

1959

William Maxwell (Asia T.C., B9 F11), p. 10-20

Part III The Administrative Order.

There is no speculation in Haifa as to how the administrative order will evolve. Some of the Hands will only repeat what Shoghi Effendi has written or explained to pilgrims. (Another good reason to collect pilgrim notes)

The Hands in Haifa conceive their purpose to be merely to steward the Faith. Everything they do is toward achieving the crusade goals as explained by Shoghi Effendi, the crowning achievement of which is the Jubilee Celebration in the first Garden of Ridvan in Baghdad. (The second Garden of Ridvan is near Bahji.)

When we were there (May 59), the Hands were very concerned with some of the goals, particularly the NSA requirement in South America. They explained: If the International House of Justice is to be formed in '63, the NSA's which are the pillars of it, must be formed by '62. The LSA's which must be the pillars of the I.H.J. must be formed by '61. When means that the seeds for these LSA's must be planted in '59. Time is running out. There was worry that if these goals were not met, the jubilee could not rightly be called.

It is interesting to note that Shoghi Effendi stipulated precisely how many LSA's were necessary for each country. Where he said the LSA's must be tripled, for example, the Hands merely have to find out how many LSA's there were in that area in 1952.

The believers do not always keep The Hands promptly informed of matters. Around May 6, they still did not know the members of one of the new NSAs. This discourtesy of omission annoyed me, but the Hands are very patient. They want information coming into Haifa just as always.

We talked about support that the NSA's give to the Custodians and that they will later give to the IHJ. Then I said I was afraid our North East Asia NSA is not carrying its weight. This brought a hasty denial.

I casually remarked that on visiting Karachi enroute, that I learned that 3 LSA's had been disestablished for what had seemed to me to be trivial reasons. I didn't, of course, have all the facts. But I was let to know that NSA's are powerful bodies and have the right to wield a strong hand if they so choose.

During 1959 most of the Hands were really in motion.

Everywhere I went from Japan through Bangkok, Vientiane and Karachi the itinerary of Revered Hand Mr. Samandari was being conjectured about. Rumor had it that once he had represented the Custodians at the new Burma NSA formation he was to tour the Far East.

Dr. Taced in Vientiane complained that in five years Laos had not had a visit from a Hand. And only the "local" Auxiliary Board Member J. Fardar had come.

In Japan, we were desperately hoping that the rumor of his coming there was true. For in Japan, we were and are experiencing strange backbitings that nearly freeze the soul of some sensitive pioneers. It is as if the very devil himself had found receptive vehicles. All this was told the Hands. They let me know that the Hands must go to places where they are most URGENTLY needed.

I was told to do all I could, that the NSA must exercise its authority and I was strongly reminded that Japan has a Hand, Miss Agnes Alexander. (Only gradually are the Baha'is of Japan beginning to recognize the honor bestowed upon Agnes by Shoghi Effendi himself, and realize her spiritual station and the invaluable guidance she can give in all matters pertaining to the faith she has given her all to.)

In numerous conversations with different hands, the IHJ was discussed. One Hand remarked that she was sure glad she could not serve on it. The Hands apparently have a file in which is collecting all sorts of problems and questions that only the I J can solve or answer. One senses that that body shall be very busy.

The State of Israel treats the Baha'i Faith almost as a separate state. Wednesday, May 13 was Israel's Independence Day. And the Hands were invited to send representatives. This was similar to the invitations extended the diplomatic corps. Paul Haney and Mr Furutan were delegated the duty of attending. The Mayor of Haifa the night of the 12th held a lawn party in which invitations were extended to the Baha'i Staff. The Revells and the Wards went.

In conversation with one of the Revell Sisters, I learned that the mere upkeep of the international institutions there cost \$5,000 per month. This of course does not include Hands' travel and the like, and the valueless service contributed freely by all. Every Baha'i ought to realize that each cent or yen or Hwan or peso that goes to Haifa is well spent. The economy practiced at that place is amazing.

On one or two occasions, I took it upon myself to buy pastries for the dinner table. This elementary gesture was much appreciated. I think everyone there has forgotten all about even little inexpensive luxuries. Meat is expensive in Israel. Enroute, some friends in Teheran sent some meat to Dr. Furutan by me. (Air France wouldn't let me put it in the refrigerator.)

Millie Collins lives in a little room that has no bath facilities. Her husband would be quite shocked I'm sure at the austerity of her life. Mason lives in one little room and shares a shower-toilet with the Haneys, the Sisters and with pilgrims. Etc, etc, etc.

The Hands have been presented numerous bounties since the Ascension of Shoghi Effendi. One was when 26 of the 27 Hands were meeting in November of that fateful 1957. The Government kept calling and asking who was the new Guardian, could it help, etc. Finally when the decision to name nine custodians was made, the government sent a telegram pledging

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cooperation and offering condolences to the Baha'i World, and especially to his wife. (You know, of course, that the government directed its ambassador in London to attend the funeral.)

The fact that Shoghi Effendi had not been able to leave a will did not disturb the Israeli government at all. Everything that was in his name the gov't understood as belonging to the Baha'i world and the transfer of titles was easily accomplished.

Another strange thing that happened was that so many covenant breakers (those who were Baha'is but who later became enemies) came to Ruhhiyyih Khanum offering condolences. The Hands, however, do not have the power, I was told, to accept any of them back into the Faith. Those who Shoghi Effendi removed from the Faith are, in this life, forever outside the pale.

Another thing that cheered the custodians was the acquisition of another temple site and achieving other long outstanding goals. (See their message to the Baha'i world of this year.)

I remarked to several Hands that this year their message seemed to show that they, as an institution, had seemed to us in NE Asia to have come into their own.

I was mildly tested some 2 or so years ago when I learned that, as individuals, the Hands' station is above that of a member of the I.H.J. Now it is quite clear why this should be.

(One must forgive these personal references, because nothing is more intensely personal as than a pilgrimage.)

The Baha'i properties are taken care of by numerous persons, some Baha'is, some not. Around the Shrine of the Bab, about five gardeners are employed. One of their duties is to put fresh water each morning in the bird baths. One of the workers is Carlo who drives the station wagon. An Italian, but not a Baha'i, he had nothing but intense respect for Shoghi Effendi and he loves to tell about things S.E. did and said. He refers to Ruhhiyyih Khanum as the Madam.

The Wards from Berkeley, Forsyth and the Mrs, had pioneered to Tempe, Arizona, had taken the pilgrimage to Haifa enroute to pioneer in Africa, but were detained in Haifa to serve as the custodians of the Shrine of Baha'u'llah and the Mansion, taking the place of a young man who had been there for a long time.

This young man recalls how Shoghi Effendi used to direct him and the other gardeners for hours on end. He said he can still feel Shoghi Effendi looking over his shoulder, sometime. Salah said he feared he would go insane with the continued absence of Shoghi Effendi and with each plant and walk and vase reminding him of Shoghi Effendi. He said that one night in a dream, Shoghi Effendi appeared to him and said, "Salah, I'm taking you with me!" By this Salah understood that he must go pioneering. He should have left by now for British Somali.

One senses in Haifa standards of value at poles with the present world order. The Administrative order of this faith sometimes appears rather earthy. But in Haifa one knows that it is the New Jerusalem (The City of Peace).

A sense of urgency still is lacking in most Baha'is.

One resident there told me that the real inside gossip some years ago was that everybody in Haifa was overworked and unhappy. They were under constant intense pressure to work, to act, to do well, thoroughly, economically. There must have been almost unbearable strain on everyone. Shoghi Effendi was a loving perfectionist.

Now, one Hand said, they all wished they had worked harder. For Shoghi Effendi was trying to do so many urgent things, they now realize, before he departed. And, as we understood, anything done under his supervision, was done better. He added the divine touch.

Time is still running out. No one knows when the calamities will interrupt the Crusade. No one speculates about it. Everyone hopes to have done more than is necessary, so that when '63 comes all will have been done despite the catastrophe.

But awareness of how much must be done now by weak little us is appalling and most of us run from the responsibility. How easy it is to do all the administrative chores we have to do — yet we sometimes drag out feet. How easy it is to teach, yet we often withdraw into ourselves encapsulate our personalities in trivia, in nonsensical occult matters, in erratic behavior and lose valuable time on a treadmill.

1963 will come and find too many Bahais sunk in remorse that they didn't get a hold of themselves and help to build that foundation upon which future generations will build an imposing fortress behind whose walls a new order of men will create a civilization of untold glory and beauty.

One can judge one's spiritual development by judging one's orientation to the present day administrative requirements. Each day has its own standards.

I brought up the subject of morals once in a "fireside" with some Hands. This was more or less dismissed. More important things occupied our minds.

We who, day to day, deal in Administration rather than teaching find many reasons for pride in the progress of the Faith, likewise we sometime become almost paralyzed by discouraging awarenesses of how much real spade work there is left to be done.

In Haifa, one notices the curbing, the cement work, the lines of certain plantings and notices that few jobs can be considered "completed." Taking a higher perspective, one sees a perfect outline. Perfectly drawn.

An ordinary artisan (when funds are available) can go right in and complete, do the finishing work with little use of imagination. Shoghi Effendi left a perfect outline. I think, and this analogy seems very valid, that the same is true of the administrative system as we view it today. ISA's are rough outlines, yet perfect outlines of future houses of justice. NSA's are not perfect, but they had an infallible creator.

Viewed from the near, much "imperfection" is seen. Viewed from afar, the very evident perfection in origin portends perfection in evolution.

(Part IV, Spiritual Matters, comes next.)

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I hope every body forgives me for not at least dropping personal notes in the envelopes. But (1) mailing all these as printed matter saves hwan and (2) I feel guilty that so much time goes into these self indulgent notes. There are urgent duties here that I ought to be doing rather than this.

Part IV: Spiritual matters

Three axioms we must hold in mind while we discuss the spiritual side of visiting The very Footstool of God.

The first: "Judge ye not ..." (each other's spiritual condition,)

The second: We are ignorant.

Concerning the first. Mrs Joy Earl tells a homely moral. When the maple tree yields its syrup that syrup is clear, sweet and to all outward semblances very pure. But the maple farmer knows that he has to refine this "pure" substance. So he puts it over heat. Slowly as this heat penetrates the "pure" substance it takes on a frothy brown ugliness. Slowly all this ugliness rises to the surface. Then, simply, the refiner scoops off the impurity. And Lo, true clear sweet purity is now evident in the syrup. Now, the purity is no illusion. So with man. He has to be refined. The superficial observer on viewing the refining process is liable to a gross error of judgment.

Concerning the second. Recall those pilgrim notes you have read! Note the element in each of disappointment! I recall William Kenneth Christian's moving notes. You know that he was a distinguished member of the academic profession -- not a few persons' ideal. He was a member of the USA NSA when the historic '53 intercontinental conference was held in Chicago. A pioneer, etc. In his memorable short notes I remember his seeing Shoghi Effendi alone, and I recall Shoghi Effendi's reply to his unrevealed problem, to the effect that Kenneth must remember that he is (was) after all, still in the Valley of Search (The very first Valley that the Soul must traverse toward God.) I hope Kenneth was not as disappointed as I was.

We are in the first stage of existence, whose stages are infinite.

Our so called knowledge, our "certainties" therefore must all be grossly tentative, crude approximations, to say the least.

The Third: Over and over again it was emphasized to me that the pilgrim's experience is exceedingly unique. No one reacts the same.

Thus with these three "axioms" in mind, let us proceed.

The first spiritual act on visiting Haifa is to visit the Shrine of the "Gate." Visiting the Bab's Shrine, I am told Shoghi Effendi said, initiates the pilgrimage in this day. But how natural.

The Bab, Baha'u'llah said, was "Mine own previous Manifestation." The Bab proclaimed himself the "Gateway" to God's Supreme Manifestation. I suspect that the well taught young Baha'i finds it much easier to "love" that supremely Heroic Figure than either of the other two Central Figures of this Faith.

That first night Mrs Bowie and I decided we wanted to visit the Shrine. It must have been something after 11:00 pm. We were discouraged and told that the next dawn would be preferable. Injustice had me in her claws.

I awoke about 4:00 am. Awoke Mrs Bowie and impatiently headed up the hillside alone, then up scores of endless steps. Then to the Eastern Pilgrim House. The Persians had not yet arisen. So I couldn't get the key to the gates or the doors. (These are typical frustrations to test our First Valley patience.) Scaling the two fences, I made my way to the Shrine.

Truely, no dawn is as magnificent as here. Looking with full eyes open, trying to get the vibrations of this place, I made my way instinctively to the right door and tried to pray on the cool marble steps. Mrs Bowie came along shortly, having found Hand Mr Khazeh awake.

She received the keys from him.

That morning was too rich to remember in detail.

Actually, my pilgrimage begins with that night. As a special bounty, all the hands decided to visit together with all the pilgrims, the Shrines.

We entered first the Shrine of the Bab. It was night, the air was cool. The hillside had the quiet serenity of a tired devoted mother. We entered in turn. Knelt, walked to the threshold and knelt again. This, fortunately, took a long time. No one hurried. Look at the Frontierspiece of the Dawn Breakers for a photo. Crystal, crystal. Persian carpets, lights hidden in alabaster. Majesty, Quiet. Awe.

Then after each had knelt and after we had backed away to the wall, one of the Hands directed prayers. The blessed were we. Ruhyyih Khanum chanted that Visitation Tablet of Baha'u'llah in the original. No words can describe that beauty, Exquisite is inaccurate. Painfully beautiful is as close as I can come. Her voice was like the finest of tuned 17th century Venice goblets. I never knew a woman's voice could be so compellingly simple, unassuming, yet so extraordinarily melodic. Her crystal voice was reinforcement to the already crystal nature of the room. I feel sure today that one minute more of it and my feet would have left the floor. The beauty was too much to accompany a prayer. Yet, we knew that all minds in that chamber were tightly wedded in a prayerful harmony unearthly.

To add too much to too much, Mr Faizi then chanted. I am sure that many of my receptors broke down in bewilderment, no sensual experience, such as listening to the world's finest musicians had prepared me for this. Nor could it have done so.

Prayer that night was real. A type of prayer few humans have discovered. It is not the agonizing prayer of begging forgiveness. It was not the personalized prayer of praying for our loved ones, It was not the immature prayer begging for this or that worldly thing, It was the prayer of a mature soul acknowledging its Creator. And while we were not mature the strength of the maturity present permeated us and drew us up high, so that for a few moments we were all MAN praising GOD. For a few moments we had conquered ourselves and could say to God: The world is behind me and in front of me is only Thee. "Here am I, here am I."

My mind had a limited capacity. Thus as we left the Room facing the Bab's Chamber and our feet went to the tomb of Abdul-Baha's remains,

my soul was not adaptable enough to make the change. So I cannot remember what happened there that night.

On other occasions (actually to visit the Shrine was a twice or thrice daily event except when we were at Bahji), the impression that Abdul' Baha's sector of the tomb leaves is, as I remember it, quite different, it is cooler, more soothing. I do not know how to express the "feeling" of this place. Every spot in the land strikes one as being so very unique. It was as if the ordinary distinctions between places were vastly magnified here. Swedenborg talks about this phenomenon, particularly as it applies to "older" souls.

In the Minor Archives building we spent an afternoon looking at relics of the heroes and saints of this Faith. Here is the brooch given to Martha Root by Queen Marie of Roumania. One pities that much loved and much misunderstood queen. Here she stood at the foot of God's Holy Mountain and was prohibited from visiting the Shrine of our religion by base politics. But, as I said, disappointment is a recurring theme of the pilgrimage. The honor of being the first Royalty to actually take the pilgrimage must be reserved for some amazing personage! She was premature and her rewards in the Kingdom must be correspondingly vast.

I cannot recall many of the other relics here. Time was contracted and the memory plays strange tricks under such circumstances.

In the Greater Archives I had my biggest test.

It was on viewing the portrait of Baha'u'llah. I had seen the portrait in Chicago and Singapore at which places we were able to view the portrait for only a few seconds. Naturally, everyone looks forward to viewing the portrait until the heart is contented.

I had been annoyed with my memory since no amount of brain wracking could bring back the Image of Him after either earlier viewings.

And comparing the few traces of memory that lingered with the one dream image of Baha'u'llah I have had nothing fitted. So, in anticipation, the Portrait was the big event.

My heart beat faster as Dr Hakim slowly worked himself around to the portrait, and I had been told before that I could look at it for at least an hour, if I chose.

Opening my eyes wide, a shock wave went down my spine. The picture was incomprehensible. Any photo or portrait of Abdu'l-Baha shows the eyes with a luminosity. In this likeness, I could read nothing in the eyes. The lips whispered nothing. The forehead said nothing to me. I learned that I did not know Baha'u'llah. It was as if I were an ant looking at a blue-print. I saw the lines, the shadings and shadows, but the story, the meaning of the lines, was over my head and I suffered. My ignorance was manifest to me. I left the portrait, came back, looked, left again, came back. No one with me knew that deep inside, deep where the essence lies, I was weeping the sorrow of a soul who had learned that it had missed the mark,

missed by a big margin, and for the time being could not make up for it. Flickered through my mind was the image of the soul who had come face to face to God and had not sufficiently evolved so that it could recognize him. God was a indeed stranger. I hurt.

But what a lesson. God's perfect Manifestation walks among men and no one recognizes him. How pitiful we are. How perverse we must be that our own very father is unrecognizable by us.

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The big event came. Going to Bahji. They sort of make it like a picnic. A gay sort of outing. Beautiful weather helped.

We were driven via the old station wagon. We skirted the south side of town then eastward and swung around northward.

Passing Napoleon's Hill and then on to the east of the Mansion and down the cyprus lined road. We were let out at Collins Gate and allowed to walk up to the Shrine.

Ruhhiyyih Khanum and Mr Faizi were there. They had come over earlier to do some cataloging in the Mansion.

In the Mansion, we saw so many current history documents. Photos of NSA's, LSA's. On one table are literally dozens of photostats of incorporation documents from all over the world.

(If anyone recalls the long photo of the 1953 New Delhi conference. (See Bahai World, Vol XII.) One Chap, it seems, had taken advantage of the roving type camera used. He is on both ends of the picture. The photo framed by Shoghi Effendi and placed in the mansion cuts the boy off from both ends.)

Ruhhiyyih Khanum was our hostess at dinner. We were all real jolly. Just chatting.

Then evening came. We had been to the room where Baha'u'llah gave an audience to Dr. Brown of Cambridge. The room had been kept as it was then.

We found out that Ruhhiyyih Khanum was sleeping in Shoghi Effendi's room. But on the floor opposite his simple little cot, I felt strange compassion for her because her aloneness there in that room must have been both happy and painful.

I shared a room with Eric Blumenthal, a pioneer to Greece from Germany and an Auxiliary Board member.

Our room was in the corner. Thus a diagonal line from Baha'ullah's room to the Shrine passed through our room.

Sleep escaped me. Strange sounds crackled in that mansion. I must have approached sleep, woke up, faded into sleep. Ordinarily, one would

call it a fitful sleep. Next morning I woke up before dawn and I knew exactly what had happened. I had literally had a brain washing. I could almost remember as if certain brain fibers had been separated from a network, cleaned by unknown electrical means and literally washed with a powerful current.

This may sound perfectly preposterous, but it happened. A fraction, a certain few of my physical brain cells were overhauled physically. Which ones? what effect? I cannot answer. But at the risk of sounding horribly occult, certain mental healing powers were unleashed on me that first night in Bahji. And I am grateful to God.

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We, of course, saw everything. The various houses where Baha'u'llah, Abdul-Baha and the Holy Family lived or visited. Everything, that is except Shoghi Effendi's room in the House of Abdul-Baha.

But only in two places did I break down emotionally. The room where Shoghi Effendi greeted the western pilgrims and the room in which Abdu'l-Baha passed away.

One night at a fireside, Ruhhiyyih Khanum had come over after 10:00 pm, we were just chatting. Eric had talked about graphology, we had discussed many things. Then Ruhhiyyih Khanum asked us about our visit to Bahji. I said it was wonderful, but I was depressed because I couldn't pray there. She laughingly said, "Well, it's probably because you had too many prepared speeches for God." This brought some good laughs. It had the ring of truth.

It is strange how mental blocks pervade our whole mental world. But especially in spiritual matters. However, in the vicinity of the Shrine of the Bab where all of us helped guide the 300 or so daily visitors to the Shrine—this does not include the hundreds more who wander daily through one or other of the gardens — it is most strange how mental blocks are dropped. People ask searching questions there, and if they are from outside Israel (about 1/4 seem to be) you can let them have the works.

I do not recall one objection to the teachings as I explained them to the visitors in that vicinity. I recall explicitly stating to a number of Europeans and Americans that the Terrace up from Carmel Avenue is reserved for kings. They accepted it. Not indulgently either. When we said that Baha'u'llah and the Bab were the latest Manifestations of God I am confident that they believed it. And someday these thousands who have been there will cast their lot with the Baha'is with little or no teaching.

One day, we were locking up at 12:00 noon. 2 young boys came, as they explained, for the first time. They knew we were closing, but we unlocked, they took off their shoes, we pulled the door almost close behind them. They walked about inside alone. Then, to my surprise, I saw them backing out as is the Baha'i custom. This they did completely uncoached. Then the one who spoke a little English said to us, "Now, I understand a great man is buried there."

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One noon, Mr Khazeh was driving down from the Shrines to town so I came alone as far as the western pilgrim house. He let me out a block from the House. And as he was starting up, said, "look out, that man coming down the street is a covenant-breaker," He need not have warned me. I only took one glance at the man, but as we passed each other I could physically feel the coldness, the very ugliness of him. No wonder that God's enemies have always in all religions been likened unto a serpent. Man's racial memory is often reliable.

At a subsequent fireside with Ruhhiyyih Khanum and some other hands I mentioned covenant breaking. Ruhhiyyih Khanum said we are all potential covenant breakers. No one is absolutely immune. This strange phenomenon is a true mystery. But it is contagious, so one can at least take some precautions.

My last day in Haifa came. I was given the key to say goodbye to the Shrines. There was not another soul within a hundred yards of the Shrine. I was alone.

I had had many disappointments. My plan to pray each dawn for Baha'is & assemblies with problems had only been pretty perfunctorily performed. My plan to pray each noon that some Japanese nobility would enter the Faith had seemed naive. My hope to pray for my own purity had seemed a hopeless ambition. I couldn't really pray at all it seemed, during those nine days. And now, I was to leave. Being materialistic too I thought of all the dollars wasted or that could have paid for printing the New Era in Korean or something useful.

I was alone. I walked around the room, for the last time. Knelt, and thought. Sadly. Then to the left of the very Threshold I stood to read the Visitation Tablet. After the first paragraph, the melody that Ruhhiyyih Khanum and Faizi had put into my head that second night burst out of my mouth. And for the first time in my life I found myself chanting a prayer in English.

At last, I entered the condition of prayer. And I was happy. And I wanted nothing else.

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Romana Brown.

America:- "For America the best medicine is shock medicine! America is exposed to great dangers. It will be the storm center of the world. This is a spiritual emergency between man and God. Americans do not have enough belief in God, not enough detachment. They must be more spiritual, -disencumber themselves from things- have Baha'i Standards and not American standards. Americans are too materialistic--too mechanized--too attached to family-health & death. There must be less materialism--less intellectualism and more spirit. America has become isolated. Anything can happen at any time. America is the most disturbed nation on earth. The people are living in a fool's paradise. Excesses in America are causing animosity and causing enemies--this is due to their independence, ruthlessness, bad manners, and aggressiveness. Manners, art, music, literature, and morals are corrupt. America is the most disturbed nation on earth. The people are living in a fool's paradise. America goes to extremes on sex (the tower of Babel is not a building out carrying things to excess, there is too much organization and too little spirit. It is positively dangerous to live in cities. The cities are doomed. They will go up in smoke--They will evaporate. People are flocking to churches through fear. Americans must have a totally new way of life--become a new race of men--wholly devoted souls--devoted to God and His ways. They must get to a simple way of life. The standards of America must be lowered--no more luxuries. It would be better for the Americans to go back to the old ways--live a more easy life and stop tearing around to make money. The husband works all day, comes home at night tired. The wife has been resting all day--she makes him dress up and go out and stay up late, then the next day go to work again. The men are early and leave insurances. The widows use his money to travel and have a good time. The Master also spoke of this. The young people of America should go out into the country on farms and work with their hands and produce food for their families. Americans are pure hearted, simple, and childlike enthusiastic and industrious, but do not carry things through. They do things with the most leisure. Americans are exposed to great dangers. Today the power of America is in the hands of the masses (see God Passes By p 298 - 218) There is terrific power in the press and the people are seayed by it. The United States on a national scale sets the pattern for an international pattern. The United States had a civil war and Federal states were formed not to be dissolved. All the states must be united to preserve "oneness." There will be a world civil war, followed by the establishment of a world state. All the nations will be a part of it and will have to conform to it. This has already started in Korea. Mankind cannot be purified and cleansed without suffering. It is essential that the youth of today study deeply the Faith as they will usher in the "Most Great Peace" in the next century. The global crusade will establish the Baha'i Faith the world over but will not have a direct influence in establishing the United States of the world. The first period will be that of suffering and cleansing. The second period will be that of unification and the 3rd period will be that of the establishment of the Baha'i Faith. After the international state is established and wars cease, the money now being expended for destruction and war will be used for education and science, and a method will be discovered for interplanetary communication--even interplanetary conferences! The time will come when people can cross the entire nation in one hour eventually beyond the continent into interplanetary travel. The cycle of 6000 years of city-building has come to an end and now we will have a new pattern starting with villages etc. Material civilization is becoming like the ancient city of Babylon and it must be destroyed. In America, the destruction will be very great. Anything can happen at any time. It all depends on the political situation. In America the cause is stalling.

The American Baha'is need shock medicine. They do not obey. They need a shock. They have fallen down on their job. They are inactive and over-administrated. Their homefront is an absolute failure. They were given the Divine Plan first. The Administration was given to the American Baha'is. The whole world plan depends upon them (America) The basis of the Administration is the Local Spiritual Assembly. It must function liquidly. All matters must flow through the L. S. A first; then to higher or other administrative bodies. The L. S. As should not divert their funds nor scatter their energies. They must not expend their money for local expansion- rent a center, have paid advertising, nor paid publicity. The members of the L. S. A. only have authority while in session. American communities must maintain all present L. S. A. concentrate on the Home Front and go to the Goal cities, the Baha'is must disperse from the cities are doomed--New York, Chicago San Francisco, Los Angeles. They must disperse for their own protection, for the people in the cities will be trapped when they want to get out. They must flee from the United States because America will become the storm center of the future. The young people must disperse far away, and the old ones to outlying places. They must settle in the Goal cities. Those with independence means must pack up and go. Take their passport and go, and I will be the one to direct them. I can warn them; I can urge them; but I cannot make them go. Those who will not arise to serve create unhappiness for me and danger for the believers. There must be a mass response. When I see no response, I am paralyzed. \$5000 should have gone out from America 495 offered but only 200 went. The Cause will triumph in spite of the actions and inactivities of the believers. If one country falls down, another will make up for it. The Baha'is have been given the method: now they must have the Spirit. There should be 1000 Americans; self-sacrificing, consecrated, loving interested, well organized consecrated teachers to pioneer. In America there are few Baha'i teachers equipped to teach and the capable ones are suppressed-the committees keep them from teaching. I will instantly act as soon as I find someone I can use. When I want something done, I ask the American Baha'is to do it. There is not enough dedication on the part of the masses. The friends are calculating too much and there is too much emphasis on the non-essentials. If I have the right tools, I can act. An artist cannot create without tools to use. Baha'is must be distinguished. The more distinguished, the more they will attract the people. The greater the distinction, the greater the attraction. They must attract the people. They must read the Tablets of A B study the text of the Teachings. It is not enough to be good and kind to lead a religious life. today. It does not count for much unless one accepts the Manifestation in His Day. If one has not heard of Baha'u'llah they are not to blame-the blame lies with the Baha'is. Non-Baha'is are not responsible but the Baha'is are responsible. If the Baha'is fail to teach the Faith, the people who do not hear of the Faith are not to blame, but Baha'is. All men are not of the same capacity. To serve to full capacity is meritorious with God. God judges men by how they use their capacity. The new race of men will be wholly dedicated souls. Baha'u'llah was sent to bring about world unity and world unity is the cornerstone of the Faith of B. Every city, town and village will have a temple and a House of Justice in the future. There are 3 processis in teaching. 1 is to attract the people 2 is to convert the people 3 is to be consecrated. There must be attraction, conversion and consecration. The teachers must not be unwise. There are 3 charters to be used. 1 The Covenant of B. " The Divine Plan. It is the Bed-rock. " The Will and Testament of A B with the the plan for world administration 3 The Tablet of Carmel the charter for the development of the world center of the Faith(G F D pg 194 G L 14-16) Tablet of Carmel :the symbol of the House of Justice. The Ark is the symbol of the Administrative body. Higher cave of Elijah :the real one. B revealed I of Carmel in a very loud voice.