

The Diwan of Samuel Leonard Lewis

Written At Fairfax, March, 1925

(A) God and His Children

God is a gardener and we are His flowers,
God is a shepherd and we are His sheep,
God is a father and we are His children,
God is a keeper and we are His bees,
God is an artist and we are His paintings,
God is a ranger and we are His trees

(B) My Heart 3/17/25 8:00 A.M.

My heart is like a grab bag in which I put my hand
And pull out treasures one by one whatever comes to hand.
My heart is like a picture of lovely scenery,
Yet words cannot describe it—but Beauty, Harmony.
My heart is like a treasure chest, fully of jewels rare,
I need not long for riches, for I have plenty there.
My heart is like a hollow tree, where billet doux we hide,
And God and I the lovers. Our secrets there abide.
My heart is like a mirror lake, reflecting Heaven above
And I can look upon it, and see God and His Love.
My heart is like a mirror where I can see my soul
And learn what is my destiny, and wherein is my goal.
My heart is like a museum of relics rare and fine;
If I could only realize it—all these relics are mine.
My heart is like a blackboard, upon which God does write;
The answers to all questions are there, within my sight.
My heart is like a mighty cup of sparkling wine from Heaven,
Whenever I go and drink from it, then are my sins forgiven.
My heart! I can't describe it! I'm sure it has no limit.
But Truth, Love, Goodness, all are there in quantities infinite.
O God, I thank thee for my heart and for Thy Love and Mercy,
O may it be through night and day that forever thank Thee!

(C) *God, My Mother*

3/17/25 8:30 A.M.

O Samuel! O Samuel! How long I have waited for thee!
Ever since thou wast born, I've always cared for thee.
I watched thee as an infant and each smile gave me joy,
I saw they grow from babyhood—I watched thee as a boy.
And when thou readst My Bible, while still at infants age,
My heart did throb with Mother's Love, when you learned by page.
And when thou wast a child at school and others did deride,
I never once deserted thee, was always at the side.
Yet as the years passed one by one, and child a youth became,
And looked to others for thy joys, 'twas I who suffered pain.
When doubt crept in upon thy mind, and to others did you go,
The anguish that was in My Heart! Would that you never know!
O Samuel! O Samuel! When rabbi did chide thee,
And said thou wast not like thy namesake, why didst Thou blame me?
O Samuel! O Samuel! When false Gods lead thy way,
Thou wouldst not listen to my words and thou hast had to pay.
But when thou foundst thy Murshida, peace then came to my Soul.
She showed thee where was happiness—the gate, the path, the Goal.
And when I sent My Messenger, and you received the Message,
Your heart and soul began to wake. That was your Mother's blessing.
I watched thee sleep; I watched thee dream, and now begin to waken
But through thy sleeping and thy dreams, Thee ne'er have I forsaken.
O Samuel! O Samuel! Assist thy Murshida.
By serving her you will serve me, her whom I call "Rabia."
O Samuel! This is my wish—"Go forth and aid my Pir,
And spread the Message to mankind, for Me, for him, for her.

(D) *La Illaha El Allahu*

3/17/25 2:00 P.M.

The madrones make me think of you, the pine trees and the redwoods too,
La Illaha El Allahu
The fleecy clouds go floating by; when my heart sees them
it heaves a sigh, for you—El Allahu
The zephyr whispers in my ear; the thrushes' notes a message
bear from you—El Allahu!
The song birds warbling in the trees; the branches fluttering
in the breeze; they bear their message too.

The laughter of the water falls to my fainting heart it e'er
recalls La Illaha El Allahu.
And when the course of day is done, this message from the
fiery sun: "La Illaha El Allahu.
Whome'er I see upon the street—I think of Thee, not of them
I meet, my Beloved Alla Hu
Wherever there is life or light; wherever there is love's
delight, or good deeds that I view
I know that goodness comes from Thee, Perfection of Love and Harmony!
And that is who? Allahu.

(E) *Murshida* 3/17/25 6:30

And when at eve the sun goes down,
I pray for thee, Murshida.
When He lays aside his heavenly crown,

 I pray for thee, Murshida,
When the golden disk appears in the West,
And the creatures of God prepare for their rest,
I pray for thee, Murshida.

When the dusk casts his shadows o'er the day,
I pray for thee, Murshida,
And the sky o'er head is pearly gray,
I pray for thee, Murshida.
When the evening breeze its perfume brings
And the cricket his hymn of glory sings,
I pray for thee Murshida.

When the night displays his diamond bright,
I pray for thee, Murshida.
And men illumine the homes with light,
I pray for thee, Murshida.
To Him Who is here, there, everywhere,
At dusk I utter my silent prayer,
And pray for thee, Murshida!

(These words flowed. It was getting dark and I just about made it—my pencil keeping time with the

inspiration.)

(F) What Care I 3/18/25 Sunset

What care I for darkness without Thou by my side,
Seated in the garden here at eventide
Day is night and night is day
When you with me abide.

What care I for shadows when Thou art near me?
By Thy Light they disappear, hurriedly they flee.
I only know one shadow—
Your absence, Dear, from me.

What care I for storm or strife, when Thou art at my call
Enemies harass me not, nor danger dire befall.
Ever faithfully ally Thou,
With Thine aid we vanquish all.

What care I for hostile words, criticisms biting,
If Thou only standst by me, there is a joy in fighting.
Only rest now by my side,
Rest now while I'm writing.

(G) The Zephyr 3/18/25 Dusk

At eve there comes a zephyr and whispers in my ear,
A message from a Loved One, a Friend I hold most dear,
He tells where She is waiting and tells me where we must meet,
Where I can clasp Her to my breast, enjoy Her kisses sweet.

A very faithful messenger, he comes at eventide.
A laughing, chatting, budding youth, and gaily does he ride.
He gives his messages to me, and then off does he trot
So suddenly, that though I hear, I often see him not.

And you should know my Sweetheart. O what Grace and Beauty!
Singing praises to Her I think my heartfelt duty.
Her smiling lips, Her glittering eye, Her shinning golden hair,

Her blushing cheek, Her flushing lips, Her form so wondrous fair.

O words cannot portray Her, but my heart does ever sing,
When zephyr come a-riding by, his messages to bring.
And though I see Her seldom, I keep Her in my heart.
Some day I hope we'll marry, nevermore to part.

(H) The Trumpet Call

3/19/25 8:00 A.M.

Hark! to the trumpet's call!
The clarions resounding
The music is from Heaven
The Lord gives you His blessing

The shofar is resounding
Each blast makes heart beat louder
"Go forth and bear the Message
Truth is here on earth for you."

The horns resound together:
The trumpet call is ever
To him whose ears are open
And Peace to all My Children

Up! Up! No hesitating!
Here is the sword "Excalibur"
You bear the Lord's good tidings
The Lord is ever with you

The music is so clear.
"Behold the day is near."
And bids "Rise and go forth,
'Tis time to prove your worth."

It thrills me through and through,
My strength and hope renew.
Proclaim the joyous day,
Let him seek who may."

"Be strong and serve the Lord."
"Go forth and preach His Word."

God sends message "Love
Truth is here—not alone above."

Gird on breastplate and shield,
To no one need you yield.
Be strong and of good cheer,
To banish foe and fear. Amen.

(Could be with music "Standup! stand up for Jesus!")

(I) The Beauty of Spring 3/19/25 1:00 P.M.

Blue birds, blue birds in the air
Happiness! Happiness everywhere!
Hear the humming of the bees,
Warbling birds mid madrone trees.
Flowers coming into bloom,
Offering their sweet perfume,
Incense to their Lord above,
Mountains, hills, all show their love.
Redwoods stand in silent prayer,
Holding their arms in their joy,
Glad to see the shining sun,
Now that Springtime has begun.
Music! Music in the breeze!
Zephyrs wooing laurel trees,
Offering them kisses and caresses.
Fruit trees adorned with new dresses;
Some in pink and some in white,
Freed from Jack Frost's fatal bite.
What does all this madness mean?
Preparation for some queen?
No! For Nature's children dress
Always in their loveliest
With the coming of Springtide.
And Nature like a blushing bride
Rushing forth to meet her groom,
Has her children all in bloom,
In gratitude to God alone,

In thanks for kindness He has shown.
Man! thou art blind indeed,
Whatever thou hadest as thy creed,
If this truth you do not know,
And gratitude you do not show
For kindness, love, mercy given you:
“God is ever watching you,
(Give Him thanks for gifts as given)
Every gift that’s good is from Heaven,
And turn your hearts to Him alone.
The Source of Life, the Only One.”

(J) What I Am 3/19/25

The day is slowly drawing to a close,
While I sit at ease and ponder o’er my words.
What am I? why am I here? what does this mean?
My brain can answer not these questions put,
Yet not in vain, for I begin to see
That I am but an instrument of God,
That He may use me as He will, and I
Can but obey His dictates and His wishes.
That every line, yea, every word I’ve written—
I am but a stenographer of His;
My heart’s a dictaphone and works just like
An office dictaphone. And should I listen,
The lees the thought of self, the better work.
Originality, strange to relate,
Is not in being original myself
But obeying the dictates of my employer
In every act that I perform in day
Or night, and by my faithfulness
Or carelessness, rewarded or suffer.
But this I come to learn, if nothing else,
“That God is All in All and Over All,
That He is in my heart, and in yours too,
And if the veil be lifted—if I raise the curtain,
The naked Truth stands there.” So help me God
To love Thee more and more my every moment,
To keep Thee ever with me in my heart.

(K) *Whence Light* 3/19/25 6:00 P.M.

The evening comes 'round again
The vaguest sort of feeling,
Clouds are in the Eastern sky
Murdered by the Nimbus clan.

Hope is gone and beauty fled
With the sun not overhead
Emblem of Aesculapius!
When thou art not in the sky.

So I sit back in my chair
When a voice within me asks
Know you that the sun still lives,
But I'll tell that now to you,

"Look you now within your heart
Use your senses inwardly."
So I looked within my heart
Sun and moon and stars are there.

Deeper, further looked I
Everything that's precious
I found in my heart
And God enthroned within it.

As I sit in meditation,
No sign of inspiration.
Slowly the sun is dying,
And as expiring, crying.

Life seems not worth living,
Smiling and forgiving
Source of healing power!
What care I, the hour!

Of whom am I wondering?
Of what are you pondering?"
His home is a secret,
But promise, you must keep it."

And tell me what you see there,
Hope and don't despair."
And oh joy! I found
Heavenly joys abounds.

Down! Down! Down! I went.
In the firmament
'Tis like a temple great
In majesty and state.

(L) *God Is Beauty* 3/20/25 9:30

O Thou, the source of Beauty!
In a kind father's tenderness
We see Thee in the formless
In mosque, pagoda, temple, church.
We smell Thee in the incense
Of friendly hand, or when

We see Thee everywhere,
In a mother's loving care.
And we see Thee in all forms,
In music and in poems.
We feel Thee in the clasp
Loved ones we grasp.

The artist's heart Thou kindle
The prophet's word acts as a sword
Afire from love for Thee
And Beauty turns to Duty
Without Thy flame within us.
But simply noises made by man?
Accomplish? But be words,
And how could artist's picture
The master's inspiration.
Without Thee there to help him
Or leit motif, Thy truths
Might realize the false and the true.
If only eyes were open.
That we may hear Thy voice
Hidden deep down in our souls.
Send us Thy perfect Peace,
Raise us above distinction
Unite us in Thy Being

The poet Thou dost inspire,
When his soul becomes afire,
Who dwellest in each heart,
Makes life itself an art,
What else would music be
And what could poetry
Words without feeling.
Be ever anew revealing
And what would Wagner be
Express in symphony
That mankind in himself
Therein a world of wealth
"O God, open Thou our sight
Within us see Thy light,
O give us Thy great, Goodness,
Show us Thy loving forgiveness
That sever men from me
Forever and aye." Amen.

(M) My Religion 3/21/25

Call me a Christian, call me a Jew,
Call me a Parsi, if you wish to.
Call me a Hindu, call me a Sikh,
Or Mussulman, for Allah I seek.
Call me a Taoist, or lover of Buddh.
A worshipper of Nature, or that which is Good.
My religion is "Love, Harmony, Beauty."
If it needs a name, why, call it "Sufi."

(N) The Seven Lights and the Candle Stick 3/20/25 3:45

The Hindu writers for countless ages
Collected the Wisdom of the sages,
Revealed through Vishnu and through Brahma,
Contained in Veda and in Purana,
Upanishads and Gitas old.
Divine Wisdom all these hold.

To them this light we dedicate
And all their blessings commemorate.

This candle is for him who sat
Beneath the Bo-tree, Bhagavad
Buddha, whose great Compassion
Overlooked all caste distinction.
To Brahman, Kshetra, Sudra alike,
He pointed the way toward the light.

The next for Zardusht whose watchword was
“All blessings from Ahura-Mazd,
All kindness and mercy come from him.”
“Keep alter fires ever in trim,
The sun is His symbol in the sky,
Let it recall Him to your memory,
And keep ever lit that inner fire
To purge your sins that you be pure.”

This candle represents the Law.
In stone
‘Twas wrote—and God in glory shone
On Moses when received; and to it
Added the writings of each prophet.
One central teaching it does contain:
“That with all our heart and main
And all our soul and might
We should love God, from whom all light.”

“To keep our covenant ever with Him,
And show hospitality to fellow men;
Always regard His statutes and Law,
And in prayer and worship, hold God in awe.

This light commemorates that life
That on the cross was given; that strife
And hate should be no more; that the light
Of Truth should be for Israelite
And Gentile—all could find Salvation,
Spite of sex or birth or nation.
Seek the kingdom that you may be,
With God for all Eternity.

This sixth light in commemoration
Of Islam—Gabriel's revelation
To the Prophet: "That God is One,
That none exists save He Alone,
That men to men should act as brothers,
And to Allah all be as lovers.

This seventh candle now ablaze
Wait, that we omit no praise
To prophets long forgot, and who
Gave up their lives for what they knew
Sages who lived in the long ago,
But kept men's hearts for years aglow.

Now though we have lit these candles seven
For revelations divinely given,
The alter holds them one and all
And to our minds should e'er recall,
That whatever the form of worship be,
Call God one or two or three,
He Alone is the object of praise,
Let us ever walk in His ways.
And as these seven all come from one light
In the worship of their Source, let us all unite.

Dedicated to the Pir-o-Murshid and the Founders of the Church of Universal Worship.

(O) *My Travels*

3/20/25

Now children, gather round
me.....
There I've been and whom I've met
First I went to the Fairies
Something queer about me,
Then I went to the Angels
Nothing but songs of praises,
Angels are not all dressed in white,
Nor do they wear crowns on their heads,
First they would not let me in,
How they looked and what they wore

I've something to tell you,
And what I had to do.
But they wouldn't let me in;
Thought me a hobgoblin.
And listened to them sing
Praises to their King.
As you have oft' been told,
Nor carry harps of gold.
Said it was a secret,
And I promised I would keep it.
Glorious beyond measure!

Such music you never did hear!
Listening to their choruses
Then they took me 'round abyt
Seldom has to mortal man
Heaven? You want to know where it is?
It's not so far as you think it
Then they showed me where God was,
Beautiful beyond measure
Really I can't describe it;
Now I'll tell you a secret
But you must promise not to tell
You have the key in you
But only to the good in heart
Try to do whatever is right
And you will find the secret key
Open the door and you will find
Angels and Fairies and Heavens

Was my greatest pleasure.
Showed me through their Heaven,
Been this privilege given.
Well would you believe?
And you know I don't deceive.
But the palace was so bright,
Nothing but light and light.
You'll forgive I am sure.
Seeing that we're alone,
To anyone.
To visit Angels or Heaven
Is this privilege given.
Small or large be your part,
Is hidden within your heart.
There is hidden in you
And God is seated there, too.

(P) My Neighbors

3/20/25 5:30 P.M.

I've found I have not been alone while I am living here,
I have found some neighbors dwelling upstairs in the rear;
Mr. and Mrs. Blue Jay have their summer home,
Early in March or every year, to this nest they come.
But they do not like me, and make an awful face
Every time they see me, 'round their dwelling place.
Say they have no peace at all with this kind of neighbor,
I leave no food around for them, so they have to labor
And spend their daily lives in toil just to feed themselves,
While I have far more than I need loaded on the shelves;
That I keep them awake at night; when I sleep I snore,
Taking all in all they say I'm an awful bore.
And when they have their musicals I can hear them free,
I am giving bad for good, living selfishly.
So I think I'll go and tell Mr. and Mrs. Blue Jay,
I shall depart from this place in another day,
Leaving them some crumbs of bread, remnants of my food.
Even if I don't reconcile them I'll try to do some good.
"Mr. and Mrs. Blue Jay, I'm sure I did not know
That you were dwelling upstairs with me down here below.
I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I am going to leave

Tomorrow in the afternoon or in the early eve.
And if I should come here again, I'll write you a letter ahead,
And for my rent I'll pay you in nuts, or crumbs of bread".

(Q) *A Prayer* 3/20/25 5:45

My God, to Thee I offer thanks in prayer,
For all the blessings given me while here.
I've drunk the wine of Love and inspiration
And learned my lessons daily as you gave them.
What words can I express, O Holy One!
How can I praise Thee for Thy offerings!
To me! but as a sacrifice in payment
For those blessings I offer all—
Every word I've written in poem or prose,
Every deed I've done that will aid mankind,
Every book I shall write, every lecture I give,
Let me dedicate to Thee, for I know
And have learned that without Thine aid,
I am nought, could do nought, would be nought.
O Ancient of days! Adonai! Allah!
Let me serve Thee forevermore.
To Thee I give thanks for Pir-o-Murshid
And Murshida, and all she had done for me.
Thou hast healed my body, heart and soul,
Thou hast shown me the Way toward the Goal,
I know where is Nufs, and may be able to tame him,
My mind is a servant, you've taught to restrain him.
Praise be to Thee forevermore!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Subhan Allah! Alhamdulillah!
Allaho Akbar! El Allah Hu!