Divine Economy
& how it works

Words by
Ellie Clayton

Inspired by, and with illustrations from, the works of William Blake

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Man was made for joy & woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Thro’ the world we safely go.
Joy & woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.

From “Auguries of Innocence”, William Blake
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We get more than we deserve.
Everything of real value can’t be paid for.
We receive from those whom we cannot repay.
We can’t re-create the past.
We can’t control the future.
Co-operation out-succeeds competition.
Diversity contributes to the whole.
The whole provides for the parts.
Nothing is lost, nothing is wasted.
We participate in the great exchange.
An external source supplies energy to sustain.
There is no limit to the supply of love, mercy, grace, and compassion.
We are pipelines for God to supply the world.
The richness of the design comes from changing patterns.
We can’t hold back the flow of God’s movement.
We stand on the shoulders of giants.
We pass on what we receive, emptying ourselves in the process.
There is no receiving without giving; there is no giving without receiving.

The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,
Appeared like his father in white.

He raised the child by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro’ the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.
Transformation is the mode of operation.
We must die to be born again.
God has declared creation to be good.
God intends change. We are to change ourselves, to change others, to be changed by others.
Nothing static is alive; to live is to change.
We are always on the verge of a new awakening.
The key is in the lock, the door awaits opening. Can we turn the key, open the door, and walk through?
We are members of one another.
We are given enough light to take the next step.
The attitude of gratitude opens the windows of our hearts.
There is a time to reflect, and a time to participate.
We cannot give love if we cannot accept forgiveness.
We cannot receive love if we cannot forgive others.
The image of God can be found wherever we look.
Spirit is the real; matter is the illusion.
Our task is to see the real through the illusion.
We see a sliver of reality which can contribute to an image with other slivers.
Without the awareness of a community my perceptions are incomplete.
Darkness is a void without independent existence.
Darkness disappears when light appears.
If we open ourselves to the spirit, we receive.
The end is the beginning.
Time is a cross-section of eternity.

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We experience time as a thread not yet woven into the cloth.
The price of living in time is losing the awareness of eternity.
Time binds us to space; space to matter; matter to change.
Death is deliverance from time to eternity.

On this side death: and points them out to men:
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever fate the bountiful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death:
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns:
Periander! he severely frowns on thee:
* No warning given—unceremonious fate!
* A sudden rush from life’s meridian joys!
* A wrench from all we love—from all we are!
* A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
* Beyond conjecture! feeble nature’s dread!
* Strong reason’s shudder at the dark unknown!
* A sun extinguish’d! a just opening grave!
* And oh! the last—last—what? can words express?
* Thought reach? the last, last—silence of a friend!
Where are those horrors, that amazement where,
This hideous group of ill, which singly shock?
Demand from man—I thought him man till now.

Through nature’s wreck, through vanquish’d agonies,
Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom,
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where, the frail mortal? the poor aspect worn?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all,
Richer than Mammon’s for his single heir:
His comforters he comforts: great in ruin,
With unrelenting grandeur given, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
Blessed are we if our time is infused with eternity.

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O', my soul is white
White as an angel in the English child:
But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day
She took me on her lap and kissed me
And pointing to the east began to say:

Look on the rising sun there God does live
And gives his light and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noon day.
And we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of love.
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
All is gift.
We change reality by changing our perception of it.
There is much to be learned about eternity by living in time.
There is much to learn about time by living in eternity.
We learn in order to teach; we teach in order to learn.
The pieces of the puzzle of life can be assembled in many ways.
God revises the past as easily as he revises the future.
Our food is to do the will of the Father.
Patience comes from viewing the world from God’s perspective.
The means is as important as the end.
We are woven together into a seamless fabric.
Eternity is not endless time.
Infinity is not endless space.
Don’t ask for a refill until your cup is empty.
Process not product is the outcome.
Interrelatedness underlies all.

The Divine Image

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love.
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love
In Man his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine
And Peace, the human face.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.

And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Love, Mercy, Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.
We move from the known to the unknown.
Darkness cannot impinge on the light.
Sources

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5 (Engraving from the Book of Job)
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51 (Songs of Innocence and of Experience, Plate 6: The Ecchoing Green)
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