

Radiant Star

A POEM BY

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Mrs. Van Anderson Gordon has also written: The Journal of a Live Woman, The Mystic Scroll, The Right Knock and Carroll's Conversion (It Is Possible); The Story of Teddy (for children), Temple Teachings & The Illumined Life. Information regarding any of the foregoing works can be had now of THE LITTLE BROTHER PUBLISHING COMPANY at 1301 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO

TO MARY
ANDERSON 1910

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**DEDICATED
TO NOBLE SOULS
EVERYWHERE
WHOSE LIGHT IS SHINING
WHEN THEY
KNOW IT NOT**

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FOREWORD



As Radiant Star,
That shineth far
Upon Earth's midnight darkness deep,
Doth thro' the night
A beacon light
Become for wandering feet,
So souls may shine,
With love divine
To light Life's lonely midnights dark
For those who struggle on apart,
Bewildered, lone and sick at heart.

O Soul divine,
Arise and shine.
Send forth thy radiant love-filled beams
Till all who pine
In sorrow's line
May spring, awakened from their dreams
Of loss and pain
To walk again
With hope and courage toward the Day.

O Star of Life, in every ray
Send love and light upon Earth's way.

I

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**The Mask of Grief that binds the soul
And makes a desert of the world.**

THE PRAYER



HLONE and sighing as one disheartened by
Repeated failure to achieve the goal
For which she labored, a Woman sat beside
A table and leaned her tired head upon
Her hand. The night was still and sultry with
A stifling heat. The light grew dim. A moth
That fluttered to the fatal glow at last
Had fallen victim to its blind ambition.
Unheeding sat the lonely one, nor heard
The katydid which chirped so cheerily in
The grass outside, nor smelled the faint sweet odors
That floated through the open window of
The humble home. The blackness of her grief
Was like a thick-wove mantle wound and bound
Around her, imprisoning every sweet
And tender impulse in her anguished heart.
But suddenly despair unlocked the gate
Of tears. The Woman cried aloud and wrung
Her hands, while sobs and tears bespoke her torture.
And then the tumult passed. Selfless, she prayed:

RADIANT STAR

"So lonely, lonely, Lord, am I, since he,
My precious boy was taken from my arms!
And now I pray for place amongst Thine own
Whose lives are given to Thee, for Thy world's
betterment.

No gift have I to bring, dear Lord, except
The gift of love, for love's dear sake, to those
Who need. Thou knowest how circumscribed my life
Has been, how bound about by petty cares,
How lacking in the time to do the work
In Thy great world where work is needed most.
I have no special skill of mind or hand,
Dear Lord," she prayed, "I cannot sing to charm—
Away the pangs of loneliness or grief—
I cannot teach, nor preach, nor paint great pictures,
Nor tell of dawns or sunsets, or scenes on land
Or sea, that make my heart enlarge
But leave my tongue helpless and mute.
My Father, I can but serve in homely ways;
But here! My arms are waiting to be filled—
('Twas he, my boy, who taught them how to love.)

THE PRAYER

**My heart is beating true; my feet but wait
Thy call to bear Thy message where Thou wilt.
And now, O God, I only wait Thy placing—
But let it be a place of breadth and scope,
Where I can love and serve Thy needy ones
Most mightily. My heart is starving since
My boy is gone. Yet not for self do I
Ask Love, but only for the loveless ones
Who do not know its blessedness.**

Amen."



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**Sweet Sympathy, whose tender heart
Doth make of her Life's ministering angel.**

THE DAY'S WORK



THE narrow circle of each day's duty seemed
The same, nor did the tasks that filled the hours
Become less irksome, nor the trials less.
But in the Woman's eyes' clear wells, there
beamed

A wondrous light, as though the soul looked out
And bade a welcome to each passer-by,
The while it proffered service and a prayer.

To her, (the humble seamstress who made their dresses
For gala day attire,) came ladies gay

Who often, while with her laid off the cloak
Of vanity, to tell with sobs, sometimes,
Of burdens, sore perplexities and griefs

Too hard to bear. Her words to them refreshed
Like water cold that came from mountain spring,
Renewing strength and courage.

Again, young girls were drawn to seek her help.
For they, too, found a panacea in

Her presence, and felt impelled to ask of her
The questions only such as she can answer.

And oft in journeying to and fro between

RADIANT STAR

Her home and stately mansions where she sewed.

**The children, playing on the street, would run
To her, and take her hand and ask protection**

From barking dog, the car, or teasing playmate.

While once, a birdling, breathless and forsaken,

**Flew chirping to her hollowed hand for refuge.
With heart and hand thus opened wide for service**

**She poured her crystal stream of tenderness
On sad and thirst-parched hearts, until, renewed
Like desert wastes fresh-washed by mother Nile,
They grew as watered gardens, rich with fruit and
flowers.**

**The woman, not knowing all this wonder-work
Continued in her loving helpfulness,**

**The while the work by which she earned her daily
bread**

Ran its appointed round.

**Her private grief was changed to greater yearning
To be the comforter of those who suffer.**

**For this she would become a nurse, she thought,
And study all the healing arts of nursing,**

THE DAY'S WORK

That skilled and true, her hands might be more
potent,
Her mind more wise to give its ministry.
And thus with aim and purpose firmly fixed,
She worked to earn, and save her earnings that she
Might train for this, which seemed the larger field.
But long it looked, this path that she had chosen;
And long, so long, the time of preparation.
Some days her heart grew sick with weariness
At thought of all the good she might be doing,
Were she but free to carry out her plan.



III

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**Because thy heart hath loved, thy hands have served,
To thee hath come the time for knowing Truth.**

THE DREAM



THE long day, warm, depleting, marked by
pin-pricks
Of irritating circumstance, at last
Was over. Wearily the woman sighed,
As languidly she doffed her work-day garments,
And robed herself for longed-for, blissful rest.
Before her prayer and silent meditation
Should prelude the peaceful night's caress,
Her fond eyes sought the portrait of her boy.
"Good night, my darling one, good night to you,"
She said. And yearning, kissed the pictured face.
Then suddenly the tides of memory broke
Their bounds, and like a tidal wave submerged
Her mother-heart. Bravely she sought to hold
The posts of courage, to stay the hard-earned
bulwarks
Of patience and sweet faith. But no, the storm
Must have its way: The long, fatiguing days,
The lonely nights, the anxious longing for
The greater work, had subtly undermined

RADIANT STAR

Her faltering human strength.

**She wept and sobbed and wrung her frantic hands,
Until at last, praying, she fell asleep
Beside her shrine—the couch of her dear child.**

**She dreamed, and in her dream an Angel came
Ensphered in radiance passing human speech.
Its rays, in beaming splendor shone upon
Her eyes grown big with awe and speechless wonder.
Advancing with majestic tread, and arms
Outspread in benison, his kindly gaze
Met hers. What strange, what heavenly miracle
Was this that now transformed her consciousness?
A rare surpassing energy swift rolled
In thrilling waves through all her awe-struck being.
It gave her strength to bear, if need be, all
The burdens of the world. It keyed her ears
To hearing music from another sphere,
And such as language of poor Earth
Could ne'er decribe. It, like electric fire, touched
Her eyes and made her see what eyes alone**

THE DREAM

Can never see. In that first instant when the Angel's
gaze

Swept through her, did the miracle take place.

But hark! His voice of matchless melody
Awakened echoes in her soul, as with

An outflung gesture he exclaimed: "Behold!"

And with the music of the word, a ray

Of Light shot forth, outreaching far beyond
The boundaries of keenest human sight.

In manner wondrous and intangible,
Her sense of seeing seemed to merge and hold

Within the compass of the awesome Light,
And where it fell, her vision clear did follow.

Its shaft of radiance revealed such scenes
As mark the round Earth's varied, teeming surface.

In groups, or single and alone, she saw
God's family of souls in all conditions

And degrees of human life. The young and old,
The evil workers and the good, (mixed as

They are), in vast kaleidoscopic throngs
That constitute humanity.

RADIANT STAR

With burdens grievous many toiled and suffered;
Bewildered, some had lost their tortuous way
And wandered blindly in the fearsome dark
Of evil. She heard the cries of children as,
Bereft of shelter, guidance or the crown
Of childhood—mothers' tenderness—they roamed
Through streets, or worked in factories or mines,
Where Nature, outraged, bent their tiny backs,
Repressed and stifled all their youthful joy
And set upon each face the damning seal
Of man's brutality and greed.
Again the Light flashed forth. The Woman saw
The bruised and the beaten of the earth, grief-bowed
And needing ministry from heaven. Meltingly
She cried: "Oh, tell me why this awful suffering?"
"Most faithful one," the Angel said, "Attend,
And thou shalt know Life's mystery and meaning,

*These myriad throngs thou seest who live upon
The earth are souls who wear the mask of flesh
And circumstance. Through all the years of time,*

THE DREAM

*Both night and day, in pleasure or in pain,
In toil or grief or noble works or ill,
They travel on the pilgrim road. For souls
Or great, or rich or poor, befouled with sin,
Or crowned with selfless love are all, Divine,
Yet often know it not. Through ignorance
Comes evil, ill and sorrow, until the anguish
Doth like a fire, purify the heart
Preparing it to love its fellows as
Itself. But Life gives lessons through experience;
Through this is wisdom gained, then knowledge true,
And power of discernment; then choice of act,
And so through all the round of human life."*

"The innocent, the good, must they, too, suffer?" cried
The Woman, in agony of tears remembering
The grief-bowed, and the little ones bereft.

"Look far, and gain the deeper meaning, O
My child," the Angel whispered as the Light
Grew dim.

"The law of suffering is two-fold;

RADIANT STAR

*It bringeth life to those who serve the sufferer.
It bringeth death at last to self, for self
Is but the husk of Spirit and must die
In order that the seed Divine may burst
Its prison walls and live on earth, a flower
Of heaven, dispensing heavenly essence—LOVE"*

And then the Light burst forth transcendently.

"Behold!" and, as the Angel spake again,
The Light with mystic power revealed the heart
And mind, the character and daily aim
Of those who, man or woman, live on the heights
Of Life. And as the wondrous glory shone
About them it wove a shining aureole
Around their heads, until the beaming rays
Extended far throughout the night-hued clouds
Of Earth. So crowned, these noble souls became
As stars, radiant, splendid, glorious—
Out-ricing star-like beams that reached
The weary workers at their work; the poor
Discouraged ones who needed friendly words,

THE DREAM

And hearts that pined in darkness—all were helped
And blessed.

The vision passed yet still the Angel stood
Beside her. He spake again:

“Awake, O faithful soul, and go thy way;
Because thy heart hath loved, thy hands have served,
To thee hath come the time for knowing Truth.

Rejoicing in thy privilege, be steadfast,
In fullest faith believing when thy work
Is finished in one field thou wilt be called
To labor in the next.

Arise and shine Beloved. Thy great LOVE
Doth make of thee a RADIANT STAR.”



IT IS A GOOD WORK. If it has been
WELL DONE, we are then satisfied.

Know, then, that this little book has
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