

DIVINE ECONOMY

words by Ellie Clayton



with illustrations by

WILLIAM BLAKE

Divine Economy

& how it works

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

*Designed and published by
Ian Mulder*

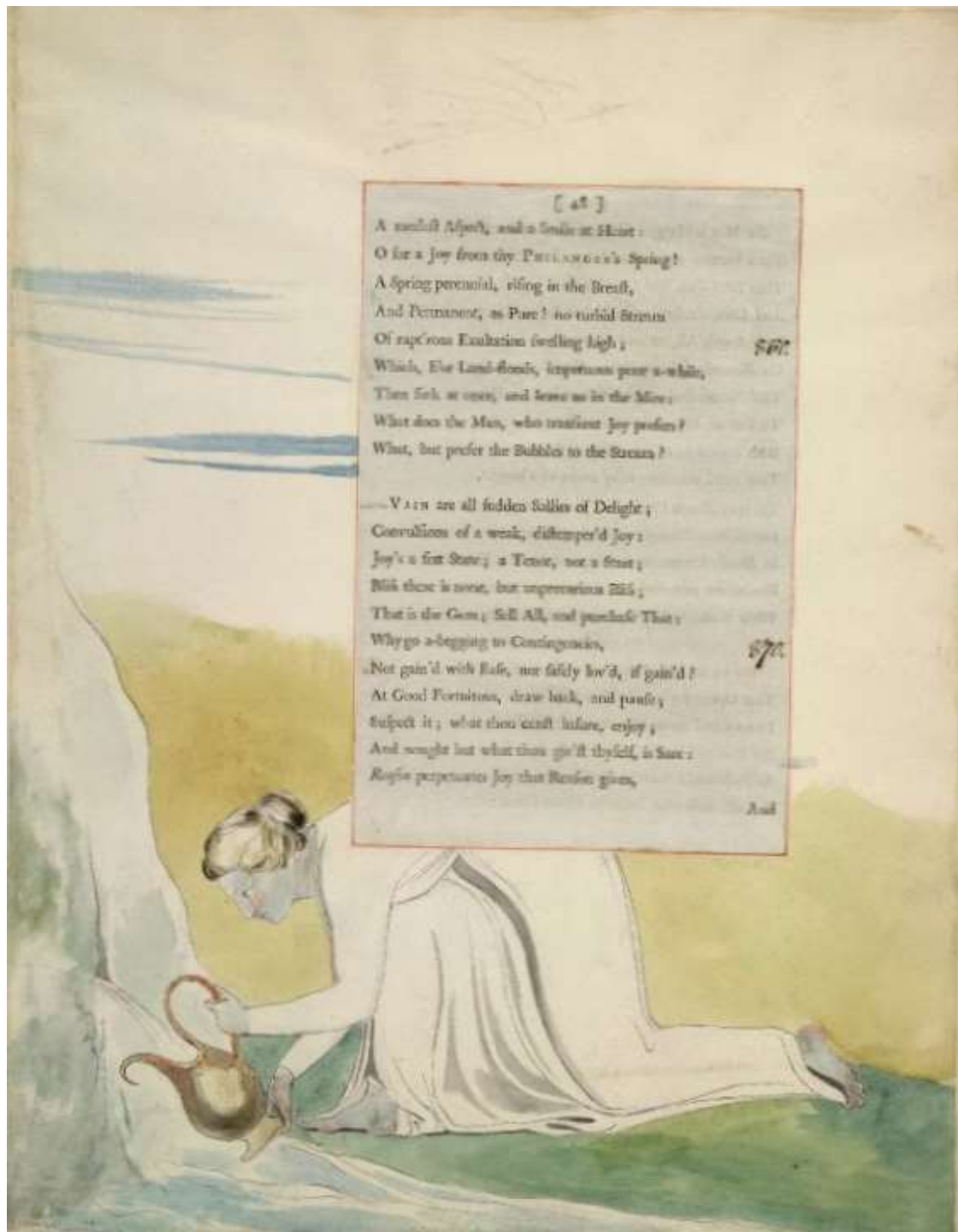
*based on the content within
<http://enterdoor.blogspot.co.uk>*

*“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.”*

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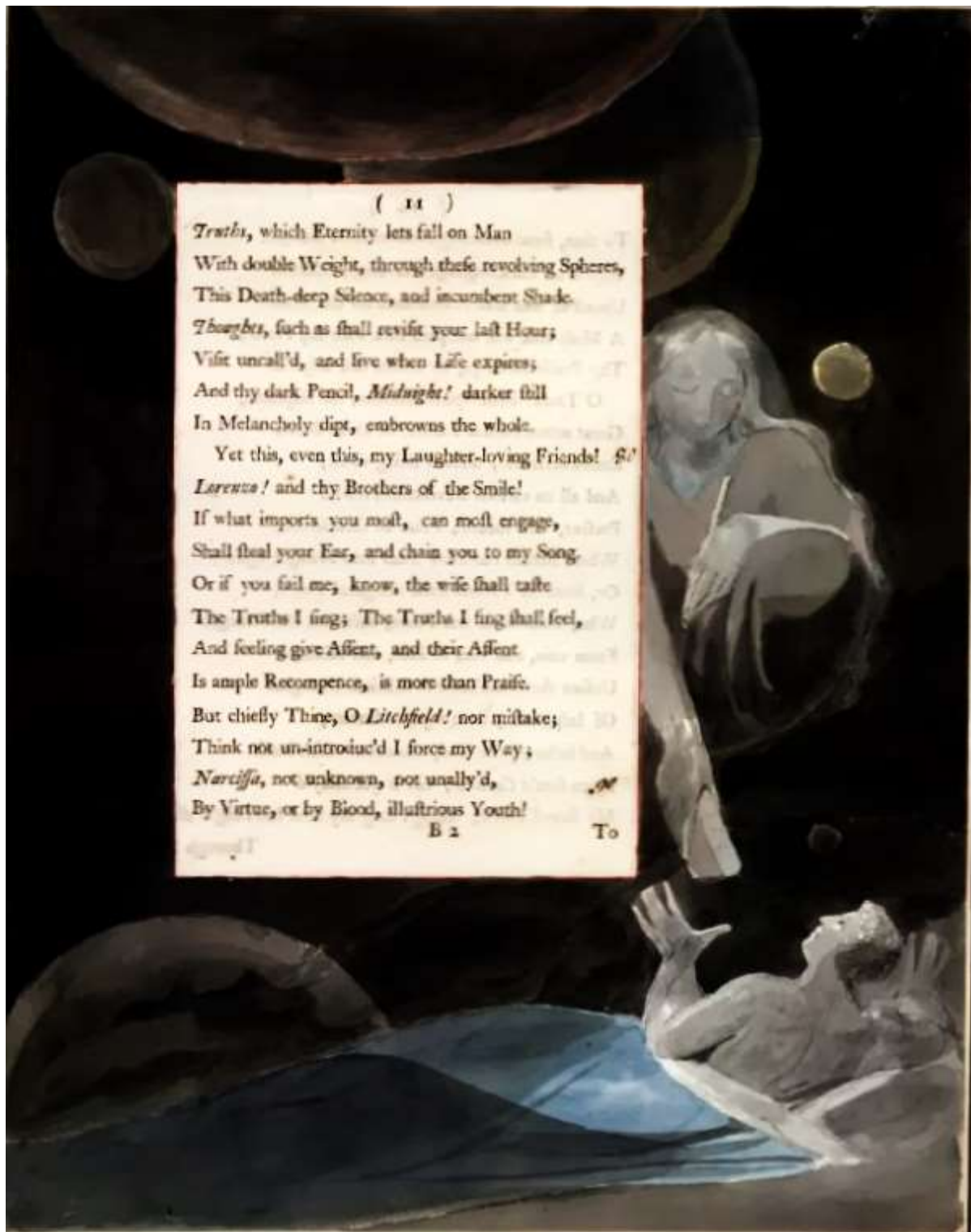
We get more than we deserve.



Everything of real value can't be paid for.



We receive from those whom we cannot repay.



We can't re-create the past.



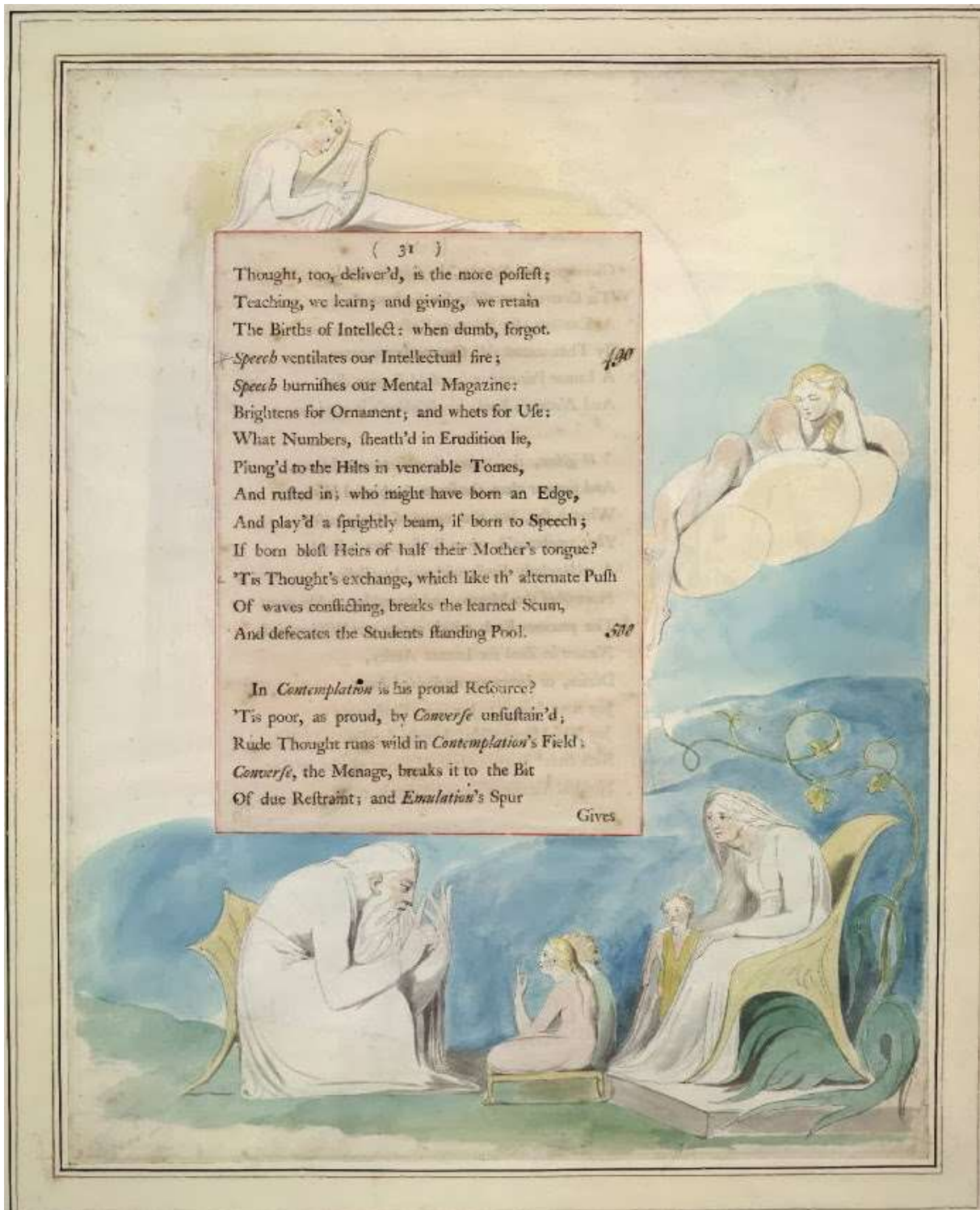
We can't control the future.



J O B

What is Man That thou shouldst Try him Every Moment? Job 1:1

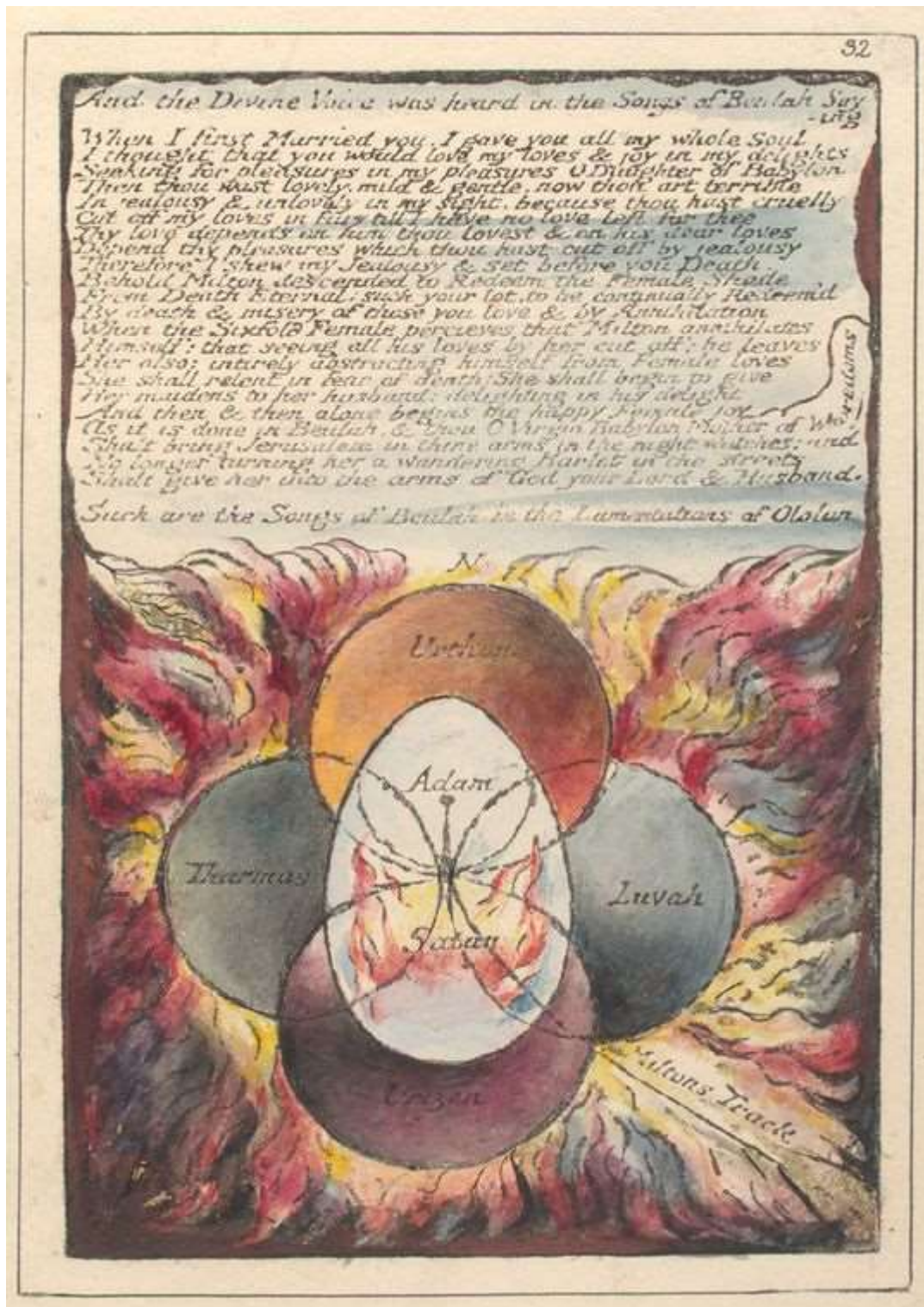
Co-operation out-succeeds competition.



Diversity contributes to the whole.



The whole provides for the parts.



Nothing is lost, nothing is wasted.



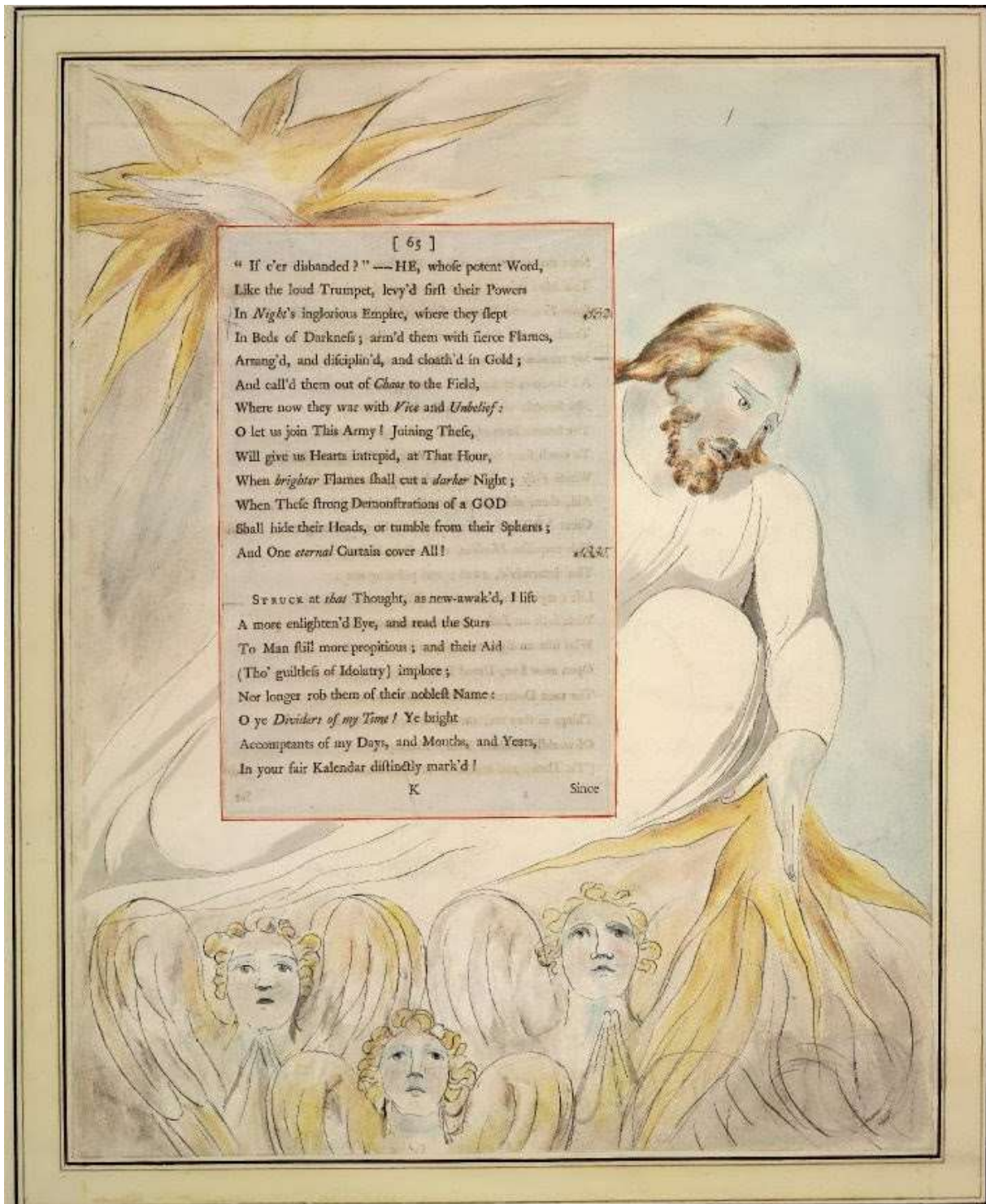
We participate in the great exchange.



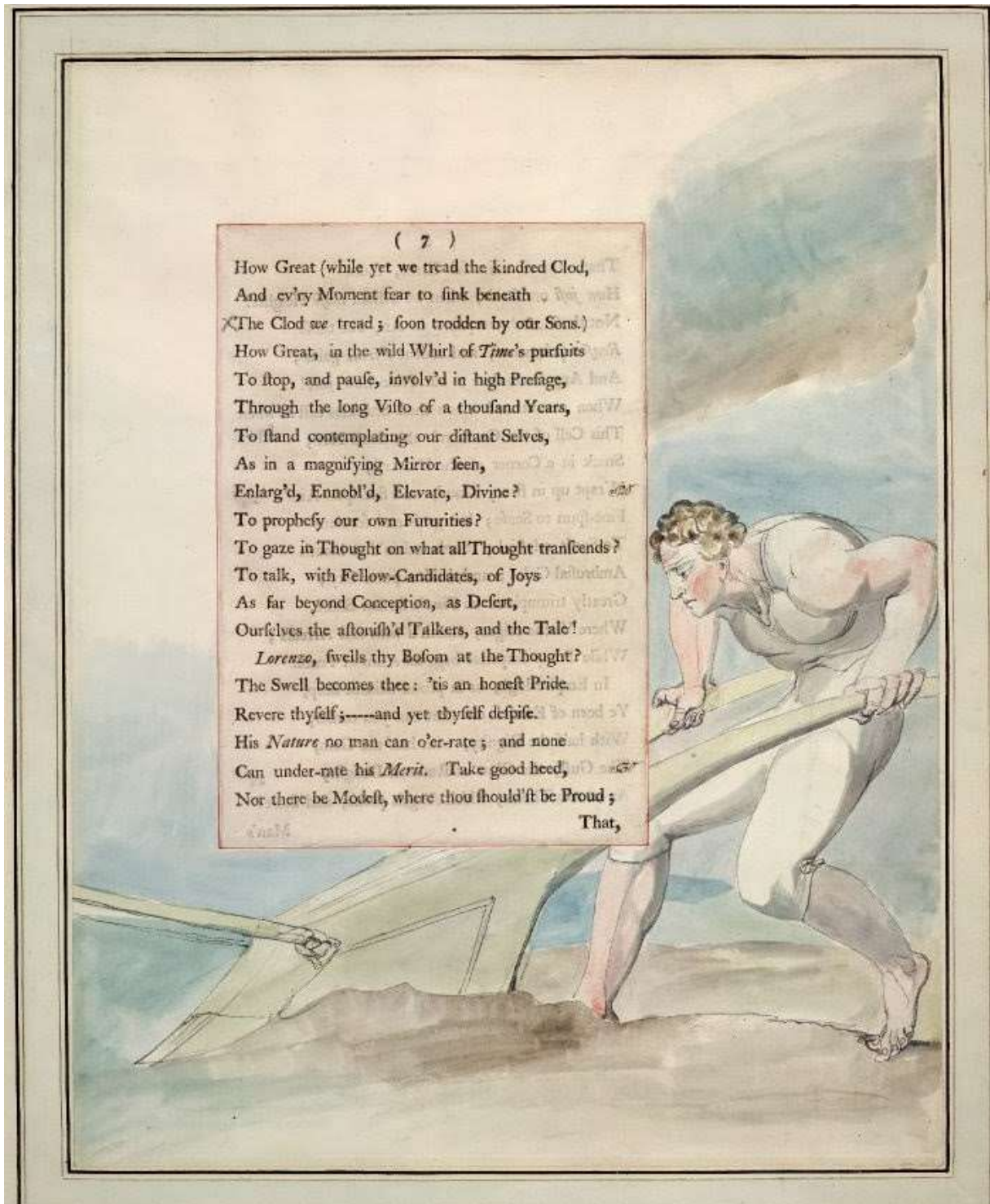
An external source supplies energy to sustain.



There is no limit to the supply of love, mercy, grace, and compassion.



We are pipelines for God to supply the world.



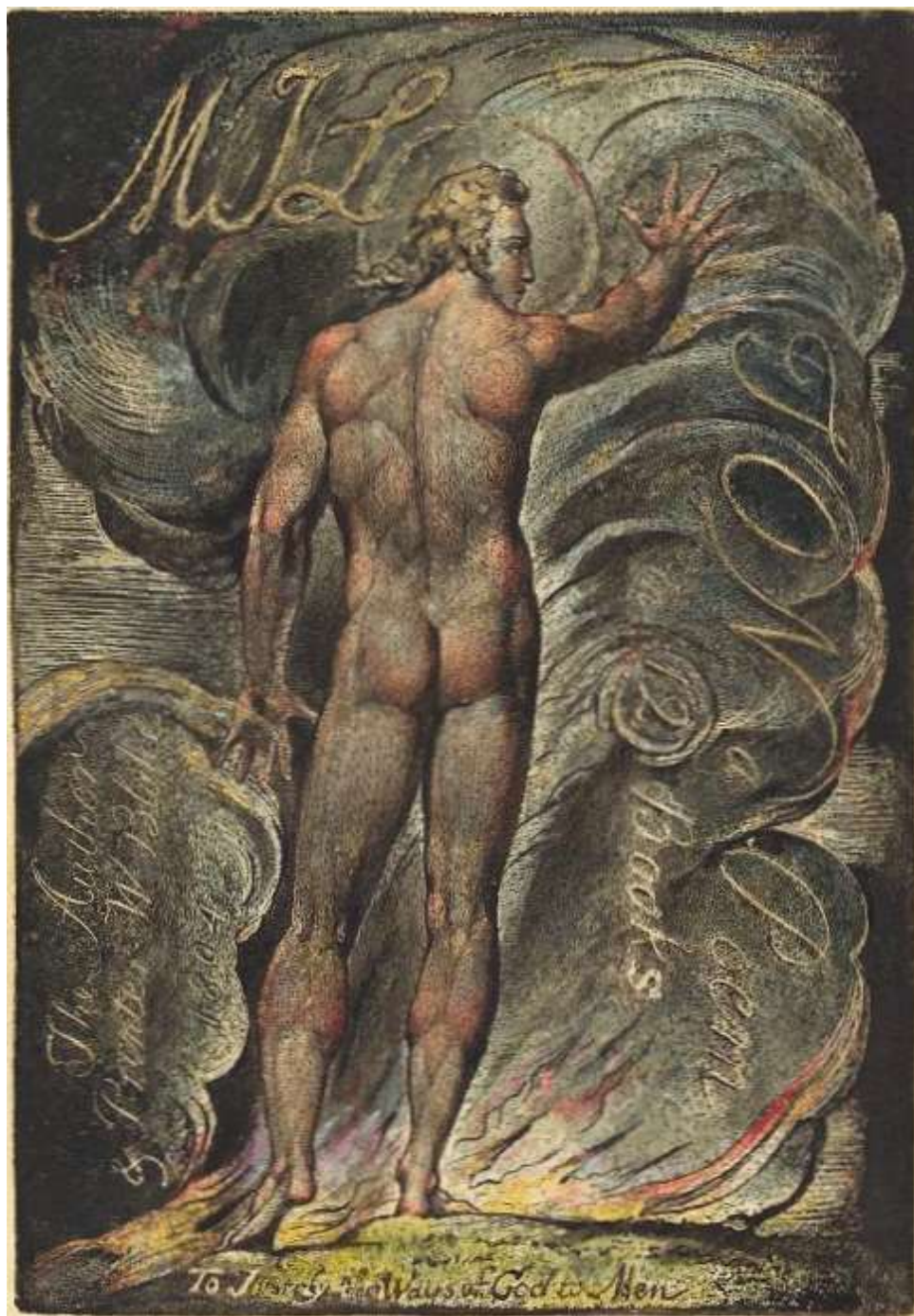
The richness of the design comes from changing patterns.



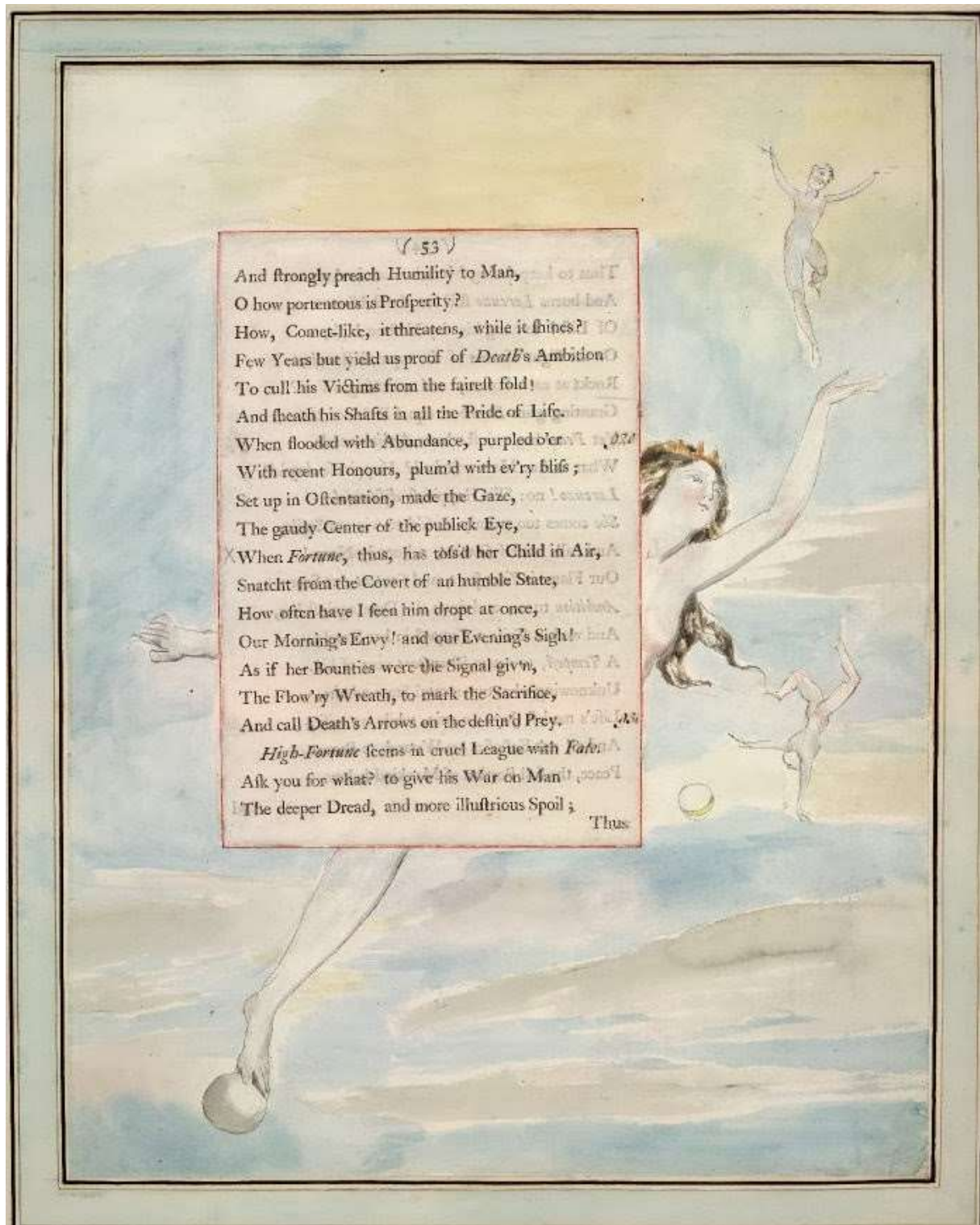
We can't hold back the flow of God's movement.



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.



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.



EZEKIEL.

Interpreting from thee the Desire of thine Eyes.

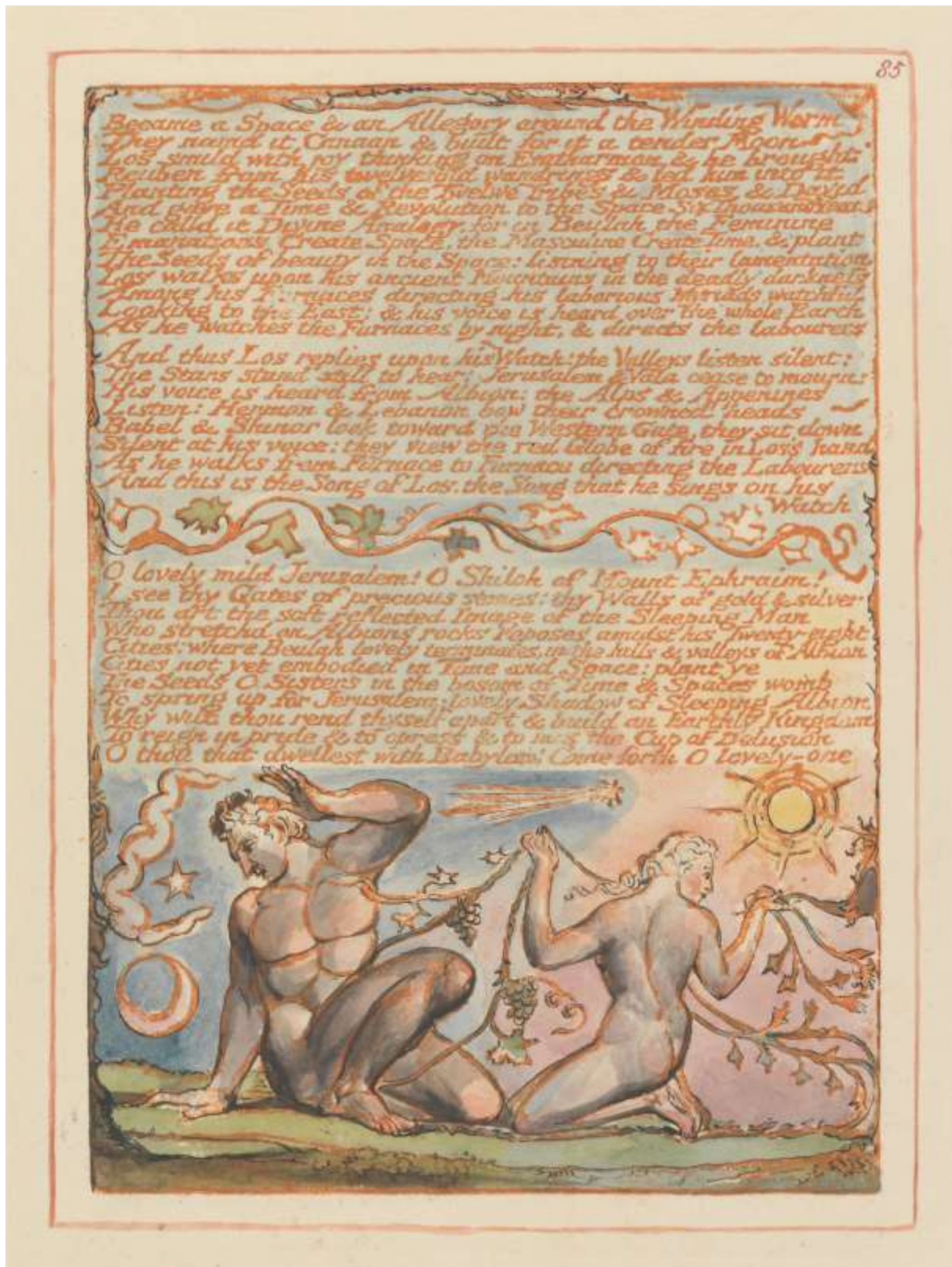
We are always on the verge of a new awakening.



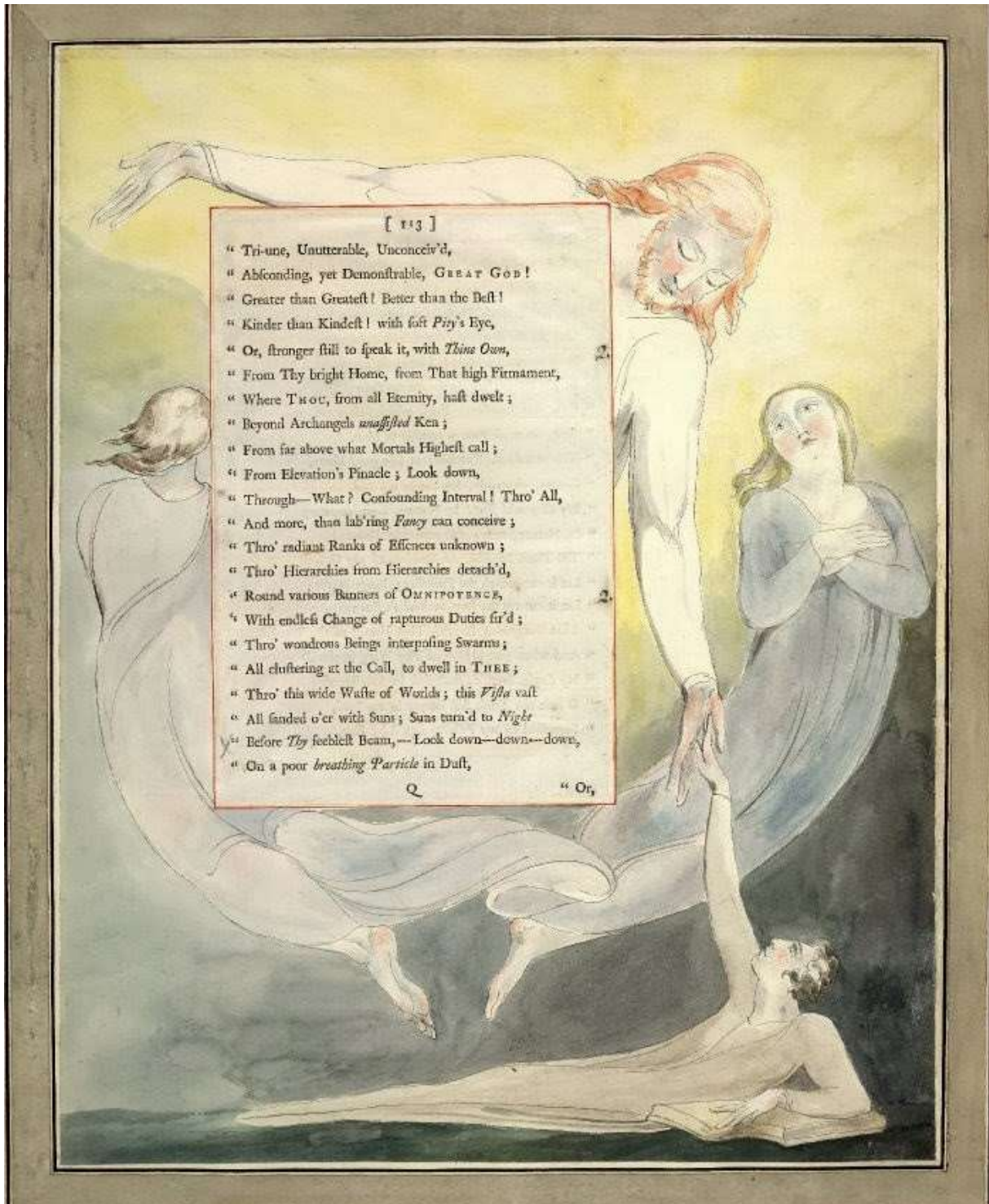
*The key is in the lock, the door awaits opening. Can we turn
the key, open the door, and walk through?*



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.



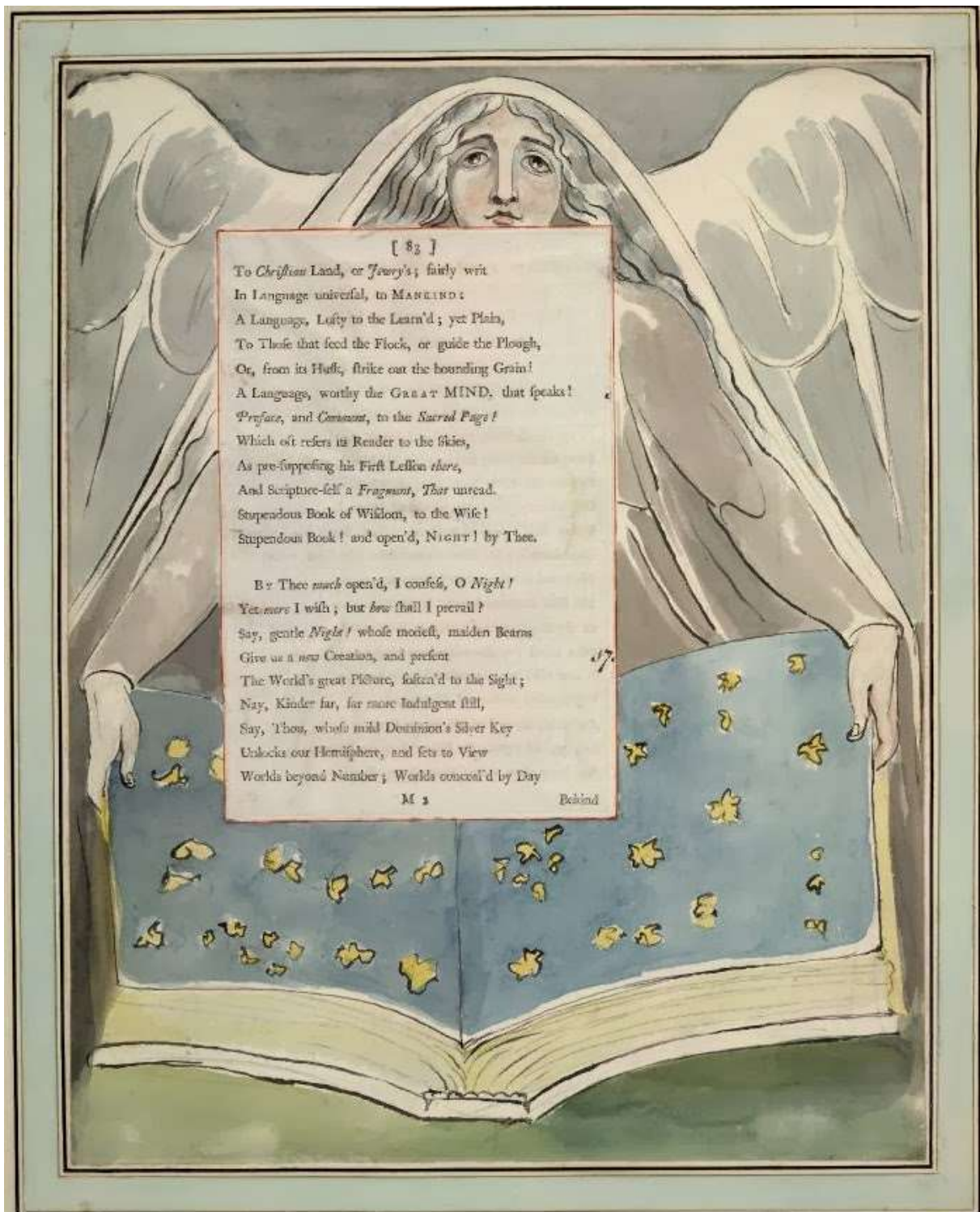
We cannot give love if we cannot accept forgiveness.



We cannot receive love if we cannot forgive others.



The image of God can be found wherever we look.



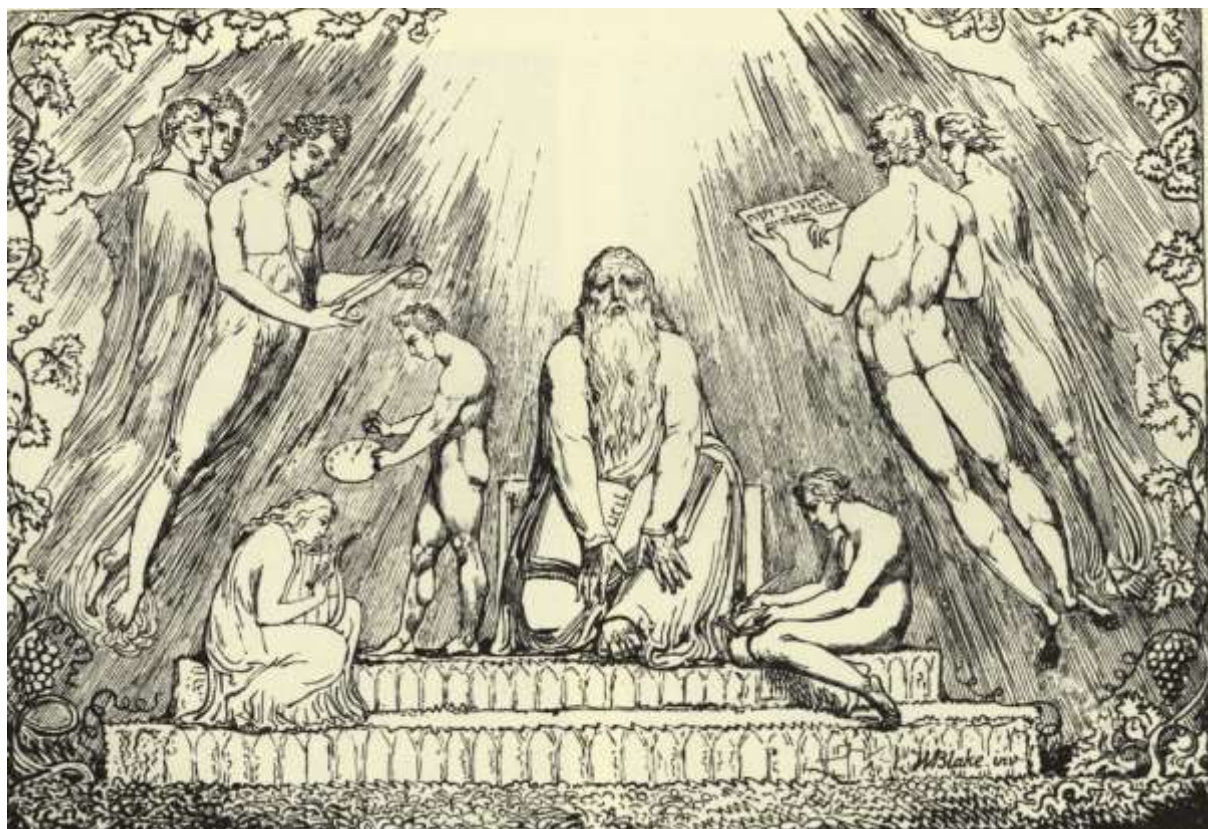
Spirit is the real; matter is the illusion.



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.



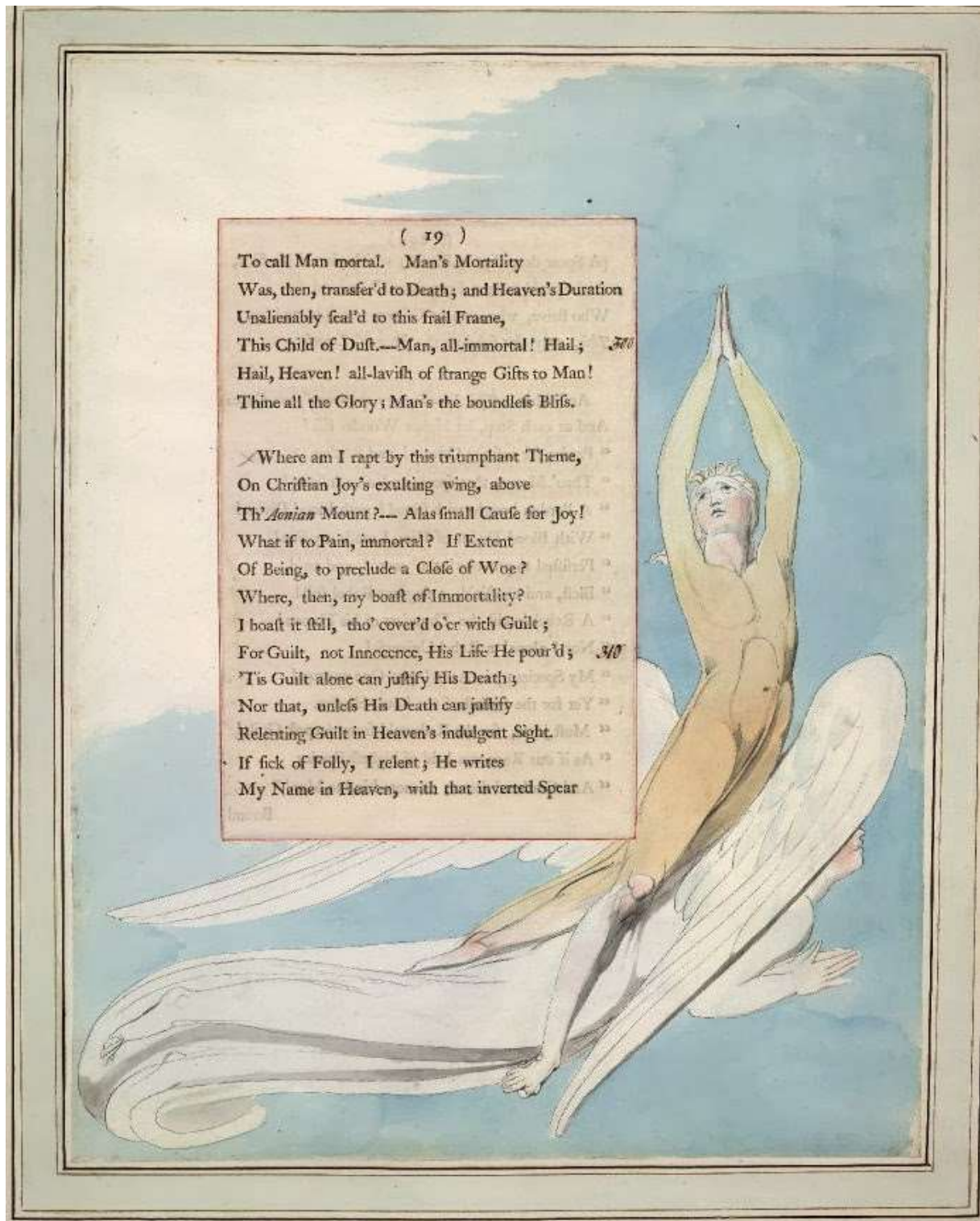
Darkness is a void without independent existence.



Darkness disappears when light appears.



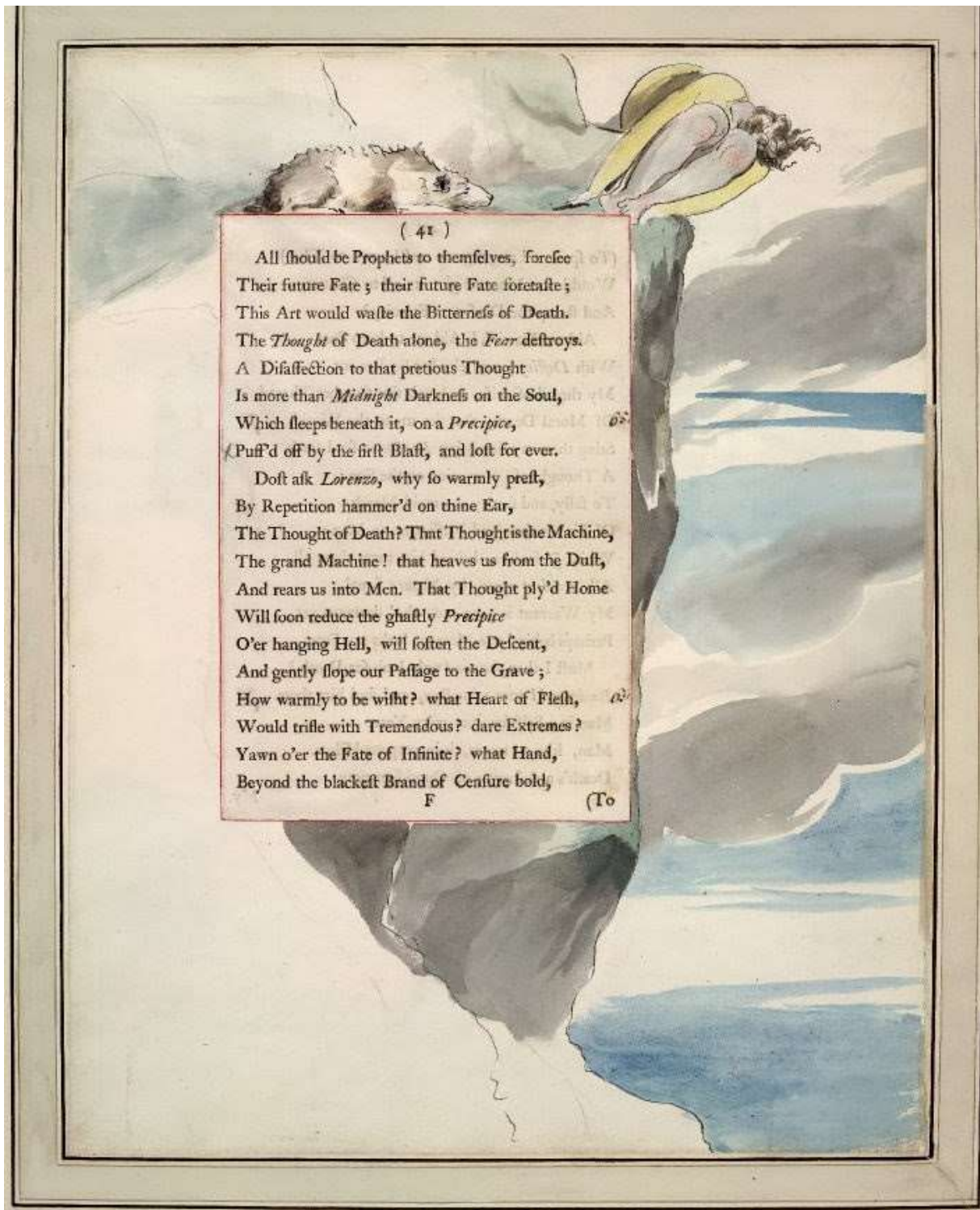
If we open ourselves to the spirit, we receive.



The end is the beginning.



Time is a cross-section of eternity.



(41)

All should be Prophets to themselves, foresee
Their future Fate ; their future Fate foretaste ;
This Art would waste the Bitterness of Death.
The *Thought* of Death alone, the *Fear* destroys.
A Disaffection to that precious Thought
Is more than *Midnight* Darkness on the Soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *Precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first Blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask *Lorenzo*, why so warmly prest,
By Repetition hammer'd on thine Ear,
The Thought of Death? That Thought is the Machine,
The grand Machine! that heaves us from the Dust,
And rears us into Men. That Thought ply'd Home
Will soon reduce the ghastly *Precipice*
O'er hanging Hell, will soften the Descent,
And gently slope our Passage to the Grave ;
How warmly to be wisht? what Heart of Flesh,
Would trifle with Tremendous? dare Extremes?
Yawn o'er the Fate of Infinite? what Hand,
Beyond the blackest Brand of Censure bold,

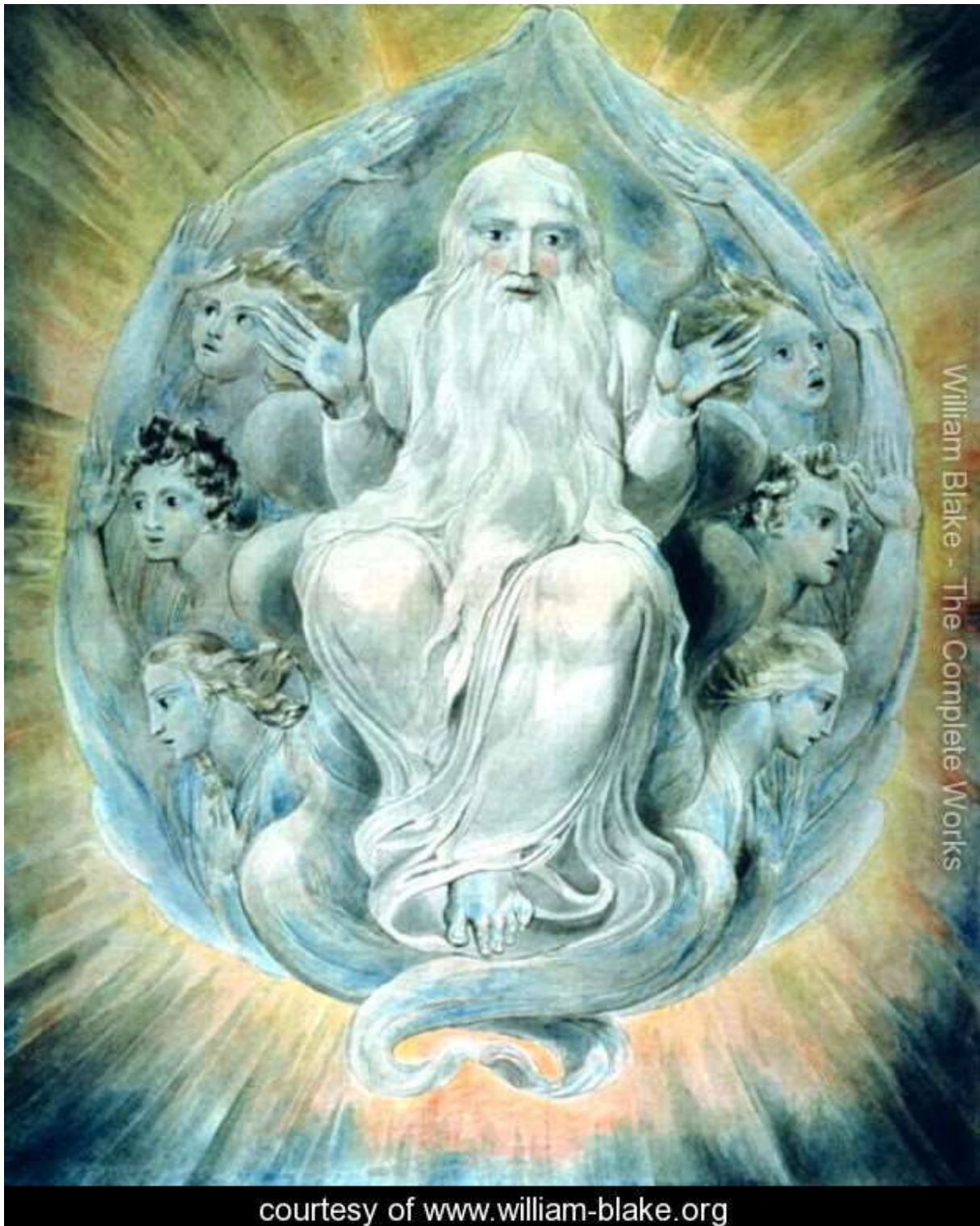
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(To

. We experience time as a thread not yet woven into the cloth.



The price of living in time is losing the awareness of eternity.



courtesy of www.william-blake.org

Time binds us to space; space to matter; matter to change.



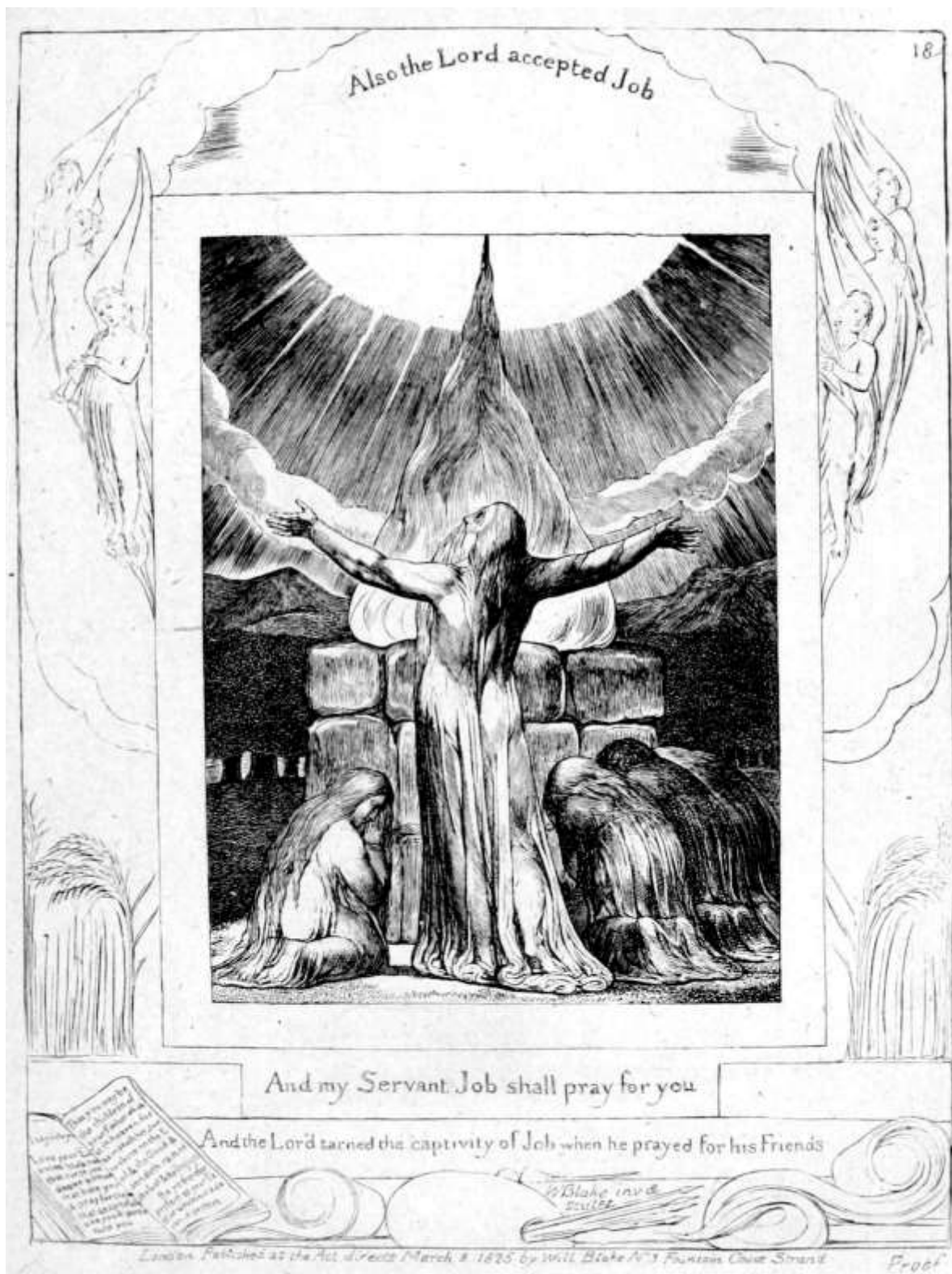
Death is deliverance from time to eternity.



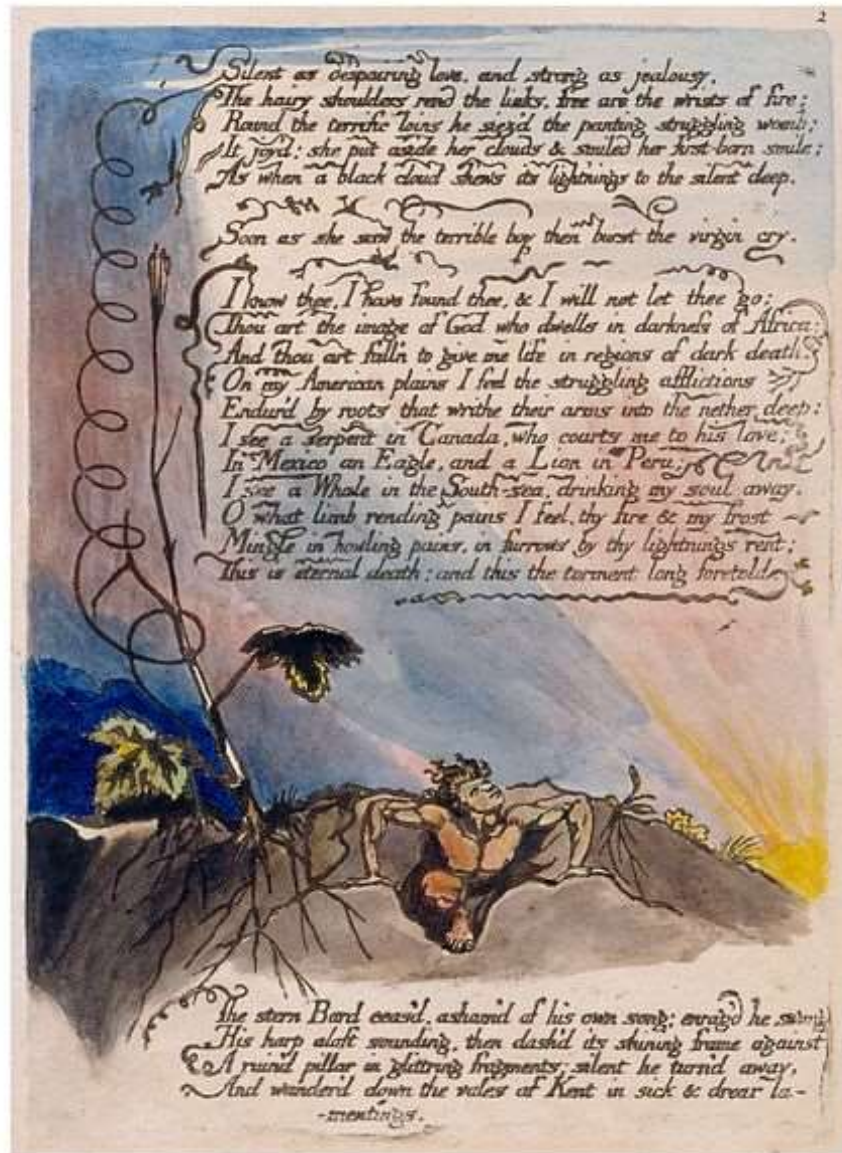
Blessed are we if our time is infused with eternity.



All is gift.



We change reality by changing our perception of it.



There is much to be learned about eternity by living in time



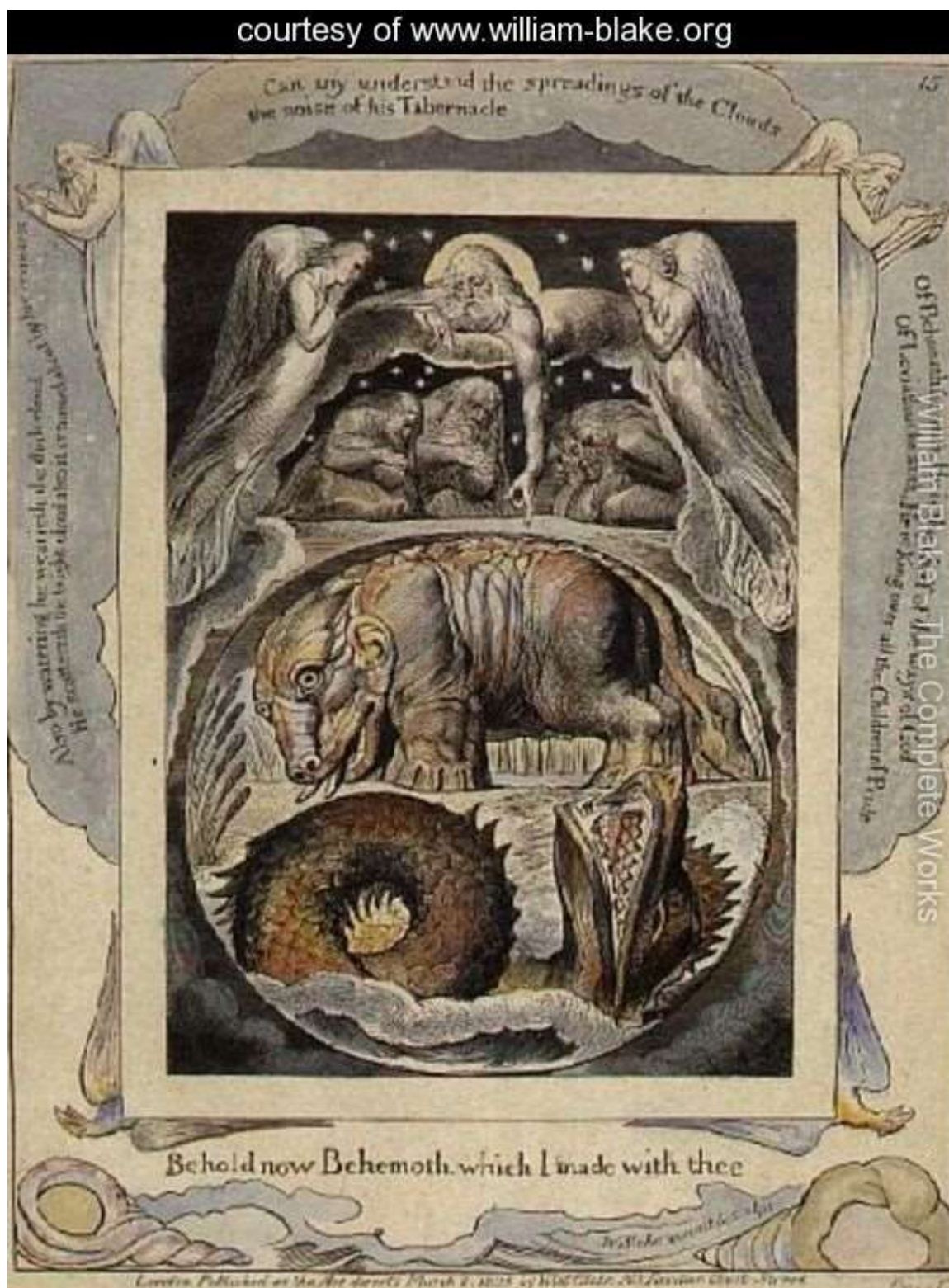
[12]

"Are huddled in a Group." — A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better News :
Look on Life's Stages ; they speak plainer still ;
The plainer They, the deeper wilt Thou sigh :
Look on thy lovely Boy ; in him behold
The Best that can befall the Best on Earth ;
The Boy has Virtue by his *Mother's* Side :
Yes, on *Florella* look ; a *Father's* Heart
Is tender, tho' the *Mother's* is made of Stone ;
The Truth, through such a Medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and Fondness prove thy Friend.

Florella lately cast on this rude Coast,
A helpless Infant ; now, a heedless Child ;
To poor *Clarissa's* Throes, thy Care succeeds ;
Care full of Love, and yet severe as Hate :
O'er thy Soul's Joy how oft thy Fondness frowns ?
Needful Austerity his Will restrain ;
As Thorns fence in the tender Plant from Harm.
As yet, his *Reason* cannot go alone,
But asks a sterner Nurse to lead it on :
His little Heart is often terrify'd ;

The

There is much to learn about time by living in eternity.



We learn in order to teach; we teach in order to learn.



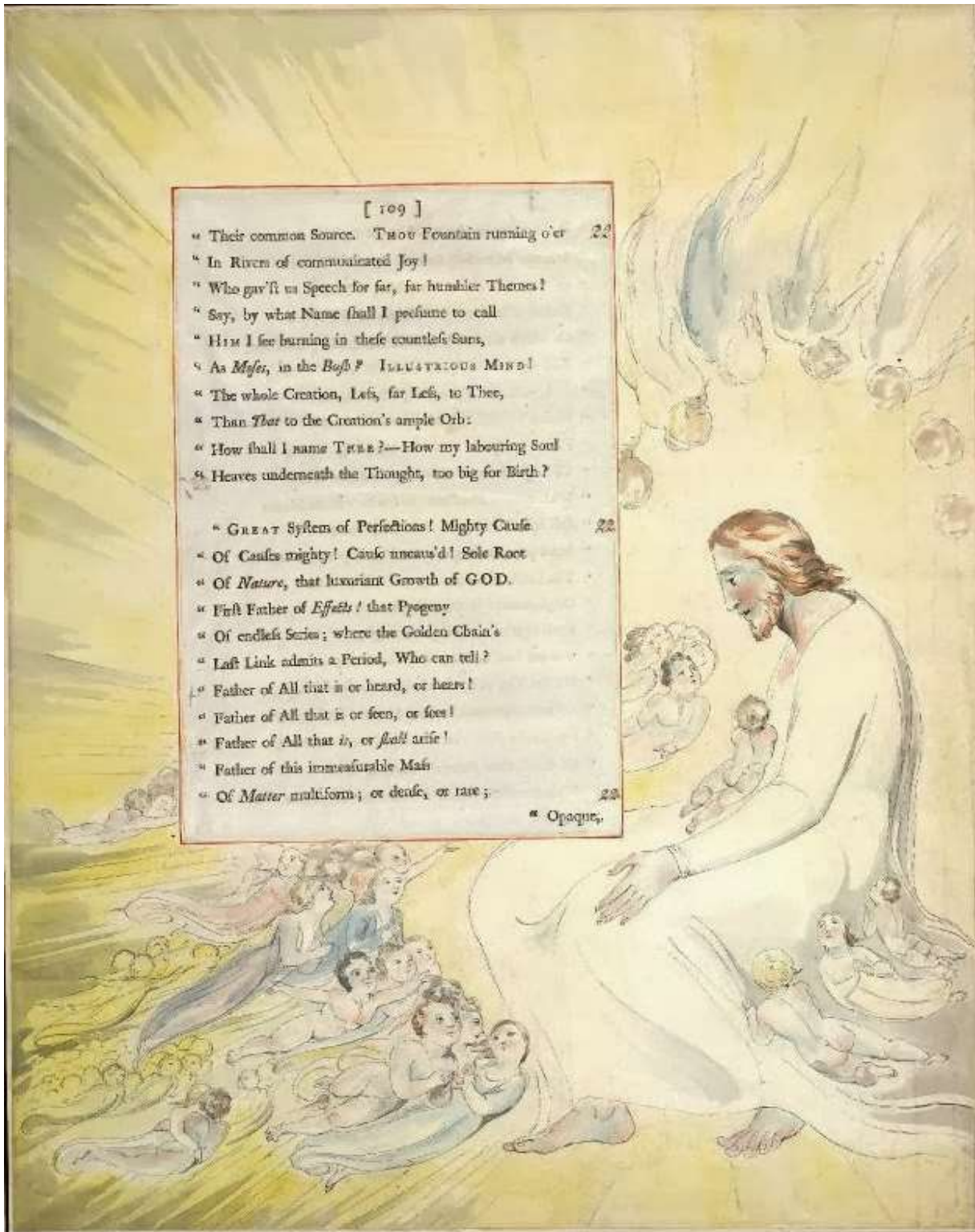
The pieces of the puzzle of life can be assembled in many ways.



God revises the past as easily as he revises the future.



Our food is to do the will of the Father.



[109]

" Their common Source. THOU Fountain running o'er 22
" In Rivers of communicated Joy!
" Who gav'st us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!
" Say, by what Name shall I presume to call
" HIM I see burning in these countless Suns,
" As *Moses*, in the *Bosk*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
" The whole Creation, Let's, far Less, to Thee,
" Than *That* to the Creation's ample Orb:
" How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul
" Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth?

" GREAT System of Perfections! Mighty Cause 22
" Of Causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! Sole Root
" Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD.
" First Father of *Effects*! that Progeny
" Of endless Series: where the Golden Chain's
" Last Link admits a Period, Who can tell?
" Father of All that is or heard, or hears!
" Father of All that is or seen, or sees!
" Father of All that *is*, or *shall* arise!
" Father of this immeasurable Mass
" Of *Matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;

" Opaque,

Patience comes from viewing the world from God's perspective.



[101]

How easy fits *this* Scheme on Human Hearts ?
It suits their Make ; it feeds their vast Desires ;
Passion is pleas'd ; and *Reason* asks no more ;
'Tis Rational ! 'Tis Great !----But what is *Thine* ?
It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
Leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,
Sinking from Bad to Worse ; few Years, the Sport
Of *Fortune* ; then, the Moriel of *Despair*.

SAY, then, *Lorenzo* ! (for Thou know'st it well)
What's *Vice* ?---Mere Want of Compass in our Thought.
Religion, what ?---The Proof of *Common-Sense* ;
How art thou hoodwink'd, where the *Least* prevails ?
Is it my Fault, if *those* *Truths* call thee *Fool* ?
And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend ?
And art Thou *still* an Insect in the Mire ?
How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown,
Snatch'd thee from Earth ; escorted thee thro' all
Th' *Ethereal* Armies ; walkt thee, like a God,
Thro' Splendor of first Magnitude, arrang'd
On either Hand ; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet ;

Close-

The means is as important as the end.

courtesy of www.william-blake.org



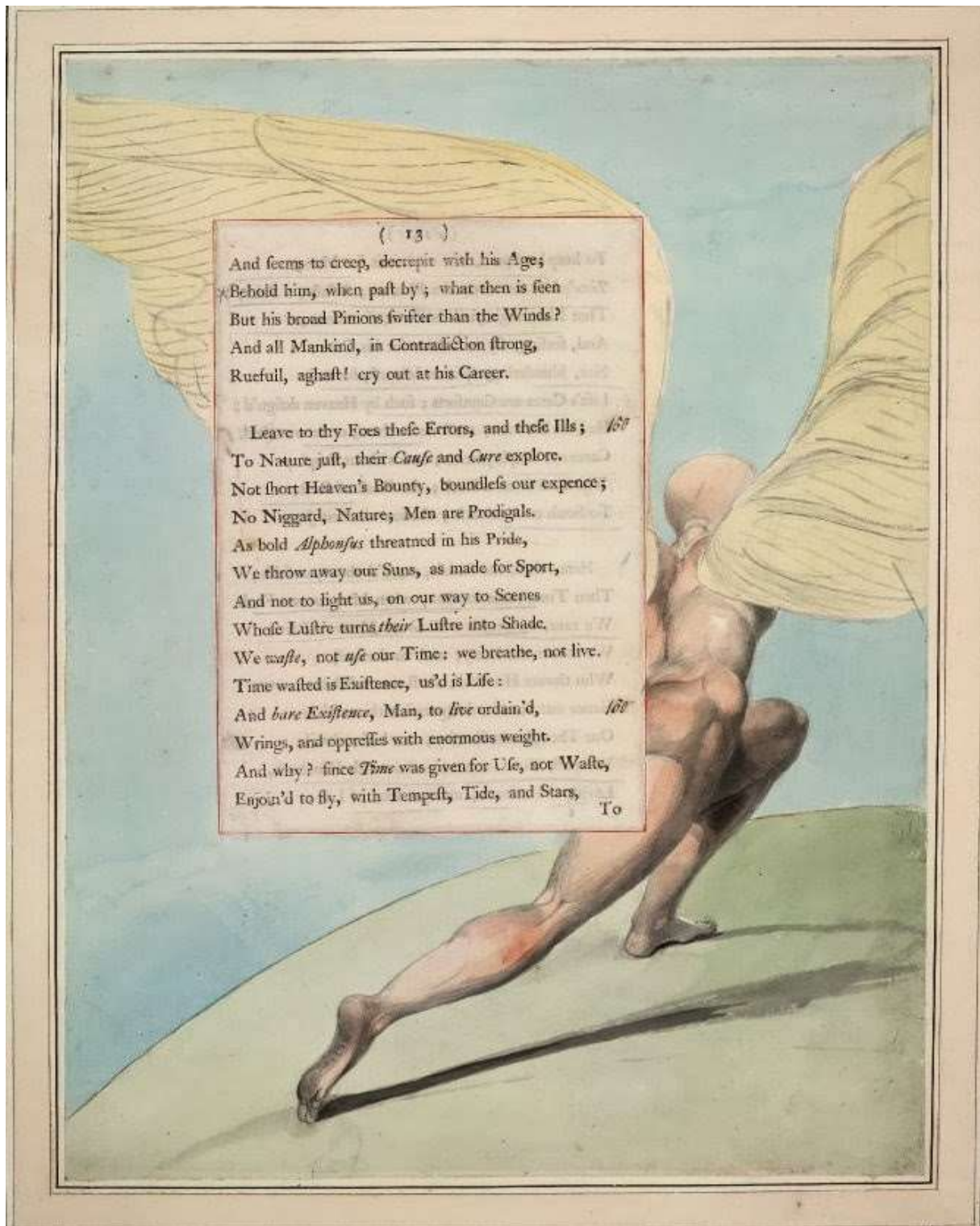
We are woven together into a seamless fabric.



Eternity is not endless time.



Infinity is not endless space.

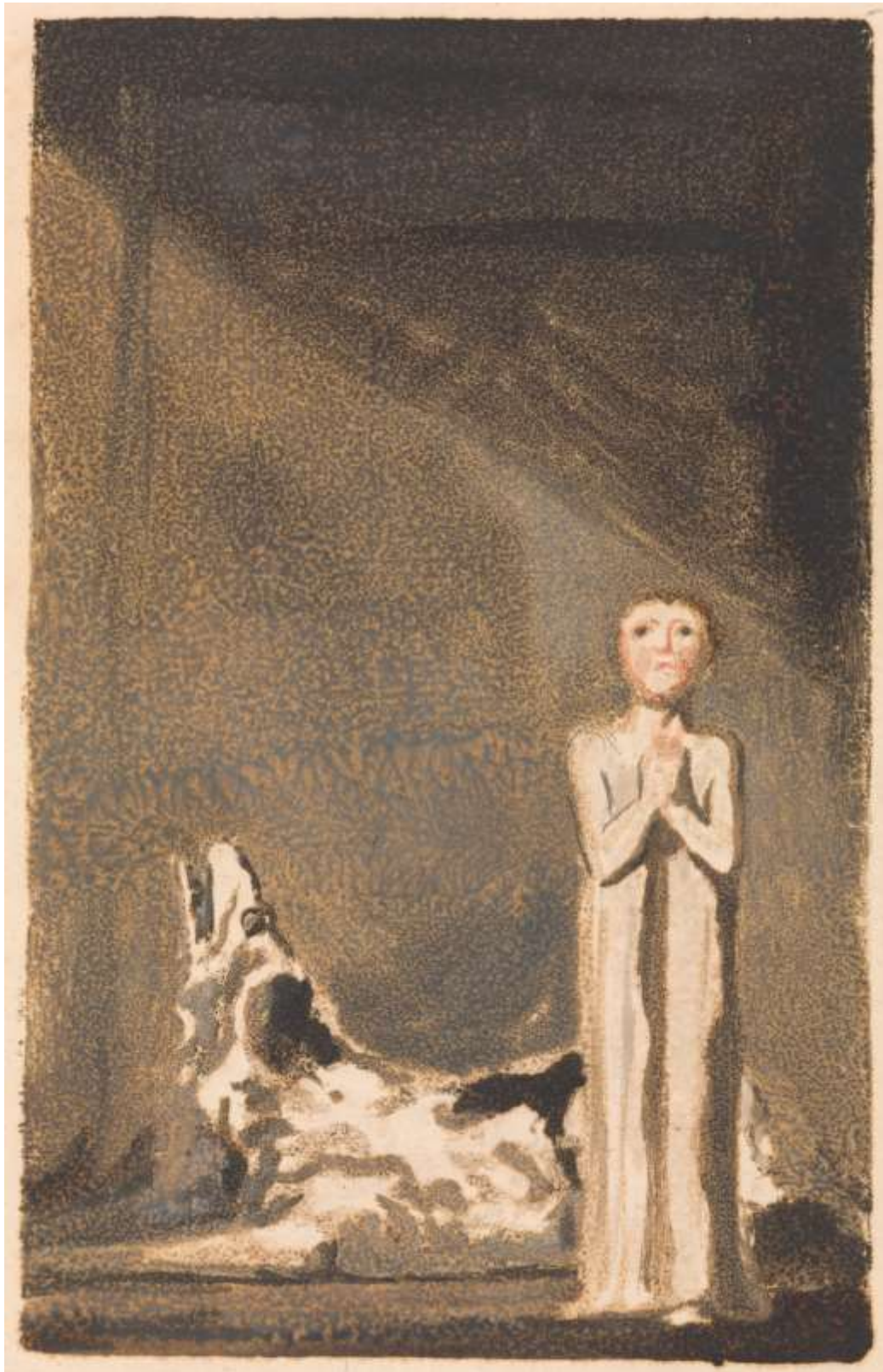


(13)

And seems to creep, decrepit with his Age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad Pinions swifter than the Winds?
And all Mankind, in Contradiction strong,
Ruefull, aghast! cry out at his Career.

Leave to thy Foes these Errors, and these Ills; 167
To Nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
Not short Heaven's Bounty, boundless our expence;
No Niggard, Nature; Men are Prodigals.
As bold *Alphonfus* threatned in his Pride,
We throw away our Suns, as made for Sport,
And not to light us, on our way to Scenes
Whose Lustre turns *their* Lustre into Shade.
We waste, not *use* our Time: we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is Existence, us'd is Life:
And bare *Existence*, Man, to *live* ordain'd, 168
Wings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *Time* was given for Use, not Waste,
Enjoin'd to fly, with Tempest, Tide, and Stars, To

Don't ask for a refill until your cup is empty.



Process not product is the outcome.



Interrelatedness underlies all.



We move from the known to the unknown.



Darkness cannot impinge on the light.



Sources

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A Pastoral Scene

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New York Public Library
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Job Confessing His Presumption To God Who Answers From The Whirlwind

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Jacob's Ladder

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Jerusalem, Plate 97

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The angel rolling away the stone from the sepulchre

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Adoration of the Magi

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Small Book of Designs

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Descent into Death

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Book of Urizen, Plate 26

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Adam and the Beasts, from Hayley's Ballads

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Metropolitan Museum of Art (www.metmuseum.org)

Songs of Innocence, Plate 18

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Yale Center for British Art
Jerusalem Frontispiece

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Albion Rose