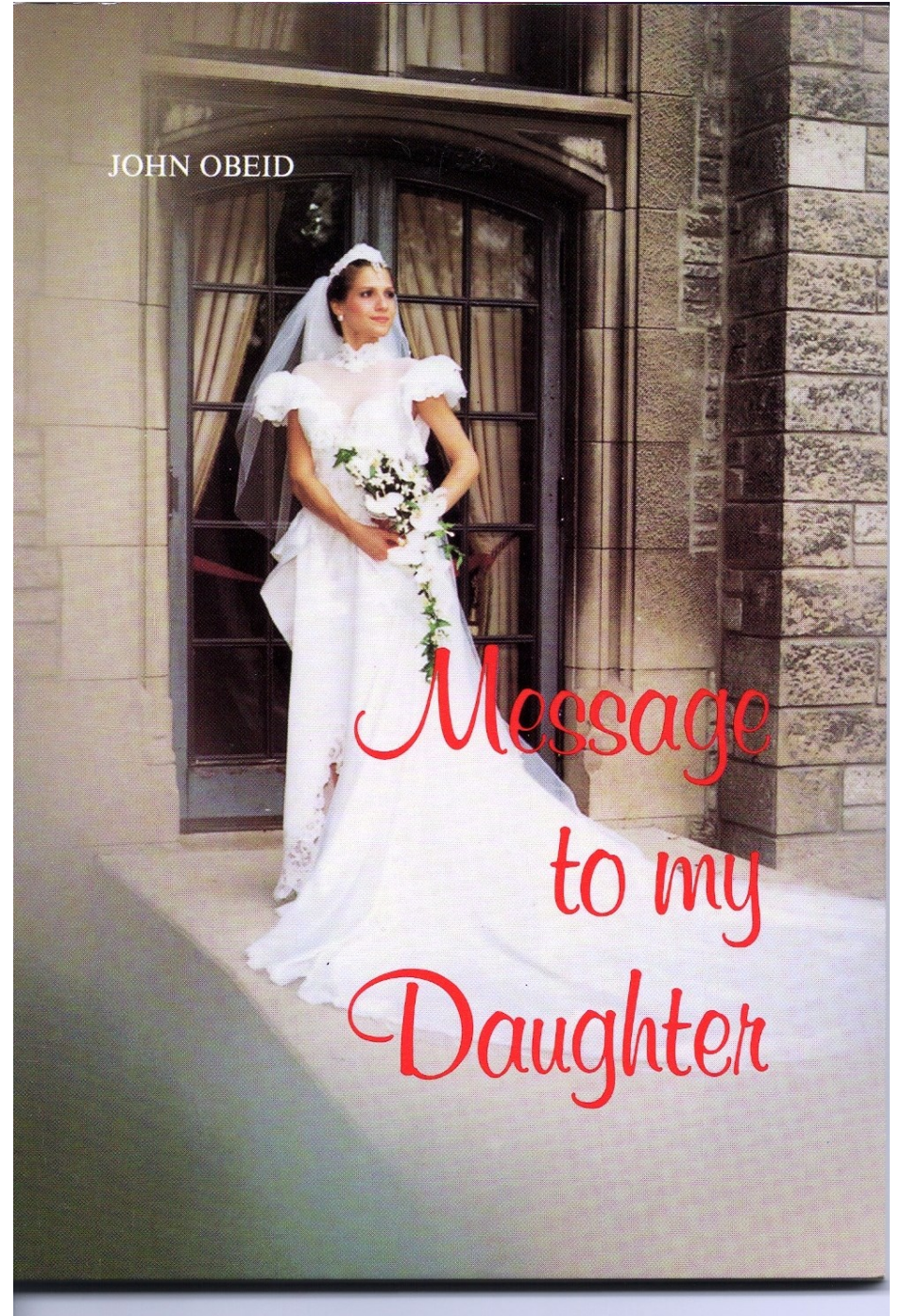
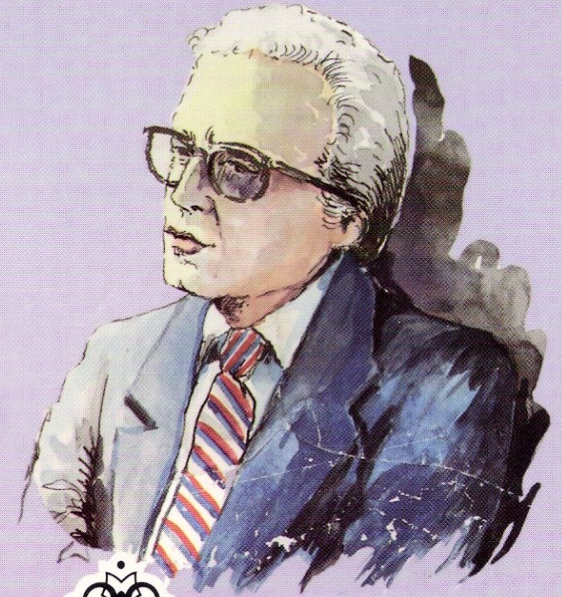


JOHN OBEID

*Message
to my
Daughter*





*The most precious gift ever to someone
you love: (daughter, son, granddaughter,
relative, friend, new married couples . . .)*
A GIFT THAT MEANS YOU CARE!

MESSAGE TO MY DAUGHTER

Layout & Illustration

By

Saoud El Ayoubi

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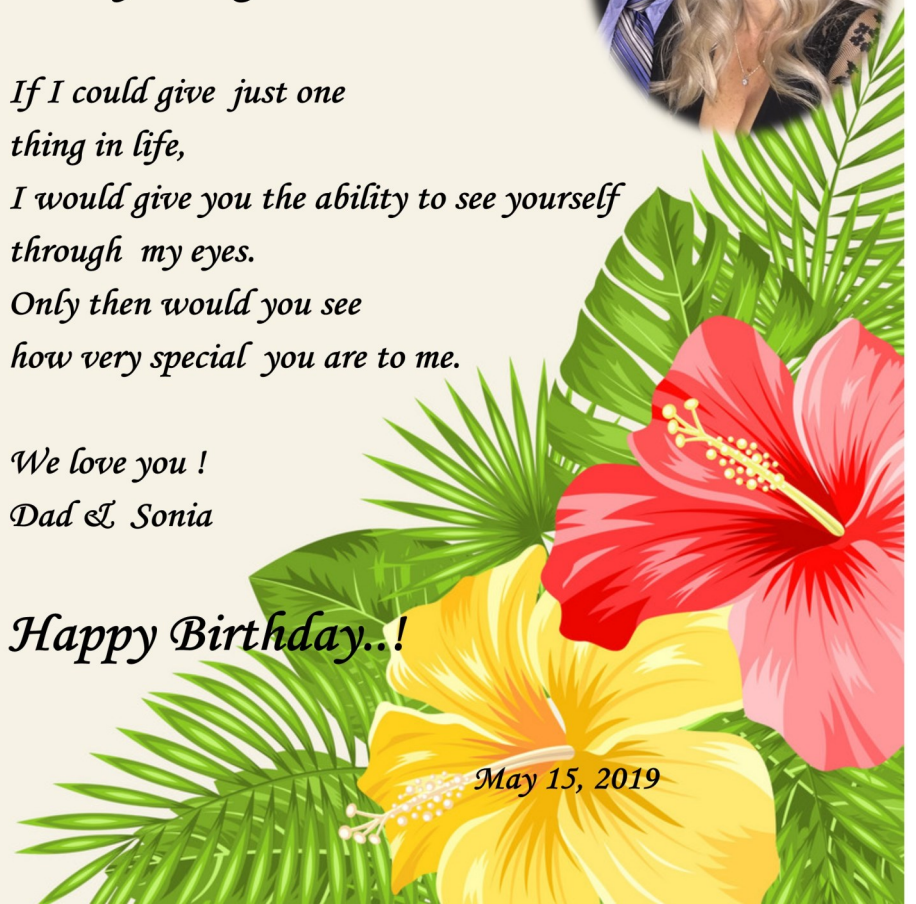
To my daughter

*If I could give just one
thing in life,
I would give you the ability to see yourself
through my eyes.
Only then would you see
how very special you are to me.*

*We love you !
Dad & Sonia*

Happy Birthday..!

May 15, 2019



I SHARE THESE REFLECTIONS WITH MY DAUGHTER
AND WITH ALL YOUNG INDIVIDUALS FACING
PIVOTAL MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES.

Life is a journey leading to eternity, while the world is temporary and is bound to fade away. Thus, we must not allow the ideologies of this era to extinguish the flame of faith in our hearts or lessen the values of love and honor within us. Rather, we should hold onto virtue and knowledge as our rightful legacy. God cherishes young hearts—those that are pure and possess a steadfast will—so that each young person can serve as a beacon, illuminating the way for those who are lost. They can provide comfort for the weary and stand as a model for those in need. Let us spread kindness and compassion throughout humanity, building on the firm foundations of principles, honesty, love, and light. In conclusion, let us foster hope, resilience, and humility. It is vital to uphold hope in the face of our challenges and setbacks, to draw strength as life can be a struggle, and to embrace humility, acknowledging that humans are fundamentally mentally vulnerable and perpetually in need of God's grace.



DEDICATION

To My Only Daughter

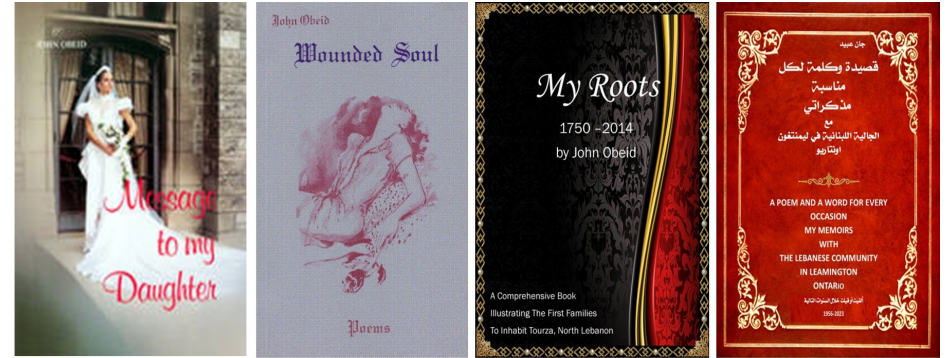
Janey

And

To All Parents

Who Care For Their Children





مؤلفات جان عبيد



Works of John Obeid



He was elected multiple times as chairman of fundraising committees at the Leamington Lebanese Club. He also served as chairman of the fundraising committee at the Shrine of Our Lady of Lebanon in Leamington, Ontario.

Throughout his lifetime, he was known for his generosity and service to his compatriots, for his loyalty and dedication to his Lebanese heritage.

John Obeid is an author, writer, and poet whose expressions overflow with strong feelings that stem from his personal experiences, casting them into a beautiful poetic mould.

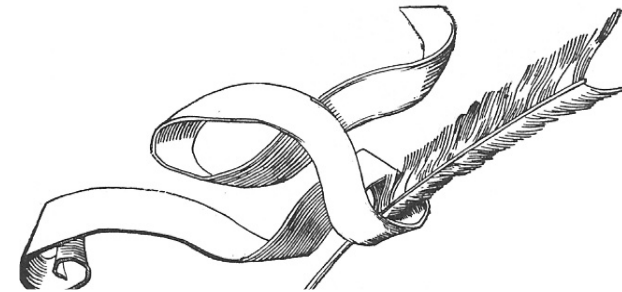
He actively participated in various social, religious, and patriotic events, delivering speeches and poems.

To the poet and writer, friend John Obeid, I wish him all the best in his aspirations..

From the Author:

To: _____

I present my book with my best wishes and appreciation...



John Obeid

Date: _____

About the Author

BY

Saoud El Ayoubi

John Obeid as I Knew Him

John Obeid was born in Tourza, North Lebanon near Bechara, the hometown of the poet/philosopher/artist Gibran Khalil Gibran, in 1934. He was educated at St. Joseph College in Antoura, Lebanon, and in 1956, he immigrated to Canada, where he worked and conducted several businesses.

John Obeid published a monthly magazine called "Al Moughtareb" (The Immigrant) and was listed with Canada Immigration as a translator/interpreter.

He was the former president of the North Lebanon Society of Detroit, Michigan; former president of the Lebanese Canadian Club of Windsor, Ontario; and served as the executive secretary of the Lebanese World Cultural Union, Essex Chapter.

He was the first to initiate the idea of building the Leamington Lebanese Club and the shrine of Our Lady of Lebanon within the Lebanese community.

Which I write with tears Live for your principles, my
daughter

And pursue them in every move you make

This is my hope, my beloved

My heart's prayer and

Blessing goes with you

Love Dad!

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To obtain your desire

Pave the way which leads you to happiness

Do this for the success of your title-deed

With experience and appositeness and whatever you
see

That is good and noble

Do it with belief

Good or bad will be

The people's conversation

Take no notice of what is happening of

Crimes, debauchery, and corruption

Take notice of loyalty which is good people

I note sincerity again

It is the main verse in every true heart

Do not neglect my advice

You are my heart, my soul

And only you really know:

You are my eyes ... and my inspiration

You are my love ... and my belief

I want you to be loyal until redemption

Be excessively faithful

To love, sincerity and truth

I want you to be sincere

To your husband, with friendship

Plant nobleness in every field and valley

Should the time turn sour against you?

Fight with all patience and diligence

Do not despair ... but remain

With your husband

Continue in the confrontation

Foreword

by

Gregorios Mitri

A man, in order to talk with his daughter, his only daughter, about the subject of love and marriage, must have a heart filled with God, must leave in his soul kindness as a bright presence, and must have in his mind another, stronger pulse.

And how would this conversation take place coming from a long distance, yet remain as though the words were freshly forged from fire?

And how would the narrator, a sharp poet whose words overflow in his veins before falling in drops of his blood on the paper, make his message clear yet sometimes conceal what can only harm?

Between the eloquence and the concealing;

between the glancing and the hearing, the letters from the poet John Obeid to his only daughter Jane are, as the poet says: "from the heart of a father, which has been bleeding through the years."

In the first letter, dated April 19th, 1982, he knows his daughter has given her heart to the one she loves, and he puts his hand on his own heart in the wish that happiness will fill the hearts of the two spring beloveds.

Obeid begins, pulse by pulse, to explain true love: how it delights and how it may cause one to bleed before one reaches peace, before one reaches all that one expects of love. "Nothing is necessary for you," he says, "like the eternal peace which should be in your soul."

It appears clearly that the true love which the poet wishes for his daughter is the love coming from God, flowing from Him like a descending light into human beings' hearts to be

**To My Beloved Daughter
on Her Wedding Day**

September 8, 1985

Crossing the years

Your beauty has grown Vainglory in my eyes

On your glorious and

Precious Wedding Day

My joy is as large as Heaven

O secret of my joy and love

O illuminated star

In the night of my grieved past, I raised you by love

And by love you grew

Home you were the flower

Between the filial trinity

given voice by their tongues. Every other love is nonsense and a detestable forgery.

It is true that the writer does not assume for himself here that he is a philosopher of love; he has his theories, but he proclaims only that, "Today's youth are tired of life because they put their hope in the human's love." Clearly, here he means carnal love. In another paragraph, Obeid insists, "Today's young choose to pick the roses of life and to drink from the delights of youth, but as for God, they leave Him to the maturity of age." Finally, Obeid addresses his daughter, saying, "And I am saying to you: what is the use of a withering rose? God wants the rose at its full bloom not at its withering. Be ready to present your heart in life's spring and not in its winter."

It is not contrivance that the poet wishes his daughter to understand the Divine love. This is the only love who maintains her love on earth.

That is, clearly, the gist of the poet's view of

love, as presented through his first letter to his only daughter. He has stated the idea from example to example with the hope to implant it in his Jane's soul, to help her to reach the shore of peace, and not to lose her happiness in violent waves.

In the second letter, written on the occasion in 1985 of his daughter's wedding, the poet takes off the white gloves, and breaks through the smooth shell of his thoughts, until they come through sharp and clear.

The father carries on his advice after advice quickly, as if he is in a race with time, his faithless time.

And as his advice is rooted in the Love of God, also it is focused again and again on the ideal marriage: to God, "Who finds a woman that she has no one but her husband, to be proud of him, and her husband has no one but his wife, to be proud of her, may it give them pleasure,

HER WEDDING DAY

September 8, 1985



because they would find God, Who is love."

That is the idea, the central element of his advice to his daughter on her wedding day. Perhaps Obeid best expresses his views when he says, "Avoid the meetings and evening parties which are held for an occasion or even without an occasion; for there, one may find many reasons for falling in the way of sin."

And with a truth and pain accent, he addresses his daughter in the end: "Open the son of Sirach and read his opinions of the wise woman, which is a precious jewel, a crown for her husband, honor to her children and corner for her home."

To the beloved friend, the poet John Obeid, let me say that, in spite of its depth and its truth, the entire world's wisdom would not equal in any case, the grief which has lodged in your eyes, and the shivering in your heart. You have shed it writing in the night, the night of your life; you have wished your words to become a light

standard for your daughter, to guide, and a tale
be told.

Remain hale and hearty, my brother,

Gregorios Mitri



May God bless you, and help you to surmount every obstacle and difficulty, in order that you may steer your marriage's ship by faith and with wisdom, by good treatment, understanding and common respect, and then you will reach the shore of love and happiness.

May you continue this journey, and one day pass the same message on to your daughter as I have done for you.

Love Dad

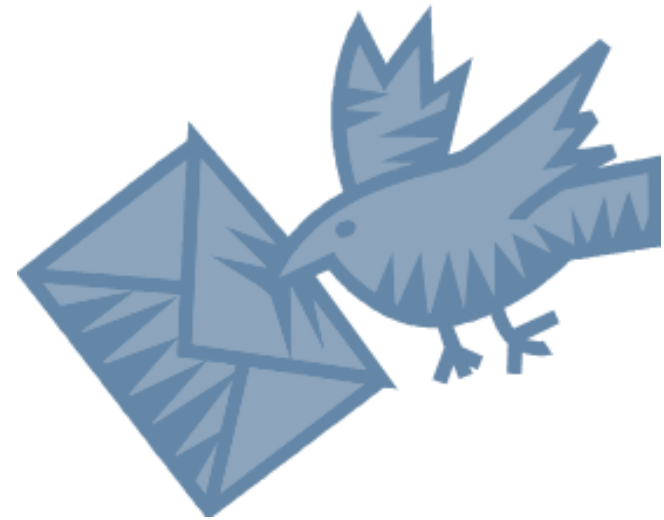


Life may appear as metrical prose or as a poem, the verses of which are the facts of life.

And my last advice to you, my daughter: I implore you for God's sake, to keep distant from all that would insult God, soil your name, and damage your honor and your dignity. **Be faithful and sincere to your husband.**

God shaped you as an embryo in the bosom of your mother, and watched over you as an infant, and put in motion your footsteps as a young girl in the house of your father. May He take you by your hand, a faithful bride, a good mother, a precious jewel and a consolation and joy for your husband until death.

This is my paternal advice. I set it forth for you and your husband in the beginning of your new life. I wish no more from it than what is useful for you, and my love for you.



"At that time, I wrote to my daughter by this Faith, hoping that it would ground her feet in virtue, and plant in her young heart love's and gallantry's seeds, the seeds of straightness and peace."

him, and she would like to change as the style changes. But the other man she does not see except for the delight; distance covers many faults.

Is there no barrier that would nip in the bud the desires which we inherited from our father Adam and our mother Eve?

Yes, the barrier *of* the religion, the barrier of the family, and the threat *of* the bad results from divorce, plus the mingling love, the barrier of duty and matrimonial faithfulness.

The majority of people trampled on all that, and called it bonds which are not suitable for the free man; and give vice the name of freedom.

My Daughter:

Tomorrow, for sure, life, marriage and love are matters which will appear different than you were imagining yesterday.

Yesterday, love was a poem, but tomorrow will be complete prose. You must make of this prose a poem, or rather; you must realize daily your high ideal.

because man is changing in his nature. Your friend yesterday is your enemy tomorrow. Man is always torn between his angelic nature and his animal nature.

Yes, do not expect that your married life will be always without obstacles; but you must every day reconstruct your matrimonial happiness and renovate your faith and your love as if it was the first day of love's spring.

Behind all that, God must be there and you must have faith in God.

Why do we find that tragedies of the families and divorce these days are many more than in the past? Because the individual puts his personal aims and his individual delights above the family as his social duty. He calls selfishness his right and the behavior of his animal instincts freedom.

Yes, everyone feels the weakness of his nature; any man must desire women other than his wife, and every woman must desire to know another man than her husband; and this is natural, because her man is near her, and she knows all his blemishes, and perhaps she would have enough of

PREFACE

This message which I put in the hands of the reader, and particularly the young generation of women and men, is only a father's observations from his heart, a heart full with love and cupidity for my only daughter.

This message came in two stages: the first was an answer to her letter which was sent to me while I was in Caracas, Venezuela, May 15, 1982. I wrote the second part on her wedding day, September 8, 1985.

In these two letters, I explained to her love, in its numerous kinds, the truth and the untruth. I explained as well her role as a young woman, wife, and mother.

These observations are a result of my experience over fifty years, in which I have seen good and evil, success and failure, joy and sadness, hope and the despair, love and hatred, trust and doubt, strength and weakness, bravery and fear and, at last, Faith. That faith, which was for me like a lantern, illuminated the darkness of my cruel trials in life.

For me, it was a strength which stood with me facing success. At that time, I wrote to my daughter by this Faith, hoping that it would



ground her feet in virtue, and plant in her young heart love's and gallantry's seeds, the seeds of straightness and peace.

By this Faith, she will be saved from a failing that she would be exposed to all her life; and she will be strong, even while she is weak, and the blessings of Heaven shall overwhelm her.

In respect of what these letters contain of observations and advice coming out of a father's

"Take heed of your enemy only once, / and take heed of your friend a thousand times, / Perhaps, should the friend turn upon you, / He would be aware of the damage."

The bad, most of the time, would dress in the garment of the good. And the evil would take the image of the angel. He is your friend and loves you and you can never think that he would harm you, but when at last you investigate and inquire, you find that he is unfaithful with your wife or vice versa.

Life is a gathering of families and friends, a dance, a wink and a conversation of love. Our nature is weak if not tractable; from this the tragedy comes.

Be covetous to keep a balance between acceptance and watchfulness, between the softness and force, between love and duty.

I am not saying that to confuse your mind today, since you are still in the beginning of your way. Life is long, and its difficulties are numerous. You cannot define a final program, but must live your life hour by hour, and second by second

the companionship of friends. A wise man said: "Blessed is he who finds wisdom."

Another has said, "The wicked man would deceive his friend, and go along with him to the way of perdition."

Still another has said: "Walk with your friend to the slaughter house and stop; that is to say, keep peace with your friend as long as he is doing according to the will of God. If he deviates from God, deviate yourself from him. He who inverts his conscience in his God, he would invert it and reverse it on you."

Avoid the meetings and evening parties which are held for an occasion or even without an occasion; for there, one may find many reasons for falling in the way of sin.

No one can live without friends, but one should use his intelligence. He should know how to choose his friends. Hide your secret from every friend; and if you have to have one friend, choose him as the wise man said: "One from a thousand." In the words of the poet there is an eloquent wisdom:

heart, bleeding by the cruelty of years, I saw that I should publish this message in a small booklet for the general benefit of the young generation.

I do wish for everybody's children, girls and boys, what I wished for my only daughter. In order to be saved from deception and to walk in light and to possess the strength to distinguish between the good and the bad, between the meager and the valuable, and to reach a triumphal arrival at virtue and true respect.

With all love, I now present this booklet to the youth of today as advice. Should you, my dear reader, accept my advice, you would be a good listener to a good counselor, or you will have from God a fair judgment on all you think of, and disapprove of, do and neglect, listen to and say.

John Obeid



of creation.

Do not fear difficulties and suffering. That is necessary. Make of these difficulties a source for happiness and love.

As you know, true love bears in its bosom pain, as the rose bears the thorns. The miracle of love is that, as much as the resulted pain of love increases, so does the love itself increase. And if the spiritual pain is great, this is a sign for a greater love.

Protect the clearness of this love in a time which mingles love and lust, true liberty and just letting go of the reins.

Do not permit the germ of the corrupted divorce and its corrupted divorce and its rotten moth to enter the temple of your good I love. I want you to reach to your eightieth year with your love still as it was in its first day.

True love is born, but shall not die, shall burst forth but not dry up, shall remain as it was born and burst forth forever.

And here, I want to draw your attention to

providence and a blessing of God's blessings."

My Daughter:

I am confident that you will be a unique mother, beyond compare. And you, I suspect, would build your husband's home by using the qualities of sagacity and wisdom given to you by your God, and by using the breath of fact which makes you look into matters, not through the telescope of poetry and ideals, but through the glasses of practical fact.

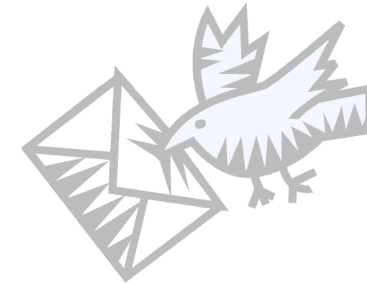
And when married life becomes just a chain of sacrifices and the soul is mortified by the conversation of love between the parents and children, the delight of the love consists in this sacrifice itself, even in the corporal relations between the man and his wife.

If there is a strong love there, it will become a sensory sign for the eternal love, a bond that has no ending; it both renovates the love and results in it. Then, he would not look at his wife as he would look to a tool for pleasure and delight, but she would become in his eyes a partner in the greatest deed on this earth, the act

JANEY'S LETTER

TO

HER DAD



The gift is an acceptance of spiritual wealth, compared to desire, which takes without giving. Sacrifice is rich also and not a loss. Accordingly, the gift is love and riches.

Do your best to help your husband find himself, and explore the secrets of life and love.

The most beautiful and noble gift you can offer to your husband, is that sacred fruit, the fruit of sacred love, your child.

Prepare yourself well, to carry out the duty of motherhood, which is waiting for you; it must be for you as an invitation. Every woman in this life is invited to be a mother.

"How beautiful your head, O my dear, bending over the cradle of your baby, and your hands direct his steps, your heart leans toward him, and your eyes observe him with an admiring glance, your mouth kisses him and smiles for his pure smile, your pleasure is in his pleasure, you pass the night awake for his wakefulness, you shed tears for his tear-drop, you teach him words quietly, and plant in his mind the principles of morals, then you would be a spark of divine

"In all my life you will never leave my heart and soul! I will treasure your love and bury it with me."

tolerance. Share equally with him the toil of the work. Manage the business of his home with resolution and liveliness. Do not take another crown for your head than him.

Your happiness is in his happiness, your grief is in his grief, and your glory is in his glory. Converse and talk to him with the liberty of love.

You become one kindness, one thought and one goal, as God desires: one not two."

My Beloved:

The man and the woman complement each other. For that reason, each of them needs the other to find his soul himself.

The man, in order to be a man, needs the femininity in the woman. And the woman without femininity is not considered a woman.

The man finds himself, when he opens his soul and accepts from his wife with modesty what she gives to him. And there is the give and take.

April 19, 1982

Dear Dad:

My heart beats sounds of loneliness for your tender loving care, and your words of sense. Your poetic phrases and language of life is so greatly missed.

How I wish you were here now to share with me my feelings and to answer my questions that have no understanding. What would life be without you? It is best explained as a river without water - empty.

No one man, no one woman can ever replace your existence. You are my pride and my guardian. You secure me in love and in knowledge. You have made me understand that I will be able to manage in life.

Though, it is hard at times to try and manage. It took a while to adjust to , certain things. It also took a lot of getting '~ used to not having you there to make it easier for me. But you would be called a "fool" if you thought that I didn't need you anymore. I know that you are far away, but I can feel your presence with me every

I take. That,

Dad, is why I can manage. You are far, but not far enough. In all my life you will never leave my heart and soul! I will treasure your love and bury it with me. You have always been there from day one; and I know that you will always and forever be there until God says there are no more days. And even then, you will show your love and find a way to be there until the rest of time.

Dad, I thought when you walked out the door on that rainy day, on your way to Venezuela, that my life had just ended before my very eyes. My mind cried out for you, and my body started to become weak. But mother gave me a hug to reassure me that she's there to love me and help me.

Now, a little information about how I'm doing. I'm doing well. For a couple of months I was in a state of great depression. With the help of Mom and Rob and Leo, I was able to get back on my feet.

The situation with Rob and I almost drove me to a nervous breakdown. It was awful in the

And your respect for your husband is your feeling in the value of his quality, and his talents, in the importance of his existence, in acknowledgement of his kindness and your faith in him. And it is up to your husband to seek this respect from many channels. He has to have a wide horizon, and he must behave with wisdom and cleverness.

And do not forget my dear, that marriage is a beginning of a new life. Dress it with the garment of your tender femininity, and impose on it your personality in every time and everywhere.

Be determined today, my daughter, that your marriage will succeed, and work for that. And your marriage will not succeed, unless by your love for your husband and your home, and by your sacrifice for them, your readiness to understand the man who you united your destiny with.

"Treat him with gentleness, respect and

Do your best from now on, to be a happy and faithful wife. Your femininity is beautiful and tender; it needs attention and care.

Persist and ask for aid from your will. And prepare yourself for a delightful future, with a husband, who loves and appreciates you, and children who will be proud of you.

Do your best, to help the man, whom you chose today, to find the keys of your happiness, in order to open the doors of your heart, and to probe your depth. You let him know what you would like to see from him; let him know what your taste digests or rejects. In that you guarantee his understanding, which undoubtedly would crown the love and guarantee the happiness.

Your happiness is in your hands, and it is not in somebody else's. Your happiness is an exertion which you extend with attention and will. Let your husband be worthy of your respect.

month of March. We separated for almost the whole month. But we got back together. We have promised each other true love and togetherness from now on.

Dad, I can't live without him. I tried for a month and it hurt me so bad, that I never want to experience anything like that again.

We have plans for the near future. And I want to share something with you, nobody, nobody at all knows about this besides me and Rob. I'm not ready to tell Mom or anyone else, just you. Please keep this between us. Rob bought me an engagement ring, though I didn't receive it yet. If we do go to Venezuela, he will give the ring in your presence; if not, we will wait until you come home. What would make me happy is if we could come together to visit you, and then you are able to lecture us the way you used to do. I'm pleading with your dad; don't tell anyone about what I told you about the engagement.

Dear Dad:

I really hope that you are taking care of yourself. And I hope to see you very soon. Until

then, it would be really nice to receive a long letter from you as usual, full with your wisdom and your precious advice. Well, time to end this letter, but never to forget you. Please write me a long letter.

Love you always and forever .

Love your daughter.

Janey



gave you of good merits, to play your role on the stage of life.

Be prepared to perform the duty of the wise wife, dressed in femininity and beauty.

Yes, I want you my daughter, to be an ideal to the daughters of your sex.

Do your best, henceforth, to put in your life modesty and composure, virtue and sense, morals and confidence.

My Daughter:

God has put in every woman, the divine core, and the devil, also, his infernal core.

Exert yourself my dear, to have in your heart the core of God, in order to be pure, and to yearn to a quiet life, to a husband, home and children.

You must have another person, who respects your heart's purity, and realizes your hope.

Do your best from now on, to be a happy and faithful wife.

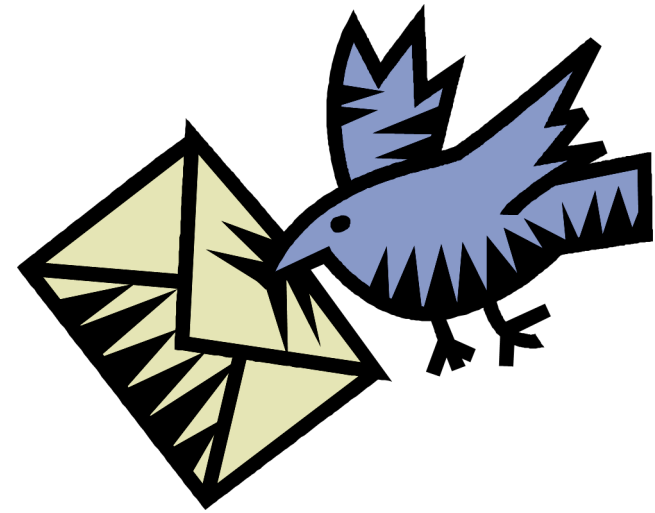
And you both, who embrace the sacred matrimonial duty too young: in front of you is a long life full with sur-prises which will be clarified and will mature in you, but will not change your love. Conversely, it will purify and filter your love. In every stage of human life, love would take for it a new face, but it remains always love as it came from the hand of the eternal love. In this love, you can face life together. Two living beings together believe in life and love; they do not wonder in the face of life's difficulties.

Do not be afraid. Let faith and hope help you to walk forward; and strength and resolution will induce you to construct the future, your future and the future of your forthcoming children.

From now on my dear, with your husband, challenge tomorrow's life, and with your love, share respect and understanding, in order to reach the perfect friendship.

Be prepared my beloved with all what God

FIRST MESSAGE



“Believe in life; life is beautiful.
Believe in love; love is the cause of our existence.
Believe in beauty; beauty is the face o God”.
What are life, love and beauty, but God. ”

Love does not flee from duty, and your duty now is the construction of your future, and you will construct God willing, in the same faith, in the same love, that I know you have.

And the first thing you should practice in your matrimonial relations is virtue.

The essence of happiness my daughter, is in the union of hearts and its gathering, And it is not in the separation of hearts and its estrangement. Who finds a woman, that she has no one, but her husband to be proud of, and her husband has no one, but his wife to be proud of, may it give them pleasure, because they would find God, whom is love, and from Him every flame of love darts out on this universe.

Oh, how much I wish for you both this sacred love. Put it in front of your eyes, and tomorrow, when you become husband and wife, the image of God should sitting cross legged on piles of wealth without love.

observations of a father who loves you a lot. You are the most acquainted with this love.

Listen to me, my daughter, while you are on the doorstep of your marriage's life.

Yesterday, you were the two unsettled lovers, "Romeo and Juliet". But today, you became the beloved couple, which has new duties. Be prepared to roll up your sleeves. Chiefly, be prepared for every misfortune, because we do not know what life and tomorrow would hide for us in its knapsack.

And life, my dear, is not any more a poem or an ideal only. Life is fact and reality. As there is no soul without body, and no soul without material but in the end, there is no love without duty, and no happiness without misery, and no ideal without reality and fact.

The poetry and ideals stage is finished; the pleasant evening chat and the flirtation are all but completed. But love is not ended and will not end. It should wear a new garment and confront the new duties which dictate your new life.

May 15, 1982

It was ten o'clock p.m. I opened the window of my room, which over-looked the mountains of beautiful Caracas; its illuminated houses were hanging on its slopes like the hanging stars in the sky.

I sat at my desk listening to soft music while I was writing to you. My kindness and my love dictated to me, especially my clearness because kindness is constructed on clearness, and where there is no clearness, there is no true kindness there.

Everybody slept. My room was in deep silence. There was only God, my Jeannie's heart (present in spirit), and me.

My beloved daughter:

I embrace you strongly, and wish you peace, joy, liveliness and health. You cannot imagine how much your last letter brought joy to my soul, and I may never be as thankful for your honesty and trust in me. thankful for your honesty and trust in me.

In turn, I come to you with some advice you may follow, and share with he to whom you have given your heart.

YOUR SOUL AND YOUR HEART:

Yes, it is your soul and your heart that has captured my imagination and has deserved my attention. Your young heart and what difficulties it is meeting in life, this is what concerns me.

Have confidence, my dear daughter, in what I am saying about your present situation; it is my intention to face you with that reality which lights, boosts and liberates; to help you study your own personality, which grows and blooms, in order to discover your own feelings, will and morals. Then, at last you will have the peace and the internal joy which results from any human being's know-ledge of himself and from the guidance of prayer, faith and meditation on life's secrets.

That is why I wished you peace in the beginning of my letter; nothing is necessary for you like eternal peace, which should be in your soul, instead of the furious storms which befall

Today you bid farewell to the world of celibacy and enter the world of marriage. Tomorrow, the 8th of September 1985, at 2:00 p.m., the hand of the priest will unite you in the name of God's love, as husband and wife forever, until you become one heart; nothing will separate you, but death.

Yesterday, You opened the Song of Songs, by the wise Solomon, where you read: "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon. Your lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey comb; honey and milk are under your tongue; and the smell of your garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

Today, Open the son of Sirach and read his opinions of the wise woman, which is a precious jewel, a crown for her husband, honor to her children and corner for her home.

I have a plentiful heart full of advice; I would give you a small part of it, not only for today, but for all the days of your future life.

Lend me an attentive ear my daughter, and listen. What I am saying to you is the observation of a father who has been tested by faithless time,

These painful images and thoughts, of this ordeal urged me to write my first book, "Wounded Soul", as they urged me also to write this letter to my daughter, while she is on the doorstep of her new life. Perhaps she can draw out the practical lessons, take heed and open her eyes more and more, as she pilots her marriage's ship, in order to reach the shore of peace unhurt.

In the middle of this internal moral storm, I found myself sitting on a wooden bench in Jackson Park, and around me the beautiful flowers diffuse their perfumed odor, and the water flows and falls into the middle of the park's pool, which adds to the harmony, splendor and beauty of the place. And the people come and go in flocks and in crowds, enjoying the beautiful views of the park, where they come to amuse themselves, and every one of them carries deep in his soul, his joy, his grief, his despair, his secrets and mystery, and, in one word, the story of his life.

And I began writing and writing. This is what I wrote that day to my daughter:

My beloved Daughter:

the growing youth.

Believe me, my darling, that every tune of your heart's strings has an echo in my heart, which wishes for you happiness and joy, the happiness of Love, which is God.

It is that love which ties you with the one your heart loves. That love is born in every passing soul on earth, and bursts especially in the hearts of youth just as life bursts in the blossoming roses in spring. That love created man, and when man fell in sin, that love redeemed him, and that love alone saved him.

Everyone talks of love, but they are few, my darling, who know the true love. I do not consider myself a professor to educate about love, but the one who was crucified by the hatred of men, of whom St. John said: "God is love." He is the one who philosophers called: "The Absolute Being, The Self Existent God." That entity is Him and from Him.

Everything in us comes from this source, like the brook from the spring, and the rays from the sun.

I said to you first: Love is God. Love in us is a flame inserted in our hearts by the fire of divine love. Woe to us if we put out this flame, for then we put out the flame of life.

Every human being was created to love, and the one who chooses not to love the others is selfish. Only a few understand love. Love is not a passing lust. The animal is the son of lust, and the difference between animal and man is that this one loves and that one lusts.

You should find love in your father and mother, brother and sister, and through youth.

Love exists in many forms and colors. But love appears strongly in the heart of a young woman and a young man, as the splendor of seasons appears in the spring, when nature dresses in its best garments; love is the meaning, the cream and the flower of life; it is the age of youth and the color of existence.

But the feelings and the heartbeats when two lovers meet are nothing but a sensual sign of the eternal sentiment, love. That sentiment is a greater indication for the truth, resulting not from the

September 7, 1985.

Everyone is absorbed in preparing for the wedding feast. A crowd comes and a crowd goes. This one person is laughing, and that one is guffawing. This one is acting out of courtesy, and that one is praising. And all are sipping the toast of the feast.

But I was drinking slowly the glass of pain and the gall of bitterness was snapping at my entrails that night. I knew then, that my marriage's ship which had ploughed the torrent of thirty years, was now at the point of sinking, and that positively, after the marriage of my daughter.

Many thoughts and images had been tossed at me that night. They threw me sometimes on the shore of painful remembrance, and sometimes they swept me away to the middle of the sea of human beasts which called themselves, or rather pretended, to be friends.

This memory carried me through thirty past years. I reviewed its long tape in a few minutes. At first, it was love, joy and hope; it ended with separation, anguish and despair.

calculation of thinking but from the heart, which is the first to react to a thought.

In this age, the age of youth, every young heart is searching for a lover, for a friend, as the flower turns toward the light. In such a manner, the heart turns toward love. Love is a sentiment in the soul and feelings in the body; it is the unity of souls and bodies together, it is an idea in the mind and a beat in the heart.

The lover in the presence of his beloved feels that he is currently present in a sea of happiness which makes him want not to ask for any other happiness. Most of the time, the lover would find difficulty with words, but hearts are more eloquent than words in those moments. A glance to the lover is sufficient; the eyes speak not the lips, and the hearts understand each other, not the minds.

This is why lovers experience racing heartbeats and their cheeks glow with bashfulness. All that is a sensual sign or sensory echo in the body for what the soul would be conscious of. You should not be troubled if you experience such feelings

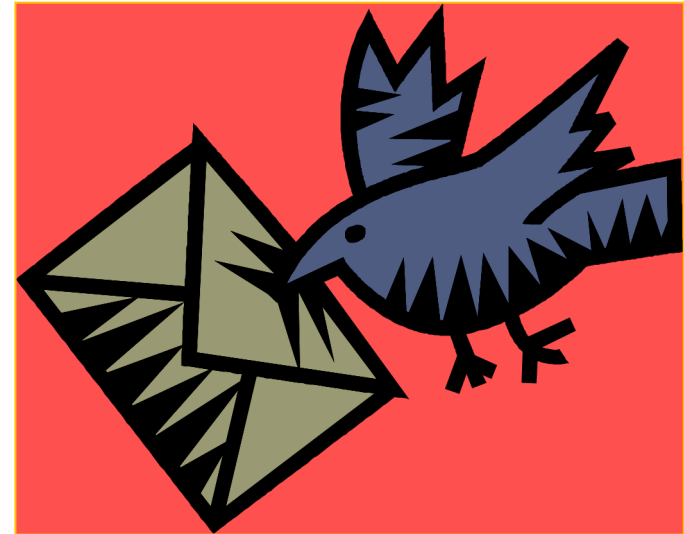
when you see whom you love; that is strong evidence that your love has burst forth from the deepest parts of your soul, as the clear water from the source.

Love is the heart's unity, while hatred contradicts it and divides together and unites, just as hatred places at a distance and scatters. The only wish of a lover is to be connected with his beloved, to be united as one. This is why Jesus, who was crucified for our love's sake, spoke of, "The man leaves his father and his mother and joins his wife, to be one body, not two.

"This means, that the lover does not look at his beloved as he looks at a tool or a utensil to build his happiness, but he looks at his beloved as he looks at him-self. All that demands from the lover's sacrifices and, most of the time, suffering and pain. And only that pain purifies love from every profanity.

Two kinds of love: true and fictitious. True love continues as long as life lasts, and it triumphs over death. Jesus has overcome death by love. This is why love overcomes difficulties,

SECOND MESSAGE



"The man, in order to be a man,
needs the femininity in the woman.
And the woman without femininity is not considered a woman."

resists pain and tolerates distress. And if it was not for love, no one would have borne patiently the pain of this life.

And love has duties and rules. The first duty is: We should wish for our beloved what he wants for himself, not what we want. This is why the lover attempts first to adapt his own taste, inclinations, motions and actions to become similar to his beloved. Unity would be complete when the beloved applied the same method. The lovers are like two soldiers; each of them attempts from his valley to reach to one height, the height of love and oneness.

My darling:

I look up to you and to your love, as a living example of love incarnate on earth. In order to produce the fruits of love, God is to be glorified by both of you. Indulge in your feelings as two flowers which were planted by God's hand in a garden of love.

I don't believe in a marriage built on wealth. Real wealth is the fortune of the heart. What

could all the money of the world do to a man if luck sentences him to fall in love and share life with a heart empty of love? Money is not the object of life; money is as a means, not a goal to obtain happiness. Everlasting happiness is in love. And how true the story which describes for us a king who begs happiness from a poor man, by saying to him: Take all my wealth and give me the secret of your happiness. The poor man answered: It is a secret that could not be bought by wealth, do not love money, but love your neighbor and you will be a happy king.

That is why I do not believe in marriage built on wealth, as if it was built on sand, because wealth comes and goes, but love could not be sold or bought.

Your beloved is looking to one wealth you can offer to him: The wealth of your heart, and your faithfulness until death.

Yes, by this wealth, both of you can find the whole of wealth, because it is the key of heaven's and earth's treasure.

Be aware my daughter, St. Augustine said: "Our

Believe in beauty; beauty is the face of God.

What are life, love and beauty, but God.

I believe what I have said this time *is* enough to think about. I hope you are always as I left you, that noble girl, who has distinguished hopes and goals, and believes in ideals, in God, life, love and beauty: that girl who is hardened in the face of difficulties, soft in the face of love and strong in the face of hatred.

Finally, I embrace you strongly; you are your Dad's heart beloved and my great hope.

Love, Dad



love. And God does not wish to love Him without loving our human brothers. St. John said: "If you do not love your brother whom you see how you can love God whom you cannot see?"

Let your heart not stop at this human love, be offered

to the source which waters every love and nourishes every pure sentiment.

True love's characteristics: first, purity; that is what distinguishes true love from a carnal appetite. The young man who loves a young woman truly does not stop at her body; the body is not as important as the soul is. But the carnal love is not a true love, because it stops at the body. The true love is born with hope or, rather, it produces the hope. The lover believes in life, beauty and God. Difficulties never stop him and obstacles never tire him. Because he knows there is another person like him, he dedicates his life for that one. True love encourages the soul's will. The lover does not withdraw from self-sacrifice if it becomes necessary.

Believe in life; life is beautiful. Believe in love; love is the cause of our existence.

heart is created for God, and would not find rest but in Him." No one could satisfy our heart but God. The creature could stop our love and the affections of our heart. Your heart's beloveds: love them and love every one for God's sake.

My Daughter:

The world is a mixture of love and lust, joy and delight, peace and servility, courage and conceit. Love is from God; Lust is from evil. Love is a feeling born in the soul, and stirs the heart, but it is not from the body, but something from the soul. It is the breeze that revives the soul and the water that quenches its thirst. It is the footprint of God in us, because God is love. But lust is from the flesh and the body. For that love is eternal; it does not stop at death, and it does not perish with the beauty of the body. But lust stops at the grave, and ends with despair.

The love is the "A" and the "Z"; it is the first cause of a human being's existence and his end goal.

From love, joy is born, even if it is in a sea of tears, and from that joy happiness is born. From lust, delight is born, and from that delight, illness

and grief. Joy, and happiness are from the soul; all that belongs to the soul is eternal. But delight and lust are from the body, and the delights of the body vanish and end in illness and despair.

Does that make sense to you? Try to follow what I have said, and I urge you to take the time to read this letter carefully and share it with the one who has place in your heart. Today's young choose to pick the roses of life and to drink from the delights of youth, but as for God, they leave Him to the maturity of age. And I am saying to you: What is the use of a withering rose? God wants the rose

at its full bloom not at its withering. Be ready to present your heart in life's spring and not in its winter.

Today's youth are tired of life, because they put their hope in human love, and they forget that human love is nothing but a spark of God's love.

Did you ever see a moth fly haphazardly around the lamp without a plea? Thus today's youth walk in the darkness, groping about awkwardly.

How can I compare the heart of a young woman or a young man? It resembles a beautiful flower

starting to bloom with life, and many hands extend to pick it; and the strongest hands are the evil's, the world's and the body's hands. But God's hand is the lightest hand extended to this flower. Because God's hand would not force, but call and bless. For this reason, the world's, the body's and the evil's voices are strong in us, and we could not listen to God's voice, if we do not stop first to do so.

Life is beautiful, and everything in life is beauty; the blooming flower, the smiling spring, the singing birds, the devoted mother bent over her baby's crib nursing him with the milk of love, the young man overflowing with high spirits hope and health, the young woman replete with bashfulness and life, the pure infant and his angelic smile, but every beauty is a copy of the unique beauty of God, just as every love is flame from the divine love. Does the wise man stop at the streamlet or does he go to the source?

My Daughter:

God gave you an abundant love and great heart full of sensitivity and He gave, you the one you