

Cosmic chants paramahansa yogananda mp3

Everyone's life is dark with a lot of shame. Human behavior is never unreliable until anchored in divine. Everything in the future will improve if you are making a mental effort now. Shri Yukteshwar. Page 2 One Family Join Date: April 2004 Location: on the rainy side of the mountain but embracing Light Article: 139 a quickwrite to God My Father Loves You Do You Know That I Love You Do You Love Me How I Desire to Know Your Love Is You Here With Me Of Course You Are I Feel Your Presence that I know nothing else I've ever known you Have I come before drinking these waters I have tasted your happiness I'm the reason you are so far away I'm the wall between you and me How can I bring it down There me opened the door for thou before I typed to Have you give me in Only Thou Lord, only Thee Love me Touch me Come so close I can sense your embrace And don't let me lose sight of you You are my greatest friend You are all that I have Nothing else do I want What more have I to give you Yet my imperfections keep thee away Father, break down these bricks only I could just have a glimpse If that one brick is removed and your light shines through Oh what Joy My father loves you My mother loves you You are my greastest friend You are my only friend Caress me with your hugging light My guide with perfect thy will Make me laugh like you alone Can Extend My Smile with the Joy of Your Presence Just Love Me And Make Sure I Can Recognize Your Love My Help Me Recognize Your Love I Always Be It Here Ever I'm Apart But I'm Trying You'll Help The More I See the Suffering of the World and Rebel Against the cruelty of nature, the more God showed me that this world is a dream...... Live in this world as if you were dreaming; think you're only awake when you're meditating and enjoying happiness. Page 3 Lenny posted the part of the poem Master read. Here is the entire poem with information about who is talking (God or believers) and italics are the Master left out of the version he reads. Hunting Francis Thompson's Heaven, I fled From Him in the nights and down the days I fled From Him down to the arch of the years I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways in my own mind, and in the fog of tears I hid from Him, and under laughter ran. Up vistaed hope I accelerated and shot the end Adown titanic glooms of chasm-ed fear From those powerful feet that followed. But with the undisturbed chase and undisturbed speed, the deliberate speed, the majestic lack of stocking, They defeated - and a voice beat, Immediately over the legs: Everything betrays the one who betrayed Me. I plead, outlaw wisdom, the law, much of a hearted casement, red curtains, trellised with inter-twining charities; (Since even though I knew His love was the follower, however, I was sore adread lest there Be Him, I should have nought beside) But, if a small casement breaks up wide, The gust of his approach will conflict it to. Fear of wisdom does not dodge as The Wise Love to pursue. Across the margent of the world I fled, and troubled the golden gates of the stars, Smiting for shelter on their clang-ed bars, fretted to dulcet jars and silvern gnashed teeth the pale gates o' moon. I say to dawn---Be suddenly; to eve---be soon-- With your young skiey flowers pile me over From this tremendous lover! Float your ambiguous veil of me lest You see it! I tempt all of His slaves but to find my own betrayal in their career, in their faith in Him, their err to me, their betrayalful honesty, and their faithful deception. To all the quick things for quickness did I sue, Clinging to the whistling mane of every wind, But whether, thunder-driven, They clanged his chariot obstructing a paradise, Plashy with lightning flying around the spurn of their feet, Fear wist not dodge as wist love to pursue. Still with the unhurrying chase and unperturb-ed speed, the deliberate speed, the majestic lack of vitality, coming on the following feet, and a Voice on their beats--- Nought shielded you who would not shelter me. I'm not looking for that extra then I stray when confronted by people or maids; But still in the eyes of young children It seems that something, something that answers, They are at least for me, definitely for me! But just as their young eyes grow fairly suddenly, with the answer dawning there, their Angels pluck them from me with hair. Come then, ye other children, Nature--- share with me, say me, your exquisite scholarship; Let me welcome you lips to lips, Let me twine with you caress, Wantoning with our lady-mother of wandering tresses, banqueting with her in her wind wall palace, Beneath her azured dais, Quaffing, as your insolence is, From a cup, lucent weeping out of the dayspring. So it was done: I, in their exquisite scholarship to be a drew bolt secret of nature, I knew all the quick imports on the deliberate face of the sky; I know how the clouds arise, Spum-ed's wild sea-snortings. All that was born or killed, Rose and drooping with, Making them shapers of my own mood, or wailing, or sacred--- With them rejoiced and was bereaven. I was heavy with even, when she lit her sparkling tapers the sacred death of the day. I laughed in the morning eyes. I triumphed and I was sad with all the weather, Heaven and I cried together, and its sweet tears were salted with me mortally. Against the throbbing redness of its sunset heart, I put my own to beat and share the commingling heat; But not by that, that way has been loosening my human intelligence. In vain my tears were wet on the gray cheeks of Heaven. For ah! we know what others say, these things and me; In the sound I say, their sound is but stirring of them, they speak with silence. Nature, poor step-dame, couldn't slake my drougth; Let her, if she will owe me, drop yon blue breasts of the sky, and show me her gentle o' breasts: Never do any of her milk once bless my thirsty mouth. Nigh and nigh draw the chase, with unperturb-ed speed, deliberate speed, majestic lack of vitality, And over the nois-ed Feet, A Voice comes but more fleet:Lo, nought content thee who content the waste of the who content thee who content thee who content thee who content thee who content the waste of the my knees, I'm defensive, utterly. I slept, methinks, and woke up, and slowly looked, seeing me stripped in my sleep. In the rash lustihead of my young powers, I shook the pillar hour, and pulled my life upon me; grim with stains, I stood between dust o' mound years--- my youth lay dead beneath the pile. My day was cracking and going up in smoke, There puffed and burst like sunstarts on a stream. yes, failure now even dreams of the dreamer and the man, the lutanist; Even the bonding fantasy in which twisted flowers, I swung the earth, a jewelry in my wrist, Brought, the strings of all accounts too weak For the earth, with grief so severely overplussed. Ah! is your love really a medicinal vegetable, although a a herb, Suffering has no flowers except its own to mount? Ah! yes--- an infinite design! Ah! you must char wood 'ere Thou canst limn with it? My fresh shower spent its oscillating i' dust; And now my heart is like a broken fount, In which tears drip stagnation, spilt down ever since dank thoughts that trembled When the sighful branch of my mind. That's what I'm posting. What to do? The pulp is very bitter, how will the shell taste? I dimly guess what Time in fog confounds, however, ever and anon, a trumpet sound From the hidden battlements of Eternity, The fog shakes an unsettle space, then round half-glimps-ed turrets, slowly washing again; But not 'ere He who summoneth I first saw, enwound With the purpureal gloomy robe; Cypress Throne: His name I know, and what his trumpet saith. Whether the human heart or life it is that harvesting output thoe, must your harvest of fields be manded with rotten death? Now long pursuit, Go into the hands of the bruit. That voice circled me like a sea boom: And is your earth so marred, shattered in debris? Lo, everything flies you, for you fliest Me! Strange things, pits, useless; So any of your love should put love each other? See no but I make much naught (He says), And human love needs human merit--- How have you deserved, of all the clay human blood clots, the dingiest blood clots? Alack, you know not how little worthy of any art love you! Who are you going to find who loves you, save me, just save me? Everything I took from you, I did st but lost, not because of your harm, but just can't look for it in my arms. All the mistakes of the fancies as lost, I have stored for you at home: Rise, grip my hand, and come. Stop by me that footfall; After all, is my gloom the Shade of His hand, exquisitely outstretched? Ah, like best, blindest, weakest, I am the Him you seek! You bravely love you as the One who carved me. //\ In The Love and Light of God bakti Page 4 08-17-2004, 10:56 AM #1 Senior Participants: November 2003 Location: ~ Article: 2265 A great ceding of the Dalai lama:) I feel that my mission is, wherever I am, to express my feelings about the importance of kindness, compassion, and the true sense of brotherly love. I practice these things. It gives me more happiness, more success. If I practice anger or jealousy or bitterness, no doubt my smile will disappear. ~Dalai Lama Only the weak are cruel. Lightness can only be expected from the strong. ~ Leo Buscaglia No way to love; Love IS the way!! 08-17-2004, 11:17 AM #2 Senior Member Join Date: November 2003 Location: ~ Article: 2265 An incredible cwhile of Sri Yukteswar's ^ I did not expect anything from others, so their actions could not be opposed to my wishes. ~ Swami Sri Yukteswar, in An Autobiography of a Yogi Only the Weak are cruel. Lightness can only be expected from the strong. ~ Leo Buscaglia No way to love; Love IS the way!! 08-17-2004, 11:23 AM #3 Senior Member Join Date: November 2003 Location: ~ Article: 2265 Vivkenanda quote on non-attachment Do you request anything from your children in exchange for what you gave them? It's your duty to work for them, and have problems ending. In whatever you do for a particular person, a city, or a state, assume the same attitude towards it as you did towards your children – expect nothing in return. If you can always take the position of a giver in which everything given by you is a free offer to the world, without any thought back, then your work will bring you no attachments. ~ Swami Vivekananda, Teachings of Swami Vivekananda, pages 121-122 ___ Only the weak are cruel. Lightness can only be expected from the strong. ~ Leo Buscaglia No way to love; Love IS the way!! 08-17-2004, 11:25 #4 Banat, ban jai. Date of Participation: May 2004 Location: A Galaxy Far, Far Away... Article: 623 Those are beautiful quotes! Thank you Oceanlvr! Sometimes people have a tendency to quickly overtake those in Autobiography, especially if a the reads through it regularly ... don't give it the attention it deserves! Here's a cfulcutter of Sri Yukteswarji that I went through this morning, master presenting it in BG: "To know God, don't expect anything. Just launch yourself with faith in his happy presence within.  11:27 AM #5 Senior Member Join Date: November 2003 Location: ~ Article: 2265 Paramahansa Yogananda quotes:)) Jesus says that if anyone smites you, turn another cheek, give him love. It's a very difficult philosophy, but I've lived that life, and I know it's the only one that works. ~ Paramahansa Yogananda, The Divine Romance, pg 260 Only the weak are cruel. Lightness can only be expected from the strong. ~ Leo Buscaglia No way to love; Love IS the way!! 08-17-2004, 11:32 AM #6 Senior Member Join Date: November 2003 Location: ~ Article: 2265 a discount from PY:)) Be safe in your innate kindness Some day you will be away from this world. Some will cry for you, and some may say a few words against you. But remember that all the bad thoughts you've had, as well as your good people, will go with you. So your important task is to see yourself, do your best. Ignore what others have to say against you, as long as you sincerely strive to do the right thing. I tried never to antagonist anyone, and in my heart I knew I was doing my best to be kind to everyone. But I don't care about human forgery, whether praise or condemnation. God is with me, and I'm with Him. ~ Paramahansa Yogananda, How to find your way to victory, page 20 ___ Only the weak are cruel. Lightness can only be expected from the strong. ~ Leo Buscaglia No way to love; Love IS the way!!

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