



Of Seeds and Flowers



Volume 35 Issue 4 – Founded in 1982

April 2018

William R. Pfeiffer – Director

Mary's Field, Ltd. - PO Box 99 - Hebron, CT 06248 - 860.530.1253 - wisdom@marysfield.org

A SUFI TALE -THE HUMAN CONDITION

A Sufi master lost the key to his house and was looking for it in the grass outside. He got down on his hands and knees and started running his fingers through every blade of grass. Along came eight or ten of his disciples. They said, "Master, what is wrong?"

He said, "I have lost the key to my house." They asked, "Can we help you find it?" He replied, "I'd be delighted."

So they all got down on their hands and knees and started running their fingers through the grass. As the sun got hotter, one of the more perceptive disciples said. "Master, have you any idea where you might have lost the key?"

The Master replied, "Of course, I lost it in the house." To which they all exclaimed, "Then why are we looking for it out here?"

He said, "Isn't it obvious? There is more light here."

This story speaks to the HUMAN CONDITION. We have all lost the key to our house. We don't live there anymore. We have all lost the key to happiness and are **looking for it outside ourselves where it cannot possibly be found.** We search outside because it is **easier or more pleasant** ; there is more light there. There is also more company because everyone else is trying to do the same thing. In America, people are scrambling to find peace, love and joy and *they are looking for it in all of the wrong places.*

We don't live with the kind of intimacy with God that Adam and Eve reportedly enjoyed in the Garden of Eden and the Sufi master seems to have enjoyed before he lost his key. We don't experience the divine indwelling.

The house in the parable represents happiness, and happiness is intimacy with God, the experience of God's loving presence. **Without that experience, nothing else quite works: with it, almost anything works.**

This is the human condition- to be without the **true source of happiness**, which is the experience of the presence of God, and to have lost the key to happiness, which is the contemplative dimension of life, the path to the increasing assimilation and enjoyment to God's presence.

The chief characteristic of the human condition is that **everybody is looking for this key and nobody knows where to find it.** The human condition is thus serious in the extreme. If you want help as you look for the key in the wrong place, you can get plenty of it, *because everybody is looking for it in the wrong place, too*; where there is more light, pleasure, security, power, acceptance by others. We have a sense of solidarity in the search without any possibility of finding what we are looking for.

Metaphysics and the religions of the world have discovered the insight that human beings are **designed for unlimited happiness, the enjoyment of all truth and love without end.** This spiritual hunger is part of our nature as beings with a spiritual dimension. *Here we are, with and unbounded desire for happiness and not the slightest idea of where to look for it.*

From: "The Human Condition" by Thomas Keating, a Trappist monk , The Harold M. Wit Lecture "Living a Spiritual Life in the Contemporary Age". Presented at Harvard 1997. It is pure dynamite!!!! Read the whole talk at your own risk!!!

There comes a moment in life when it becomes morally necessary to pin oneself to the TRUTH.

A DROP OF RAIN

A monk was on a journey from one monastery to another. For days he travelled through very thick woods. One night as he was pitching camp he stumbled over a rock in the forest and found a big diamond beneath the rock. He picked up the precious stone and put it into his sack and the next morning he continued his journey.

The next night he set up camp near a small village. As he unpacked his sack the stone rolled out and a local man saw the stone and shared his discovery with the people in the village. For many generations the people in the village heard the story of the big diamond hidden in the woods and for generations they searched and searched the woods in vain.

The next day the monk broke camp and went on his way. One of the of the villagers followed him and accosted the monk saying, "Give me the stone: give me the stone." The monk replied, "I'm not quite sure what you want, but if it is the stone I have in my sack you can have it." He gave the man the stone.

The man went back to the town rejoicing in his heart and thinking; "I will be the richest person in the village, people will respect and look up to me; I will have the biggest house etc. etc.."

That night the man couldn't sleep. "What if someone comes and steals the stone? Where can I hide the stone? Will people really like me? What will happen to all my friends and family?" He was beside himself, and by morning an emotional mess. Finally, he picked up the stone and ran as fast as he could after the monk.

In a few hours he found the monk. To the monk, he said, "Here, please, please take the stone back. I couldn't sleep last night. My heart was full of fears, doubts, worries. The stone caused me great trouble!"

The monk took the big diamond back and asked the man, "Is there anything I can do for you. Can I give you anything?" The man thought for a moment and replied, "Yes, please, may I have the gift of **FREEDOM** that you had in giving the stone to me!"



God speaks ALL languages but His favorite is SILENCE spoken in SOLITUDE.

BLESSING PRAYER FOR A PLACE TO BE USED AS A HERMITAGE

My Lord and my God, You did call, from their busy daily lives, Your servants Moses, Elijah, John the Baptist, Mary of Nazareth and Your Son, Jesus, to come apart and to spend time in solitude.

Some you have called to the desert, some to mountain peaks, others to the hidden hermitage within their homes. I have heard that ancient desert call and seek to be alone with You. Since I lack a nearby mountain or desert, I will use this space that I have.

My Lord, You who are the creator of all space, You who make lonely desert places holy, come and consecrate this place as a temporary hermitage for me. Cleanse it of noise and anything that might call me out of its stillness. May this space, sacred by Your blessing, become for me a waiting room where I shall wait upon You, my Lord, my Beloved, my Friend.

May prayerful peace flow outward from here, touching with grace all those whom I love and all the earth as well. May all dark powers be impotent, unable to cross the sacred circle that surrounds this holy hermitage.

Help me, my Lord, to leave outside this hermitage my plans for tomorrow, my memories of yesterday, as I live fully and completely in the wonder of Your present moment.

Lord, may my prayer be one with that of all persons who throughout this earth are in solitude and stillness, forming a luminous and silent hymn of glory to You.

May Your blessing, Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be upon this hermitage and this solitary time. Amen.

VISION AND REALITY

*"How much I must criticize you, my church and yet how much I love you! You have made me suffer more than anyone **and yet I owe more to you than to anyone.** I should like to see you destroyed and yet **I need your presence.** You have given me much scandal and yet you alone have made me understand holiness. Never in this world have I seen anything more compromised, more false, yet never have I touched anything more pure, more generous and more beautiful." Carlo Carretto, 1984. -the great Italian spiritual writer.*

The executive who works from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. every day will be both successful and fondly remembered by his widow's next husband.

I searched God's lexicon

To fathom "Bethlehem" And "Calvary.

"It simply said: See "**Love.**"

"I am a bow in your hands, Lord, draw me, lest I rot." Katantzakis

Someone once said that the Church does not understand passion while the world does not understand chastity and genuine love. Too often the church's concern for chastity blocks it from properly appropriating passion, just as the world's unbridled romance with passion blinds it to the importance of chastity and love. Whether it is mindless, abusive or sacredly intimate, **sex ALWAYS and DEEPLY, touches soul. Sex and soul are inextricably linked.** The society that separates them **loses both!!**

After a while, you learn the subtle difference between holding a hand and chaining a soul. And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning and company doesn't mean security. And you begin to understand that kisses aren't contracts and present aren't promises. And you begin to accept your defeats with your head held high and your eyes open, with the grace of a woman, a man, not the grief of a child. You learn to build your roads of today, because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain and futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight. After a while you learn that even 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 really can endure, that you really are strong. And that you really do have worth and that you keep loving and learning. – Author Unknown

"Remind each other daily that we all are **Easter people** living in a Good Friday world... **Hope triumphs over fear every time, because of the Resurrection!"**

If statistics remain the same, in 25 years about 50% of young people will be celebrating the 10th anniversary of their divorce and have two children in their broken marriage. "Pooor" society!!!

I believe with all my heart that to truly make America great again we must start by making America **pray again!** -and maybe include **going to church AGAIN!** We are suffering from a serious **spiritual recession! -a moral landslide!** Our problems are PEOPLE PROBLEMS. **SOUL problems.** Deal with the CAUSES or you will have to deal with the SYMPTOMS **FOREVER AND EVER!!!!**

SPEAKING SOFTLY

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER By Erma Bombeck

I would have invited friends over to dinner even if the carpet was stained and the sofa faded.

I would have eaten the popcorn in the "GOOD" living room and worried much less about the dirt when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to listen to my grandfather ramble about his youth.

I would never have insisted the car windows be rolled up on a summer day because my hair had just been teased and sprayed.

I would have burned the pink candle sculpted like a rose before it melted in storage.

I would have sat on the lawn with my children and not worried about grass stains.

I would have cried and laughed less while watching television and more while watching life.

I would have gone to bed when I was sick instead of pretending the earth would go into a holding pattern if I wasn't there for the day.

I would never have bought anything just because it was practical, wouldn't show soil or was guaranteed to last a lifetime. Instead of wishing away nine months of pregnancy, I'd have cherished every moment realizing that the wonderment growing inside me was the only chance in life to assist God in a miracle.

When my kids kissed me impetuously, I would never have said, "Later. Now go get washed up for dinner."

There would have been more "I love you's" and more "I'm sorry's" but mostly, given another shot at life, I would seize every minute ... look at it and really see it-live it-and never give it back.

NONPROFIT ORG.
U S POSTAGE PAID
WILLMANTIC, CT
PERMIT NO. 430

**Return Service
Requested.**

**Mary's Field, LTD
P.O. Box 99
Hebron, CT 06248**