

My heart



André Simon

I am a small singing bird. My singing can be heard everywhere from morning to night. I am able to sing short, often varied tunes. The feathers on my breast are bright red. As I did not understand why, I decided to ask for an explanation. I asked my big friend, who sits the whole day long on the branch of an old oak-tree. «My dear, you who know everything, please explain to me the meaning of the red feathers on my breast.»

The owl explained: «Dear Robin, these red coloured feathers on your breast are in the front of your heart. It signifies that you are good-hearted. You make everybody happy with your nice tunes.» «What do you mean by good-hearted?» The owl replied:

«**The good heart**

is the shrine of God with unseen dwellers within. In the middle of the shrine there is a green tree with a singing bird sitting on it. As in every shrine, and in the good heart, the entrance door is open to all beings. The good-hearted accept every new arrival. However, only the kind, amiable dwellers remain there in happiness. In the shrine, unseen dwellers live safely in peace. Paradoxically, although the good heart is crowded with amiable dwellers, there is always more space for every new arrival.»

The volume of the heart

changes permanently and shows great adaptability to all new circumstances.

The length of the heart

is measured by its art of compassion and tolerance. The thankful heart is the greatest virtue.

The width of the heart

is measured by its enormous strength and endurance. Every heart that beats strongly, gives us hopeful impulses.

The height of the heart

is measured by its power of mercy and understanding. A loving heart is the truest wisdom.

The depth of the heart

is measured by its capacity to forgive and assimilate all. It is full of growing fertile seeds, ready to become attached to someone.

The energy of the heart

is measured by its quantity of kindness. This energy warms the soul. If everybody would generate energy through kindness, this would be a sufficient supply to the whole planet. With unlimited energy, mankind would be able to create prosperity on Earth.

The coating of the heart

is soft like the plumage of the bird and is covered with delicate tissue, like silk. If the ordinary silk tissue is torn it is repairable.

The heart of the evil one

is not a shrine, crowded with happy dwellers and singing birds. It is an empty, small, dark insignificant room, without doors and no space for anybody. Silence reigns, like in an empty grave. So the lonely evil being tends to enter the crowded shrine of the good-hearted only with the purpose of hurting and tearing the heart's coating. The tear in the heart's coating, like an open wound, is irreparable and remains forever. Bitter tears pour out through the tear. God himself collects these tear drops; one after another, in separate bowls, one for every offended being. The tear-filled bowls remain in Heaven for eternity.

Quintessence:

Only the good-hearted people are really happy people.

Goodness and happiness are inseparable like Siamese twins.

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