

The Rose

by *Rahmana Dziubany*

I dedicate these words to my beloved teachers and friends Murshid Saadi Shakur Chisti, Murshida Mariam Baker and Murshida Kamae Amrapali who are an ongoing SOLirCe of inspiration and nourishment for the garden of my heart.

In The Rose Garden of My Heart

I picked a rose from the garden in the morning,
secretly and with fear that the gardener could discover me. It was
his words that I savoured above my own expectations:
Don't only take the rose.
I give you the whole garden.

- *Mevlana Jellaludin Rumi*

The rose is loved by poets throughout the world. For the Sufis it is the highest expression of religious experience - and the red rose one could say - shines like the divine manifestation of God's glory. It seems to mirror most perfectly the divine beauty. And which bird could mirror most perfectly the music of the heavenly spheres here on earth, it is the nightingale. It is this nightingale which appears as the soulbird in Persian and Turkish poetry - being a symbol for the longing soul promising to love the rose forever and ever.

The poets from Iran in the 11th and 12th century show us in their songs of love and praise over and over again the different faces of the rose and the nightingale:

Look closer! Adam's rose grew there on the branch of love manifested from the colour of His rose. When the nightingale's spirit is intoxicated by this rose, it will hear with the ear of the soul the song of the bird Alastu (Am I not your Lord?) at the source of eternity.

Later Sufis explained their love for the rose with the following: "When the prophet saw the rose, he kissed it, put it on his eyes, and said 'The red rose is a part of Allah's glory.'"

Annemarie Schimmet the German professor and worldwide known expert for Islamic culture and the Sufis knows of another tradition telling about the rose created from the prophet's sweat which poured down on earth whilst he was on his heavenly journey. That's why the rose became the most precious flower on earth. Because Mohammed loved the rose so dearly many poets named him "the nightingale of the eternal garden" - as he unveils us same secrets of the eternal rose ALLAH.

Hazrat Inayat Khanl (1882-1927), musician and mystic and the first who brought the message of Sufism to the West says in his teachings:

"The soul can be likened to the rose; as a rosebud blooms, so the soul unfolds itself. For the rosebud to bloom five conditions are required: fertile soil, bright sun, water, air and space; and the same five conditions are required for the unfoldment of the soul. As a fertile soil is required by the rose bush in order to grow, so education in the spiritual ideal should be given to the child from the moment it is born. When a child is deprived of that most important education in its childhood then the soil is taken away from the roots of the rose....

Is there even one soul however materialistic, which does not wish to unfold? There cannot be.

Every soul has been born to unfold itself; it is its innate tendency; it cannot help it.

... The water that nourishes the rose is the love element. If that element is absent from anyone's life, however great his intellectual knowledge and his desire to seek after truth, he will still remain backward.

... What is it that takes the part of the SUD in the life of man, as the SUD takes part in the growing of the rose? It is intelligence. Everyone may not seem to be intelligent, but the soul itself is intelligence. When the intelligence is covered by the mist of impressions, of ideas of this earth, that intelligence becomes drowned in something, buried under something. When it is discovered, then it is bright as the SUD. The mission of Buddha was mainly intended for this purpose. All that Buddha wished to teach his disciples was to discover that pure intelligence which is above all reasoning and which is the essence of all reason.

The place that air occupies in the growth of the soul is this: air is symbolical for the inspiration which comes to the heart that is prepared for it. And it is not by outward learning but by what one learns through inspiration that the soul is raised towards its unfoldment.

The space which is needed around the rosebush in order to let it grow, means symbolically a wide outlook on life. A person may live a hundred years, but with a narrow outlook he will never see the light. In order to see life clearly the outlook should be wide.

... How can one recognize this development of the soul in which the purpose of life is fulfilled?

... The soul becomes like a rose, and begins to show the rose quality. Just as the rose consists of many petals held together, so the person who attains to the unfoldment of the soul begins to show many different qualities. These qualities emit fragrance in the form of a spiritual personality. The rose has a beautiful structure and the personality which proves the unfoldment of the soul has also a fine structure: in manner, in dealing with others, in speech, in action. The atmosphere of the spiritual being pervades the air like the perfume of the rose.

The rose has seeds in its heart, and so the developed souls have in their heart that seed of development which produces many roses. The rose blooms and fades away, but the essence that is taken from the rose lives and keeps the fragrance that the rose had in its full bloom. Personalities who touch that plane of consciousness may live for a limited time on the earth, but the essence which is left by them will live for thousands and thousands of years, always keeping the same fragrance and giving the same pleasure that the rose once gave."

*Come, come whoever you are... even though
you've broken your vows a thousand times,
come, come again....*

These are the well-known words of Rumi we will sing and dance to at this year's German unicorn camp. When you hear with the ears of your heart the caravan's bell ring, you are invited to come along and visit the rose garden with us - catching the roses' fragrance.

The earth will be our helping friend-when we camp and live out in nature in our little tent village - dancing barefoot under the wide open sky, the Dances of Universal Peace bringing us wisdom, depth, insight joy, music, songs from all corners of this earth....

The sun blesses our steps - in the early morning on our way to the early morning meditation until the sunset, when the unicorn band starts to play and again dancing barefoot - this time with Barbara Besser and sacred circle dances from all over the world.

We enjoy the water - be it as a warm summer rain on our skin or upon the tent roofs, or as delightful open air shower under the sky with a view to green meadows with grazing cows. And maybe you are as lucky as I was last year, when I was offered sisterly support in soaping my back and thus met a new friend.

Also the air is our companion - as a fresh breeze, as breath individually or in a group, when we stand hand in hand, heart to heart in our circles with the sounds of the mantras fade away and

we dedicating all prayers and good wishes to the wellbeing of all that exist on this planet. So that OUT breathing becomes a blessing to all sentient beings.

Finally the space - the space we need to be, to grow, to blossom. Yes, we do have that space! It is very easy to be inspired out there in nature under the endless sky with colourful kids, singing and dancing friends. You feel your winged hearts and your soul's nourishment for those times when the caravan needs to move on, returning to the asphalt cities.

But the time has not come yet... join us, come along if you like, the nightingale's song is already in the air.

"In The Rose Garden of My Heart" was the title of Rahmana's workshop at the German Unicorn camp this year. We worked with the Dances of Universal Peace, Sufi love poems, spiritual walks and Zikhr - to get to know our own rose garden better. The surrender to the rose might be one of the strongest remedies against the exploitation of Mother Earth and her children.

The qualities of the unicorn inspired the people who founded the camp but also people of all ages who visited them since. The unicorn is a bridge between the seen and unseen worlds - it is sensitive, simple, powerful, soft, peaceful and healing, curious, wild and free.

Raja Hakim Fischer imported the Unicorn camps to Germany eight years ago. The camps are electrifying and drug-free. Approximately 200 adults and eighty kids and young people meet every summer in little tent circles around a fireplace on a large piece of farm land. Voice and dance teachers from many traditions and countries work in tents or under the sky with this colourful community. There is a big focus on the integration of children and young people. There is the so called "Family time" in the morning, where everybody meets up in the big tent together with the children - for cosmic fun and laughter with spiritual theatre, dance and song from the world's traditions. Rahmana, Jochen Wuerth from Austria and Demian Oyarse and many many volunteers from all ages play, improvise and celebrate chassidic

children stories, the love story of Shiva and Parvati, family life episodes from Shiva and Parvati's son Ganesh and many more.

Gaze Gently On These Blossoms (Persian)

rendered from The Secret Rose Garden by Sufi poet Mahmud Shabistari, 13th century (from Desert Wisdom, N. D. Klotz)

I have plucked this bouquet of scent from a place I have called
"The secret rose garden."
There roses bloom that reveal
the mysteries of the human heart. There
the lilies tongue really sing.
and the narcissus sees everything perfectly.

With Your heart's eyes, gaze gently on
these blossoms until all doubts fade away.
Hopefully you will find some wisdom, both
practical and mystical, all detailed and
arranged clearly.

Don't use cold eyes to find my mistakes: the
roses may turn to thorns. Ingratitude usually
reveals ignorance, and the friends of truth
are thankful.

If you remember me, please send a little breath of
mercy my way. As the tradition goes, I sign off with
my own name, Mahmud: "May all I do and am return
to praise the ONE."

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