ We cannot embrace the expedient evil,  
And hope to come away clean  
And unscarred.  
Our lives are our record of how well we understand,  
Or have forgotten what is important.

◆ Nothing is lost from the mind of god,  
Except by its own choosing.  
But the world is shaped by our words  
And colored by our deeds,  
So if we wish for it to be better,  
Then we have to look to our own hearts to make it so.

◆ God is always with us,  
Even to the very end of time,  
When the stars become dust  
And the heavens are dark again.  
Our work in this life  
Is to bring god's words alive  
In this world.

◆ God is always speaking,  
But we are not always listening,  
Preferring the sounds of our own words,  
Lost in our familiar illusions,  
And unaware of the risks we are taking.



◆ This is the source of all the sadness  
And evil in the universe,  
But it is a small task to overcome  
If we choose to face it.  
And we have much yet to do.

◆ Fill your heart with what is right  
And let god's songs flow from your lips  
To the ones you love.  
One day that will be everyone,  
When our work here is finished.

◆ The source of all things  
Who is heaven and earth.

◆ Dearly loved is your name  
In the minds of your children,  
Who have touched your face  
In the shapes of their dreams.

◆ Give us in the passage of this day  
The bread and breath of life,  
Through the work of our own hands,  
At the cost of our own tears.

◆ Forgive us out of love  
When there is reason,  
As we do to each other.  
While we struggle to close the spaces between us.  
And may our love bring light into the world.





