

Psalm No. 1—March 30, 1926
A Pesach Message and Greeting

Oh for an hour in the Marin Hills, to rest and be with Thee, my Lord!
Yea, even one small hour—that would be an Eternity, and Eternity
wherein to forget all the sorrow, all pain and suffering, all wee,
all sickness, despair and doubt!

There, beneath the oaks and redwoods ever clad in verdure, with arms
uplifted, outstretched to Thee, make me like the trees, nor e'er
forget Thy promise, Thy covenant to me.

Make me like the trees, whose bodies, hearts and souls draw ever nearer
to Thee, silently standing in meditation throughout the years!

Make me like the trees, deep rooted in their love for Thee, and
tempest-proof 'gainst wind and rain and all the elements,
firm in their belief in Unity.

Where! oh where doth one see Love and Harmony and Beauty tend more
to perfection than in my beloved Marin Hills. Yea, the hills
that stand silently firm throughout the ages.

Make me like the hills, O Lord, that I may stand in silence! That
though a million men walk over me, they change not my figure,
that their deepest blows and cuts effect me naught.

Yea, in the Springtime, I would be with Thee, my Lord, there in the
wooded hills of Marin, there to sit and drink in silence that
draught which alone can quench the thirst of men.

May I never forget Thee and Thy Kindness and Mercy, O Allah, my
Beloved, through all these day, even till I come to Thee.