

# The Prophet by Kalil Gibran

*Then said Almitra, Speak to us of Love.  
And he raised his head and looked upon  
the people, and there fell a stillness upon them.  
And with a great voice he said:*

*When love beckons to you, follow him,  
Though his ways are hard and steep.  
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,  
Though the sword hidden among his pinions  
may wound you.  
And when he speaks to you believe in him,  
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as  
the north wind lays waste the garden.*

*For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you.  
Even as he`s for your growth so is he for your pruning.  
Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches  
that quiver in the sun,  
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.*

*Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.  
He threshes you to make you naked.  
He sifts you to free you from your husks.  
He grinds you to whiteness.  
He kneads you until you are pliant:  
And then he assigns you to his sacred fire,  
that you may become sacred bread for God`s sacred feast.*

*All these things shall love do unto you  
that you may know the secrets of your heart,  
and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life`s heart.*

*But if in your fear you would seek only  
love`s peace and love`s pleasure,  
Then it is better for you  
that you cover your nakedness and  
pass out of love`s threshing floor,  
Into the seasonless world where you  
shall laugh, but not all of your laughter,  
and weep, but not all of your tears.  
Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself,  
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed:  
For love is sufficient unto love.*

*When you love you should not say,  
"God is in my heart," but rather,  
"I am in the heart of God."  
And think not you can direct the course  
of love, for love, if it finds you worthy,  
directs your course.*

*Love has not other desire but to fulfill itself.  
But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:*

*To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.  
To know the pain of too much tenderness.  
To be wounded by your own understanding of love;  
And to bleed willingly and joyfully.  
To wake at dawn with a winged heart  
and give thanks for another day of loving:  
To rest at the noon hour and meditate love`s ecstasy:  
And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart  
and a song of praise upon your lips.*

## *On Reason and Passion*

*And the priestess spoke again and said:*

*"Speak to us of Reason and Passion."*

*And he answered saying:*

*Your soul is oftentimes a battlefield,  
upon which your reason and your judgment  
wage war against passion and your appetite.*

*Would that I could be the peacemaker in your soul,  
that I might turn the discord and the rivalry of your elements  
into oneness and melody.*

*But how shall I, unless you yourselves be also the peacemakers,  
nay, the lovers of all your elements?*

*Your reason and your passion are  
the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul.*

*If either your sails or our rudder be broken,  
you can but toss and drift, or  
else be held at a standstill in mid-seas.*

*For reason, ruling alone, is a force confining;  
and passion, unattended, is a flame  
that burns to its own destruction.*

*Therefore let your soul exalt your reason to the height of passion;  
that it may sing;*

*And let it direct your passion with reason,  
that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection,  
and like the phoenix rise above its own ashes.*

*I would have you consider your judgment and your appetite  
even as you would two loved guests in your house.*

*Surely you would not honour one guest above the other;  
for he who is more mindful of one  
loses the love and the faith of both.*

*Among the hills, when you sit in the cool shade of the white poplars,  
sharing the peace and serenity of distant fields and meadows ~  
then let your heart say in silence,  
"God rests in reason."*

*And when the storm comes, and the mighty wind shakes the forest,  
and thunder and lightning proclaim the majesty of the sky, -  
then let your heart say in awe,  
"God moves in passion."*

*And since you are a breath In God's sphere,  
and a leaf in God's forest,  
you too should rest in reason and move in passion.*

## *On Giving*

*Then said a rich man, Speak to us of Giving.  
And he answered:*

*You give but little when you give of your possessions.  
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.*

*For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard  
for fear you may need them tomorrow?  
And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the overprudent dog  
burying bones in the trackless sand  
as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city?*

*And what is fear of need but need itself?  
Is not dread of thirst when your well is full,  
the thirst that is unquenchable?*

*There are those who give little of the much which they have ~  
and they give it for recognition  
and their hidden desire makes their gifts unwholesome.*

*And there are those who have little and give it all.  
These are the believers in life and the bounty of life,  
and their coffer is never empty.*

*There are those who give with joy,  
and their joy is their reward.  
And there are those who give with pain,  
and that pain is their baptism.  
And there are those who give and know not pain in giving,  
nor so they seek joy,  
nor give with mindfulness of virtue:*

*They give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into space.  
Through the hands of such as these God speaks,  
and from behind their eyes He smiles upon the earth.*

*It is well to give when when asked, but it is better to give unasked,  
through understanding:  
And to the open-handed the search for one who shall receive is joy greater than  
giving.  
And is there aught you would withhold?  
All you have shall some day be given:*

*Therefore give now, that the season of giving may be yours and not your  
inheritors`.*

*You often say, "I would give, but only to the deserving."  
The trees in your orchard say not so,  
nor the flocks in your pasture.  
They give that they may live,  
for to with-hold is to perish.*

*Surely he who is worthy to receive his  
days and nights, is worthy of all else from you.  
And he who has deserved to drink from  
the ocean of life deserves to fill his cup from your little stream.  
And what desert greater shall there be,  
than that, which lies in the courage and the  
confidence, nay the charity, of receiving?  
And who are you that men should rend  
their bosom and unveil their pride,  
that you may see their worth naked and their pride unabashed?  
See first that you yourself deserve to be  
a giver, and an instrument of giving.*

*For in truth it is life that gives unto life ~  
while you, who deem yourself a giver are but a witness.*

*And you receivers- and you are all  
receivers- assume no weight of gratitude,  
lest you lay a yoke upon  
yourself and upon he who gives.  
Rather rise together with the giver on his gifts as on wings:  
For to be overmindful of your debt, is  
to doubt his generosity who has the  
free-hearted earth for mother, and God for father*

*And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said,  
"Speak to us of Children."*

*And he said:  
Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.*

*They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.*

*You may give them your love but not your thoughts.  
For they have their own thoughts.*

*You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit,  
not even in your dreams.*

*You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.*

*You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,  
and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;  
For even as he loves the arrow that flies,  
so He loves also the bow that is stable.*

## *On Friendship*

*And a youth said, "Speak to us of Friendship."  
Your friend is your needs answered.  
He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.  
And he is your board and your fireside.  
For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.*

*When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do  
you withhold the "ay."*

*And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;  
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires,  
all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed.*

*When you part from your friend, you grieve not;  
For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence,  
as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.  
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.  
For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love  
but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.*

*And let your best be for your friend.  
If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.  
For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?  
Seek him always with hours to live.*

*For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.  
And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter,  
and sharing of pleasures.  
For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.*

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## A Special Story

*Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back.*

*The men talked for hours on end.*

*They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation. And every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.*

*The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods where his life would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color the world outside.*

*The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake.  
Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats.  
Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color of the rainbow.  
Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be  
seen in the distance.*

*As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the  
other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene.*

*One warm afternoon the man by the window described parade passing by.*

*Although  
the other man couldn't hear the band he could see it in his mind's eye as the  
gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive words. Days and weeks  
passed.*

*One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the  
lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep.*

*She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away.  
As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next  
to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he  
was comfortable, she left him alone.*

*Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the  
world outside. Finally, he would have the joy of seeing it for himself. He strained  
to slowly turn to look out the window beside the bed. It faced a blank wall.*

*The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who  
had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse responded  
that*

*the man was blind and could not even see the wall. She said, "Perhaps he just  
wanted to encourage you."*

## *Epilogue*

*There is tremendous happiness in making others happy, despite  
our own situations.*

*Shared grief is half the sorrow, but happiness when shared, is  
doubled.*

*If you want to feel rich, just count all of the things you have that  
money can't buy.*

*... And the greatest of these is in knowing you. Often I have  
shared about the joy I feel when you share about your life.*

*Can you "Feel The Love Tonight?"*

*These pages reflect the visions I have, of what it must feel like to  
be a part of your world.*

Dear GOD,  
If You watch me in church on Sunday, I'll show You my new shoes. - Mickey

Dear GOD,  
I bet it is very hard for You to love all of everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I  
can never do it. - Nan

In school they told us what You do. Who does it when You are on vacation? - Jane

Dear GOD,  
I read the Bible. What does "begat" mean? Nobody will tell me. Love, Alison

Dear GOD,  
Are You really invisible or is it just a trick? - Lucy

Dear GOD,

Is it true my father won't get in Heaven if he uses his bowling words in the house? - Anita

Dear GOD,  
Did You mean for the giraffe to look like that or was it an accident? - Norma

Dear GOD,  
Who draws the lines around the countries? - Nan

Dear GOD,  
I went to this wedding and they kissed right in church. Is that okay? - Neil

Dear GOD,  
What does it mean You are a Jealous God? I thought You had everything. - Jane

Dear GOD,  
Did You really mean "do unto others as they do unto you"? Because if You did, then I'm going to fix my brother. - Darla

Dear GOD,  
Thank you for the baby brother, but what I prayed for was a puppy. - Joyce

Dear GOD,  
It rained for our whole vacation and is my father mad! He said some things about You that people are not supposed to say, but I hope You will not hurt him anyway. Your friend, (But I am not going to tell You who I am)

Dear GOD,  
Why is Sunday school on Sunday? I thought it was supposed to be our day of rest. - Tom L.

Dear GOD,  
Please send me a pony. I never asked for anything before. You can look it up. - Bruce

Dear GOD,  
If we come back as something else, please don't let me be Mary Horton - because I hate her. - Denise

Dear GOD,  
If you give me a genie like Aladdin, I will give You anything You want, except my money or my chess set. - Raphael

Dear GOD,  
I want to be just like my Daddy when I get big but not with so much hair all over. - Sam

Dear GOD,  
You don't have to worry about me. I always look both ways. - Dean

Dear GOD,  
I think the stapler is one of your greatest inventions. - Ruth M.

Dear GOD,  
I think about You sometimes even when I'm not praying. - Elliott

Dear GOD,  
Of all the people who work for You I like Noah and David the best. - Rob

Dear GOD,  
My brother told me about being born but it doesn't sound right. They're just kidding, aren't they? - Marsha

Dear GOD,  
I would like to live 900 years like the guy in the Bible.  
- Love, Chris

Dear GOD,  
We read Thomas Edison made light. But in Sunday school they said You did it. So I bet he stole your idea. -  
Sincerely, Donna

Dear GOD,  
The bad people laughed at Noah - "You made an ark on dry land, you fool." But he was smart, he stuck with You.  
That's what I would do. - Eddie

Dear GOD,  
I do not think anybody could be a better GOD. Well, I just want You to know but I am not just saying that because  
You are GOD already. - Charles

Dear GOD,  
I didn't think orange went with purple until I saw the sunset You made on Tuesday. That was cool. - Eugene

My prayer for you is a dream ...

Big enough to capture your heart,  
Bright enough to illuminate your mind  
And deep enough to satisfy your spirit.

May you find the strength to pursue it  
And be enriched by it across the years.

*Choose A Star*

*I looked upon on a lonely stretch of beach last night...  
...and I dreamed of you, of us, of everything we may have been  
before.*

*I remembered the times when we'd spend time looking inward ...  
and dreaming ...*

*I let one single tear roll down my cheek and for a moment,  
light from the stars above was captured in it.  
The light faded, as did we,  
but what remained was a warmth that no one can extinguish.*

*We may never be together again, in this life time.  
My arms may never hold you or  
protect you from the world. But my heart still beats as one, and  
my soul still lives through yours.*

*So, on a clear night in the not too distant future, my love;  
choose a star, and I'll meet you there.*

*It shouldn't be the easiest to find, or the brightest ...  
but choose one that radiates,  
the way we did, so long ago.*

*Hold it in your heart and never forget where it is.  
Let it light our separate paths and be a beacon wherever we go.*

*Choose a star, my love, and someday, in another life time,  
when we are together again,  
and our love regains its strength and calling and purpose for  
joining together...*

*Choose a star, my love, and reach out your hands to me...  
Choose a star, and I'll meet you there.*

*A poem by Andy Hare*

## *The Wind Knows Where The Rainbows Are*

*Today I took love, from the memory of you in  
my heart.*

*I held it delicately in my hands. I remembered.  
I soul-searched and wanted once again to touch  
you.*

*I know that is impossible, you have disappeared  
from my view.*

*I know you are out there somewhere, possibly  
far away.*

*You are chasing your rainbows, ever being  
"Who you Are"  
in the Universe.*

*I offered the love in my hands to a gentle  
breeze that suddenly appeared from nowhere.  
For a fleeting second the love teetered as a  
delicate  
butterfly on the tips of my fingers, then the  
breeze  
coaxed the love to join it. The breeze knows  
where you are.  
It picked up the love on its' airy wings  
and now it travels the winds of the world in  
search of you.  
The wind knows where the rainbows are.*

*It will carry my love to you.*

*Though you may not know why, one day,  
wherever you are,  
you will feel the breeze kiss your cheek.*

*Something familiar  
will touch your heart, and you will remember.*

*It will be the love I released to the wind today.*

*A Poem by Patty Bunn*

*May The World Hug You Today*

*May the world hug you today with its warmth  
and love*

*And whisper a joyful tune in your heart.*

*And may the wind carry a voice that tells you  
there is a friend,*

*Sitting in another corner of the world,*

*Right now.*

## *Wishing you well.*

Forever remember ... Where ever our paths may lead ...  
Your essence shall always remain in my Heart ...  
"Out Beyond the Rainbow's End"



THERE ARE PRECIOUS MOMENTS, WHEN MY SPIRIT APPEARS TO SIMPLY  
STEP-IN AND TAKE CONTROL OF MY SENSES.  
THIS IS ONE SUCH MOMENT.  
I FEEL NONE OF THE OLD PARADYME OF STRUCTURED BELIEFS.

WHAT I DO FEEL IS AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO "BE" INNOCENTLY HELD.  
TO BE HELD BY ANOTHER, IN AN UNSPOKEN TRUST OF KNOWING UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND  
TO KNOW THERE IS NO ATTACHEMENT PLACED ON THIS MOMENT.  
IT IS MY PASSION, MY DESIRE TO KNOW ONLY THOSE BEINGS  
WHO ALSO UNDERSTAND THIS FULLY WITHIN.

TO ENABLE THEMSELVES TO BE 'LOST' IN THE RAPTURED BLISS OF ONE SUCH PRECIOUS MOMENT.  
~ AND THEN TO LET IT GO ~ AS THE BUTTERFLY GIVES WING TO THE WIND, CARRIED FORTH  
TO ITS NEXT MAGICAL MOMENT OF GATHERING SWEET NECTAR, FROM THAT WHICH GIVES OF  
ITSELF, FREELY AND WITHOUT JUDGEMENT, AND WITHOUT EXPECTATION.  
IN THIS MOMENT MY THOUGHTS TURN TO YOU; AND I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE,  
AND IF JOY AND LOVE FILL YOUR HEART, ALSO.

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