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***Summa Sophia, SpE***  
*(Sonnet poetry Edition)*  
*Spirituality special Issue*  
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*All things arise and cease due to  
interdependent causes and conditions*

~Δ~

**Loving-Kindness Teachings  
and  
Sonnet Epistle on Love**

By

*Bing Escudero*

June © 2001 v2.1

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*Summa Sophia: Questions for further study and for group discussion*  
*What do you think? What does it mean? What ought to be done?*

## **Loving-Kindness Teachings of the Buddha**

[In Pali, metta means loving-kindness, sutta is a collection of verses.]

### **A Sonnet Rendition of the Metta Sutta (Verses 142-151)**

By Bing Escudero © 2001 v2.1

~ 1 ~

What should be done by one skilled in the good  
To gain what's heaven's peace? Thus, Buddh' gave this:  
Beyond what is a shifting, passing mood,  
Be truly selfless, upright, pure, there's ease  
For speech; one is approachable, not proud,  
There's gentleness, contentment, easily  
Be pleased, with cares that're few, never loud,  
Live life with radiant brightness buoyantly;  
Be prudent, modest, faculties serene,  
Unswayed by greed when seeing relatives.  
The slightest thing is never done, if seen  
By wisdom as a fault. One clearly lives  
    In loving-kindness, full of thoughtfulness  
    That living creatures thrive in happiness.

~ 2 ~

The best of wishes occupy one's thought,  
That there be blissful safety for each one,  
Peace to all breathing creatures shall be brought,  
No matter they be frail or firm, there's none  
Excluded, be they of whatever size,  
If long or big, or short or small, or thin  
Or thick, or any shape of varied guise,  
As well as those both seen and the unseen,  
Though they might dwell just near or far apart,  
Existing or yet seeking to exist;  
May creatures all be of a blissful heart,  
Without deception no one is dismissed.  
    As none are slighted for the good to halt,  
    Let no one spread about another's fault.



*Continuation* > **Loving-Kindness . . .**

~ 3 ~

Avoid what leads to wish another ill,  
That provocation or resentful thought.  
And just as will a mother deeply feel,  
Protect with her own life a child she sought,  
Her one and only child, likewise, so then  
For every living thing, uphold, maintain  
Goodwill and friendliness with all one's ken  
For all the world, that love which shall not wane.  
Thus dwell in that unbounded consciousness,  
Above, below, all-round and in-between,  
No threats to friend or foe, not any less,  
While standing, walking, sitting, even in  
Recline—Alert and mindful in this birth,  
Perfective virtues free you from this earth. ~ Δ ~

**Sonnet Epistle on Love of St. Paul**

(I Corinthians 13)

~ 1 ~

If I had speech articulating tongues  
Of angels and of men, though with great voice,  
But have not love that heals our human wrongs,  
I'm just a hollow object sounding noise.  
And if I could make far out prophecies,  
And knew all knowledge and the sciences,  
Recite the new and ancient mysteries,  
And using faith move mountains at no less,  
But have no love, I am not anything;  
If what I have, I give them all away,  
And lay my body as an offering  
In sacrifice, but don't have love, no way  
Is there for me, from loss, regain;  
Forfeiting, thus, in darkness I remain.

*Continued* >

*Continuation >*

## **Sonnet Epistle on Love of St. Paul**

(I Corinthians 13)

~ 2 ~

Love is most patient, infinitely kind;  
Love has no jealousy, nor takes to pride;  
It is not rude, nor does it try to bind,  
Love does not press insistent for its side;  
It holds no irritation, nor does it  
Resent; it does not laugh or gloat at wrong,  
But when done right, rejoices in such feat;  
It ever has compassion for the throng.  
Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes for  
All things, endures all things. Love never ends.  
The prophecies will pass away, no more  
Will tongues profess, divining future trends,  
They all end up in sheer futility,  
Until in love we touch eternity.

~ 3 ~

For our own knowledge is imperfect still,  
And our own prophecy imperfect too;  
But in that perfect love, then surely will  
All limitations change to show the true.  
When I was just a child, I spoke like one,  
I thought just like a child, I reasoned as  
A child; but having grown, my childhood gone,  
I gave up childish ways and made them pass.  
Since then, reflections did I dimly see,  
But face to face, I come to know in part,  
And more, to understand the unity  
That always I have known within my heart.  
Let faith, and hope, and love abide, for of  
These three—the greatest of them all is love.

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