

# Quiet Day Resources

## The Path of Love 2



## Sacred texts for meditation & reflection

### The New Commandment [John 15: 12-17 NRSV]

Jesus said: 'This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. No one has greater love than this, to lay down one's life for one's friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you. I do not call you servants any longer, because the servant does not know what the master is doing; but I have called you friends, because I have made known to you everything that I have heard from my Father. You did not choose me but I chose you. And I appointed you to go and bear fruit, fruit that will last, so that the Father will give you whatever you ask him in my name. I am giving you these commands so that you may love one another.

### I am my beloved's, my beloved is mine [Song of Songs 6:1-3 NRSV]

Where has your beloved gone,  
O fairest among women?  
Which way has your beloved turned,  
that we may seek him with you?  
My beloved has gone down to his  
garden,  
to the beds of spices,  
to pasture his flock in the gardens,  
and to gather lilies.  
I am my beloved's and my beloved is  
mine;  
he pastures his flock among the lilies.

### The Power of Love [Song of Songs 8: 6-7 NRSV]

Set me as a seal upon your heart,  
as a seal upon your arm;  
for love is strong as death,  
passion fierce as the grave.  
Its flashes are flashes of fire,  
a raging flame.  
Many waters cannot quench love,  
neither can floods drown it.  
If one offered for love  
all the wealth of one's house,  
it would be utterly scorned.

### Ruth's love for Naomi [Ruth 1:16-17 NRSV]

Ruth said,  
'Do not press me to leave you  
or to turn back from following you!  
Where you go, I will go;  
where you lodge, I will lodge;  
your people shall be my people,  
and your God my God.  
Where you die, I will die—  
there will I be buried.  
May the LORD do thus and so to me,  
and more as well,  
if even death parts me from you!'

### David & Jonathan [1 Samuel 18: 1-4 NRSV]

When David had finished speaking  
to Saul, the soul of Jonathan was  
bound to the soul of David, and  
Jonathan loved him as his own soul.  
Saul took him that day and would  
not let him return to his father's  
house.  
Then Jonathan made a covenant  
with David, because he loved him as  
his own soul. Jonathan stripped  
himself of the robe that he was  
wearing, and gave it to David, and  
his armour, and even his sword and  
his bow and his belt.

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

*Canciones entre el alma y el Esposo*

Esposa

1. ¿Adónde te escondiste,  
Amado, y me dejaste con gemido?  
Como el ciervo huiste,  
habiéndome herido;  
salí tras ti clamando, y eras ido.

2. Pastores, los que fuerdes  
allá por las majadas al otero:  
si por ventura vierdes  
aquel que yo más quiero,  
decidle que adolezco, peno y muero.

3. Buscando mis amores,  
iré por esos montes y riberas;  
ni cogeré las flores,  
ni temeré las fieras,  
y pasaré los fuertes y fronteras.

*Pregunta a las criaturas*

4. ¡Oh bosques y espesuras,  
plantadas por la mano del Amado!  
¡Oh prado de verduras,  
de flores esmaltado!  
Decid si por vosotros ha pasado.

*Respuesta de las criaturas*

5. Mil gracias derramando  
pasó por estos Sotos con presura,  
e, yéndolos mirando,  
con sola su figura  
vestidos los dejó de su hermosura.

Esposa

6. ¡Ay, quién podrá sanarme!  
Acaba de entregarte ya de vero:  
no quieras enviarme  
de hoy más ya mensajero,  
que no saben decirme lo que quiero.

*Songs between the soul and the Bridegroom*

Bride

1. Where did you hide,  
Beloved, and left me crying?  
You fled like the stag,  
having wounded me.  
I left searching for you, and you were gone.

2. Shepherds, you who climb up  
to the hilltops with your flocks:  
If by chance you see  
him whom I love the most,  
tell him that I am hurting, crying, dying.

3. Looking for my love,  
I will walk through these mountains, by these rivers,  
I will not pick the flowers,  
nor will I fear the beasts,  
and I will cross through fortresses and borders.

*She asks the creatures*

4. Oh forests and deep thickets,  
planted by the hand of the Beloved!  
Oh meadows of green pastures,  
painted with colourful flowers!  
Tell me if he has passed by you.

*The creatures reply*

5. Pouring a thousand graces  
he hurriedly passed by these groves,  
and after looking at them,  
solely by his presence  
he clothed them with his beauty.

Bride

6. Ah! Who will be able to heal me?  
Give yourself to me at once,  
do not send me any more messengers  
today, for none can tell me  
what I want to know.

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

7. Y todos cuantos vagan  
de ti me van mil gracias refiriendo,  
y todos más me llagan,  
y déjame muriendo  
un no sé qué que quedan balbuciendo.

8. Mas ¿cómo perseveras,  
¡oh vida!, no viviendo donde vives,  
y haciendo porque mueras  
las flechas que recibes  
de lo que del Amado en ti concibes?

9. ¿Por qué, pues has llagado  
aqueste corazón, no le sanaste?  
Y, pues me le has robado,  
¿por qué así le dejaste,  
y no tomas el robo que robaste?

10. Apaga mis enojos,  
pues que ninguno basta a deshacellos,  
y véante mis ojos,  
pues eres lumbre dellos,  
y sólo para ti quiero tenellos.

11. Descubre tu presencia,  
y máteme tu vista y hermosura ;  
mira que la dolencia  
de amor, que no se cura  
sino con la presencia y la figura.

12. ¡Oh cristalina fuente,  
si en esos tus semblantes plateados  
formases de repente  
los ojos deseados  
que tengo en mis entrañas dibujados!

13. ¡Apártalos, Amado,  
que voy de vuelo!

Esposo

-Vuélvete, paloma,  
que el ciervo vulnerado  
por el otero asoma  
al aire de tu vuelo, y fresco toma.

7. And those who freely wander  
a thousand graces tell me about you now,  
they wound me even more,  
and leave me here dying  
of something I know not, in their stammering.

8. And, how you endure,  
oh life!, not living where you live,  
but dying by the arrows  
received  
by that which you conceive of the Beloved

9. Why, if you my heart have wounded,  
you have not brought your healing?  
And since you stole my heart,  
why did you leave it thus,  
not taking what you stole along the way?

10. Extinguish you my anger,  
for no-one else can do it.  
And let my eyes now see you,  
for you set them aflame,  
and I want them to be for you alone.

11. Unveil to me your presence,  
and let the sight of your beauty kill me.  
For love-ache  
cannot be healed,  
except by your presence and your image.

12. Oh crystal-clear fountain,  
if in this, your silver shining face,  
you could suddenly show me  
the long desired eyes,  
which are sculpted in my heart!

13. Turn them away, Beloved,  
I am flying away!

Bridegroom

Return, my dove,  
for the wounded stag  
is appearing over the hill  
fanned by your wings, enjoying the breeze.

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

Esposa

14. Mi Amado, las montañas,  
los valles solitarios nemorosos,  
las ínsulas extrañas,  
los ríos sonorosos,  
el silbo de los aires amorosos,

15. la noche sosegada  
en par de los levantes del aurora,  
la música callada,  
la soledad sonora,  
la cena que recrea y enamora.

16. Cazadnos las raposas,  
que está ya florecida nuestra viña,  
en tanto que de rosas  
hacemos una piña,  
y no parezca nadie en la montiña.

17. Detente, cierzo muerto ;  
ven, austro, que recuerdas los amores,  
aspira por mi huerto  
y corran sus olores,  
y pacerá el Amado entre las flores.

18. ¡Oh ninfas de Judea!,  
en tanto que en las flores y rosales  
el ámbar perfumea,  
morá en los arrabales,  
y no queráis tocar nuestros umbrales.

19. Escóndete, Carillo,  
y mira con tu haz a las montañas,  
y no quieras decillo ;  
mas mira las compañas  
de la que va por ínsulas extrañas.

El Esposo

20. A las aves ligeras,  
leones, ciervos, gamos saltadores,  
montes, valles, riberas,  
aguas, aires, ardores,  
y miedos de las noches veladores :

Bride

14. My Beloved: the mountains,  
the wooded, solitary valleys,  
the exotic islands,  
the resounding rivers,  
the whistle of the lovely breezes,

15. The quiet night,  
awaiting the sunrise,  
the silent music,  
the sounding solitude,  
the love-enticing supper.

16. Hunt for us the foxes,  
for our vineyard is now in blossom,  
meanwhile with many roses  
let us make a bouquet,  
and let no-one appear in the mountain.

17. Stop and die, north wind,  
come and reignite love, south wind,  
breathe through my garden,  
let its aromas flow,  
and the Beloved will eat among the flowers.

18. Oh nymphs of Judea!  
Since the fragrance of the amber  
now fills the flowers and the roses,  
stay there in the outskirts,  
do not wish to enter our home.

19. Hide away, my dear,  
and look, turning your face to the mountains.  
Do not say a word.  
Instead, look at the company  
of her, who goes through exotic islands.

The Bridegroom

20. I say to the light-winged birds,  
lions, deer, climbing goats,  
mountains, valleys, rivers,  
waters, winds, flames,  
and fears of the waking nights:

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

21. Por las amenas liras  
y canto de sirenas, os conjuro  
que cesen vuestras iras,  
y no toquéis al muro,  
porque la esposa duerma más seguro.

22. Entrado se ha la esposa  
en el ameno huerto deseado,  
y a su sabor reposa,  
el cuello reclinado  
sobre los dulces brazos del Amado.

23. Debajo del manzano,  
allí conmigo fuiste desposada ;  
allí te di la mano,  
y fuiste reparada  
donde tu madre fuera violada.

Esposa

24. Nuestro lecho florido,  
de cuevas de leones enlazado,  
en púrpura tendido,  
de paz edificado,  
de mil escudos de oro coronado.

25. A zaga de tu huella  
las jóvenes discurren al camino  
al toque de centella,  
al adobado vino ;  
emisiones de bálsamo divino.

26. En la interior bodega  
de mi Amado bebí, y , cuando salía,  
por toda aquesta vega,  
ya cosa no sabía,  
y el ganado perdí que antes seguía.

27. Allí me dio su pecho,  
allí me enseñó ciencia muy sabrosa,  
y yo le di de hecho  
a mí, sin dejar cosa ;  
allí le prometí de ser su esposa.

28. Mi alma se ha empleado  
y todo mi caudal en su servicio ;  
ya no guardo ganado,  
ni ya tengo otro oficio,  
que ya sólo en amar es mi ejercicio.

21. By the lovely lyres  
and the song of sirens, I conjure you  
to cease all your anger  
and not to touch the wall,  
so that the bride in safety may sleep.

22. The bride has now entered,  
in the pleasant longed-for garden,  
and delighting there she rests,  
her neck reclined,  
on the sweet arms of the Beloved.

23. Beneath the apple-tree,  
there we consummated our love,  
there I held your hand,  
and thus you were restored,  
where your mother had been raped.

Bride

24. Our flowery bed,  
knitted by dens of lions,  
stretched out in purple,  
strengthened by peace,  
crowned with a thousand golden shields.

25. Following your footprints,  
the young women walk along the path,  
at the touch of a spark,  
to taste the spiced wine,  
juices of divine balm.

26. In the inner wine cellar  
of my Beloved I drank, and, when I left  
walking out into country,  
I no longer knew anything,  
and I lost the flock I cared for.

27. There he gave me his chest,  
and taught me a wisdom full of flavour.  
There I gave myself to him  
fully, keeping nothing to myself;  
there I promised to be his bride.

28. My soul and all my heart  
are dedicated now to his service,  
I no longer keep a flock,  
and have no other job,  
for now, to love alone, is my one and only work.

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

29. Pues ya si en el ejido  
de hoy más no fuere vista ni hallada,  
diréis que me he perdido,  
que, andando enamorada,  
me hice perdidiza y fui ganada.

30. De flores y esmeraldas,  
en las frescas mañanas escogidas,  
haremos las guirnaldas  
en tu amor florecidas,  
y en un cabello mío entretejidas.

31. En sólo aquel cabello  
que en mi cuello volar consideraste,  
mirástele en mi cuello  
y en él preso quedaste,  
y en uno de mis ojos te llagaste.

32. Cuando tú me mirabas,  
tu gracia en mí tus ojos imprimían ;  
por eso me adamabas,  
y en eso merecían  
los míos adorar lo que en ti vían.

33. No quieras despreciarme,  
que, si color moreno en mí hallaste,  
ya bien puedes mirarme  
después que me miraste,  
que gracia y hermosura en mí dejaste.

Esposo

34. La blanca palomica  
al arco con el ramo se ha tornado,  
y ya la tortolica  
al socio deseado  
en las riberas verdes ha hallado.

35. En soledad vivía,  
y en soledad ha puesto ya su nido,  
y en soledad la guía  
a solas su querido,  
también en soledad de amor herido.

29. If from now on,  
I was no longer seen here in the common,  
you will say I went missing,  
that, because I was in love,  
I lost myself and then was found.

30. With flowers and emeralds,  
picked and gathered in the cool mornings,  
we shall make the garlands  
flowering in your love,  
and woven in my hair.

31. Only by that hair,  
which you gazed flying on my neck,  
as you saw it there,  
you were captivated,  
and were wounded by one of my eyes.

32. When you looked at me, with your eyes,  
your grace was imprinted in my whole being.  
For that reason you loved me,  
and thus my eyes deserved  
to worship what they saw in you.

33. Do not despise me now,  
for, if you found in me a dark skin,  
now you can look again,  
for, the first time that you looked,  
your beauty and your grace on me you lavished.

Bridegroom

34. The white sweet little dove  
has returned with the branch to the ark,  
and the little turtledove  
has found the longed-for mate  
by the green rivers.

35. In solitude she lived,  
in solitude she made her nest.  
In solitude she is guided,  
alone by her Beloved,  
who, also in solitude, is wounded by love.

## Spiritual Canticle - by John of the Cross

Esposa

36. Gocémonos, Amado,  
y vámonos a ver en tu hermosura  
al monte y al collado,  
do mana el agua pura ;  
entremos más adentro en la espesura.

37. Y luego, a las subidas  
cavernas de la piedra nos iremos,  
que están bien escondidas,  
y allí nos entraremos,  
y el mosto de granadas gustaremos.

38. Allí me mostrarías  
aquello que mi alma pretendía,  
y luego me darías  
allí tú, ¡ vida mia !,  
aquello que me diste el otro día:

39. el aspirar del aire,  
el canto de la dulce filomena,  
el soto y su donaire  
en la noche serena,  
con llama que consume y no da pena

40. Que nadie lo miraba ;  
Aminadab tampoco parecía,  
y el cerco sosegaba,  
y la caballería  
a vista de las aguas descendía.

Bride

36. Let us rejoice, Beloved,  
and let us go and contemplate your beauty  
in the mountain and the hill,  
by the pure water spring.  
Let us enter deep into the thicket.

37. And then, we shall climb up  
to the high caves in the rocks,  
which are so well concealed,  
and there we shall go in,  
and delight in the juice of pomegranates.

38. There you would show me  
that which my soul had been seeking,  
and then, you, my life,  
would give me there  
that which you gave me the other day:

39. The breathing of the air,  
the song of the sweet nightingale,  
the forest in all its beauty,  
in the tranquil night,  
with a flame that consumes yet gives no pain

40. No-one looked at him;  
nor did Aminabad appear,  
and the quiet siege,  
and the cavalry  
descended at the sight of the waters.

## Parable of the long spoons – by Rabbi Haim Romshishok

One day a woman said to God,  
“God, I would like to know what Heaven and Hell are like.”

So, God showed the woman two doors. Inside the first one, in the middle of the room, was a large round table with a large pot of vegetable stew.

It smelled delicious and made the woman’s mouth water, but the people sitting around the table were thin and sickly. They appeared to be famished.

They were holding spoons with very long handles. They could all reach into the pot of stew and take a spoonful, but because the handle was longer than their arms, they could not get the spoons back into their mouths.

The woman shuddered at the sight of their misery and suffering.

God turned to her and said, “You have seen Hell.”

God then took her to the other door. Behind the second door, the room appeared exactly the same.

There was the large round table with the large pot of wonderful vegetable stew that made the woman’s mouth water. The people had the same long-handled spoons, but they were well nourished and healthy, laughing and talking.

God looked at the woman and said, “You have seen Heaven.”

The woman looked confused and said, “But I don’t understand.”

God smiled and said to her,  
“It is simple, Love only requires one skill. These people learned early on to share and feed one another. While the greedy only think of themselves...”

# The Path of Love 2



## Art & Music

These are some links to the artwork and music of this Quiet Day.

Klimt: The Kiss

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Kiss\\_\(Klimt\)#/media/File:The\\_Kiss\\_-\\_Gustav\\_Klimt\\_-\\_Google\\_Cultural\\_Institute.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Kiss_(Klimt)#/media/File:The_Kiss_-_Gustav_Klimt_-_Google_Cultural_Institute.jpg)

Klimt: Mother and child (part of The Three Ages of Woman)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Three\\_Ages\\_of\\_Woman\\_\(Klimt\)#/media/File:The\\_Three\\_Ages\\_of\\_Woman.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Three_Ages_of_Woman_(Klimt)#/media/File:The_Three_Ages_of_Woman.jpg)

Ph15 Foundation: Photographs

<http://ph15stock.com/gallery.php?mode=newest-media&page=1>

Julie Lee: Many waters

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SCgTrSMK1f8>