Dear friends,

Here is another powerful spirit-voice aroused by our critical times. I’m not sure what Robert Rabbin personally means to DO with this passion (and I’m asking him), but the voice-spark coming through him (which is clearly more potent than any individual) is definitely one that should be "blowing in the wind" -- perhaps to help call forth another movement as deeply revolutionary as Gandhi’s, powerful beyond even what Gandhi dreamed. Gandhi spoke of "truth-force" and the compelling power of love and respect. We have only begun to discover how to tap and direct that almost infinite power.

Clearly the peaceful-warrior poetry of the spirit is vividly alive in this time. Remarkable things are happening -- and more remarkable yet could happen. Let yourself catch fire in whatever way most calls you to serve life. All the difference in the world is waiting to be made . . .

Coheartedly,
Tom

PS: Perhaps there are ways to participate in the next waves of protest (Feb 26 and Mar 5 - see http://www.soulstospirit.com/soul/soul_news.asp ) that are true to the passion of the message below. It also may be time for us to remember that "protest" originally meant "to speak out FOR something" (pro + testify, witness). So we might reflect more intently today: What do we care most deeply about? What would we most like to see happen? What change would we most like to see that would finally bring an end to the monumental idiocies that now so threaten life on this, our only planet?

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Mr. Bush: I’m Coming for You with Love
by Robert Rabbin
17 February 2003

Dear Friends:

I wrote the following letter after attending last Sunday’s peace rally in San Francisco, before which my soul was set on fire by Rev. Dorsey Blake’s sermon at the Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples. As I was writing this letter, I heard it in my head, like a sermon. I believe it is meant to be bellowed aloud, not read silently. Feel free to pass this letter along to others.

With love and all best wishes,
Robert Rabbin

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Mr. Bush: I’m Coming for You with Love
by Robert Rabbin

Dear Mr. Bush,

Today is February 17th. Yesterday I attended the peace rally at the Civic Center in San Francisco, along with about 250,000 other people, as diverse a group of human beings as could be found anywhere in the world. I wish you could have been there.

You were, as you might suspect, a central topic of conversation. Your picture was on wide display, though not always in the most flattering of ways. Had you been there, you would have heard many people denounce you for your foreign policy (and for your domestic policies as well). I do not denounce you.
You would have heard many people express their anger and outrage towards you and your administration. I am not angry nor outraged.

You would have heard people criticize and condemn you for your implacable stand for war with Iraq. I do not criticize or condemn you.

Had you been there, you might have felt that many people even hated you. But I do not hate you -- even though you stand alone -- belligerent and defiant -- against the United Nations, against the will and good judgement of the people of the United States, against the will and good judgement of the people of all other nations in the world, against prudence, against reason, against every sacred impulse to preserve life, against the united voices of religious leaders who are the emissaries of wisdom . . . even though you stand alone against all of this I do not hate you.

I love you and I thank you, for you have shown me who is truly responsible and culpable for the current state of affairs. It is not you, nor your administration. Though it would be easy to make a case against you for bullying the world toward World War III, for threatening all prospects of a peaceful and prosperous future for not just our nation but for all nations, I will not do so.

You are not to blame. I am. Not you. Me. This is what you have shown me, and for this I love you and thank you. You have awakened me to my own responsibility for these gathering storm clouds of misery and calamity.

Here is what you have taught me: When I should have been awake, I was asleep. When I should have been involved, I was apathetic. When I should have been paying attention, I was distracted. When I should have been concerned, I was disinterested. When I should have spoken up, I was silent. When I should have been active, I was passive. When I should have stood tall, I crouched meekly. This is what you have taught me.

You have also reminded me of the core teaching of all spiritual traditions and paths: We are all One being, connected and interdependent, sharing the same soul of light and love. From this view, the truth of which is confirmed by my personal experience, you are my own self. How can I blame you? When I look at you, at see myself.

It is not a self I want to see, but there it is. When I see myself in you, I become ashamed, even fearful, for I see how easily I could forget everything I have learned in 30 years of spiritual study and practice. You remind me of who I was, one who had lost his living connection to love. And I am reminded of how without love there is no empathy; and without empathy, there is no feeling; and without feeling, one could plan to send 800 cruise missiles into the cribs and carriages of young children whose names and faces do not exist except as pinpoints on a map, how one could launch a horror the likes of which have never been seen on this Earth, how one could simply push away all good and wise counsel with the brutal hand of military might married to arrogance and ignorance, how one could justify unleashing a firestorm of death on a country, half of whose population is under 15 years of age. Though your motives are clear and indisputable -- revenge, imperialism, and profit -- these are not the true cause. The true cause is that I have forgotten to live what I know; I have forgotten to love the world in real and telling ways. And now I live as you. And
though I speak to you, I am speaking to myself.

You have helped me remember that I am to live what I know, that I am to love the world in real and telling ways. You have helped me awaken from my apathy with a ferocious passion for life. You have touched something deep within me, you have aroused something that is almost fearsome to behold -- it is the power of love, too long forgotten and betrayed. But not now, and I pray not ever again, will I forget or betray love.

And with this awakened and aroused passionate power of love I intend to stop you. So, I want you to know that I am coming for you, now that you have shown me that you are a part of my own self still steeped in forgetfulness and ignorance. I am coming for you, but not with anger or hate or blame. I am coming for you with love. I am going to bring you back into my greater Self, the one that could never, ever -- not in a billion years -- think up the things you have thought up. I am coming for you.

One more thing. Do not underestimate the power of love. Do not add this mistake to the long and growing list of mistakes you have already made. Do not think love is weak, or passive, or fearful. Love created the universe. Love is a power louder than missiles, more powerful than fear, more conquering than hate. Love cannot be stopped, but you can be. And you will be, because I am coming to stop you with love.