

the High One presents

# Sun-Optikos

"Seeing the Whole Together"

No. 48 - Winter 2007/2008

*a collection of poetic  
insight & inspiration  
for spiritual awakening*

## Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,  
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

**Phillips Brooks**

(b.1835-d.1893)

Background photo: A poinsettia along the shore of Lago de Atitlan in Guatemala, Feb. 2007 by Dayz in Passion

[www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether](http://www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether)

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## Keep On The Sunny Side of Life



There's a dark and a troubled side of life;  
There's a bright and a sunny side, too;  
Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife,  
The sunny side we also may view.

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side,  
Keep on the sunny side of life;  
It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way,  
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

Tho' the storm in tis fury breaks today;  
Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear;  
Storm and cloud will in time pass away,  
The sun again will shine bright and clear.

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side,  
Keep on the sunny side of life;  
It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way,  
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

Let us greet with a song of hope each day,  
Tho' the moments be cloudy or fair;  
Let us trust in our Saviour always,  
Who keepeth every one in His care.

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side,  
Keep on the sunny side of life;  
It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way,  
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

lyrics composed in 1899

by **Ada Blenkhorn** and **J. Howard Entwisle**



Downtown St. Paul, Minnesota Winter 2006. Photo by Dayz in Passion

## The Snowstorm

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.



Come, see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake or tree or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly  
On coop or kennel he hands Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

(b.1803-d.1882)



photo: Dayz in Passion at Lago de Atitlan in Guatemala Feb. 2007

## seeingthruthanoyz

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## Dayz in Passion

[www.geocities.com/dayzinpassion](http://www.geocities.com/dayzinpassion)

## Beautiful Dreamer

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me;  
Starlight and dew drops are waiting for thee.  
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day.  
Lulled by the moonlight have all passed away.  
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,  
List while I woo thee with soft melody.  
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng.  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

Beautiful dreamer, out in the sea  
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei.  
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,  
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.  
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,  
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;  
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart.  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

## Stephen Foster

(b.1826-d.1864)