

A New Prophet

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Dedicated to the memory of the Master,
who taught me all I know,
and to the memory of Khalil Gibran,
who molded my thoughts in the mold of his thoughts.

Contents

May Heaven Bless your Wedding

What is Faith and Religion?

What is Religion?

In Praise of the Glory of God

Love is Never Lost

Love Speaks

Suffering

Introduction

After reading *The Prophet* and its *Forerunner*, I was moved to say: it is time for “A New Prophet.” In this crowded world and busy life, our souls long for the spiritual, for that which gives us solace and serenity. To release its potential and hidden powers, the spiritual dimension of life must be expressed in an inspirational language. To uplift and enchant our soul, it must sound like a sweet song. Our souls are attracted to such language, to its motivating powers. This is why the *King James Version* of the Bible has endured and inspired countless lives for centuries. I hope and pray that this small book will lift you above the tests and trials of this chaotic and changing world.

May Heaven Bless Your Wedding

Then there came to the Master a man and a woman who had vowed to walk to the altar, where their souls and their hearts would be joined in love.

They asked if He would bless them and lead them in His ways.

And the Master said:

O My Beloved!

You are the two wings of a bird. Let each wing work with the other, with perfect harmony.

Like two wandering birds of heaven, wing your flights to the summit of the loftiest mountains,

Where you can eat of the fairest fruits and drink of the sweetest streams,

Where you can listen to the enchanting songs of heaven and bask in the fragrance of the earth.

O Two Birds of Paradise!

Let your love be immortal, your longing ever ablaze, your spirit divine.

“Let not the sun go down on your wrath,” for in the silence of the night your wrath, like a raging fire, spreads and smothers your love.

Be generous in giving and sharing

For it is giving and sharing that you will find the fulfillment of your hopes and dreams.

Give thanks for your moments of joy and peace, but if misfortune greets you, say in your heart:

When the orchard was laden with fruits, I filled my basket. Now that it is empty, I shall fill the heavens with my songs of gratitude. For, winter shall soon pass away, and the harvest shall bestow its bounties again.

O Children of Spirit!

Love is the light of the world.

Love is the fragrance of heaven.

Where there is love, there is joy and laughter.

When your heart glows with love, joy and hope and happiness embrace you.

When your heart glows with love, the heavens greet you, the angels surround you, and blessings follow you.

When love fills your home, patience seeks you and crowns your soul with hope and peace.

O Two Nightingales of Paradise!

Feed the smoldering fire of your love with forgiveness, compassion, and understanding, for love begets love, and malice breeds malice. A little tenderness enchants your soul, and a little care, like a surging wave, fills your home with pearls of joy.

Let your voices sing their own songs and your souls dance to the melody of our own destiny.

For you were born to be free.

But let the diverse melodies of your hearts and your souls mingle in harmony and in concord. For, the richest music comes not from the lonely voice of a flute, but from the dancing and whispering of the strings of a harp.

O Two Companions in Eternity!

May your life flow like a song. May your arms be filled with sweet blossoms, may your cup overflow with gentle love, your lap with jewels of joy.

May your hands turn dross into gold, your tears change into pearls, your laughter roar like waves of the sea, your days be long and bright, and your nights be crowned with glittering stars.

May your grief turn into joy, your joy into music, your music into the sweetest songs.

May your home be a place of peace and tranquility; your life be blessed by the angels, and your marriage be as bright and splendid as sunrise!

May your love be as pure as the prairies, as lofty and steady as the mountains, as tender as petals of flowers, and as fresh as the breath of the dawn. May your love and your joy be ever-flowing as the springs in the in the meadows.

May your love last as long as eternity!

May your marriage be one made in heaven!



I was inspired to write this piece after reading a Tablet from the Master concerning true marriage.

Hushidar Motlagh

What is Faith and Religion?

Then a youth, whose robe of faith had been torn, came to the Master and said: "Speak unto us of faith and of religion." And the Master said:

Faith is a ray of love from God to man, and a reflection of man's harmony with himself and his destiny. It is glimmer of hope that brightens the life of the seekers of serenity. It is the Voice of heaven whispering in the heart of man, of love from the infinite Source of Light to the mirror of man's heart. It is the bread of life, the manna that multiplies as it reaches the hungry ones.

Its force liberates the depressed and entangled hearts, and its purging flow washes away the tears of sorrow.

The life of man is a pot broken and scattered to the dark corners of the world. And faith is the guiding hand of the Potter, who finds and mends the broken pot and fills it with the wine of joy and peace.

Faith gathers the broken days of man and turns them into a castle that rises, with every moment, to Eternity. Devoid of faith, life is without hope and guiding hand.

But O Master, what is religion?

Religion is only a path that leads us to the knowledge of our destiny. It is an orchestra that harmonizes the diverse voices of mankind. It is a mansion in which they can gather and celebrate their life.

But alas, how often the flow of this life giving force is hindered by the weak in spirit, who divert its source from its natural and enchanting spheres to the wilderness of their own fancies and selfish dreams and desires. And then they reduce its might by branching it out into a myriad ways, each carrying the sign: "The only path to heaven." Thus, the passage of time fills the flowing river of life with mounds of debris conceived by selfish desires.

But O seekers of serenity: Religion disentangled from human desire and human fancy is the wing of the spirit. It lifts the soul to the loftiest horizons of peace and serenity. It brightens the dark spheres of the mind and connects the bond of the human soul to the infinite Source of being.

Religion is love that radiates in a myriad ways. It is love from man to his own self and to others; it is love from God to man and from man to God.

If religion could only preserve its purity and purging powers from the ravages of time and the hypocrisy of those who, in the sacred name of faith, follow their own selfish desires, it would be the mightiest force in the life of man. It would transform the earthly sphere into heavenly.

What is Religion?

Then a wandering woman said, “O my Master, my adored One. Tell us more about religion.” And He said:

Religion is but a drink from heaven, pure and fragrant. The drink always comes in a container, a clear glass. People love the glass more than the drink. Why? It is solid, they can hold onto it, and stain it the way they like. Each generation puts its own marks on the glass, stains it in its own way. People love to draw their own pictures and write their own names or brands on the glass. They love the drawing and staining so much that they forget about the drink. They carry the glass, while thirsty, showing it to one another. One says: Hold my glass for but a moment, and you shall gain eternal life. The other says: Mine is the only one made in heaven; everything else is man-made. Claims and counter claims are exchanged all the time. People love the exchange. It excites their imagination, it piques their fantasy. The staining is done so much, no one can see the inside of the glass.

O my Master, what is *the drink* made of?

The drink is a simple mixture. First, love yourself. Why? Because God is good and you are made in His image. That’s why.

What else is inside the glass?

Love others as well. Why? Because they are *also* made by God.

O Master, not all people are good.

Yes, all are not perfect, but all are good. Sometimes the good is concealed. Have you not seen how with loving care a bulb blooms into a fragrant flower? Have you not known the humble birth of a butterfly?

What else is in the glass, O my Master?

Love God. Why? Because He is good, that is why.

But if God is good, O my Master, why is there evil?

So you want a perfect world? If everything and everyone were perfect, then what would the people do?

What about injustice, O my Master?

To see and to judge you must remove the veil of the world. Your body is but a veil to the light of your soul. The light shall finally cast away the veil. Then you shall see. Justice may not prevail now. But ultimately it shall prevail. Look beyond to yonder horizons.

What else is in the glass, O my Master?

Love not only God, yourself, and others but life *itself*. It is so good to be alive, to be grateful countless blessings and gifts of God. Look at those birds. They are singing. Look at those flowers. They are dancing to the wind and spreading fragrance. Why be sad and spread sorrow? Life is rich, abundant, full of drama. Dance to the wind of your destiny. Sing to the song of your soul.

Look at little children. They live on the edge. We scare them. “Don’t do that!” “Sit still!” “Don’t bother me!” From them we can learn courage and curiosity. As soon as they can crawl, they crawl. As soon as they can stand, they stand. They fall, bit arise again, and walk. We put obstacles in their way to stop them. They love the obstacles. We hold our breath as they climb them. They turn our obstacles into a new game. They see them as toys with which to test their powers and their desires to overcome. Have you not heard the words of the great Master: “You cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless you become like little children”? Their spirit is pure as the flowers of the fields, their hearts warm and humble as the rays of the sun. Follow their example to the gateway of heaven.

What else is in the glass, O my adored One?

Life is wrapped in a mystery. Within the mystery is found this message: I am the breath of your lives, I am the desire of your hearts. I give meaning and purpose to your lives. Trust my word: ***truth and justice shall at last prevail***. Be patient and carry your own burden to the end. Try to grow and grow stronger every day. Seek wisdom, understanding, and knowledge, learn to fall in love with everything all the days of your life. For everything is in harmony with God save the human desire to do evil. Climb a little, raise your vision, look from above. At first the climbing may be hard. But once you lift yourself and look from above, you shall never come down again.

Love God, love yourself, love people, love life, and grow every day. If you do all five, you shall turn the dark and drifting clouds of the earth into the rainbow of heaven. When you reach the end of the rainbow you have touched the heart of God. You have embraced naught but joy and peace and ecstasy.

Have you not heard that in heaven are many mansions? Who do you think those mansions are made for? For those who drink from the glass, or for those who stain it?

In Praise of the Glory of God

Then a man with a face beaming with hope and a heart glowing with desire, prayed saying:

O my God! my Master and my Maker! Keep your silence no more. Speak unto us of thy ways and wonders.

Then a voice was heard from heaven, the voice of an angel who spoke in praise of God:

O Lord of the earth and the heavens on high. Thou who shine as brightly as the sun, yet art concealed in the clouds of glory, beyond the farthest reaches of heavens! O thou who art bountiful, who has granted me vast treasures, who has adorned me with thy image, who has blessed me with the gifts of knowledge to know thee and freedom to love thee. By thy leave, I shall praise thee and embrace thee. I shall declare thy greatness and proclaim thy wonders.

Then the angel turned her face heavenward and said:

O my desire and my hope! Let my ways be thy ways and my voice speak thy wisdom. O God, my Maker and my Master. How can I utter thy praise? How can I speak of thy wisdom, of thy ways and wonders? The heavens declare thy glory and the earth thy works and thy mysteries.

The sun shines in its longing for thy presence, and the moon glows in its desire for thy peace. The wind whispers naught but thy praise, and the leaves declare naught but their joy and ecstasy at thy presence. The sun is but a glow of thy eyes, and the moon but a token of thy peace.

Your face shines in every star, your voice is heard in every song. Every bird sings your praise, every flower unveils your marvels and mysteries.

The thunder is but the sound of thy anger at those who turn against thy counsels, and the rain thy tears for thy loved ones who suffer at their hand.

O thou who are concealed in the clouds of glory. I behold thy embrace in a rainbow, and thy beauty and splendor at the break of the dawn. When I call, you answer, when I laugh, you smile and rejoice in my joy. When I cry, you wash away my tears with your gentle hands. When I fall, you lift me. When I despair, you give me hope. You are my joy and desire, my refuge and solace.

Then the heaven broke its silence and a voice spoke like the sound of the thunder, and raged like flames of fire:

O ye the seekers of my ways and the dwellers of my kingdom. I am the light and the splendor of the heaven, and you are the shadows of my light. When I made the

earth and the heavens and put you therein, I declared: "I set by bow in the clouds that it shall serve as a sign of my covenant with the children of the earth" (Gen 9:13). I kept my covenant. I sent you my guiding lamps at the dawn of every age, that they may lead you to your glorious and celestial destiny. I bestowed upon you all my blessings, that you may dwell in peace. I granted you the gift of knowledge, that you may know me, and the gifts of love and faith, that you may stand tall against the winds of time, the storms of tests and trials.

O children of light! You have no refuge save in my embrace. Without my counsels, you live in vain, like a silent reed. Turn unto me, listen to my celestial song, that my melodies may fill and enchant your soul.

When the fever of summer sun sits on your brow and the rage of north wind shakes your limbs, lose not your peace and serenity. Seek refuge in my loving care, and turn unto my sheltering angels who surround you.

Let not the winds of despair shake your soul. You are always under my shadow. I answer, before you call, and bestow my blessing before you ask. But alas, my voice you do not hear, my angels you do not see, my counsels you do not heed.

O that you would know the wonders of my love, the boundless spheres of my knowledge, the depths of my patience, the mysteries of my ways.

O that you would witness my vast dominion, the infinite expanse of my heavens. O that you could gaze upon the marvelous mansions I have made for your sake, where shadows are no more and light shines and delights your soul forevermore.

I made the heavens and adorned them with the sun, the moon, and the stars. I fashioned the earth and laid therein luscious fruits and enchanting flowers, forests and meadows, valleys and mountains, beasts of every kind, birds of many shades and colors. All these I made, that you may live in peace. Yet you offered no thanks at my altar, neither did you remember my name. For you I destined joy and serenity, you chose pain and sorrow. For you I wished peace and pleasure, love and life, but you turned to your selfish ways, to war and death.

Why have you abandoned my ways? Why have you cast my commands to the wind? My heart aches for your pain. I am sorely pricked at heart for your suffering, for your vain desires and longings.

Soothe your soul with my Word, that peace may dawn on you and joy may embrace you. Adorn your soul with my wisdom and your heart with my name. Your reliance on your maker destroys not your freedom, nor does it diminish your splendor. My spirit lifts you from the dust of the earth to spheres beyond your vision, where you will witness worlds beyond your fondest dreams.

He alone is small who stands on his own feet, and not on the wings of my angels. He is weak who gropes in the darkness of his own desires and longings, not in the splendors of my love and the light of my knowledge.

Search not in vain and waste not your precious moments, for they will come to you no more. If you seek a refuge in all the dwelling places of the earth, you shalt not find any save under the wings of my angels.

O my servants who have departed from my ways and defiled my name. All in vain have you sought me. For your souls are filled with greed, and your hearts with vain hopes and worldly desires.

In a heart devoid of love, I shall not dwell, in a soul filled with lust I shall not rest. Even as a pure and shining crystal glows in the light of the sun, so does a pure heart radiate with my blessings and bounties.

Then the angel broke her silence and spoke again: O desire of the world! O my beloved Master and Maker! I seek no refuge save under the shadow of thy wings, neither do I walk save in thy ways. Thou art the Lord, the One who is robed with patience! In darkness, you shed light on my soul, and lift the shadows of my in grief. Your voice is my song, the delight of my heart, and your name and remembrance, my hope and my solace. You shield me with your loving care, and guide me with the lamp of knowledge. With your right hand you crown me with peace and with your left hand you lift me to heavens on high.

O my Maker, my Refuge and the source of my joy! If you send me flames of fire, when I am thirsty, and if you send me pain, when I am gripped by grief, I shall not depart from your ways, I shall not despair and turn my face away from your face. I shall not doubt your wisdom, neither shall I lose my faith.

When I am in pain and sorrow, your remembrance lifts my soul. My faith in your wisdom, fills me with patience. My trust in your love lifts me and gives me the strength to stand as firm as the mountains and as high as the heavens.

I shall walk in thy ways and marvel at thy wonders all the days of my life. I shall dwell in thy love and rest in thy peace. I shall set thy Word before my eyes, and thy love in my soul. I shall listen to thy counsels and gaze at thy wonders.

Like a moth that is consumed by fire, I shall offer my heart at thy altar. I shall sacrifice my soul that I may live in thy heart. I shall dwell in thy temple, that I may hear thy song and sing thy praise forevermore.

Lift the veil from thy face that I may behold thy wonders, that I may gaze on thy glory, and be consumed by thy love. Raise thy voice, hide thy face no more. O my Lord, let me learn thy counsels, hear thy song, be enraptured by thy melodies. Let me die in you that you may live in me forevermore.

Love is Never Lost

Love is a seed planted on the earth by the hands of heaven. It goes to the deep dark to grow and reach out again into the heart of heaven.

Love lives in many places and never dies. If you plant it in the sea, the waves still wash it to the shore, and the wind will lift it to mountains and meadows. Then the spring will give wings to its dreams to rise from the earth to sprout and spread.

The sun will give it warmth, the rain will water it and bather it. The wind will dance with its leaves, and the birds play with its branches. The night will bring it rest and peace and the day will embrace it with the light of hope.

Love grows little by little until it blooms, it germinates day by day till its secrets are revealed, till its fragrance has spread from the heart of the earth to the soul of heavens.

Yea, love is never lost like a shadow. Love is never thrown to the wind. Wherever it is cast, the angels will take it, put it on their winds, and sprinkle it on the stars. The stars will grow bright and cast their light on the clouds. The light will scatter the clouds as dust blown by the wind. Then the light will mingle and play with vapors in the air to weave them into a soft arch of many colors. The bare earth will stand proud and wear the rainbow for its crown.

The rainbow is the soft and warm arm of heaven. It bends to embrace the cold heart of the earth. From high heavens, it sings the songs of joy.

Love speaks again: O you sons and daughter of the earth! If peace is your desire, then tread toward me, walk in my light, come near to my arms, seek my embrace. My arch is warm and strong, and my heart soft and tender. Come near and hold my gentle hands. I shall lift you on my wings and take you beyond the dark and gloomy clouds. I shall take you to the heart of heaven, where hope smiles, peace prevails, and happiness shines forevermore, where angels soar as softly as floating fragrance and fly as gingerly as butterflies.

Yea, I am love, the master of universe. I am as vast as the heavens. I am not a fading shadow. I am never lost to the winds. I am as immortal as the heart of God.

I glow on the face of the sun. I shine in the light of the moon, I glitter in the stars of heavens. I flutter in the flame of a candle, I soar on the wings of an eagle. I blaze at the altar of a temple. I smile behind the face of an old man. I glow in the aging eyes of a woman. I speak on the smiling face of a child. I sparkle on the warm lips of a lover. I twinkle in the eyes of a friend. I rest in the heart of a mother. I whisper in the words of a father. I fly on the thoughts of a saint. I rest in hopes of a sinner. I beam from the hand of God. I flow from the heart of heaven.

Wherever love is life abound, wherever life abounds, love reigns supreme. Whoever knocks at her door, hears her calls. Whoever sits at her altar, sees her flames. Whoever

enters her chamber, lives in peace. Love is hopeless till she finds a home. Love is restless till she fills a heart.

Love Speaks

Then one whose heart had been torn by toil and sorrow prayed saying, O Beloved, the adored one! We are grieved, desolate and remote. Reveal unto us a glimmering of thy ways and thy wonders.

And then, love, in its passionate longing, stepped beyond the realms of mysteries, unveiling, as the dawning of the sun, its charm and splendor:

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens. Lo, I am the light of the world.

Through a breath of my being the whole creation came into being.

I am the leaven of your dreams and desires, the surging wine of your hopes of passions.

The stars quiver in their longing for my loftiness, and the moon glows in its hope for my charm and splendor.

Yea, the wind wonders not in vain.

It roams in its longing for my presence and in its quest for my wondrous ways.

I am the sovereign Master of the land and the sea. The earth and the heavens abound in my wonders, and are filled with the power of my presence.

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens. Lo, I am the Light of the world.

That which bestows peace upon my soul, is the heart of the pure—a home wherein I set my affection, rest in peace.

I am the wandering bird of heaven, warbling the songs of unison to the seekers of serenity.

I am a stream from heaven, purging your soul as I flow through the winding paths of purity. For stagnation stifles my spirit.

I am a pebble dropped into an ocean, shoreless and boundless.

I raise waves and then ride on the ripples to the shoreless shores of Eternity.

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens. Lo, I am the Light of the world.

I am peace in the meadow, the dream of your desires, the desire of your dreams, the glow in your eyes, the laughter on your lips.

But my light is entwined with fire, and my laughter tinged with tears and toil.

I am a candle kindled with the flaming fire of passion and desire.

I nourish and give wings to your dreams as I burn the fragments of my own self. I dance to your breaths as I pour tears of toil and breathe the dark smoke of my own sighs.

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens, Lo, I am the Light of the world.

A soul untouched with grief and trial tastes not of the sweetness of my joys.

And a heart untorn by pain and sorrow drinks not from the wellsprings of my wonders.

The mysteries of my being unravel and unfold in a myriad ways.

I am the Self's longing for itself.

I bind in unison those whose hearts are filled with my fragrance, and whose thoughts of memories attuned to my charm.

Yea, I am the Spirit of heavens. Lo, I am the Light of the world.

I am made of the purest and the fairest of virtues—I am sympathy and understanding, devotion and desire, fervor and faith and trust.

I am a heavenly plant planted by the hands of Heaven, a rose of countless petals dancing to the whisperings of the angels.

A hyacinth enchanted with my own fragrance—bending and bowing, shaking and shouting. I am quiescent and serene, but filled with the melodies and songs of Spirit.

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens. Lo, I am the Light of the world.

My roots are nourished from the foods that descend from heaven—patience, care, and compassion;

And my petals reach their boundless ecstasy by the sweet and fragrant breaths of warmth, reverence, and kindness.

Yea, I am the Spirit of the heavens, Lo, I am the Light of the world.

Suffering

Then a man, whose stature had been bent like bow with toils and sorrow, stood near the Temple, raised his voice and said, "O Voice of the heavens, speak unto us of the wisdom of suffering. And he heard a voice crying:

In the beginning, when man's soul was fashioned, it contained only joy and peace and laughter.

Life was simple and the soul pure.

Man had not yet known of toil and grief

Time was a never-ending dawn, crowned with gold and silver and light, robed with rapture and peace.

Then man said to himself, "I love the sweetness of living, but its sameness dulls the spirit of my days.

I must reach out to the unknown, beyond the farthest bounds of the earth, where darkness prevails and thunder strikes, where laughter is tinged with tears and peace tempered with pain and sorrow."

So, with all his might, he climbed a tree and stood tall beyond his reach, and ate of the unripe and bitter fruit of knowledge.

The taste of the fruit suddenly awakened him to a new dawn wrapped in the twilight of mysteries, and gave him the first glimpse of his own self.

The desire of reaching the unreachable, pulled man unto the summit of his dreams, but left him suspended between his vision of greater heights and his knowledge of a perilous fall.

Thus it was that bitterness grew its roots deep into man's heart and soul.

But O children of spirit, as suffering brings sadness, so does it bring joy and wisdom;

The trees in the forest withstand not the gales save by reaching the deepest spheres of the earth.

They pierce, with patience, the heart of layers of the land and cling to every rock as though it were the cord of life.

The rich and boundless sources of nourishment remain but in the deep heart of the earth.

So the deeper your suffering and sorrow, the more abundant our share of wisdom.

In facing misfortunes, O my beloved, let nature guide you to her wondrous ways.

Whether it is a gentle breeze or a mighty gale, the twigs and the leaves always dance to the voice of the wind.

The unyielding spirit breeds naught else but toil and sorrow.

The leaves of the forest loosen not their grip upon the source of their being until the season of separation draws near.

Even so should you cling unto the cord of life, sparing every moment as if it were a boundless joy.

The shield that can spare you against grief and suffering is patience sustained by trust—divine and heavenly. For God's wisdom stand above man's vision.

O children of destiny! Judge not your fate by the dark days of your past, or present,

For you live not in today or yesterday; you live but in Eternity.