

Rumi's Urs

COURT OF TRUTH

Ney improvisation by Selcuk Gurez

Meditation by Camille Helminski

Spiritual reflections by Kabir Helminski

Sema: whirling, music, poetry, zhikr, Quran

Program: Saturday 15th December, 12pm EST / 5pm GMT



Listen

Listen, dear one, My voice is within you.
I've called you so often and you have not heard me.

I am the will between the seen and the Unseen.
Through Me you find yourself, why do you flee Me?

Others love you for themselves, not who you really are.
Love Me, love Me alone, love yourself in Me.

I am the fragrance within every fragrance;
I am the savor within every savor.
You have not smelled Me and you have not tasted.

Let nothing possess you, nothing in any world.
Be Mine, be for Me, as you are in Me.

Dearly beloved, this way leads to union.
All separation dissolves like a shadow.

Let's go hand in hand into the court of Truth.
Let Truth place its imprint on us forever.

[Lyrics suggested by Ibn Arabi, from *Garden Within the Flames* by the Dost Quartet]

Part 1

Hope, Activity, and Awe

The interpretation of a sacred text is true
if it stirs you to hope, activity, and awe;
and if it makes you slacken your service, know the real truth to be this:
that it's a distortion of the sense of the saying, not a true interpretation.
This saying has come down to inspire you to serve—
that God may take the hands of those who have lost hope
and deliver them.

Ask the meaning of the Qur'an from the Qur'an alone,
and from that one who has set fire to his idle fancy and extinguished it,
and has become a sacrifice to the Qur'an, bowing low in humbleness,
so that the Qur'an has become the essence of his spirit.
That essential oil that has wholly devoted itself to the rose—
you can smell either that oil or the rose, as you please.

[*Mathnawi* V, 3125–30, from *Jewels of Remembrance*,
trans. Kabir & Camille Helminski]

Love Is Like a Lawsuit

I am amazed at the seeker of purity
who when it's time to be polished
complains of rough handling.

Love is like a lawsuit:
to suffer harsh treatment is the evidence;
when you have no evidence, the lawsuit is lost.

Don't grieve when the Judge demands your evidence;
kiss the snake so that you may gain the treasure.
That harshness isn't toward you, O son,
but toward the harmful qualities within you.
When someone beats a rug,
the blows are not against the rug
but against the dust in it.

A few well-sifted almonds are better
than a larger number with the bitter ones mixed in.
You can't tell the difference
by the sound they make,
rattling as you pour them out.
The difference is what's inside
and the taste.

[*Mathnawi* III, 4008–4012, 4025–4026, from *Love's Ripening*,
trans. Kabir Helminski & Ahmad Rezwani]



Hussam Ayin: Second Greeting

O God, You who have created the seven-fold Heaven,
I am helpless! Answer my cry!

O God, You who give nourishment to old and young,
I am helpless! Answer my cries.

O God, You who show mercy
to both the good and the wayward,
Your grace is without limit and beyond calculation.

[Ishmael Dede Effendi]

Part 2

In Love with Nothingness

The lover hotly pursues the beloved;
when the beloved comes, the lover is gone.
You are a lover of God, and God is such
that when He/She comes not a single hair of yours remains.
At that look of His/Hers a hundred like you vanish away.
I think you are in love with nothingness.
You are a shadow and in love with the sun.
When the sun comes, the shadow quickly disappears.

[*Mathnawi* III, 4620–23, from *The Way of Mary*, trans. Camille Helminski]

The True Believer's Heart

Know that the bodies of holy ones are the lamp-niche
and their hearts the glass:
this lamp illumines the firmament.
The light of the heavens is dazzled by this Light
and vanishes like the stars in this radiance of morning.
The Seal of the Prophets has related the saying
of the everlasting and eternal Lord:
“I am not contained in the heavens or in the void
or in the exalted intelligences and souls;
but I am contained, as a guest, in the true believer's heart,
without qualification or definition or description,
so that by the mediation of that heart
everything above and below may win from Me abilities and gifts.
Without such a mirror neither earth nor time
could bear the vision of My beauty.

[*Mathnawi* VI, 3069–75, from *Jewels of Remembrance*,
trans. Kabir & Camille Helminski]

Part 3

We Are Now One

We stood together hand in hand in primordial time;
now at last, we are one again.

We are all of one soul struggling along one path,
and all drunk with the same wine.

From among the two worlds we chose Love alone;
except for that Love there's nothing we adore.

What bitterness did our souls suffer from separation!
At long last, we are free from separation.

A ray from the Sun came in through an opening
and raised us up in dignity, however low we were.

O Sunlight! Don't withhold Your loving radiance from us!
Aren't we sitting in the robes of your radiance?

By Your radiance we are transformed into rubies;
it is because of You that we exist.

Dancing like particles before You; in our yearning for You,
we abandon all our chains.

[*Divani Shamsi Tabrizi* 1761, from *Love's Ripening*,
trans. Kabir Helminski & Ahmad Rezwani]

Be Lost in the Call (abridged)

Lord, said David, since you do not need us,
why did you create these two worlds?

Reality replied: O prisoner of time,
I was a secret treasure of kindness and generosity,
and I wished this treasure to be known,
so I created a mirror: its shining face, the heart;
its darkened back, the world;
the back would please you if you've never seen the face.

Has anyone ever produced a mirror out of mud and straw?
Yet clean away the mud and straw,
and a mirror might be revealed.

Until the juice ferments a while in the cask,
it isn't wine. If you wish your heart to be bright,
you must do a little work.

Remember God so much that you are forgotten.
Let the caller and the called disappear;
be lost in the Call.

[*Divani Shamsi Tabrizi*, from *Love is a Stranger*, trans. Kabir Helminski]