

All fear harsh judgement.
All shrink from it and in its presence.

Its flaming sword reduces
Everything to nothing,

Including him who wields it.

Benevolence knows things take time,
Especially important things.

Gardens need warmth and light
And water, not questions and answers.

As you concern yourself
With the well-being of your neighbors,

As you involve yourself in helping,
You become ever more benevolent,

And as you do, things open to you
In ways that require no sorting out.

Passage

s e v e n t y - t h r e e

What Is Best

Caring is wanting what is best
And doing what is best

For oneself and others.

What is *best* for you
Will not be otherwise for others.

What is *best* for others
Will not be otherwise for you.

Wanting what is best
Without doing what is best,

Is not caring. It is wishful thinking.

Most of us think
We know better than we do.

Most of us think
We are worse than we are.

We can bind ourselves
And blind ourselves with thinking.

When we involve ourselves
With others, we involve ourselves

In realms of feelings and of things
In which the spiritual is more concrete.

What is best is seldom simple.

It is never quick and never easy,
But it is patient,

And it needs to be.

It is wide and it is deep,
But it is not an empty space.

The meaning in it is not hidden,
But there is so much of it,

One cannot sort it out.

Autumn told me I needed to relax,
And she was right.

I had opened up so much
And I had opened to so much,

I did not know what to do
With it all or with myself.

With patience and with time

I have learned humility
And I have learned benevolence.