

# Radiant Star

A POEM BY  
Helen Van-Anderson Gordon

SAN FRANCISCO

The Little Brother Publishing Company

MCMXI

DEDICATED  
TO NOBLE SOULS  
EVERYWHERE  
WHOSE LIGHT IS SHINING  
WHEN THEY  
KNOW IT NOT

# FOREWORD

As Radiant Star,  
That shineth far  
Upon Earth's midnight darkness deep.  
Doth thro' the night  
A beacon light  
Become for wandering feet.  
So souls may shine.  
With love divine  
To light Life's lonely midnights dark  
For those who struggle on apart.  
Bewildered, lone and sick at heart.

O Soul divine.  
Arise and shine.  
Send forth thy radiant love-filled beams  
Till all who pine  
In sorrow's line  
May spring, awakened from their dreams  
Of loss and pain  
To walk again  
With hope and courage toward the Day.

O Star of Life, in every ray  
Send love and light upon Earth's way.

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The Mask of Grief that binds the soul  
And makes a desert of the world.

# THE PRAYER

ALONE and sighing as one disheartened by  
Repeated failure to achieve the goal  
For which she labored, a Woman sat beside  
A table and leaned her tired head upon  
Her hand. The night was still and sultry with  
A stifling heat. The light grew dim. A moth  
That fluttered to the fatal glow at last  
Had fallen victim to its blind ambition.  
Unheeding sat the lonely one, nor heard  
The katydid which chirped so cheerily in  
The grass outside, nor smelled the faint sweet odors  
That floated through the open window of  
The humble home. The blackness of her grief  
Was like a thick-wove mantle wound and bound  
Around her, imprisoning every sweet  
And tender impulse in her anguished heart.  
But suddenly despair unlocked the gate  
Of tears. The Woman cried aloud and wrung  
Her hands, while sobs and tears bespoke her torture  
And then the tumult passed. Selfless, she prayed:

## RADIANT STAR

"So lonely, lonely, Lord, am I, since he,  
My precious boy was taken from my arms!  
And now I pray for place amongst Thine own  
Whose lives are given to Thee, for Thy world's  
betterment.

No gift have I to bring, dear Lord, except  
The gift of love, for love's dear sake, to those  
Who need. Thou knowest how circumscribed my life  
Has been, how bound about by petty cares,  
How lacking in the time to do the work  
In Thy great world where work is needed most.  
I have no special skill of mind or hand.  
Dear Lord," she prayed, "I cannot sing to charm  
Away the pangs of loneliness or grief —  
I cannot teach, nor preach, nor paint great pictures,  
Nor tell of dawns or sunsets, or scenes on land  
Or sea, that make my heart enlarge  
But leave my tongue helpless and mute.  
My Father, I can but serve in homely ways;  
But here! My arms are waiting to be filled —  
(Twas he, my boy, who taught them how to love.)

## THE PRAYER

My heart is beating true; my feet but wait  
Thy call to bear Thy message where Thou wilt.  
And now, O God, I only wait Thy placing —  
But let it be a place of breadth and scope,  
Where I can love and serve Thy needy ones  
Most mightily. My heart is starving since  
My boy is gone. Yet not for self do I  
Ask Love, but only for the loveless ones  
Who do not know its blessedness.

Amen."



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Sweet Sympathy, whose tender heart  
Doth make of her Life's ministering angel.

# THE DAY'S WORK

THE narrow circle of each day's duty seemed  
The same, nor did the tasks that filled the hours  
Become less irksome, nor the trials less.  
But in the Woman's eyes' clear wells, there beamed  
A wondrous light, as though the soul looked out  
And bade a welcome to each passer-by,  
The while it proffered service and a prayer.  
To her, (the humble seamstress who made their  
dresses  
For gala day attire,) came ladies gay  
Who often, while with her laid off the cloak  
Of vanity, to tell with sobs, sometimes.  
Of burdens, sore perplexities and griefs  
Too hard to bear. Her words to them refreshed  
Like water cold that came from mountain spring,  
Renewing strength and courage.  
Again, young girls were drawn to seek her help.  
For they, too, found a panacea in  
Her presence, and felt impelled to ask of her  
The questions only such as she can answer.  
And oft in journeying to and fro between

## RADIANT STAR

Her home and stately mansions where she sewed.

The children, playing on the street, would run

To her, and take her hand and ask protection

From barking dog, the car, or teasing playmate.

While once, a birdling, breathless and forsaken.

Flew chirping to her hollowed hand for refuge.

"With heart and hand thus opened wide for service

She poured her crystal stream of tenderness

On sad and thirst-parched hearts, until, renewed

Like desert wastes fresh-washed by mother Nile,

They grew as watered gardens, rich with fruit and

flowers.

The woman, not knowing all this wonder-work

Continued in her loving helpfulness,

The while the work by which she earned her daily

bread

Ran its appointed round.

Her private grief was changed to greater yearning

To be the comforter of those who suffer.

For this she would become a nurse, she thought.

And study all the healing arts of nursing.

## THE DAY'S WORK

That skilled and true, her hands might be more potent,  
Her mind more wise to give its ministry.

And thus with aim and purpose firmly fixed,

She worked to earn, and save her earnings that she  
Might train for this, which seemed the larger field.

But long it looked, this path that she had chosen;  
And long, so long, the time of preparation.

Some days her heart grew sick with weariness  
At thought of all the good she might be doing,

Were she but free to carry out her plan.

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Because thy heart hath loved, thy hands have served,  
To thee hath come the time for knowing Truth.

# THE DREAM

THE long day, warm, depleting, marked by pin-pricks  
Of irritating circumstance, at last  
Was over. Wearily the woman sighed,  
As languidly she doffed her work-day garments,  
And robed herself for longed-for, blissful rest.  
Before her prayer and silent meditation  
Should prelude the peaceful night's caress.  
Her fond eyes sought the portrait of her boy.  
"Good night, my darling one, good night to you,"  
She said. And yearning, kissed the pictured face.  
Then suddenly the tides of memory broke  
Their bounds, and like a tidal wave submerged  
Her mother-heart. Bravely she sought to hold  
The posts of courage, to stay the hard-earned  
bulwarks  
Of patience and sweet faith. But no, the storm  
Must have its way: The long, fatiguing days,  
The lonely nights, the anxious longing for  
The greater work, had subtly undermined



## RADIANT STAR

Her faltering human strength.

She wept and sobbed and wrung her frantic hands,  
Until at last, praying, she fell asleep  
Beside her shrine — the couch of her dear child.

She dreamed, and in her dream an Angel came

Ensphered in radiance passing human speech.  
Its rays, in beaming splendor shone upon  
Her eyes grown big with awe and speechless wonder.  
Advancing with majestic tread, and arms  
Outspread in benison, his kindly gaze  
Met hers. What strange, what heavenly miracle  
"Was this that now transformed her consciousness?  
A rare surpassing energy swift rolled  
In thrilling waves through all her awe-struck being.  
It gave her strength to bear, if need be, all  
The burdens of the world. It keyed her ears  
To hearing music from another sphere.  
And such as language of poor Earth  
Could ne'er describe. It, like electric fire, touched  
Her eyes and made her see what eyes alone

## THE DREAM

Can never see. In that first instant when the Angel's  
gaze

Swept through her, did the miracle take place.

But hark! His voice of matchless melody

Awakened echoes in her soul, as with

An outflung gesture he exclaimed: "Behold!"

And with the music of the word, a ray

Of Light shot forth, outreaching far beyond

The boundaries of keenest human sight.

In manner wondrous and intangible,

Her sense of seeing seemed to merge and hold

"Within the compass of the awesome Light,

And where it fell, her vision clear did follow.

Its shaft of radiance revealed such scenes

As mark the round Earth's varied, teeming surface.

In groups, or single and alone, she saw

God's family of souls in all conditions

And degrees of human life. The young and old,

The evil workers and the good, ( mixed as

They are), in vast kaleidoscopic throngs

That constitute humanity.

## RADIANT STAR

"With burdens grievous many toiled and suffered;  
Bewildered, some had lost their tortuous way  
And wandered blindly in the fearsome dark  
Of evil. She heard the cries of children as,  
Bereft of shelter, guidance or the crown  
Of childhood — mothers' tenderness — they roamed  
Through streets, or worked in factories or mines,  
"Where Nature, outraged, bent their tiny backs,  
Repressed and stifled all their youthful joy  
And set upon each face the damning seal  
Of man's brutality and greed.  
Again the Light flashed forth. The Woman saw  
The bruised and the beaten of the earth, grief-bowed  
And needing ministry from heaven. Meltingly  
She cried: "Oh, tell me why this awful suffering?"  
"Most faithful one," the Angel said, "Attend,  
And thou shalt know Life's mystery and meaning,

*These myriad throngs thou seest who live upon  
The earth are souls who wear the mask of flesh  
And circumstance. Through all the years of time,*

## THE DREAM

*Both night and day, in pleasure or in pain,  
In toil or grief or noble works or ill,  
They travel on the the pilgrim road. "For souls  
Or great, or rich or poor, befouled with sin.  
Or crowned with selfless love are all, Divine,  
Yet often know it not. Through ignorance  
Comes evil, ill and sorrow, until the anguish  
Doth like a fire, purify the heart  
Preparing it to love its fellows as  
Itself. But Life gives lessons through experience;  
Through this is wisdom gained, then knowledge true,  
And power of discernment; then choice of act,  
And so through all the round of human life."*

"The innocent, the good, must they, too, suffer?" cried  
The Woman, in agony of tears remembering  
The grief-bowed, and the little ones bereft.  
"Look far, and gain the deeper meaning, O  
My child," the Angel whispered as the Light  
Grew dim.

*"The law of suffering is two-fold;*

## RADIANT STAR

*It bringeth life to those who serve the sufferer.  
It bringeth death at last to self, for self  
Is but the husk of Spirit and must die  
In order that the seed Divine may burst  
Its prison walls and live on earth, a flower  
Of heaven, dispensing heavenly essence — LOVE"*

And then the Light burst forth transcendently.  
"Behold!" and, as the Angel spake again,  
The Light with mystic power revealed the heart  
And mind, the character and daily aim  
Of those who, man or woman, live on the heights  
Of Life. And as the wondrous glory shone  
About them it wove a shining aureole  
Around their heads, until the beaming rays  
Extended far throughout the night-hued clouds  
Of Earth. So crowned, these noble souls became  
As stars, radiant, splendid, glorious —  
Out-raying star-like beams that reached  
The weary workers at their work; the poor  
Discouraged ones who needed friendly words.

## THE DREAM

And hearts that pined in darkness — all were helped  
And blessed.

The vision passed yet still the Angel stood  
Beside her. He spake again:

"Awake, O faithful soul, and go thy way;  
*Because thy heart hath loved, thy hands have served,  
To thee hath come the time for knowing Truth.*

Rejoicing in thy privilege, be steadfast,  
In fullest faith believing when thy work  
Is finished in one field thou wilt be called  
To labor in the next.

*Arise and shine Beloved. Thy great LOVE  
Doth make of thee a RADIANT STAR."*

IT IS A GOOD WORK. If it has been  
WELL DONE, we are then satisfied.

Know, then, that this little book has  
been designed and illustrated by Mr. L.  
VAN ANDERSON and printed for The  
Little Brother Publishing Company at  
the shop of RICARDO J. OROZCO at  
315 Sutter Street in San Francisco, on  
the first day of November, Anno Domini:  
M C M XI