

The Depth of Vision

(Screw up Poverty with this Vision)

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Preface:

A very practical rule

Destroying is always easier than creating. Tearing is simpler than swinging. It takes years to construct a building but it can be destroyed in the blink of an eye. Now, let's see how we can make use of this practical rule. Is it possible to take advantage of destroying poverty instead of making wealth? Doubtlessly, both will lead to the same result.

According to the rule I mentioned earlier, destroying is always easier than creating. Hence, theoretically, if we intend to reach wealth, it's easier to step into the path of eradicating poverty than stepping into the path of reaching wealth.

But the main question is if we can put this idea into practice.

Poverty is an unavoidable fact in the lives of humans. This fact has always been thought-provoking for me. It has been a long time since I have hung pictures of the African kids having become weak and bony out of malnutrition on the wall of my office. One of the common questions asked by my clients is why I have hung lots of sorrowful pictures of poverty in the kids on the wall. My reply to them is always clear and obvious; I see no poverty in the pictures. But I see the definite wealth there.

The story of this book is about a student who aims to investigate different aspects of people's view towards the phenomenon of

poverty for his thesis. At the end, he finds out one person only has the wealth-making view towards the phenomenon of poverty among the subjects.

Chapter 1: Confusion

My father was born in a religious family. The scholars of religions believed that education was illegitimate at that juncture. Hence, my father had never been allowed to receive an education. He had a very good memory and he knew lots of poems by heart. He was in the belief that if he had had the opportunity to go to school, he would have become one of the geniuses in Iran. As he was really interested in Rumi, the great Iranian mystical figure, it was one of his wishes for me to be a literature teacher and acquaint the innocent children of our land with Rumi's love for Shams.

However, I didn't have much interest in literature and mysticism. I had big dreams in my head. I intended to grow rich very fast to be able to provide for myself everything I wanted to travel wherever I wish. That's why I was passionate about the motivational books of popular worldwide authors such as Jim Rohn, Brian Tracy, Darren Hardy and many others.

The argument between me and my father about studying literature always ended with this sentence by him, 'you don't understand.'

'You may find the truth in the pubs

That you have lost at school for ages.'

He used to continue this way: we have the greatest pubs in the world which are the books of Rumi, Hafez, Sohrab,¹ and many other Iranian mystics. So, you must familiarize people worldwide with our pubs.' The sad point was that I myself didn't know these pubs

¹ Sohrab Sepehri (1928 –1980) was a notable Iranian poet and painter. He is considered to be one of the five most famous Iranian poets who have practiced modern poetry alongside Nima Youshij, Ahmad Shamlou, Mehdi Akhavan-Sales, and Forugh Farrokhzad.

well so how could I make the others understand who Rumi was or what the main idea of Hafez was?

My father was in bed sick during the time that I had to choose my major. Cancer was his company in the last years of his life. I didn't have much interest in the major of Persian literature. However, as I had lost my mother in an accident when I was 3 and my father had played the roles of a father and a mother for me at the same time, I didn't want to ignore his wish especially because his life was gradually being ruined by a debilitating illness and I wasn't able to do anything but make him happy. Thus, I chose Persian literature for my major. He used to say, 'if you see people shouting for the death of others, the reason is that love hasn't been taught to them. In a country where the mystics are the greatest ones in the world and the lovers are the strongest, lack of love is unfortunate.' He had recently taken an interest in modern poetry and always hummed a poem by Shamlou.

'I wish they could learn from the Sun to be generous with their pain and happiness even with their stale bread and not to take their knives except for slicing.'

My father wished the Iranian had replaced sorrow with happiness and death with love as their ascendants used to do.

I was in the last year of university when cancer didn't give him a chance of living longer and took him away from me but it could never take his memories. I wish he had attended my dissertation defense session but unfortunately he wasn't there.

I have chosen Mr. Abdi as my instructor for my thesis. He was an old friend of my father. He supported me enormously after the death of my father. He had written lots of books on literature and he had

strong interest in Sohrab Sepehri. The topic of my thesis recommended by him included this part of the poem by Sohrab,

‘Why is clover inferior to a red tulip?

We need to rinse our eyes and view things differently.’

It was the end of my fourth year in university but unfortunately I hadn’t taken any interest yet in my major, Persian literature. In my opinion, clover was so different from a red tulip. The tulips are more beautiful and you can give them to your beloved as the symbol of love but what about clover? It's certainly of high value as fodder. The stockbreeders feed their livestock with clover. However, just because clover is considered as good food for farm animals, I don't think even a lover has ever thought of giving it to his beloved. So why did Sohrab say Clover is not inferior to a red tulip? Mr. Abdi believed that Sohrab viewed it from a different perspective, which I had to find out.

Mr. Abdi was the executive director of the Cultural Centre of Iran as well as our professor in university. After I chose the subject of my thesis, every week he asked me to attend the poetry ceremony on Wednesday nights. It came to my mind that I could raise a question there and then review the answers in order to find out how different the views of people on a subject could be. It would definitely help me a lot to find the attitude of Sohrab Sepehri.

As poverty had always been my concern and seeing poor children had hurt me, I chose poverty as an issue to be considered from different views. On one of those Wednesday nights, I asked Mr. Abdi to give me a chance to raise a question and ask the participants to answer it. Perhaps, it would help me study more the different views of people on a subject. Therefore, I downloaded the picture of a Syrian refugee child named Alan Kurdi who was born in 2013

at the time of the Syrian Civil War. Alan and his family were from Kobani. Alan, his 5-year-old brother and his parents wanted to emigrate from Syria so they set off for a small island, Cos, in Greece on a small boat. Unfortunately, their boat smashed and Alan drowned along with his brother and his mother.

This is how Alan's father recounted the story, ‘After leaving Syria, I settled in Turkey. I had to work there as a construction worker with a daily wage of 50 liras in order not to live off anybody but I still couldn’t afford to make a living so my sister helped with renting out her house to us. Thereafter, my father and my sister gave me an amount of money to go to Europe and make a better living for me and my family. I tried several times to reach Greece but I always failed. Then, I met two people smugglers who were from Turkey and Syria. They demanded €4,000 to take me and my wife and €2,000 for my two sons but I said to them that I had only €4,000. Finally, we were 12 people and we boarded a small fishing boat which was 5 meters long.

After a short while huge waves crashed down on us and the Turkish smuggler jumped onto the sea and abandoned the boat. He left us alone with great waves. At that moment, the boat capsized and I had to take care of my wife and my sons alone. We all were hanging from the overturned boat for an hour. My children were still alive at that point until a great wave pounded the boat and I had to leave one of my sons in order to hold the other one.’

While crying, Abdullah continued, ‘my second son also died afterwards. He was foaming at the mouth so I had to leave him to save my wife though I realized that she had passed away, too. For 3 hours I was floating on the water until the Turkish beach guards arrived and saved me.

At the end, Abu Ghalib stated, ‘I want to beg all the people around the world to give their attention to me and all the Syrian people. Be kind to us and lift the burden from our shoulders. I hope that my 2-year-old son, Alan, will turn into a symbol of misery and suffering of Syrian people.’

Nilüfer Demir, the photographer who took the photo of Alan, the Syrian drowned child, once stated in a live interview, ‘at that moment I wasn't capable of doing anything except taking the photo so I did it. I thought it was the only way to share the shout of his silent body with the world.’

I made some copies of the drowned child’s picture and gave them out to every participant at the poetry ceremony. Then, I asked them to write down their names as well as the first things that came to their minds after looking at the photo of Alan. Having gathered the sheets, I realized that the results were as different as I expected. Most of them had written the word ‘poverty’ on the paper and some had written ‘cruelty’. Some of them had mentioned fear and the others had noticed the innocence and loveliness of the children in the picture. Among all of them just one person held a different view which was a hundred percent inconsistent with what could be implied from the picture. How could somebody simply think of wealth by looking at the poverty of the children? The picture couldn’t remind people of wealth at all. In effect, it could serve as a reminder of everything except wealth.

I wondered if that person would intend to tease me or if he was right the person whom I was looking for.

A person who thinks of wealth in poverty and doesn’t spot any difference between poverty and wealth definitely doesn’t discriminate between the cover and the red tulip. He had written his

name on the paper so it wasn't difficult to find him. His name was Amir.

The next day I went to the office of Mr. Abdi in the university and I asked him to give me an opportunity to meet with Amir. He said that he knew Amir very well. He added, 'try to arrange a short meeting with him as....' His phone rang so his sentence remained unfinished. As I was in a hurry to go to the class, I waved him goodbye and left. Mr. Abdi sent a message then saying he had arranged a meeting with Amir at a park near the university under the old weeping willow at 5 p.m. sharp on the same day.

I went there earlier to get ready to meet this different man. Beforehand, I gathered some information on the existing poverty in the world on the internet to prove to him that there was no wealth in the scary, rough look of poverty.

It was exactly 5 sharp when a 14 or maybe 15-year-old teenager who was thin with short black hair and dark skin in a red T-shirt asked for permission to sit on the bench where I was sitting. A bruise on his wrist attracted my attention. I asked him not to sit there and said that I had a meeting with somebody whom I was waiting for.

The teenager replied, 'you have a meeting with me. I looked at him in surprise. I asked him if he was Amir and his answer was yes. I wondered if I would expect to meet a 50-year old man and also I decided that the bruise on his wrist was a sign of looking for trouble. I asked him if he was the person who had noticed wealth in poverty and the answer was a definite yes. He spoke very confidently. I wondered when I showed the statistics for poverty gathered on the internet, he would lose his confidence. Thus, I asked, 'Do you know that one child dies of starvation every 6 seconds?' And I continued, 'it's about 1 minute that we are talking. So during this time 10

children have already died. Imagine it is painful let alone knowing that these kinds of things happen on the earth like a piece of cake.’ I asked him if he had ever seen a child perishing due to starvation. He answered, ‘yes, there are a lot of pictures like this on the internet.’ Then, I posed another question, ‘Do you still see wealth in the poverty of children?’

He said, ‘if we are ignorant, the destructive power of the life flood will sweep us away. Nonetheless, we can overcome it by knowledge and make use of its water and energy. Poverty is similar to flooding or even much more destructive. Yet, if we are in love, we can control the existing power in poverty to change it to wealth. We can even use wealth in order to meet the needs of the poor.’ I remarked, ‘yes, if we recruit poor children to work, we will certainly get to wealth.’

In answer to me, he recited the verse of a poem,

‘You see the hair and Majnoon sees the curls of hair,

You see the eyebrows and he sees the hints of eyebrows.’

I knew the poet, Vahshi Bafqi, who was a poet. The story of the poem is that a fault finder addresses Majnoon and says to him that his beloved is not beautiful so he'd better fall in love with another girl. Majnoon answers, ‘if you were in place of my eyes, you would not see anything except the beauty of the girl.’ Majnoon continues, ‘You see the hair and Majnoon sees the curls of hair. I mean, you just look at the appearance of your hair but I look at the curls of your hair in which lots of hearts are captured.’

It seemed that Amir had something to say. I wondered maybe he was the person whom I was looking for. I asked him to sit down on the bench and explain more how it was possible to see wealth in poverty. He said, ‘when you are standing on the highest peak in the

world, you are, indeed, beside the deepest valley, as well. So it's not impossible to find the most wealth in the poorest scenes, either.

Jesus Christ said, 'if you want to find life, you need to lose it first.' He meant that if you want to become alive, you must gift your life, i.e. life exists in generosity.

I wondered how beautifully this young boy had put the contradictions together. He talked about them as though they were one and the same; poverty and wealth, the peak and the valley, death and life.

Chapter 2: The Birth of Love

I said to him that he hadn't answered me yet. He replied, 'to see wealth in poverty, you have to be a lover first. Then you must lose everything with the help of love and finally you need to see well.'

He continued, 'the story of the answer to your question starts on a day in the fall.' I asked why it's fall? He said because fall is the season of lovers and love is the undisputed child of fall.

Then, he told the story.

'It was a day in the fall when I was waiting for the bus at the bus stop to go to school. Suddenly I caught sight of a very beautiful girl who was approaching the stop. Her black hair could be seen through her hijab. She stepped with dignity. I had a strange feeling about her as if I had known her for years. I stared at her face immediately and for a brief moment our eyes met. As soon as I saw that much beauty all together in a face, I looked down with shame subconsciously. I wished I had dared to gaze at her eyes once more but I regretted lacking the courage. She looked taller than normal in her black high-heeled shoes. She was wearing a short black manteau. It looked as if the dressmaker had sewn it in a careful way. She was also wearing black crepe flares. She stood behind me in the stop. I got butterflies at my stomach and a strange shiver ran through me. I still wasn't courageous enough to turn around and look at her beauty. Undoubtedly God had done his best to make her eyes so beautiful that in a fraction of a second something happened that shouldn't have.

Falling in love happened in a second.

The world was that moment.

At the moment that your eyes,

Stole me from the depth of my eyes. (By Afshin Yadollahi)

There was a lump in Amir's throat and his forehead was sweating a little. He fell silent and said nothing else. I went quiet, too. I didn't like to break his silence. The howl of wind combing the hair of the weeping willow attracted my attention. I noticed a cypress which was rocking its branches very gently so that the little sparrow cheeks, which had just fallen asleep, wouldn't wake up. The grass was the audience of the crickets' concert and it was dancing in the wind in harmony with their song.

I had never heard the sound of silence that clear.

Amir got up and went far away in the dark without saying goodbye. I watched him walk away. I didn't even want to break the silence of his going so I said nothing and I contented myself with watching him fade away in the dark clothes of night.

What a strange secret there is in love which can change a 14-year old teenager to a 50-year old man!

I was a child. They made me old and infirm furtively.

Whatever life befalls us, it does secretly. (By Shahriar)

Although his words were left unfinished and he said nothing about the meeting the next day, I knew what time I would meet him again. As Ali Salehi says, 'may our meeting be at the very same pleasant time.' So I was counting the minutes to meet Amir again the next day impatiently.

The next day I arrived there earlier than the previous day. I knew he would come. Time was passing slowly. It was ten minutes past 5 but he hadn't showed up yet. I got worried. A quarter passed and I

was waiting for him with bated breath. I was waiting for half an hour and I saw every teenager wearing a red T-shirt as Amir.

I am a fellow traveler with wine in changing from yellow to red,

I am in the company of anxiety in changing from yellow to red.
(By Qeysar Aminpour²)

Then, suddenly, somebody put his hand very gently on my shoulder behind me. I turned around quickly and realized he was the person I was waiting for.

I told him that he had been late. He answered, ‘it is supposed to be uneasy and that’s it.’ I asked him to sit down and explain himself. He said, ‘it was three months after I had fallen in love. My closest friend was really worried about me and couldn’t bear to see me burn with love. He asked me to meet Mr. Omrani. He believed that Mr. Omrani could find the best solution for me.

Mr. Omrani was our Persian literature teacher. He had written lots of books over the years of his life. The students said that he had fallen in love with a girl but nobody knew why she had left him. For this reason, Mr. Omrani never got married. He knows love very well, no doubt about it.

I followed his advice and arranged a meeting with Mr. Omrani. When I entered his room, I couldn't find anywhere to sit. There were piles of books everywhere on the tables, even on the chairs. He picked up some books from a chair and said to me, ‘seat yourself here my son.’

² Qeysar Aminpour (born May 2, 1980 in Gotvand - died November 29, 2007 in Tehran) was a contemporary Iranian writer, university lecturer, and poet.

I sat in the chair and he sat at his desk. I posed a question abruptly, 'what does love mean?' He gave a smile and said, 'love is something that makes the lover try to reach his beloved.' I laughed out aloud, a bitter laugh which was clear to be bitterer than any crying.

'My bitter laughter is sadder than crying

Crying doesn't work anymore so I laugh at it.'

I said to Mr. Omrani, 'There are no more miserable lovers than me.' He looked at me with surprise and said, 'lovers are not miserable at all. If they were so, they wouldn't fall in love. Love is a loan from God. You had assuredly deserved to fall in love so you must try to be trustworthy.

I asked him, 'what if you don't even know whom you love and you can't even remember her face as you have seen her just for a moment? What if you felt so ashamed that you had quickly looked down and you can remember the material and color of her shoes but not the color of her eyes? And what if you have gone to the place where you met her for the first time for 3 months everyday but you don't know who you are looking for?' I got a lump in my throat. I couldn't continue anymore. I couldn't help my tears running down. I lowered my head and tried to hide my tears from Mr. Omrani. He was staring at the corner of the desk gently and listening to me. As soon as I burst into tears, he started to hum a song of Homay in a very quiet voice,

'I'm the most loving man in the world.

Your true love is still in my heart.

Time passed and you left but I.....

I am still waiting in ambush in these alleys.

Right here, like in the Childhood.

I will be waiting at the top of our alley,

When you come back from school.

To see your laughter just for a moment'

He got up and kneeled on the floor in front of me. Then, he put his hand on my shoulder and looked at my watery eyes. He said, 'don't worry. It's supposed to be uneasy so that's it. It's not supposed to reach love. Shams was supposed to make Rumi fall in love with him and then leave. Shams wasn't supposed to stay. The amount of your love is measured by the amount of your restlessness.'

As Rumi said, "my heart is getting more miserable with your grief everyday.

Your hard heart is getting more hateful to me.

You left me but your grief hasn't left me alone.

Indeed, your grief is more faithful than you."

My son! Always remember that the grief of the beloved is always more faithful than her. The reason is given by Rumi,

"The most beautiful ones don't have to be faithful,

You, the pale lover! Be patient and faithful."

A tremendous relief flooded through me after listening to Mr. Omrani. I just realized that the responsibility of lovers is not reaching love. They are supposed to burn in love until they become nothing.

Amir stood up. I knew it was time to go. I said I would be waiting for him the next day. He nodded his agreement and went.

Chapter 3: Annihilating the ego

Amir got there earlier than me the next day. He was holding a small whiteboard in his hand and drawing something on it.

I said to him, 'I can't understand why love wants to make lovers lose everything. People want to become somebody so if the outcome of love is becoming nothing, it will lose its importance.' He said, "That's because everything is becoming nothing." To become everything, you need to become nothing first. As Rumi said,

"I found true individuality in non-individuality.

Therefore, I wove my individuality into non-individuality.'"

I asked Amir to explain it more as I couldn't understand it. He stared at the sky as if he was looking for something in the clouds. He asked if I could see that cloud in the sky and I answered yes. Next, he asked, 'what does it look like?' I said it looked like a horse and he said, 'that's right but why didn't you say it was a horse and instead you said it was a cloud which looked like a horse?' I replied, 'that's clear because it's made of the same material as the cloud's and not the horse's. In fact, the shape doesn't matter and the material is important.' Then, he said, 'by your opinion, the materials are more important than the shapes in terms of understanding the nature of things and you mean you don't consider a cloud horse, which is very similar to a horse, as a horse. Instead, you see it as a cloud, right?' I said, 'it's unquestionably right.'

'Well' he said and turned his whiteboard to face me and continued, 'what do you see on the board?' I answered, 'a manikin.' Then he asked, 'why don't you say a whiteboard similar to a manikin the same as a horse which was not a horse but a cloud? So, this manikin is a whiteboard, too.' He erased the manikin and asked me what I

saw. I said, 'just a whiteboard.' Then, he said, 'it was a whiteboard from the beginning but as a series of lines had seemingly separated the whiteboard into parts, you only saw the lines and not the whiteboard.'

So you determined that it was a manikin. Love does the same thing as the whiteboard eraser did with a manikin. The eraser erased the lines of the manikin and proved to us it wasn't a manikin but a whiteboard. Indeed, it changed the manikin into a big whiteboard. It eliminated the borders of the manikin and made it as big as the whiteboard, so does love with people. Love doesn't leave anything remaining from true self, ego or whatever you want to call it. When the manikin realizes that it isn't a manikin right after its limiting borders fade out, you will also understand that you belong to the absolute truth as much as a piece of rock straight after love removes your borders. Some people call the absolute truth God and some the universe. When the eraser of love comes, erases you and leaves nothing out of you, you feel the weight of being as Sohrab Sepehri said. Then, you will find out you can't even remove the grit from the world owing to the fact that it is made of God the same as the cosmos and it is made of the universe the same as the cosmos.'

I told him, 'I didn't understand. Please explain it further. How is it possible that a piece of rock is the same as the universe?' He replied, 'as Masiha Barzegar says, it is due to our quantitative views that we cannot consider the rock the same as the universe. A big wave is the sea the same as a small wave. You didn't see the cloud as a horse because it was made of clouds, so the nature of a piece of rock is of God and you must look at the stone as God. You cannot say a piece of rock is not of the universe just because it is small. Also, you cannot say a cloud is not a cloud just because it is small, and only the big ones are clouds.'

Osho once told a story, ‘a mystic was dying. He called all of his students over to teach them the last and indeed the most important lesson. Suddenly, they heard squirrels running on the top of the roof. The mystic shouted out, “Be quiet, the squirrels are playing on the roof.” and then took his last breath and died. It was his last lesson that the playing of the squirrels is no less important than the death of a mystic.’

Amir paused for a moment. His forehead was sweating. I guessed he wasn't feeling well so I said, ‘if you don't feel well, we can stop talking.’ He answered, ‘we don't have much time’ and continued, ‘Rumi spoke for the trees, the rocks and all the phenomena on the Earth.

“We are hearing, seeing and alert.

We are just silent with you, the illegitimate.”

Rumi meant that all the phenomena could speak and see and they are alert. When we are illegitimate and we have limits separating us from the phenomena, we find them silent. Love removed the limits of Rumi and made him legitimate to the phenomena so he was able to hear them and convey their voice to us.

Rumi even once said,

“I'm mistaken whether I am you or you are me.’

It means that love had removed the limits of Rumi in a way that he wasn't able to distinguish himself from God as well as the universe. He saw himself and the universe as a whole.

Since Mansour Hallaj hadn't had any limits, he saw himself as God and shouted, “I am the Truth.” He also said, “I am the very person who loves him and the very person whom I love is me.”

So, if you pick the eraser of love and remove your limits, you will realize that you, I and that Syrian child are all one although we live in different countries.

Love removes your limits. As a result, the stronger love is, the lighter your limits will become and finally you will change into nothing. At that juncture, you will find out that you are everything including the mountain, the sea, the tear, the smile and even that Syrian child. At that point, you will be whole with everyone and everything.

Rumi was the greatest believer at his age until he was 38 years old. If you want to make a devotee lose everything, you only need to make him dance. If he gets angry and sheds blood out of wrath, his reputation won't be ruined but if he starts to dance, he will lose everything. Rumi used to do Sama for hours. If you ask the devotee (especially someone as famous and reliable as Rumi) to go to the bazaar and buy wine, he will lose all of his dignity and credit. Love for Shams did the same with Rumi. In actual fact, it took everything away from him.

“I was a devotee, you made me sing.

You led me into benders.

I was a devout worshiper.

You changed me in the toy of kids in the streets.” ’

Amir stood up, said goodbye and went. I wanted to think about his words more so I kept sitting there. I wondered what he said made sense. But how does he want to reach wealth with a mystical view? As I was studying Persian literature in university, I knew a lot about the lives of many mystics. But I didn't know anyone looking for wealth. I really liked to know how Amir wanted to link mysticism

to wealth and see wealth in poverty by a mystical view and create wealth.

Chapter 4: Mystics Are Our Teachers

The next day Amir and I arrived at the same time at 5 under the weeping willow. I said to him, ‘whatever you have said so far is true. Love is born in the fall and it leaves you nothing. It shows that you, me and the Syrian child are one. You look at things mystically. But the question is, is the mystic view not contrary to wealth? And can such a view ever reach wealth? I'd love to grow rich, so I'm really interested in reading the books of motivational authors. It's hard for me to understand how it is possible to get rich through the mystic and romantic view.’

Amir said, ‘I don't know how familiar you are with the motivational speakers but I know very well that there won't be any success in anything unless there is love for it. So when it comes to love, the mystics are better teachers in teaching love compared to the motivational authors since they have known love for centuries. Particularly, if you intend to summarize all the doctrines of the mystics in a word that will be merely love.

Jack Zufelt, one of the motivational speakers, says, “I took up a lot of courses on success and I did whatever the professors asked me to do but I couldn't achieve success. For instance, I was asked to write down my goals and read them two or three times a day. I used to do it but it was met with no success. Indeed, 20 % of my goals were caught. This rate of failure was not acceptable anywhere. I couldn't catch my goals because the formula of success taught by those professors lacked something and that was the burning love.” Jack believes that the formulas of success lack the burning love.” Now

notice the verse Hafez wrote regarding love for the beloved 6 centuries ago,

“In the path to the abode of Leili, the true beloved, wherein there are dangers,

The first condition of its step is that Majnoon, the perfect lover, thou be.”

It means the first condition to reach your beloved or your goal is to be madly in love.

Jack adds, “When I ask the participants in my seminars, if they have ever attended other seminars, too, their answers are positive. Then I ask them how long they have been able to keep their motivation for achieving success after the seminars and they answer for 2 days, 2 weeks or as soon as the seminar has finished. It clarifies this point that even the best motivational speakers won't obtain any desired results unless their students have burning love in catching their goals. I'm in the belief that if you are looking for a burning love which must be placed in the formula of success, as Jack says, the mystics know its address better than the successful authors.

But I want to raise an important point. The views of most motivational speakers on love are different from the mystics', in the way that mystics believe at first you must fall in love then follow your goals with love whereas most of the motivational speakers say that you need to set your goals first then use the burning love to catch them. In the view of mystics, love is the most important thing and goals are the reasons to fall in love. But according to the motivational speakers, goals are the most important things and love is a tool to catch them. It reveals that love is comprehensive in the opinions of the mystics. To make it clear, you first reach the city of love then whatever you want to do there, will be done with love. On

the contrary, by the motivational speakers, love is linear. It means that the path of success is moving from point A to point B. Just in this path, you show love but in other stages of life, love has nothing to do.

In the mystical view, as soon as you fall in love, you have caught your goal which is burning in love while in the views of motivational speakers, nobody will be considered as a successful person unless he reaches a stage called success.

I said to Amir, 'well, what's the problem using love as a tool to reach goals? Is it not true that attaining goals is the only thing that matters and everyone wants to achieve them?'

Amir asked me what my goal of reading the books on success was. I said that I wanted to get rich. Then, he asked why? I answered, 'because I don't want to feel concerned anymore about reaching my demands and my relatives' and friends' goals.' He asked, 'why do you want to meet the needs of you and your companies?' I said, 'I can have peace and quiet this way and I won't worry over them any longer.'

He told me, 'when I ask different people about the reasons they want to grow rich, they state that on the whole they look for wealth to feel comfortable. You can reach wealth through the path of comfort which means that you can reach the city of comfort then wealth but you can't reach comfort through the path of wealth. It seems as if you have held a horn backwards and you're blowing into it. You wonder why it doesn't make any sound.

The fact that you're looking for wealth reveals that you're not satisfied with your current living conditions. You make and keep yourself dissatisfied in order to reach wealth and you expect wealth to give you satisfaction which is impossible. Nothing comes out of

the sack but what is in it. When you keep yourself dissatisfied, you will remain dissatisfied and there is no calm in the path of dissatisfaction. It means that you may become the richest person in the world through this path but you won't find any comfort there. But you can take the path backwards that is you fall in love first then you reach wealth through the path of love. Therefore, you can kill two birds with one stone through this path.

Masiha Barzegar, the contemporary Iranian mystic, says, “Feeling happy is not based on trying at all. When you try to become happy, indeed, you want to change what it is to what it isn't. It means that you are full of misery and you are trying to reach happiness. As long as you try to reach happiness, you are unhappy. The reason is that you have already admitted to being unhappy as you're looking for happiness. You may get something this way but definitely you won't feel happier by getting things. A person who constantly tries to be something that is not at present won't be able to feel happy and the person who is not happy can't feel calm.

Gabriel Garcia³ says, “I learned something at the age of 40. The key to living happily is not doing something that you love but loving something that you do.”

This saying subtly shows the difference between love in the views of mystics and motivational speakers. Gabriel means that doing something that you love doesn't make you happy. For example, if you are interested in soccer and you are the best soccer player in the world, it doesn't make you happy. Happiness lies in loving whatever you do which means that you need to reach the city of love first then whatever you do there is the very happiness. When you enter this

³ Gabriel García Márquez (6 March 1927 – 17 April 2014) was a Colombian novelist, short-story writer, screenwriter, and journalist.

city, if you take a walk, you do it with love. If you drink water, you do it with love. If you look at the eyes of children, you do it with love and if you like somebody, you also do it with love. Happiness lies in the shadow of the love tree, not in the place of catching goals. A happy person first steps into the city of love and then whatever he does is done with love. But, if you like soccer, you are not happy in your whole life but only successful in playing soccer.’

Amir went quiet. There was a lot of sweat on his forehead. I thought the bruises on his hand had increased. He didn't tend to talk about his disease at all. I said that I was worried about him and I asked him why he didn't visit a doctor.

He stood up and recited two verses by Rumi,

‘I will affect my heart in the sorrow of love.

I will use my soul as a shield against the arrow of blight.

The life I have not spent in your love,

Today, I will make up for it with the blood of my heart.’

Then he added, ‘next session will be our last meeting.’ I felt that he was keeping himself still very hard.

I also got up and put my hand on his forehead. I found out that he had a fever. I said, ‘you're not feeling very well. Let me give you a ride home.’ So I accompanied him home. When we arrived, he asked me to leave but I didn't care and rang the doorbell. His mother opened the door. As soon as her eyes met his, she shouted, ‘where on earth have you been? Do you want to kill yourself? You must take a rest.’ It seemed as if he wasn't listening to what his mother was saying. He was staring at her eyes and smiling. He turned to me and said, ‘our meeting will be at the very same pleasant time. He

closed the door immediately and went inside. I was really worried about him. I wondered why this boy didn't care about his health.

I hadn't gotten to the end of the alley that I heard somebody calling me. It was Amir's father approaching me in a hurry. He reached out to me, panting hard. He said, 'could you please stop meeting my son? He just needs to rest. He doesn't feel fine at all.' I asked him about Amir's disease and he said that he had blood cancer. I said, 'oh God.' I wondered if the bruises on his hand and sweating too much were due to his disease. As Amir had told me that the next day would be our last meeting, I preferred to refuse his father's request. His health was much more important to me, though, so I asked him to tell Amir that our meeting the next day would be canceled and I would go on a trip for 3 days. Then, I left his father and thought about Amir all the way back home.

A wise man once said that when mystics grow to a certain level, they don't have any reasons to stay in the world anymore.

However, Amir was too young and his only sin was that he had fallen in love too early and hence grew up too early.

As I didn't want Amir to call me and persuade me to cancel my three-day trip, I turned off my cell phone and set off to meet one of my friends living in a village. I really love living in the country but it was the first time that I felt suffocating there. Time was passing very slowly. I wished those 3 days would pass faster. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. Actually, I was in limbo which was apparently 3 days but it lasted much more. In the morning of the 4th day, as soon as I turned on my cell phone, Mr. Abdi called me and shouted at me without saying hello, 'Where on earth are you?' I told him about my trip. Then, he asked me why I had turned off my cell phone and added, 'it doesn't matter, anymore. Amir is not feeling

well at all. Go to the hospital as soon as you can. Amir's father has called me several times to find you and ask you to go to the hospital quickly.'

Chapter 5: Wealth in Poverty

I set off hurriedly and ran to the edge of the road from the village without pausing for breath. I saw a pick-up coming closer to me. I didn't know what I was doing but I ran into the road and closed my eyes. The driver honked his horn continually and I heard the screech of brakes. As soon as I opened my eyes, I saw the car close up. The driver got off angrily and came close to me shouting, 'have you gone crazy? I almost killed you.' Then, he put up his hand to give me a slap on my cheek. I said to him, 'my best friend needs me. He's in the hospital and he doesn't feel well at all. Please drive me there.' He hesitated for a moment. Then, he dropped his hand and asked me to get in the car. He took me to the hospital rapidly. When I got out of the car, I put my hand into my pocket fast in order to pay the fee. But the driver went away quickly. It turned out that he knew loving a friend very well. So, I asked the reception the number of Amir's room and rushed to his room.

There were a lot of doctors and nurses standing at the door. When I entered the room, I cast my eye over his bed. He was covered with a white cloth. His mother was shouting very loudly and repeating, 'my son left me alone.' I felt weak in my legs and I realized that I could not stand on my feet anymore. I got to the wall and sank down on the floor beside it. I was moaning and murmuring, 'how soon it gets late.' I don't know how long I was sitting there that Amir's father noticed me and came to me. He took me by the arm and said, 'stand up my son and sit on the chair.' He brought me a glass of sugary water and said, 'I asked Mr. Abdi to tell you to come here very soon. It's late now but thank you anyway. I said to Amir several times that you wouldn't go to the meeting but he didn't listen to me.

He came back home later than usual that night and he was feeling worse. Yesterday afternoon, he had a seizure and fainted. So we took him to the hospital. We couldn't understand what Amir meant, but he was calling you all night till morning repeating the sentence, 'take a look at the picture again. You'll also see wealth in poverty.'

Amir's father was mouthing something but I couldn't hear anything anymore. I got up. I couldn't stand sitting there any longer so I went out of the hospital. Whenever I don't feel well, I have gone for a walk till I can't take another step due to exhaustion since I was a kid.

'I am captive to the moment when the bartender says,

"Have another cup," and I am content to resist.' (By Omar Khayyam)⁴

I walked for hours. I walked and walked. When I came to my senses, I found myself sitting on the same bench under the weeping willow at the park. I had been gazing at the cypress across from me when suddenly I remembered what Amir's father had told me. I took the picture of the Syrian child out of my pocket. Whatever Amir had told me was parading before my eyes. Masiha Barzegar says, 'may the view be praised which sees a tree inside a seed and a sea inside a drop.'

I stared at the picture. I didn't see the sea, nor the sky, nor myself. Indeed, I saw nothing except the child. For the first time I felt that I wasn't myself and whatever I saw was the child. I remember the lesson Amir had taught me. When Amir erased the drawing of the manikin, I noticed that it wasn't the manikin but the whiteboard.

⁴ Omar Khayyam (18 May 1048 – 4 December 1131) was a Persian polymath, mathematician, astronomer, philosopher, and poet. He was born in Nishapur, in northeastern Persia, and was contemporary with the rule of the Seljuks around the time of the First Crusade.

Amir had told me that it was the same thing love did with him. Love would leave nothing for him and he could hear the steps of love gradually possessing his heart.

But there was no sense of self in the picture. It was just a child. So, I changed to that child and all the children who go to sleep in hunger and those who cross the sea in fear to reach a better life. I felt the power of poverty from the bottom of my heart. There was no self in the picture but just the child. I turned into that child. The child didn't want to pass all that way and keep calm this way. So I turned into not wanting. However, when I noticed carefully, I realized that the child had to take this long journey as he wanted to seek refuge from poverty. In order to prevent that child and all the other children from taking such a journey due to poverty, I had to turn into wealth. So I did. Finally, I was able to see wealth in that picture and I turned into wealth.

‘Seek the gem, you are the very gem.

Having a craving for bread, you are the very bread.

If you discover this secret, you will discern everything.

Whatever you seek defines your character.’ (By Rumi)

Chapter 6: Conclusion

Some years have passed since then. I have learnt that there are some extraordinary powers hidden in phenomena such as poverty and cruelty. Love extends the limits of humans by eliminating self or ego in a way that you will realize that you are the poor and oppressed one.

Mother Teresa intended to travel to India in order to build the biggest orphanage there but as she didn't have enough money to pay for the trip, she asked one of her friends to buy a one-way ticket for her from England to India. When she arrived in India, she went to a bishop in a big church and made her request. The bishop admired her decision on making the biggest orphanage in India and then asked her how much money she had in order to carry out her plan. Mother Teresa answered that she had only 3 shillings. At that time, you couldn't even buy a loaf of bread with that small amount of money. The bishop looked at her with surprise and said it was impossible to build an orphanage with 3 shillings. In reply to him, Mother Teresa said, 'that's right. It's impossible to build any orphanages by 3 shillings. But 3 shillings in addition to the company of God makes it possible. Afterwards, Mother Teresa built the biggest orphanage in India as well as a lot of orphanages in other countries. The important point is that the bishop had no love for children so he hadn't erased the lines surrounding and limiting him. As a result, he saw himself just as a bishop with his limited abilities. But love for the orphans attracted Mother Teresa from England to India. It erased her limiting lines and extended her surrounding lines to the borders of the biggest orphanage in India. It wasn't Mother Teresa anymore as she had turned into the biggest orphanage in

India with all the children living there. Therefore, Mother Teresa had gained so much power that she became able to take care of the orphans in the biggest orphanage in India. As her borders had been extended, she achieved her goal of building the biggest orphanages in the world only with 3 shillings.

When you fall in love, you can lead the power of love to any path. I once asked a teenager, 'why weren't you accepted in the university entrance exam even though you were the top student in your class?' He replied, 'because I fell in love with a girl the year before my exam. From that time, I wasn't able to study my lessons any longer. I was just crying in the separation.' Then, I said to him, 'love is something that makes the lover try to reach his love. When you fall in love, you have an engine of movement which is called love as well as your attempts. It's true that love sets fire to the lover and burns him but it gives you energy, too. You can use the energy in the path to reach your love if you tend to do so and you can use it to make more efforts. Then, I raised this question, 'is the path of reaching love flatter for an educated person or an uneducated one?' And I continued, 'it's abundantly clear that education makes your path flatter so spend the existing energy in love on making the path of reaching love flatter and use the moving engine of love in order to make more efforts in your studies.'

Dan Lok, the king of selling luxurious and expensive goods, said, "I lived with my mother separated from my father. He used to send money to us. My mum was once talking on the phone. Suddenly, she burst into tears. I knocked on the door of her room and asked her if everything was ok. She answered me yes and said that there was nothing wrong. She asked me not to worry. But then I found out that she had been talking with my father on the phone. He told

my mother that he had gone bankrupt and he wasn't able to send us money anymore. Although my mom was always a really happy woman, I can't forget her face that day. There was no hope on her face. She didn't know what to do. She had been a housewife for her whole life. At that moment, I said to myself that I did not want to see my mom in such a situation anymore. It wasn't important to me any longer what to do or how hard something was to be done. That moment was the moment of turning a naughty boy who had always been picking fights on the streets into the king of luxurious and expensive goods in the US. The barriers at Dam Lok had been extended to provide welfare for his mother. Indeed, Dan put the power of poverty with the help of the love for his mother on the path which led to wealth.

Jim Rohn, the great motivational speaker who had been followed by a lot of famous motivational authors such as Darren Hardy, Brian Tracy,⁵ and Tony Robins, said, "Somebody once knocked on the door. I opened up and saw a Boy Scout asking me to buy a cookie. But I didn't even have 2 dollars to buy one. So I told the child that I had bought some cookies from another Boy Scout. When he left, I felt ashamed of telling a lie. I wondered why I didn't have just two dollars to pay for the cookie. I've decided to reach a lot of wealth to afford to buy any cookies from any Child Scouts.⁷ Indeed, love for making those children happy made Rohn to attempt reach wealth so he could buy all the cookies from the Child Scouts. Jim did not step into the path of growing rich. But he stepped into the wealth domain

⁵ Brian Tracy (born; January 5, 1944) is a Canadian-American motivational public speaker and self-development author.

to make the Boy Scouts happy. And at last, he achieved his goal. These people did not involve themselves in creating wealth, but in eliminating poverty, because the energy that creates poverty can be turned into wealth with the help of love. Therefore, your love for children can also make you grow rich in order to prevent children from going on a journey due to poverty.

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