

Excerpt from:

Words from the East

Offered by
Camille
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Dear Reader,

These words come to you as an offering. Flowing through me in the space of several months, they have brought nourishment to me, and I hope will continue to do so for you. A spring bubbled up and began overflowing upon coming into contact with Dr. As'ad Ali in Damascus, Syria in May 1990. In the process of opening to Life, and the immanence of God, the reflection of Love became apparent everywhere. Keeping pen in hand helped me to mirror what I saw.

Within each of us is such a well-spring of love and pure water that is just waiting to be tapped; a seed waiting to burst forth into bloom and share its fragrance; a light flickering that is waiting to recognize its kinship with the Sun and so gain new strength and brightness from its Source. These days there are many ways to speak of God . . . new ways and old ways; but in whatever way we speak, let us be aware that God is nearer than a whisper in our hearts, more naturally present and sustaining than breath, and easy to recognize if we take the time to look. We needn't stretch ourselves too far, craning our necks or twisting our backs— God is already with us. Call and He/She will answer, and the conversation may be the most enlivening you have ever had.

May it rise up through the deepest part of yourself, glowing, shedding light like rain and fireworks. That which is essentially you may burst into song or softly, quietly, begin to brighten, letting thoughts and mannerisms shift to accommodate new In-sights. No seeking is what is sought; coming Home—we have already wandered too far. But it is never too far, or too late, as the Source of Light and Love is always right with us waiting to welcome us and the sooner we turn and listen, the more joy will be ours.

Sit quietly; be empty, and you will be filled; look out at this marvelous creation and see the infinite mirrors of the Face of God. One God, One Source, One Creator enables us to weave ourselves into a glorious pattern of Love; and in moments of darkness or weakness, we do not have far to look to find a light to borrow to re-kindle our own. Such incredible diversity has been given—why? Perhaps so that no matter in what situation we may find ourselves, no matter who or what we are, or what our tastes or yearnings may be, we might find someone or something calling to us, offering us a key to turn the lock on the door of the House of Unity and discover the treasure that is hidden within.

May all we do and are find its roots and it blossom and fruit in the secret of Love.

Camille Hamilton Adams Helminski

Bismillah ArRahman ArRahim.

By the morn
and the Light of God
that comes into our hearts,
we are blessed,
surely we are blessed
whenever we open the window
to Divine Soul.

Reflection

When it puts itself
 in the way
 of the Light of God,
even a cement wall
 can reflect the brightness
 for others to see.
Let it hold itself
 in that brightness
that it may continue to reflect
 the power
 of the Almighty God
that inch by inch
it may take on the beauty
 of God's thought.

Reflechir.

Pause, and think,
O you who love the Lord,
that the hardness of your heart,
the darkness of your heart
may turn to Light,
that you may be a beacon
 of radiance
for all to see,
beckoning, calling My people
 to come to Me,
to return to their home.
 "Re" —again and again.
 "Ray", as a drop of sunlight

into the Day
to serve as I am called.
I long to be with You,
to sit, and bask in Your Word,
but the reality is I must pick up
dishes and socks;
amid the chaos of conflicting demands.
Oh help me to come to You
in the midst of it all.
Support my bones, my sinews,
and muscles, that I may move
with You in my hands,
serving Your song,
the verses You have chosen
for me to enact now.
May I keep knowing that situations change
and that if I keep my aim clear,
the time will come somehow, some way,
to spend every moment's breath with You
in the midst of any struggle,
to be at Peace,
rocked in Your Word,
Your handmaiden,
Your bride,
wrapped in all the wonder
of the wedding day.

La illaha il Allah.
What does it matter
whether you are "Christian" or "Muslim" or "Jew"?
His Name can penetrate your heart
revealing yourself to you.
Your love is His Love
ripening in your vessel.
It doesn't matter what name
you place on it;
it is always His,
always His.

Children,
 children are such a gift,
 and yet such a demand—
sometimes they keep me going,
and sometimes they keep me from going.
They hold onto me,
 and keep me holding on
 to concrete reality,
trying to satisfy their needs.
But what do they really need?
 Companionship;
 a focus for creativity,
 ways for love and food-ideas
 to be brought into being.
They are hungry as I am
 for ways to be in this world . . .
Maybe together
 we can discover
new ways
 of Being and doing.

Words pour out
 like water from a fountain;
I am just the rocks
 holding the space
 for it to pool and sparkle
 catching the eye
 of those who may pass,
that they might recognize the opportunity
 to pause and refresh,
 to clean off the dust of the journey
 and fill with new water
 to carry with them
 and quench their thirst;
In His Name,
 the Pure, the Source
 of all sustenance,

increase the purity of these words,
and may more and more people find Your water,
the fountains within each other,
and drink of it as brothers
and as sisters, purely in Your embrace.

The ants still congregate
 in the middle of the night
and the fish thinks it's still day
 because no one turned off the light.
Even in the depths,
 they continue to swim
from hour to hour
 resting for only moments in between.
We can move from our to Our
when we wake up
 in between the swishes of our wishes
that always drive us onward
 into the night.
Let's forget to turn the light off
rather than neglecting to turn it on.
Let the light inside us shine
 as though it were day
illuminating the depths inside
 our hearts.
Don't let us swim away
 from the Light that is You
to hide in the dark in the rocks.
Help us to let go of fear,
 and frolic in the dappled light
 of Your Sunlit world,
 even in the depths.
Even in the darkest hour—
don't let the minutes flee
without bringing You to flower
 on the surface,
a large translucent lotus
 fragrant and apparent
whose roots dangle down
 into our center

and draw our being up,
 into the Beauty of Your blossoming.

Another iris opens
 as the older fleur fades --
the changing of the guard
 from French to English
across the channel of life's breath
 into non-existence . . .
The petals fold upon themselves,
 the "tissu" shrivels
 into a tight pocket
 of damp enfolded darkness;
the life moves back into the seed,
 a new seed though
 life makes in death
drawing all the beauty and the fragrance
 each flower has known
down,
 down,
 into the womb,
the birthing place of those who follow:
Nature's laboratory
 for the next generation
where hidden from the light of worlds,
 in mysterious darkness
she weaves the molecules of life
tying new patterns
 into her fabric
as moment by moment
the seed swells into existence
 and bursts forth
into the fertility of Earth
who hides the seed in her own darkness
until the moment comes
 when up, out of that darkness
the seed sends forth her arms
pulling the promise of her dress
 up through her stalk

to stand and bend in the sunlight
and the gentle rain,
waiting, hoping for that moment
when Nature's promise is fulfilled
and in all her glory,
the new bud unfolds,
spreading her skirt wide
to catch the glance
of all who sense
and welcome her presence here . . .
A new flower has come!
A new opening shows forth—
the presence we all carry inside,
Lord, don't let it hide,
or be afraid;
let each fragrant fragile bloom
stand strong,
full of pride in You.
Let no self-thought linger,
but only let there be
Your fragrance,
and our humility.

I live in two worlds
at once,
and through their relation,
come to understand myself.
Bound in double being,
I exist—
rooted in this earthly soil,
but simultaneously
my mirror-side envelops me
embracing me in space.
Together we tumble
through the passage
of day and night,
helping each other
to see the other's service
and to blend
until in one moment

coalescence occurs
and melded into Oneness
a molten heart is formed
and disappears.

Blue jay,
visiting this branch,
you are dusted with the same blue
of the delphinium
regal in the garden,
iridescent in the sun,
startling in your “blueness”:
a ray of color
piercing our world.
“Wake up!”
“Look at me”.
Know that color IS—
a manifold gift and a message:
from Oneness comes diversity;
multitudes arise from one seed.
Thousands of lights are lit
from one candle,
and this universe is ablaze,
ablaze with meaning,
with numinosity.
Follow bursts of color
back to their Source.
Ride the thread of existence
back to the word “Be.”

The rose is of such beauty and such fragrance
that all who see it
come into remembrance
of the original state of glory
at the opening of Creation,
the moment the bud became the rose.
Oh roses everywhere who open,

in that momentary pause
between two worlds of being,
show us the beauty of maturity
that we may learn from your instruction
how to become fully
 the kind of rose we are;
that we may blend our scents
enlivening and enriching this garden
with the beauty that is of His making,
fulfilling the promise of our birthright
given long before the moment of our birth
when He held us in His Secret
and whispered,
“You are a bud,
 now become the Truth.”