

# Treasures : 43

The One Pager collection

A compilation of ten text passages that have touched me very deeply and have stayed with me for many many years ...



***' The Tree of Life ' : Red sandstone trellis work at Siddi Saeed Mosque , Ahmedabad***

## *What I Have Lived For*

*Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a great ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.*

*I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy - ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness--that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what--at last--I have found.*

*With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.*

*Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate this evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.*

*This has been my life. I have found it worth living and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.*

*The Prologue to Bertrand Russell's Autobiography*

*“To laugh often and much; to win the respect of the intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the beauty in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know that one life has breathed easier because you lived here. This is to have succeeded.”*

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

*“Do not love half lovers  
Do not entertain half friends  
Do not indulge in works of the half talented  
Do not live half a life  
and do not die a half death  
If you choose silence, then be silent  
When you speak, do so until you are finished  
Do not silence yourself to say something  
And do not speak to be silent  
If you accept, then express it bluntly  
Do not mask it  
If you refuse then be clear about it  
for an ambiguous refusal is but a weak acceptance  
Do not accept half a solution  
Do not believe half truths  
Do not dream half a dream  
Do not fantasize about half hopes  
Half a drink will not quench your thirst  
Half a meal will not satiate your hunger  
Half the way will get you no where  
Half an idea will bear you no results  
Your other half is not the one you love  
It is you in another time yet in the same space  
It is you when you are not  
Half a life is a life you didn't live,  
A word you have not said  
A smile you postponed  
A love you have not had  
A friendship you did not know  
To reach and not arrive  
Work and not work  
Attend only to be absent  
What makes you a stranger to them closest to you  
and they strangers to you  
The half is a mere moment of inability  
but you are able for you are not half a being  
You are a whole that exists to live a life  
not half a life”*

*Khalil Gibran*

*It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat*

*Theodore Roosevelt*

*Speech at the Sorbonne, Paris, April 23, 1910*

*“To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything and your heart will be wrung and possibly broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact you must give it to no one, not even an animal.*

*Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements. Lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness.*

*But in that casket, safe, dark, motionless, airless, it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable.*

*To love is to be vulnerable.”*

*— C.S. Lewis, The Four Loves*

*For certain fortunate people, there is something which transcends all classifications of behavior, and that is awareness; something which rises above the programming of the past, and that is spontaneity; and something that is more rewarding than games, and that is intimacy.*

*But all three of these may be frightening and even perilous to the unprepared. Perhaps they are better off as they are, seeking their solutions in popular techniques of social action, such as 'togetherness'.*

*This may mean that there is no hope for the human race, but there is hope for individual members of it.*

*Eric Berne, Games People Play: The Psychology of Human Relationships (1964)*



## *The Invitation by Oriah*

*It doesn't interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.*

*It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love , for your dream , for the adventure of being alive.*

*It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon. I want to know , if you have touched the centre of your own sorrow , if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain.*

*I want to know if you can sit with pain , mine or your own ,without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.*

*I want to know if you can be with joy mine or your own if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful to be realistic to remember the limitations of being human.*

*It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true. I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself.*

*If you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul. If you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy. I want to know if you can see Beauty even when it is not pretty every day. And if you can source your own life from its presence.*

*I want to know if you can live with failure yours and mine and still stand at the edge of the lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "Yes."*

*It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have. I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair weary and bruised to the bone and do what needs to be done to feed the children.*

*It doesn't interest me who you know or how you came to be here. I want to know if you will stand in the centre of the fire with me and not shrink back.*

*It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied. I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.*

*I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.*

*“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us.*

*We ask ourselves, 'Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?'*

*Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone.*

*And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.”*

**Marianne Williamson, A Return to Love: Reflections on the Principles of "A Course in Miracles"**

*“The most important things are the hardest to say.*

*They are the things you get ashamed of, because words diminish them — words shrink things that seemed limitless when they were in your head to no more than living size when they’re brought out.*

*But it’s more than that, isn’t it?*

*The most important things lie too close to wherever your secret heart is buried, like landmarks to a treasure your enemies would love to steal away. And you may make revelations that cost you dearly only to have people look at you in a funny way, not understanding what you’ve said at all, or why you thought it was so important that you almost cried while you were saying it.*

*That’s the worst, I think. When the secret stays locked within not for want of a teller but for want of an understanding ear.”*

*Stephen King, Different Seasons*

*Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in our lifetime; therefore, we must be saved by hope.*

*Nothing which is true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore, we must be saved by faith.*

*Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone; therefore, we are saved by love.*

*No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe as it is from our standpoint. Therefore, we must be saved by the final form of love which is forgiveness.*

*- Reinhold Niebuhr in The Irony of American History*

## **About 'Treasures'**

*It's a compilation that I put together every once in a while, of things that I have found to be beautiful and meaningful.*

*Do share it with others who you think will enjoy it.*

*Drop me an email ([shaileshdesh@gmail.com](mailto:shaileshdesh@gmail.com)) if you want to add someone to the circulation list.*

*For older editions (From January 2012): <http://shaileshdeshpande.in/treasures/>*