

**Readings from the International Movements Retreat
June 20-30, 2013
Claymont Court, West Virginia USA**

For those of us who love to dance....

I praise the dance, for it frees people
from the heaviness of matter and
binds the isolated to community.
I praise the dance, which demands everything:
health and a clear spirit and a buoyant soul.
Dance is a transformation of space, of time, of people,
who are in constant danger of
becoming all brain, will, or feeling.
Dancing demands a whole person,
one who is firmly anchored in the center of his life,
who is not obsessed by lust for people and things
and the demon of isolation in his own ego.
Dancing demands a freed person,
one who vibrates with the equipoise of all his powers.
I praise the dance.
O man (people!), learn to dance,
or else the angels in Heaven
will not know what to do with you.
-St Augustine

O Love Be here Be now Be all

O love, O pure deep love, be here, be now, be all.
Worlds dissolve into your stainless, endless radiance.
Frail living leaves burn with you brighter than cold stars.
Make me your servant, your breath, your core.
-Rumi

Between what I think,
What I want to say,
What I think I'm saying,
What I say
What you would like to hear,
What you believe you hear,
What you hear,
What you want to understand,
What you believe you understand,
What you understand...
There are 10 possibilities to have difficulty to communicate between us.
But...let's try anyway!
-Bernard Werber , L'Encyclopédie du Savoir relatif et absolu

The Guest House

This being human is the guest house.
Every moment a new arrival.
A joy, a depression, a meanness,
A momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.
Welcome and entertain them all!!!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows
Who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture.
Still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out for some new delight.
The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
Meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.
Be grateful for whoever comes
Because each guest has been sent as a guide from beyond.'

- Rumi

'There is a river flowing now very fast.
It is so great and swift, that there are those who will be afraid.
They will try to hold on to the shore,
they will feel they are being torn apart and will suffer greatly.
Know that the river has its destination.

The Elders say we must let go of the shore,
push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open
and our heads above the water.

And I say see who is there with you and celebrate.

At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally,
least of all ourselves, for the moment that we do ,
our spiritual growth and journey come to a halt.

The time of the lone wolf is over.

Gather yourselves.

Banish the word struggle from your attitude and vocabulary.

All that we do know must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration.

We are the ones we have been waiting for.'

-from a Hopi Elder

SKY-CIRCLES

The way of love is not
a subtle argument.

The door there
is devastation.

Birds make great sky-circles
of their freedom.

How do they learn that?

They fall, and falling,
they're given wings.

-Rumi

Q - *The music accompanying the dances is quite unlike anything I have known before, although certain harmonies perhaps are reminiscent of Near East ones. How does that music act on the dancers?*

PD- Through the harmony – but above all, through the composition of the music. Music also can belong to different orders of laws. Its structure, its harmony, its melody, and its rhythm must accompany not only the outer movements but also the inner impulses which develop progressively in the course of the exercise. If the quality of vibration is right, it will awaken the counterpart in the dancers; it will not carry them away nor distract them. It continually brings them back to themselves and to their need to open.

The person who plays the movements also has an active role. I will give you an example: you see that each of the exercise has a certain tempo which, like all musical tempo, is indicated on the score in the usual way – *lento*, *allegretto*, and so on, and something by the metronome marking. But the metronome is not a sufficient guide. The same tempo that has given a peaceful, collected impression, will seem at another time unbearably slow; or one which allows a vigour and force to appear will now seem hurried. The right tempo is felt when it is in harmony with the inner state, and when the musician allows this harmony to come through his playing. Then the sound itself is transformed and it sustains the effort of the dancers.

Q - *Could one say that there is a sensation which is a sort of central point of reference, corresponding with a right movement?*

PD- If that was all, the movements would not have their real meaning; they would not be connected with the basic question with which this teaching confronts us. Again and again, while making these movements, the pupil tries to return to himself and to remember the direction of his search. He must have a deeper, more relaxed, more sustained attention. He feels the great power of his automatism and discovers that he is much more its prisoner than he thought, because the moment he gives into it, he is lost. But if this attention is sustained, a new energy appears which is higher and more active, which awakens him to himself. The body relaxes completely and begins to participate in a freer way; a new intelligence accompanies the movements. At that moment, the pupil approaches the *'exact doing'* of which Gurdjieff spoke

Q- *Could one speak of this as a 'state of grace'?*

PD- Yes. Above all, the dancer experiences that this state asks for much more than he could have imagined.

The execution of the movement is a test of truth which does not permit cheating; there has to be exactitude in the gesture, obedience to the rhythm, absolute order governing the rows of dancers, unanimity of the movements; and at every moment he feels his inadequacy. If he imagines that he can put his trust in a state of grace, his clumsy movement reminds him that his timing is wrong. One of the big discoveries to which this work leads is that the body has to be taught. It is full of tensions, full of all the results of its ways of behaving, and not ready to be animated by a state of grace. If the struggle lasts long enough, a moment comes when this state becomes, for an instant, a reality. Then there is a real coming together: body, feelings, and thoughts are united.

The pupil experiences a demand such as he never felt before, the need to be nothing but an instrument; and he has never felt so alive, so independent and so truly free.

- Pauline Dampierre

I cannot dance, O Lord,
Unless You lead me,
If You wish me to leap joyfully,
Let me see You dance and sing –

Then I will leap into Love -
And from Love into Knowledge,
And from Knowledge into the Harvest,
That sweetest Fruit beyond human sense.

There I will stay with You, whirling.
-Mechtild of Magdeburg (13th century)

Birth, old age,
Sickness, and death:
From the beginning,
This is the way
Things have always been.
Any thought
Of release from this life
Will wrap you only more tightly
In its snares.
The sleeping person
Looks for a Buddha,
The troubled person
Turns toward meditation.
But the one who knows
That there's nothing to seek
Knows too that there's nothing to say.
She keeps her mouth closed.
-Ly Ngoc Kieu (1041-1113)
(translated by Thich Nhat Hanh and Jane Hirshfield)

Self-Portrait

It doesn't interest me if there is one God or many gods.
I want to know if you belong or if you feel abandoned.
If you know despair or if can see it in others.
I want to know if you are prepared to live in the world
With its harsh needs to change you.
If you can look back with firm eyes saying this is where I stand.
I want to know if you know how to melt into that fierce heat of living
Falling toward the center of your longing.
I want to know if you are willing to live, day by day,
With the consequences of love
And bitter unwanted passion of you sure defeat.
I have heard, in the fierce embrace, even the gods speak of God.
-David White

...pray the prayer
that is the essence of every ritual: God,
I have no hope. I am torn to shreds.
You are my first and last
and my only refuge.
Don't do daily prayers like a bird
pecking its head up and down.
Prayer is an egg.
Hatch out the total helplessness inside.
"There is no Reality but God. There is only God."
You are so weak. Give up to grace.
The ocean takes care of each wave
till it gets to shore.
You need more help that you know.
Be helpless and dumbfounded.
Then a stretcher will come
from grace to gather us up.
-Rumi

'After awhile you learn the subtle difference
between holding a hand and chaining a soul.
And you learn that love does not mean leaning
and company does not mean security.
And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts
and present aren't promises.
And you begin to accept your defeats
with your head up and your eyes open,
with the grace of an adult, not the grief of a child.
And you learn to build all your roads on today
because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans,
and future has a way of falling down in the mid flight.
After awhile you learn that sunshine burns if you get too much.
So you plant your own garden and decorate your own soul
instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers.
And you learn that you can really endure,
that you are strong and you do have worth.
And you learn and learn,
and with every hello, you learn.'
-Jorges Burges

True love in every moment praises God.
Longing love brings a sorrow sweet to the pure.
Seeking love belongs to itself alone.
Understanding love gives itself equally to all.
Enlightened love is mingled with the sadness of the world.
But selfless love bears an effortless fruit,
Working so quietly even the body cannot say how it comes and goes.
-Mechtild of Magdeburg (13th century)

'To change, a person must face the dragon of his appetites
with another dragon, the life-energy of the soul.
When that's not strong, the world seems full of people
who have your fears and wantings.
As one thinks the room is spinning when he is whirling around.
When your love contracts in anger,
the atmosphere itself feels threatening
but when you're expansive, no matter what the weather,
you're in an open, windy field with friends.'
-Rumi

One's most understanding quality is love,
Of that of God also is love.
So, when you give into God, to Perfection, to Truth,
You are loving him or her and then, she or he can love you.
This is what leads to union.
Without love, none of it is possible.
This does not mean surrendering to people's personalities and their weaknesses,
But to the divine truth which is in the heart of everyone.
This is the act of love.

What do I do when I seem trapped in this awful mental state?
Put your attention on how it is, rather than how you would wish it to be.
-Charles Berner

'The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you
Don't go back to sleep
You must ask for 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

Love's maturity

In the beginning Love satisfies us.
When Love first spoke to me of love –
How I laughed at her in return!
But then she made me like the hazel trees,
Which blossom early in the season of darkness,
And bear fruit slowly.

Knowing Love in herself

I do not complain of suffering for Love,
It is right that I should always obey her,
For I can know her only as she is in herself,
Whether she commands in storm or stillness.
This is a marvel beyond my understanding,
Which fills my whole heart
And makes me stray in a wild desert.

Love's constancy

Anyone who has waded
Through Love's turbulent waters,
Now feeling hunger and now satiety,
Is untouched by the season
Of withering or blooming,
For in the deepest
And most dangerous waters,
On the highest peaks,
Love is always the same.
-Hadewijch of Antwerp (13th century)

Walk into the river,
and then walk out.

How long do you plan to stay in your ecstasy,
Where all you can say is, "I don't know anything?"

Let your I don't see become I see.

Move beyond the excitement,
and your ideas of surrendering.

There are hundreds of love-drunkards
walking the street. Wake into the sobriety
that says, "I am sustained from within."

...pray the prayer
that is the essence of every ritual: God,
I have no hope. I am torn to shreds.
You are my first and last
and my only refuge.

Don't do daily prayers like a bird
pecking its head up and down.

Prayer is an egg.

Hatch out
the total helplessness
inside.

-Rumi

The discipline of quieting ourselves is... twofold: quieting the tongue and quieting the heart. Quieting of the tongue is the type of discipline most of us imagine as the way of silence... Observing a fast from words has greater transformative power than a fast from food, for to restrain our tongue especially from gossip, tale-bearing, or frivolous speech, is to offer up a blessing, itself a form of "silent speaking." Such silence of the tongue prepares the soul for prayer. It also opens a way for empathy. In silence one can now hear the pain of others, the pain of the world. Silence is a hammer that breaks our heart of stone and then replaces it with a heart of flesh – a heart that understands what flesh is, a heart that may be pierced by the suffering of others, and that is open to Divinity.

This in turn prepares us for the discipline of quieting the heart... Quieting the heart is the process of cultivating intentionality, the ability to concentrate wholeheartedly on a single object or task, a critical element of prayer... The practitioner of quieting the heart seeks only to reduce the cacophonous voice of the *self*, so as to open an avenue through which the transcendent dimension of God can commune with the immanent dimension of God (that is, the soul) and unite the two.

-Geoffrey W. Dennis

from *Building a Sanctuary: Through silence, God speaks to the heart*
Parabola, Winter 2001

There is a way
of breathing
that is a shame and a suffocation
And there is another way of expiring,
a love breath,
that lets you open infinitely.

Work. Keep digging your well.
Don't think about getting off from work.
Water is there somewhere.
Submit to a daily practice.

Your loyalty to that
is a ring on the door.
Keep knocking, and the joy inside
will eventually open a window
and look out to see who is there.

A new moon teaches gradualness
and deliberation and how one gives birth
to oneself slowly. Patience with small details
makes perfect a large work, like the universe.

What nine months of attention does for the embryo
forty mornings will do
for your gradually growing wholeness.

I you he she we...
In the garden of mystic lovers,
These are not true distinctions.
-Rumi

We often think of love in terms of emotion or need. We say that we are “in love” when we desperately need another person, when we consider him or her indispensable to our happiness, even our life. But such “love” is only a form of self-love, mainly concerned with our own needs and happiness. True love – mature love - is not based on emotion or need but on our willingness to go out of ourselves and to be truly present to another, truly aware of another. It means being one with another, regaining our original nature, becoming what we were created to be...

The way of compassion is never easy to walk. It is not easy to make ourselves vulnerable to people’s pain when we spend so much of our lives trying to avoid our own. What may make it even more difficult is the fact that compassion so often appears pointless to us, for it has no concrete results and cannot take away anybody’s pain: it only, as Neitzche once claimed, adds to our own. Compassion may make us feel helpless, ever more aware of the enormity of suffering that never ceases to threaten the world, and angry at God who allows it, We are, therefore, tempted to turn away from it all, to disregard it, to refuse to even hear of it.

And yet, if we reject the temptation, if we struggle to keep ourselves open to the suffering of others, then one day, perhaps only after many years, we may begin to realize that our apparently pointless, self-inflicted pain has not been in vain. In the mysterious reality of oneness in which we all share, our gift of presence did make the suffering of all less heavy to bear,

We may also realize, perhaps with amazement, but also with joy, that by becoming more compassionate to others, we have become more compassionate to ourselves, that by learning to bear the pain of others, we have learned to bear our own. That we are no longer so alone, so enslaved by the fear of pain or death; that we have taken a step on our journey back to Paradise, for ourselves and for all of our suffering world. And this is a very great gift.

-Irma Zaleski
from *A Very Great Gift: How are the suffering consoled?*
Parabola Spring 2003

Lo, I am with you always means
when you look for God,
God is in the look of your eyes,
in the thought of looking,
nearer to you than your self,
or the things that have happened to you.
There's no need to go outside.
Be melting snow.
Wash yourself of yourself.

Today like every other day,
We wake up empty and frightened.
Don't open the door to the study and begin reading.
Take down a musical instrument.
Let the beauty we love be what we do.
There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.

-Rumi

The Nightingale and the Rose

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears, "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion had made his face like pale Ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals, Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place, it may not be purchased of the merchants, or can it be weighted out in the balance for gold."

“The musicians will sit in their gallery,” said the young Student, “and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin, She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her”; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

“Why is he weeping?” asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

“Why indeed?” said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

“Why indeed?” whispered a Daisy to his neighbor, in a soft, low voice.

“He is weeping for a red rose,” said the Nightingale.

“For a red rose!” they cried; “how very ridiculous!” said the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright,

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student’s sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared through the air, She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over it, and lit upon a spray.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are white,” it answered; “as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are yellow,” it answered; “as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe, But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student’s window, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student’s window.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are red,” it answered, “as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?”

“There is a way,” answered the Tree; “but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you.”

“Tell it to me,” said the Nightingale, “I am not afraid.”

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart’s-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.”

“Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,” cried the Nightingale, “and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?”

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

“Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my hearts’ blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense.”

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written in books,

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

“Sing to me one last song,” he whispered; “I shall feel very lonely when you are gone.”

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song, the Student got up, and pulled a notebook and a lead pencil out of his pocket.

“She has form,” he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove, “that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good.” And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, fell asleep.

And when the moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvelous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river – pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the top-most spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer to the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush a pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of a bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose’s heart remained white, for only a Nightingale’s heart’s-blood can crimson the heart of the rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvelous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale’s voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes, Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in the throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

“Look, look!” cried the Tree, “the rose is finished now;” but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

“Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!” he cried; “here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name;” and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor’s house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

“You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose.” Cried the Student. “here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you.”

But the girl frowned,

“I am afraid it will not go with my dress,” she answered; “and, besides, the Chamberlain’s nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers.”

“Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful,” said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and cartwheel went over it.

“Ungrateful!” said the girl. “I tell you what, you are very rude, and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. What, I don’t believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain’s nephew has;” and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

“What a silly thing Love is,” said the Student as he walked away. “It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.”

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book and began to read.

-*Oscar Wilde*

from *Parabola* Spring 2010

Readings from the Demonstration June 29, 2013

The Scales

In this next Movement we will be doing an interpretation of the musical scale, or octave.

In the Fourth Way work there is an idea known as the Ray of Creation which employs the idea of the octave to establish humanity's place in the Universe. This teaching was also known in other schools, like the Neo-Platonists, where it was known as the Great Chain of Being.

This Movement uses the traditional syllables for the notes: do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, and again, do; which almost everyone knows. What is almost nowhere known any longer is that these syllables also stand for words, and that these words contain the teaching.

The higher '**Do**' stands for *Dominus Absoluta*, the Dominant Absolute, in this case All and Everything.

Then '**Si**' stands for *Sider*, the level of All Stars.

'**La**' stands for *Lactea*, our own Milky Way galaxy.

'**Sol**' stands for our Sun.

'**Fa**' stands for *Fata*, Fate; the level of all planets.

'**Mi**' stands for *Microcosmos*, the Microcosm. In some interpretations this is the level of our planet, the Earth. In others it is Organic Life on Earth. In yet others it is Humanity, the Human Being itself. In all cases, the teaching at this level is associated with the aphorism "As Below, so Above."

'**Re**' stands for *Regina Cielo*, the Queen of the Sky, or the Queen of Heaven. In other words, the Moon.

Below this, again, is *Dominus Absoluta*; in this case standing for Absolute Nothingness. This is the Ray of Creation, the Great Octave as it passes through us.

In Gurdjieff's youth this was a common teaching. Now it is almost lost.

In this Movement it is good Inner Work to contemplate the meaning of these words as we move through the notes; perhaps even to contemplate the gestures as symbols of these meanings.

-Thanks to Curtis for this explanation

Friends, the greatest work is done through love, only love. You can all feel the beauty of spiritual love. Human love is very sweet, it is very dear to the human heart; but as it widens, as it rises on to the plane of spirit, it widens and becomes universal. There is nothing sweeter or more powerful than love. Love may find expression in material gifts, in acts of service, but love never loses its power to create good. The more you can feel love, the one towards the other, and give forth love into the world, the more you are raising the whole vibration of the earth. You know your life is transformed when you are able to maintain a feeling of love.

-Adapted from "*The Fragrance of the Rose*"

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