

Rumi and the Mystical Path of Sufism

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“There is a light seed grain inside.
You fill it with yourself, or it dies.”

A seed remembers the tree from which it sprang. The pit of a peach or the seed of an apple carries the memory, even after the fruit travels miles from the tree that bore it. And if the seed is planted and cultivated, the weeds cleared away and the seed watered, it will return again to the tree, because the seed remembers.

We are like the fruit of God. Like a peach from a tree, God has put a seed inside each of us – a seed that remembers the place it has come from. As we cultivate that seed: as we clear away the weeds of ego and pride and water it with prayer and love, we fill it with our lives – our selves. We can take care of this one small seed rather than focusing on our large pride or our large stomach or our large plans. It is simply the seed that occupies us, and when we fill it with our life, the tree of God might grow in our heart and branch out into the world around us.