An expanded, annotated version of

IN THE LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN

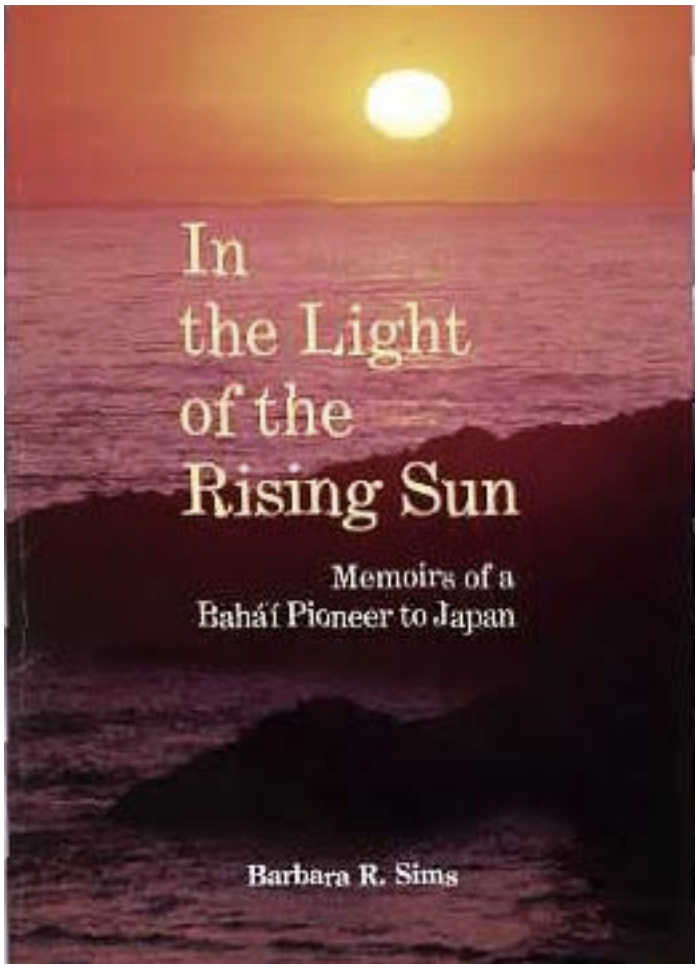
Memoirs of a Bahá'í Pioneer to Japan

by Barbara R. Sims

E-book *In the Light of the Rising Sun: Memoirs of a Bahá'í Pioneer to Japan* reviewed and approved by the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of Japan

(Approved July 2020)

Barbara R. Sims, Tokyo Bahá'í Center, 1961



cover of the original book

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Foreword

This PDF document is an expanded and annotated version of *In the Light of the Rising Sun*, a memoir by long-time Bahá'í pioneer to Japan, Barbara R. Sims. The original book was issued in Tokyo by the Bahá'í Publishing Trust of Japan in early 2002, just before Ms. Sims passed away that April.

This PDF version of Barbara Sims' memoir was prepared by her son, the undersigned. This document is a personal project of the undersigned, and has not been created under the auspices of the Japan Bahá'í Publishing Trust.

Ms. Sims worked on her memoir 2000-1 but did not finish several sections of it; also, no doubt she would have liked to run through the entire account for final editing. Terminal illness, however, prevented her from completing her work. One wishes, in particular, that she had been able to give more anecdotes and stories of the many extraordinary persons she was privileged to meet, ranging from Saichiro Fujita to Agnes Alexander to Rahmatullah Muhajir to 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum. Also interesting, at a practical level, would have been any insight Ms. Sims could share on an issue she touches on here and there in her memoir: the critical need to consolidate teaching achievements through deepening.

In order to fill out some sections of Ms. Sims' memoir, the editor has incorporated to this PDF document much of the content of a notebook and some papers that Ms. Sims kept over the years of jottings and musings and reminiscences of Bahá'í visitors to Japan and summaries of talks they gave: Ms. Sims herself made little use of that material for her memoir, because, basically, she ran out of time.

The editor has rearranged some of the original memoir text, in order to achieve a better chronology and flow of subject matter. Typos and other mistakes the editor detected in the original have been corrected. Although there are many names, neither the original memoir nor this document has an index, but PDF allows for easy search. Editorial notes have been added at the end of this document; neither this foreword nor the endnotes are part of the original memoir, and have been differentiated by font from the main text. The editorial notes are indicated in the main text by a numeral enclosed in brackets; numerals in italics following the note numbers are the PDF document page numbers of the relevant endnotes. In Notes the page

number of the passage in the main text to which a note pertains has also been given in italics. (Thus, in the main text [8;*185*] means see note 8 on page 185; in Notes 8;*19* means note 8, pertaining to text on page 19.) A few of the editor's notes digress from the subject matter of the main text, but (nearly) always stay on the Bahá'í Faith and/or Japan; the notes have been placed at the back of this document so that they can be readily ignored by the reader. The editor has doubtless made mistakes and failed to catch them in the course of editing, typing, and proofreading text, and these will, it is hoped, be discovered and corrected over time.

Photographs from *In the Light of the Rising Sun* have been scanned and included herein. The photos are somewhat unclear, because they were that way in the memoir and were scanned as such for this document, but also because some clarity was lost during scanning and upon conversion to PDF. The editor will eventually make better scans from the original photos, once he has located them all. The order of the photos herein (chronological) follows that of the memoir but the formatting does not. As is apparent, the editor has not gone to great trouble formatting the photos.

The editor has taken the liberty of adding an appendix containing photographs from an album Barbara Sims made of the 1968 International Convention in Haifa and of travels after it. She made several albums of International Conventions and personal pilgrimages, and these photos have been included as representative.

With the above-mentioned added notebook content, editorial endnotes, and appendix, this PDF document amounts to a considerably expanded version of the original published memoir.

Barbara Sims refers in her memoir to books she compiled or edited. These are online at www.bahai-library.com/East-asia.

Sheridan A. Sims, editor
March 2018

Postscripts: March 2019—The editor has made a number of minor revisions to this PDF document since March 2018, including after 1 January 2019, when it was first posted to Bahá'í Library Online. The editor thanks his sister, Sandra Sims Fotos, for her comments on the document. May 2019—Further minor revisions made to foreword, main text, and endnotes. 8/19, 2/20, 3/20, 4/20, 5/20—Ditto.

Preface

The Japanese name for their country is Nihon or Nippon. The name is written with two *kanji* characters, the first meaning "sun" and the second "source". The literary translation is "Land of the Rising Sun".

In December 1953 I followed the setting sun across the sea and to a new world. I crossed the Pacific Ocean from California, U.S.A. to Japan, in response to the appeal to Bahá'ís from Shoghi Effendi in his Ten-Year Crusade to establish the Faith of Bahá'u'lláh all over the world. As my ship entered Tokyo Bay dawn was breaking. For me it was truly the dawn of a new day.

This is an account of my life as a Bahá'í pioneer in Japan, along with family background and American reminiscences. It is intended as a sort of record for family and friends and whoever else may be interested. I do not go into lots of detail either about Bahá'í affairs or about myself. The former subject is discussed in the books I have compiled, and I am sure it will be more fully elaborated by future historians. As for the latter subject, what is here in these pages should suffice.

To Bahá'u'lláh for His blessings I offer my humblest thanks, especially for allowing me to serve His Cause in Japan.

Barbara Helen Rutledge Sims
Tokyo, January 2002

Mary Elizabeth Steuben Burland

When the Master, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá, toured the United States and Canada in 1912 He gave numerous talks, and in several of those He referred to the localities or regions He was visiting. He also specifically addressed the various states and Canada in the Tablets of the Divine Plan. I am particularly interested in what the Master said about California, as my Bahá’í line is one of the earliest in that state. He said California was a “blessed state”, compared it physically to the Holy Land saying it was “like unto a delectable paradise”, and spoke of its “fertility and richness”. In a talk given in California and recorded in *Promulgation of Universal Peace* He remarked that the Californians were a “noble people”, hoped they would “make extraordinary progress and become renowned for their virtues”, and said further:

> Then may altruistic aims and thoughts radiate from this center toward all other regions of the earth, and may the glory of this accomplishment forever halo the history of this country. May the first flag of international peace be upraised in this state.

(The United Nations, of course, came into being in San Francisco in 1945.) ‘Abdu’l-Bahá also stated in a tablet found in a *Star of the West* volume:

> The future of California, whether in regard to its material affairs or spiritual affairs, is very important. It is my hope that the people of California may become the sons and daughters of the Kingdom and be the means of promoting the religion of God.

California has accounted for a great number of Bahá’í pioneers, and they include the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of an early California Bahá’í, who left their home state in 1953 to serve the Cause in Asia. Surely the Master’s mere mention of “promoting the religion of God” has enabled all pioneers’ endeavors everywhere.

At the time ‘Abdu’l-Bahá toured California, Mary Elizabeth Steuben was living in Visalia, where she had been born in 1868. Visalia is about in the center of California, in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mary was my mother's mother and she was a big part of my childhood, sometimes living with us. We kids called her Nana; her old friends and the Bahá'ís called her Mollie. I'll call her Mary in this memoir. She is my Bahá'í forebear and here is her story as my mother, Helen Burland Rutledge, told it to me.

Mary Steuben's grandparents came to California from Oneida County, New York in 1857, settling in Visalia. They were among the tens of thousands of "pioneers" who crossed the American continent in the mid-1800s to seek a better life or who were just adventurous. Mary's grandfather was named William North Steuben, and her father, Zane Steuben. (I remember hearing that Zane's middle name was either Alasnam or Erasmus, but that he refused to admit to either. It turned out to be Alasnam.) Mary had two brothers, and a sister who died in childhood. Mary's brothers, my great-uncles Will and John, were small, like Mary, and one had asthma, the family curse, a condition I inherited.

In 1849 William North Steuben first journeyed without his family to California to prospect in the gold fields. He was not successful and returned home, but he did not lose his dream. Eight years later he took his family with him to California. He kept a diary of his first journey, and he comes across as a very decent man; I can see that he had highly spiritual qualities. (The original diary was donated to the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley.) In 1858 William North Steuben became the first agent in Visalia of the newly-established Wells Fargo Express Company. He and his wife, Catherine Hamilton Steuben, were charter members of the First Methodist Church, established the same year in Visalia.

Mary's husband, John Granville Burland, whom she called Jack, was from Austin, Texas. He had contracted yellow fever in Texas, which weakened him, and he passed away from tuberculosis in Visalia, at age 34 in 1895. He dearly loved his wife, and as he lay dying he said that he so regretted leaving Mary with two small children, Helen and Elmer, and seven months pregnant with Frank. (They had lost one child shortly after its birth.) Mary tried to keep the memory of "Papa Jack" alive for her children by talking about him and showing his photograph, but my mother Helen said she actually had no personal memory of her father, as she was age 2 when he died.

One day in 1911 a salesman came to Zane Steuben's office at Wells Fargo in Visalia, where Mary was working as a clerk, to trace a shipment of Borden milk that had gone astray. After discussing the matter with Mary, the salesman asked her what her religious beliefs were. Mary was surprised to be asked about such a personal matter by a stranger, but answered that she had investigated many things, the most recent being Theosophy and Christian Science, but her searches had all ended in a blank wall and, she added, all she could be sure of was that God exists. The man said "Then you are ready to hear about the Bahá'í Faith." After a brief introduction of the history and principles of the Faith, he had to leave, as he was traveling on business, but he gave Mary the addresses of Bahá'ís in San Francisco. The man was John Henry Hyde Dunn, later to be appointed Hand of the Cause.

There were no Bahá'ís in Visalia, and Mary did not embrace the Faith right away. In 1913, however, she moved to San Francisco, and after contacting the Bahá'ís there she accepted the Faith. According to Helen, one of the factors in Mary deciding to move to San Francisco was that she could not forget what Mr. Dunn had told her about Bahá'í. Mary just missed 'Abdu'l-Bahá's visit, as He was in San Francisco in the autumn of 1912, but she wrote to Him. Unfortunately we don't have a copy of her letter.[1;*184*]

'Abdu'l-Bahá replied with a tablet which came directly to Mary's address at 929 Pine St. Mary sent the original to the U.S. Bahá'í National Archives in the 1930s, and I wrote to the Archives for a copy. The tablet was in Persian, of course, and the following is the translation that accompanied it:

> To the maid servant of God, Mary S. Burland, San Francisco, Calif.
>
> Upon her be Baha-ollah El Abha
>
> He is God!
>
> O thou who art guided by the Light of Guidance!
>
> Thy letter was received. As I have no time I will answer it briefly. Peter the apostle was a fisherman. As soon as he entered the Kingdom of God he became the fisher of men. Follow thou likewise in his footsteps and be thou confident in the confirmations of God.

Upon thee be Baha El Abha.
(Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas
Trans by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab Nov. 21st 1913 Ramleh, Egypt

Mary plunged into the activities of the community and soaked up the spirit. The San Francisco Bahá'ís usually rented a hall and had their Feasts and other meetings there, with good attendance, generally 30 to 50 people. Often the San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley Bahá'ís held joint events, such as Unity Feasts. Meanwhile Mary's daughter Helen, my mother, married Harry Edward Rutledge, my father, in 1913. Helen moved to San Francisco, where Harry worked, and withdrew from the teacher's college in San Jose she was attending.

Mary managed an apartment house in San Francisco, and she took in and looked after several Bahá'í women, among them Clara Davis, Ella Robarts, Isabel Munson, Auntie Gross—familiar Bahá'í presences then, now long since gone to the Kingdom. Helen said she remembered when Mary took in Louis Gregory; he was to become the first Hand of the Cause of African descent.[2;*184*]

Clara Davis had come to San Francisco from Seattle, where she heard about the Faith from a friend, the aforementioned John Henry Hyde Dunn. Clara was living in one of Mary's apartments. Clara had some personal problems in those days. One night a voice said to Mary "A wonderful soul has left your home and is wandering about." Mary got right up and went outside, where she found Clara ambling down the street. It was a time of tests for the great woman, who nevertheless overcame them and in the years ahead was to become known as "Mother Dunn" to the Australian Bahá'í community. It was Clara who spent many hours with Helen and confirmed her in the Faith. Helen became a Bahá'í in 1916, and Clara gave Helen a butterfly pendant to commemorate the occasion. I treasure it now.

Clara Davis and John Henry Hyde Dunn were married in 1917. Some time after they married they moved to Santa Cruz. Helen went to stay with them for a couple of months, taking me and my sister Margaret. I was a small sickly baby then. I was born in April 1918, and was very ill the first few weeks. Six weeks after birth I had an operation for pyloric stenosis, which is an abnormal constriction of the

passage from the stomach to the small intestine. Because that condition was relatively unknown I was in bad shape before a diagnosis was made and an operation performed. If I had not been born in San Francisco, where there was up-to-date medical care, I probably would not have survived. In fact, it was generally assumed I wouldn't—by that time Clara and Helen were quite close, and Helen remembered clearly Clara comforting her saying "Some souls are born into this world so pure that they do not have to endure the trials of life." Well, of course, I survived, I am not sure how pure I am, and I certainly have endured the trials of life, but Helen said that my early suffering may have somehow been a blessing for me. I'll take her word for it.

Helen said Clara knew her husband's high station even in those early days. John Henry Hyde Dunn was appointed Hand of the Cause posthumously, but Clara was appointed Hand during her lifetime. Helen said that John was a wonderful person and that Clara had a warmth that especially drew people to her. Some years later the Dunns pioneered to Australia and became the spiritual parents of that country's Bahá'í community, and some years after that I pioneered to Japan—two countries that were to be inextricably linked by the Guardian's designation of them as the two poles of a Pacific "spiritual axis".

Through the years my grandmother Mary was always active in the Faith. She was a member of the Local Spiritual Assembly of San Francisco for I don't know how long. There is a photo in *The Bahá'í World* Vol. VI taken in 1935 of the L.S.A., with three races on it, Asian, African, and European. The L.S.A. included Leroy Ioas, future Hand of the Cause and secretary to Shoghi Effendi, and Mamie and Anthony Seto—Tony Seto being the first Chinese-American Bahá'í and Mamie later to serve on the U.S. N.S.A. I was to see Tony and Mamie years later in Japan, in what ended up being sad circumstances.

In the 1920s Mary Burland was living in Berkeley, across the Bay from San Francisco, and as secretary of that L.S.A. received a letter from the Guardian, which follows. The original of this letter was in the family papers and I sent it to the Bahá'í World Center Archives.

August 28, 1926

Dear Spiritual Sister:

Shoghi Effendi wishes me to acknowledge the re-

ceipt of your letter sent on behalf of the Berkeley Assembly. He desires me to assure you of his earnest prayers & hope that this small assembly of yours may soon, through your constant labour & God's infinite blessing, develop to be an important center. A center whose light will shine to other regions & cause the guidance & deliverance of many souls.

Though it depends upon the life & service of the individual friends whether the Cause will develop & attain its goal, yet much rests upon the Assembly. Its duty is to administer to the needs of the Cause in that locality & encourage & stimulate the friends to true service & devotion. As the group grows & their needs increase the task of the Assembly will become greater & more of a responsible nature. Difficulties may arise, disharmony may set in. But such trivialities should not in the least discourage those who are at the helm. It is in weathering storms that the captains of a ship show their worth & their faith in their work.

In closing may I reassure you & the other members of the Assembly, Shoghi Effendi's loving greetings.

Yours in His service,

Ruhi Afnan

[in Shoghi Effendi's handwriting:]

My dear co-worker:

I wish to add a few words in order to assure you in person of my prayers for the success of your efforts to promote & consolidate our beloved Cause. May our Beloved cheer you, strengthen you & guide you in your labours for Him. Your true brother, Shoghi

There was another letter written by the Guardian to Mary Burland when she was secretary of the L.S.A. of Santa Barbara, but it was not in her effects. The information was given to me by the Department of Library and Archival Services at the Bahá'í World Center. They knew a letter had been written but did not have a copy. It was dated 1 May 1937, addressed to Mary in her capacity as secretary.

When I was in the Holy Land at one of the International Conventions, Marion Holley Hofman, wife of then Universal House of Justice member David Hofman, and I were talking. I had known Marion many years earlier in California. She reminded me "Your grandmother took my mother [Grace Holley] to her first Bahá'í meeting in Visalia." Mary and Grace were friends, and one time Mary and Isabella Brittingham—a well-known Bahá'í speaker, named a Disciple of 'Abdu'l-Bahá by the Guardian—took a trip to Visalia to teach. It was really Ms. Brittingham[3;*184*] who taught Grace Holley, but they were introduced by Mary.

The last time I saw Mary was in 1953 on my way home from a couple of weeks at the Geyserville Bahá'í Summer School. She was living in a retirement home in San Francisco, in her mid-80s, and ill, but she was glad to see me and my 10-year-old daughter Sandra. I told Mary of my intention to go pioneering and she was delighted to hear it. I had yet to consult with my husband, who was not a Bahá'í (concerning pioneering and husband more below), and I confided in Mary that I was going to talk to him when I returned home and try to persuade him to accompany me to a pioneer post. I recall her looking at me intently and saying "You will get there."

Mary passed away after I had been in Japan almost three years. My mother wrote me the details, and I remember how sad she felt as her mother lay in bed near death. Mary was not senile, but seemed to be partly in the next life. Helen said one day near the end Mary said to her "I have just had such a nice visit with Jack." (Husband Jack had been dead for about 60 years.) Either it was a dream or she was indeed slipping into the next life—probably the latter. At that time my son Sheridan was just a month old, and I recall reminding Helen in a letter that as the old generation passes on the new is born. She said that comforted her.

Father's side

My father Harry Edward Rutledge never became a Bahá'í, although I would like to think he believed. I remember my grandmother Mary telling me—this must have been in the 1940s—"Harry knows." My father did a great deal of reading about the Bahá'í Faith; in fact, he

did a great deal of reading period. He was one of the most well-read persons I knew. Harry had a very studious nature: for example, he learned Middle English so he could read Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in the original. After he retired from a managerial position with the Pacific Telephone Company, he did many of the things he was interested in, including book-binding, as he was fond of books. In 1990 I donated some of the Bahá'í books he bound for wife Helen, which I inherited, to the Sakhalin, Russia Bahá'í community, and presumably the books are now in their library. Harry also learned how to upholster furniture as a hobby.

In his later years Harry turned to research and writing. He prepared an edited version of the original overland diary of Helen's aforementioned great-grandfather, William North Steuben, kept while he traveled the California Trail across the plains to the gold fields in 1849. That was called *The Overland Journal of William North Steuben*. He also compiled *Casualties on the California Trail*, a rather poignant account taken from many overland diaries of the numerous grave-markers and their epitaphs the diarists recorded on the Trail. Harry's passion was genealogy, and he spent countless hours at such places as the Bancroft Library at the University of California and the library of the California Genealogical Society in San Francisco. He constructed large, elaborate family genealogical charts that took up far more space than the dining table and went back many, many generations. He became known for this expertise and had people unrelated to him ask him to construct their genealogies.[4;*184*]

Harry's mother's parents immigrated from Germany in the 1890s and lived in Kansas. His mother, Bertha Schweder, married John Rutledge, of Scotch-Irish and English ancestry. Bertha passed away when Harry and his sister were very young, and they were brought up by an aunt, Mary McSorley, who was a second mother to the children.

The character of the family was Grandpa, Harry's father, John Edward Alexander Rutledge. When I knew him, Grandpa's second wife had passed away and the second set of kids had left and he was living alone. He worked a gold mine in the hills of Tuolumne County in California, sharing a cabin with his cat. He used to swing the cat around by the tail and toss it up on the roof of his cabin—he said the

cat enjoyed it! I remember Grandpa pulling out his own teeth. He had a piece of metal embedded in his hand, clearly visible, and one day he pulled that out too. Grandpa was a pretty tough old guy. For that matter, my mother's side of the family was tough too. Tough, idiosyncratic, intelligent, adventurous—a common breed in the American West in those days.

Bahá'í life Stateside

My immediate family consisted of my father, Harry Edward Rutledge, my mother, Helen Hart Burland Rutledge, a second-generation Bahá'í, and their five children. My parents were living in San Francisco when my sister Margaret Marie (later Cavanaugh, 1914-1996), and I (1918)[5;*184*] were born. Because of my father's job we moved to Mill Valley, north of San Francisco, for a time and then to Stockton, in the San Joaquin Valley, where my three brothers were born: Edward Burland (1922)[6;*184*] and twins David Schweder and Hal Granville (1924).

One of my earliest recollections is of my grandmother Mary standing at the foot of my bed with her eyes closed praying for my sister and me. I remember Margaret used to read me to sleep at night. What a nice older sister she was! The twins adored her as she used to take care of them. She took piano lessons and liked to play, and whenever she did I would start to cry. When I was asked why I said it was so beautiful that it made me sad. Music still often makes me feel sad.

I never really had to accept the Faith; it was always there, a part of life, as natural as each breath. We children were brought up with the awareness that we were Bahá'ís, we learned prayers, and we believed. Mary's presence was crucial in those days. She lived with us for periods, and she was very much committed to the Teachings and the need to follow the Laws. Sometimes, frankly, we didn't fully understand what she was saying or doing, as we were just kids, but she had a great influence on us.

There were no Bahá'ís in Stockton when we moved there in the early 1920s, but my mother Helen as well as Mary would talk to us kids about the Faith. Among my memories of the years in Stockton is reading Bahá'í literature sent to us kids by Ella Cooper, the wealthy

Oakland Bahá'í; also, when Jenabe Fazel[7;*185*], the famed Iranian Bahá'í speaker, visited Stockton Helen arranged for him to speak at the College of the Pacific. My brother Ed hasn't been able to find any record of this visit, though our memory of it is clear. It was perhaps Helen's greatest service in that town.

In the early 1930s we moved to Berkeley after my father was transferred to the San Francisco Bay Area. There was a strong Bahá'í community in Berkeley and we were in the midst of activities. Through the years Helen served as secretary of the L.S.A. of Berkeley, a responsibility she fulfilled devotedly. In the 1920s Mary had been secretary of the same Assembly.

Helen always said that attending Geyserville Bahá'í School confirmed us children in the Faith. Mary and Helen are in published photos of the earliest meetings there and in later years as well. Originally it was the property of John and Louise Bosch, amid orchards near the small town of Geyserville. The Bosches donated the property to the National Spiritual Assembly but continued living there as caretakers. It was about 80 miles north of San Francisco and could be conveniently reached by automobile or train. Louise Bosch and Helen were close, and Louise did special things for my mother and her brood such as reserving the "cook house" for us. It was a large building with an old-fashioned kitchen and several guest-rooms.

We would go up to Geyserville every summer for several weeks. As I recall it was a while before they offered classes specifically for youth, but the atmosphere of the School was marvelous and we kids could attend the adults' sessions. The East Coast and Chicago were days away by train, and although we knew the names of Bahá'ís there we seldom saw them—they had their own schools. More or less full-time travel-teachers would come through periodically, so there was some spiritual cross-pollination with the friends elsewhere. At classes knowledgeable people lectured for one or two hours; there was no concept yet of "workshops" where everyone participated. Perhaps the best part of it as far as most of the kids were concerned was the camaraderie with other kids and going swimming in the Russian River.

It's one thing to read or hear about the spiritual dimension, but it's another to experience it. One time when I was in my teens I had a

"spiritual experience" at Geyserville. Not to say that it was overwhelming, just that I briefly felt a non-material presence. It was under the well-known "big tree" while we youth were helping to serve lunch. It is hard to explain and I cannot say anything more that is meaningful about it, but it was very real and I have never forgotten it. (I'm pretty sure it wasn't simply a matter of being hungry at lunchtime.)

In California in my youthful days there were several people who were to be appointed Hands of the Cause who were prominent in the programs at Geyserville. Freddie Schopflocher used to treat us kids to sodas. Leroy Ioas was from Chicago but lived and worked in San Francisco and came to Geyserville every season, always the featured speaker. (There was a personal connection: my oldest brother Edward married Lois, daughter of Leroy's sister Viola Ioas Tuttle.) Bill Sears, too, and his wife Marguerite were often at Geyserville. He was then a sports reporter at a San Francisco radio station.

Living as a teenager in Berkeley I had the opportunity of meeting many wonderful persons both there and across the bay in San Francisco. I remember two very dear women, Ella Bailey and Kathryn Frankland, in particular. Kathryn Frankland had a strong attractive, or attracting, quality to her. Kathryn brought Saichiro Fujita into the Faith. There are accounts written of that. When he was a teenage immigrant from Japan he went to work for her, and it changed his life. A few years later he met 'Abdu'l-Bahá and was asked by Him to serve in the Holy Household in Haifa. It is a fascinating story. I first met Mr. Fujita in Japan in 1954. He was quite small even for a Japanese of his time, but he had plenty of confidence and conducted himself as a man of the world, which he certainly was. I also saw him during the International Conventions in the Holy Land. When this mild unassuming individual passed away in 1976 the Universal House of Justice cabled this message (in part): "His dedication humility sincerity love will forever be remembered and provide shining example to rising generations Japanese Bahá'ís who will view with pride distinction conferred upon him."

Kanichi Yamamoto, the first Japanese Bahá'í, came into the Faith in Hawaii in the early 1900s but was deepened by Kathryn Frankland after he moved to Oakland and then to Berkeley with his family. Kathryn's warm welcome of this family, I am sure, meant much to

them. In those days it was not usual to be friendly with Japanese or any minority. Minorities were just that, a minority in every way. The world has changed considerably since those times, but Kathryn was far ahead. I'm sure she never considered herself that way—she was just being herself.

We had youth classes at Kathryn Frankland's home in Berkeley, to which Kanichi Yamamoto would bring his children. My sister Margaret and I would go to Ms. Frankland's house for our own class, just after the kids' class. I remember the Yamamoto kids sitting very properly, listening to the talk. Their father, who was a gardener and landscaper by profession, would weed the garden while waiting. Here were my sister and I, Bahá'ís to be sure but plain teenagers, nothing special, yet Kathryn had a way of making us feel truly special. I never felt like a gawky teenager around her. Now that I think about it, probably everyone was special to Kathryn. Kathryn Frankland was a lovely person, an absolutely dedicated teacher and pioneer. Her obituary is in *The Bahá'í World*, Vol. XIV.

Regarding the Yamamotos, they were members of the Berkeley community for many years. I have never understood why so little attention was paid to Kanichi's first wife Ima (correctly pronounced Eema; the Americans called her Emma). She was a very nice, pretty woman, liked by all, according to my mother Helen. Ima was not listed as a Bahá'í, however; she could barely speak English and it seems she was not paid much consideration. If she had been counted as a Bahá'í she would have had the distinction of being the first Japanese woman believer. She fell victim to the influenza epidemic of 1918 while on a visit to Japan, after having given birth to her sixth child. A few years later Ima's sister, Tame (roughly Tah-may), went to California to marry Kanichi, and she also had six children. Kanichi himself wasn't given the recognition that should have been his. He was, after all, the first Japanese Bahá'í. The Yamamoto story with photos is briefly written up in my book *Traces that Remain*. Kanichi's second son, Shinji, an eminent architect, provided me with some of the photos used in that book.[8;*185*]

Speaking of Fujita-san and Yamamoto-san, the former was always called simply "Fujita" in the West. Americans could not say his

given name, Saichiro, so he gave himself the name Harriston—I wish I knew where that came from!—but for some reason people took to addressing him as just "Fujita". A minor peeve in this regard: Addressing someone by the last name alone is not very polite, nor do I care for the nicknames some American Bahá'ís gave to the two Japanese—Fudge and Moto. These sound like names given to stereotyped Asian sidekicks in old Hollywood movies.[9;*185*]

Ella Bailey lived in Berkeley and pioneered, at age 88, with Robert Gulick (another Northern Californian) and his wife Bahia to Tripoli, Libya at the beginning of the World Crusade in 1953. Ella passed away soon after they reached their post, and the Guardian extolled her example and designated her a martyr. Ella was one of those great elderly ladies who were such a prominent part of the American Bahá'í community when I was growing up. Ella, who had health and physical difficulties, knew sorrow and pain, but was utterly committed to the Cause. Bill Sears' account of Ella Bailey and her passing and what the Guardian wrote on that occasion is one of the best recorded talks I have ever heard.

The late 1920s and the '30s were a magical time at Geyserville School. There was a sort of esprit de corps—how could there not be, with the likes of Kathryn Frankland, Ella Bailey, Louise and John Bosch, Leroy Ioas, Bill Sears, Agnes Alexander, Milly Collins, Fred Schopflocher? There were also Tony and Mamie Seto, Marion Holley, Marzieh Gail, Ali Yazdi, and George Latimer, who gave talks. Many of the Bahá'ís had met 'Abdu'l-Bahá and had first-hand stories to tell of Him. Those early times were exceptional—they had to be, as the Faith was so small and insignificant in the eyes of the world, and the small group of Bahá'ís of those days had the responsibility of learning and carrying forward the Faith in a way that does not exist now—without the institutional and technological resources of today.

Living in Berkeley was certainly different from Stockton. We went to many Bahá'í functions in San Francisco and Oakland, always well-attended by a diverse and interesting group of Bahá'ís. On Sundays my mother, sister, and I would go to San Francisco for their weekly public meeting. At one meeting I gave the talk, for which I spent hours and hours preparing; the topic was why the world needs

the Bahá'í Faith—hard to go wrong there and, thank goodness, I didn't. I went to San Francisco daily for my first year of college and often at lunchtime would go to my grandmother Mary's apartment where she lived with her son Frank. At that time I commuted by ferry under the San Francisco Bay Bridge, which was being constructed. As I wrote earlier, Mary ran a boarding house, and a number of Bahá'ís, mostly women, stayed there. In those days many of the believers were "little old ladies"—I can remember a couple dozen—like Mary herself, and me now, I suppose. Mary lived with us for a while in Berkeley, but "the City", San Francisco, was her town.

In December 1941 Japan attacked the U.S. fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii and the nation was at war. Earlier that year I had met Charles Alexander Sims (known to all as Sandy), who was not a Bahá'í. He had been born in Kobe, Japan, lived there through high school (the Canadian Academy, established by missionaries, the second oldest such school in Japan), and was bilingual. His parents, James Grover Sims of Alabama and Sarah Cox Sims of St. Louis, Missouri, had been attached to the Methodist Mission in Kobe. His father established a trading company in Kobe, where Sandy worked after attending university in the States. After a year or two Sandy returned to the States, where he was recruited by the U.S. Navy for his Japanese-language ability. When I met him he was enrolled in the Navy's intensive Japanese-language course at the University of California at Berkeley, brushing up his reading skills. We decided to marry, despite knowing Sandy would be sent overseas to war and in harm's way. In the fall of 1942 he was, and the next year our daughter Sandra was born.

Based in Hawaii, Sandy served in the Pacific on aircraft carriers as a radio intelligence officer attached to several admirals' staffs until the war's end in August 1945. I saw him a couple of times during the war when he came back to California on leave. Although he was exposed to great danger on missions, when the task force was attacked by Japanese aircraft, he did not seem much worse for wear when back on leave, but when he returned permanently at war's end it was clear he had been under great stress—the last few months of the war the task force had been attacked non-stop, including by kamikaze suicide planes, off Okinawa and the Japanese mainland. During one attack

members of the admiral's staff were killed, including Sandy's best friend, and Sandy himself was slammed against a bulkhead and had to squeeze out a porthole to escape being incinerated. Sandy actually left the combat zone and returned to Hawaii several weeks before the war ended, and he told me he sat at his desk doing nothing and then lay on the beach doing nothing every day, de-stressing himself.[10;*186*]

I lived with my parents in Berkeley while World War 2 raged, and sometimes stayed with Sandy's mother in Beverly Hills in southern California. One time, in 1944 or '45, while I was in Berkeley, the eminent Bahá'í speaker Dorothy Baker—later to be appointed Hand of the Cause—visited California. The L.S.A. assigned me to pick her up at the train station and be her driver. I recall she warmly greeted the people who came to meet her and after she got in my car she turned her whole attention to me and said "Barbara, tell me all about yourself." And she meant it. An incredibly charming person, charismatic, and absolutely sincere.

After the war Sandy, Sandra and I settled in Hollywood, where I was a member of the Los Angeles Bahá'í community and often attended events at the L.A. Bahá'í Center. After a couple of years we moved to Altadena where there was a small community. I was on the Local Assembly there and learned something about Bahá'í administration, to my later benefit. Sandy was not particularly interested in the Bahá'í Faith, and, although brought up in a missionary household, not religious, but he did not object to my Bahá'í activity; in fact, he generally liked the Bahá'ís he met and respected the Faith. He kept that attitude throughout our marriage.

One time, about 1947, there was a call from the treasurer of the N.S.A. for pledges. I can't remember specifically why they needed funds enough to ask the community to make pledges, but it very likely was to complete the House of Worship in Wilmette—a project that seemed to go on forever. I rashly made a pledge for $50, which was quite a sum in those days—you could probably add a zero to get today's value—particularly for a young, relatively poor couple. I did not tell Sandy about it. I was not working and as time passed I had no money to pay my pledge and I was worried. One day I was out shopping, driving very slowly looking for a parking place, when a car

suddenly backed out into my car, denting the fender. I remember thinking that, although I was annoyed, I was going to behave as a Bahá'í—loving and forgiving—and not make a fuss. An elderly gentleman got out of his car and apologized for hitting my car. I smiled and said it was all right, it was an old car and it didn't matter, forget it. He said no, he felt bad about it, and he pulled out two 10s and a 5 from his pocket and insisted I take the money—I might have been loving and forgiving but I certainly wasn't about to refuse the offer! One more dent in my car didn't matter and I had half my pledge, which I sent off immediately. I still had 25 dollars to go.

We were barely making ends meet as Sandy made a go at the music business, and I decided I had to get a job. Daughter Sandra was attending kindergarten and she would be picked up after school by Sandy's mother. I went to an employment agency and they found me a job in a ceramics plant. With my first paycheck I paid the agency commission and the rest of my pledge. God is merciful to us weak humans! I worked at that job for a couple of years.

In 1950 we moved to Rolling Hills into an attractive new house high up in the hills. Sandy, a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, was called back into active service at the outbreak of the Korean War, and he was based in nearby Long Beach. Rolling Hills at that time was out of the jurisdiction of a township and our Bahá'í area was large, the South Bay Judicial District. I participated in Bahá'í activities there and in Long Beach, and occasionally in L.A. I also got a job with the Navy in San Pedro, near our home.

Following the sun

Life in Rolling Hills, California in the early 1950s was comfortable and pleasant, but I felt a vague spiritual stirring inside me. In 1953 I attended the Geyserville Summer School, taking daughter Sandra. The Bahá'ís were all talking about Shoghi Effendi's recently announced Ten-Year Crusade—1953 to 1963—which would end in the Great Jubilee, which was to be celebrated in Baghdád. (As the time for the conference—to be known as the first World Congress—approached, it was deemed impossible to hold it in Baghdád and the Hands of the Cause decided to move its location to London.)

The more I heard about the Ten-Year Crusade the stronger the compulsion I felt to play a part in it and serve the Faith—this compulsion, an inner drive, to serve the Faith has continued all through the years and is as strong now as it was 50 years ago. I felt in my heart that this was my opportunity to do something for the Faith, and to do it overseas in one of the goals areas of the Ten-Year Plan, although money was scarce and international travel a luxury—and my husband was not a Bahá'í. It seemed impracticable, but I longed to take part in this Crusade. Bahá'ís were to take the Faith to strange, faraway places. Some countries mentioned by the Guardian were barely known by name and identifiable on a map to Americans. It is hard now to realize how remote Asia, Africa, and other foreign locales seemed in those days.

I considered where I might talk Sandy into going. At Geyserville that year I saw Agnes Alexander. Her sister lived in Berkeley, and she usually stayed with her when in the States, and visited Geyserville. I remember Agnes sitting under the "big tree" telling us about her pioneer post, Japan. She showed us a photo of a handsome young man in his school uniform, one of the new Bahá'ís in Japan. (The young man was Michitoshi Zenimoto, later to be appointed Counsellor, a friend now of many years.) As Agnes was speaking, it occurred to me that Japan was the one place I could persuade Sandy to move to. He had been born and raised in Japan, after all. And Japan was listed as a goal territory for the U.S. community in the Ten-Year Plan.

At Geyserville that summer of 1953 there were three Bahá'í women I knew who also longed to go pioneering: Marzieh Gail, Emma Lawrence, and Vivian Lisota. We four would get together every day and say prayers for our desire to be fulfilled. And sure enough, we scattered in every direction: Vivian to Africa, Emma to Central America, Marzieh to Europe, and me to Asia.

When I returned home after Summer School I talked to my husband. I always prayed first before talking to Sandy about Bahá'í matters. I told him that I wanted to pioneer in one of the places that the Guardian had identified as goals and that I was thinking of Japan. Sandy was quite surprised, and I was even more surprised when he agreed to go to Japan. He told me later that he had never known me to

be so intensely serious about something. Also he had good memories of Japan. The timing was just right too. Sandy had been stationed in Long Beach near our home but he was now getting out of the Navy. He applied to the federal government for a job but there was a freeze on hiring. So he was, just during that time, at loose ends, unsure about his future. It turned out the hiring freeze didn't last much longer, but by the time it ended we were gone.

It was to be a permanent move, so we either took our belongings or sold them. We had two dogs and easily found a home for the cute young one, but no one wanted the tiny grizzled terrier. My parents had come to visit us to say a last good-bye and I recall my mother saying a prayer for the faithful old dog. A couple who lived around the hill from us came to look at a large cactus we had, and they took it and the dog too. It seemed that when the wife saw the old terrier she decided she had owned it in another incarnation, and so our dog joined the couple's menagerie as a favored member.

We sold our house to raise the money to go and we made bookings on a Swedish motorship, whose name I still remember: *Borgholt*. We were to leave in early December 1953. I was anxious to be at my post before the end of the year. We decided to go to Kobe, as that was where Sandy was born and grew up; also, the wife of an old missionary friend of his parents was living there, and she could help us get settled. The Asia Teaching Committee of the U.S. National Spiritual Assembly advised that if we could go somewhere other than Tokyo it would be good. We were in contact with the missionary friend and she said she would put us up while we found a house and work. About two weeks before we were to leave, however, the woman died suddenly. We found out later that she had gone to another city to give a lecture at a university and had been asphyxiated by a gas stove while sleeping in her hotel room. As we had no one to stay with, we decided to change our destination to Tokyo. Actually, after we got to Japan, we realized that, for various reasons, Tokyo was the only place we could have made it.

I remember the day we departed from Long Beach Port. We stood on the deck of the ship watching as Rolling Hills, where we had lived, gradually slipped under the horizon. That night I had one of my

worst-ever asthma attacks. It was strange that in the three years we lived in Rolling Hills I did not have a single asthma bout. I thought I was through with that tiresome ailment, but now I realized that I wasn't, that it was likely a life-long affliction. Sandy might not have agreed to leave the States if he had known I was still asthmatic. Well, it didn't matter—we were under way, no turning back. Fortunately, I had asthma medication with me: bronchodilator inhalers. I didn't feel well for much of the journey, but I didn't get seasick as Sandy, a Navy veteran, and daughter Sandra did.

The *Borgholt* carried only 12 passengers. Four of the others were a fundamentalist Christian missionary couple and their two small children. When they learned I was a Bahá'í they would not let their kids come near me for fear the devil, who obviously possessed me, would also possess them! The journey took about two weeks, during which time I reread *God Passes By*.

I discovered later that my father placed a notice in one of the newspapers he subscribed to that stated "Barbara Rutledge Sims Will Arrive In Japan This Week" and explained I was going there "to pioneer for the Baha'i group in her husband's native land." The fact the notice was submitted, and actually printed, shows that in those days a move to a foreign country was considered newsworthy by not only family but also the press.

Early years of the Faith in Japan

Japan was one of the countries opened to the Faith during the Ministry of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. In 1909-10 two American Bahá'ís, Howard Struven and C.M. Remey, made a round-the-world journey for the purpose of teaching the Faith. Stopping in Japan, they gave the first ever public talk on the Bahá'í Faith in the country, in Tokyo on December 27, 1909. According to accounts, about 75 persons attended the talk. The two men went to a few other cities and then on to China. The Faith received some notice, but no one became a believer.[11;*186*]

In June 1914, at 'Abdu'l-Bahá's suggestion, Dr. George Augur, a homeopathic physician from Honolulu, Hawaii, moved to Japan. He returned to Hawaii a couple of times, once bringing his wife, Ruth, back to Japan; they left Japan permanently in 1919. Dr. Augur passed

away in Honolulu in 1927.

Agnes Alexander, also from Honolulu, arrived in Japan November 1, 1914 in response to ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s express wish for her to go there. She left three years later, temporarily, to return to Hawaii. She went back and forth a total of five times, over a period of 53 years in all. Agnes was the first Bahá’í in Hawaii. She heard about the Faith in 1900 in Rome, while on a trip to Europe, and she believed. She then went on to Paris, where there was a strong Bahá’í community, and embraced the Faith. She always considered May Maxwell, residing in Paris at the time (as May Ellis Bolles), to be her spiritual mother. In 1957 Agnes was named a Hand of the Cause by the Guardian. Dr. Augur and Agnes were what we now call “pioneers”, although I don’t think that word was used in those days. Agnes’ devotion to the Cause and response to ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s call earned her—along with May Maxwell and Alma Knobloch—an immortal mention by name in the Tablets of the Divine Plan; Dr. Augur, too, was honored, being named a Disciple of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá by the Guardian.

In 1915 the first person in Japan expressed his desire to become a Bahá’í. He was an 18-year-old schoolboy, Kikutaro Fukuta. Soon Ms. Yuri Mochizuki and Mr. Tokujiro Torii became believers. However, Fukuta et al. were not the first Japanese Bahá’ís. There were three countrymen, all immigrants in the United States, who had become Bahá’ís earlier: Kanichi Yamamoto in 1902 in Hawaii, a U.S. Territory at the time, later to live in California; Saichiro Fujita in 1905 in Berkeley, California; and Kenzo Torikai a little later in Seattle, Washington.

Because of Agnes Alexander’s efforts the first Local Spiritual Assembly in East Asia was elected in Tokyo in 1932. It was also elected the following year but not again until after the Second World War, in 1948. Agnes had to leave Japan in the 1937 because of the prewar (i.e., World War 2) political situation and did not return until 1950. Over the prewar years, when Agnes Alexander was in Japan there was a flourishing community, but when she left, as she did a couple of times, it tended to cease activity, until she returned.[12;*186*]

The first Bahá’í to come to Japan postwar was an American serviceman, Michael Jamir, in late 1945. He had gotten addresses of a number of the early Bahá’ís and visited those he could, including

Saichiro Fujita, who had spent the war years in his hometown of Yanai, in western Japan, and Mr. and Ms. Torii. There was also the Bahá'í wife of another serviceman, Lorraine Wright, who was in Japan in 1947.

The first Bahá'í to go to Japan after World War 2 expressly for the purpose of teaching the Faith was Robert Imagire, a second generation Japanese-American. He came in 1947 and lived in Tokyo, later moving to the Kansai region to the west. He had written for guidance to the Guardian, who encouraged him to go to Japan. Robert looked up the old Bahá'ís, mostly Agnes Alexander's spiritual children from the prewar era, and found seekers—thus was the Faith reborn in war-devastated Japan.

Through Robert Imagire's efforts the first postwar Local Spiritual Assembly in Japan was formed in Tokyo, in 1948: all Japanese Bahá'ís plus Robert. When the Guardian was informed of this election he wrote to Robert that he was "thrilled by your message and I greatly value the sentiments it expressed. I urge you to persevere and be confident, and labour unitedly for the spread of the Faith and the formation of new centres, however small, in the vicinity of your capital." The Guardian subsequently wrote to Robert Imagire directly and to the Spiritual Assembly of Tokyo encouraging the extension of teaching out of Tokyo, the translation of Bahá'í literature into Japanese, and the development of the administration and deepening of the believers in its workings. Most of Shoghi Effendi's letters to Robert are printed in *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*, kindly provided by him.

In the next few years after the formation of the Tokyo L.S.A. the Bahá'ís tried to expand the Faith to other areas as the Guardian had wished. In the Tokyo area, besides Agnes and Robert, there were David and Joy Earl who arrived in 1952. Those four were pioneers. There were also some other Americans, with the Armed Forces. In 1952 Agnes decided to move to Kyoto, and soon after, the Katirai, Moghbel, and Momtazi families arrived in Japan from Iran. They settled in the Kansai region, around Osaka and Kobe, and have stayed in Japan since. There were now more pioneers in Japan, including areas other than Tokyo, but still few Japanese Bahá'ís.

In 1953 the Guardian launched his Ten-Year Crusade. Based on

‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s Tablets of the Divine Plan, it encompassed the entire planet. Actually, it was to be conducted in a coordinated way by the twelve existing National Spiritual Assemblies in the form of twelve national plans but on a worldwide scale. Japan was listed as a goal territory assigned to the N.S.A. of the United States, and we in Japan were to be assisted and supervised in our efforts by that Assembly. The Guardian gave goals that the various communities should accomplish during this ten-year period. Initially he did not assign specific goals to the Japan community, as there were hardly any Bahá’ís, but he gave goals in his general letters concerning the Ten-Year Plan and in letters to the U.S. N.S.A., such as forming Local Spiritual Assemblies, acquiring a National Ḥaẓíratu’l-Quds, forming a National Spiritual Assembly, incorporating the Faith, and acquiring endowments, i.e., properties held as investments and distinct from land used for Bahá’í Centers and Summer Schools.

Arrival and impressions

As our ship neared Japan we heard the local broadcasts on our radio. Of course I couldn’t understand anything but I recall being surprised that there were so many women announcers, quite in contrast to American radio then.

December 19, 1953, the day of our arrival at the port of Yokohama, was a cold, cloudy day. I had notified the Tokyo Spiritual Assembly of the arrival date, and David Earl, an L.S.A. member, and Kirby Kent, a U.S. serviceman based in Korea but temporarily in Japan, were there to meet us. I appreciated their kindness, as I was very anxious in a strange country. David, who was pioneering in Japan, was on vacation from the university where he was teaching; David’s wife, Joy, had returned to the U.S. temporarily.

A business friend of Sandy’s father, Sig Lindstrom, also met us, and took us to a hotel in mid-Tokyo. We went by train, not car; we had brought our car with us on the ship but it would take time to clear Customs. On the train I was surprised to see women sitting on the seats with their feet tucked under them, Japanese style (and also Persian style, as the Iranian Bahá’ís sit that way during obligatory prayer). I have tried to sit that way at times when it was required but it is terribly

uncomfortable. These days many Japanese people, especially the young ones, can't sit with feet tucked either.

We stayed at the hotel for a couple of weeks. It was an R-and-R (rest and recreation) facility for U.S. servicemen stationed in Korea. [13;*187*] In the baths, only one to a floor, there was a distinctive odor of soap—musky, almost like incense. Even now if I happen to smell soap with a similar aroma it immediately evokes memories of nearly 50 years back. We were on the sixth floor and sometimes when we took a shower in the bathroom down the hall the water would just stop. I remember one night after we had been there three or four days the building began to shake: an earthquake. Of course I had been in earthquakes before, in California, but seldom and not so violent. I remember saying to myself "Okay, Japan has earthquakes too; that's the way it's going to be"—and I never did worry about it again. The Army man running the hotel was very nice and didn't charge us for food during the time we were there. That really helped us. You never forget such kindness.

We left the hotel and for two months moved in with Arthur Hilburn and his wife as paying guests. The Hilburns were a kind Methodist missionary couple who had been friends of Sandy's parents in Japan many years earlier. Near the missionary compound where the Hilburns lived was a meat shop and I remember the carcass of a wild boar hanging out in the open. It seemed so ghastly and strange.

During the days that followed David Earl, who said he wanted to integrate me into the Bahá'í community as soon as possible, took me several times to the small house in Tokyo's Shinjuku Ward where Bahá'í meetings were held. The house was owned by Mr. Y.A. Rafaat, an Iranian Bahá'í who was trying to make a go in business in Japan. [14;*187*] He had come earlier in the year without his family. He stayed a few years, I think five in all, during two separate periods. The Local Assembly acquired this house as the Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds for Tokyo in 1954. Robert Imagire told me that before Mr. Rafaat made his house available the Bahá'ís sometimes held meetings in coffee-shops as there was no other place to go.

At Mr. Rafaat's house I met Philip Marangella, a pioneer originally from New York, who had come to Japan a couple of months earlier

than I.[15;*188*] He was working as an accountant for the U.S. Army. He would soon leave Tokyo to work in Kobe, but returned to Tokyo in the 1960s. I remember feeling envious of Phil as everything was taken care of for him by Uncle Sam: job, housing allowance, medical. It seemed so difficult for us by contrast.

We came to Japan on business visas sponsored by Sandy's father's trading company, as his representatives, but that was just for convenience, because the company no longer operated in Japan. Meanwhile we had no jobs and our savings from the sale of our house in California were dwindling day by day. I tried to get a job with the U.S. Armed Forces, as I had been working for the Navy in California, but they would not hire me because of the visa in my passport—people attached to the U.S. Armed Forces in Japan had special "Status of Forces" visas. At the time there was no such thing as leaving Japan temporarily, quickly adjusting the visa at an embassy in a nearby country, then reentering Japan immediately, so it was hopeless. We had counted on my getting a job. The Japanese consulate in Los Angeles had said there would be no problem. Sandy thought he could find a job with a trading company or in the music business, as he had experience in those fields, but it was on the knowledge that I would be able to find a job with the Armed Forces that he finally agreed to go to Japan. The Navy Personnel office in San Pedro, where I had been working, wrote a reference letter for me, but of course they assumed the Japanese consulate would take care of the visa. So it was a blow when Navy Personnel in Japan said they could not hire me. I remember asking myself if I had really thought this venture through: leaving California—its weather, its conveniences, its jobs—for . . . what? Some time later I was telling this story to Agnes Alexander—that the Japanese consulate in L.A. hadn't known that I could not be hired by the U.S. Armed Forces in Japan without a Status of Forces visa—and Agnes said the assumption about the proper visa was what going to Japan was contingent on, so the reality was kept hidden from Sandy and me.

About a month after arrival in Japan I saw a notice in the English-language newspaper *The Nippon Times* that a "Baha'i official", Dorothy Baker, had been killed in a plane crash in the Mediterranean Sea. I remember it was snowing that day. Another day Sandy saw an

ad in the *Nippon Times* (now *The Japan Times*) for a job in a trading company. He applied and was hired. It seemed a blessing: Sandy was told the company had never before advertised for employees in the newspaper. The company imported things like German cameras, autos, and motorcycles, which they sold to the U.S. Armed Forces and to Japanese companies. It was a good business, as Japan hadn't started making products like that yet or was just starting to but of inferior quality. Sandy worked there for two years. One of the two co-owners of the company, R.W. "Dick" Child, was an American raised in Japan in a missionary family. He became a good friend.[16;*188*]

Despite occasional misery, anxiety, and second-guessing, I always had the deep-down feeling that Bahá'u'lláh would help us. If I hadn't had such a strong feeling I never could have left my comfortable life for such an unknown, nor would I have survived in that unknown. And in those days East Asia was truly unknown, unfamiliar in every way. There were few or no apartments available, or English-language schools where foreigners could work; those came later. Much of your daily life was spent in transactions in ramshackle open-air markets for inferior produce or products of dubious provenance. There were few foreigners in Japan other than those attached to the U.S. Armed Forces. There were embassy staff, some business people (mostly people who were stationed in Japan with the Allied Occupation forces, were discharged or resigned, and stayed on), and a number of Christian missionaries, who were taken care of by their Missions, of course. The American military presence was everywhere, as it was just a year and a half after the Occupation had formally ended and a few months after fighting in the Korean War had stopped. People with the U.S. Armed Forces lived completely separate lives from the locals, on bases that were like American towns, shopping at their own stores, with their own schools, hospitals, clubs, etc. Some of them never left their bases. They lived in another world.

When we were looking for a place to live in early 1954, dear Agnes Alexander tried to help. She contacted an American woman who was married to a Japanese and who had been listed on the Bahá'í roll at one time many years earlier. Agnes thought she might help us find a place, as she was well connected and familiar with everything.

When Agnes told her I was a Bahá'í the woman responded "Sorry, no Bahá'ís." So much for that! Eventually we found a house to rent in the Meguro district of Tokyo and settled in. We rented the house from an American couple who were civilians working for the U.S. Armed Forces. They made a good investment in buying that house, as we paid exorbitant rent. There were two standards for renting, one for the Japanese and one for the foreigners. As there were no poor foreigners at that time, supposedly, any house that a foreigner would rent was expensive. Sandy happened to meet an elderly Ainu[17;*189*] woman, Ms. Matsuno, who had been working as a cook for an American missionary family; they left Japan and she was looking for a job. We hired her and she worked for us for several years—she was a godsend.

The first few months in Japan I was thoroughly miserable, in freezing cold weather, with asthma and bronchitis, wheezing and coughing continually. I remember standing in my bedroom one day in February, shivering because of inadequate heat, looking out the window at the snow, in despair. It was surely one of the worst times in my life. Back in the early 1950s Japan seemed so remote, even though I was living there. To be frank, it was—most of the world was, for that matter—materially backward compared to the U.S. It seemed so many things were so difficult, so strange. What were we, accustomed to American materialism and comforts, going to do? I recall resolving that I would not, even briefly, ever think about leaving Japan. I said to myself "I'm here now, I've already lived maybe half my life in relative ease and comfort, and for the rest of my life I will put up with this misery and do what I can, what I came here to do."

I knew I would never go back to the States—I had made a commitment as a pioneer to Bahá'u'lláh, to 'Abdu'l-Bahá, and to Shoghi Effendi, who was directing us in his Ten-Year Plan. In my desperation I didn't think things would get better, but simply that I must endure the misery indefinitely. In my parochialism I thought Japan would simply stay the deprived way it was. It is funny how we cannot see that things will change, but as 'Abdu'l-Bahá has stated, "Grieve thou not over the troubles and hardships of this nether world, nor be thou glad in times of ease and comfort, for both shall pass away." And if you read Shoghi Effendi, you realize that materialism is true misery.

Gradually things did get better, much better, and by the 1960s the affairs of the Faith and my personal life were going well. Throughout the years I, like everyone, have had many personal tests and difficulties, but I can honestly say that the problems never interfered with my Bahá'í activities. The personal problems could not directly touch that other, spiritual side of my life.

But briefly back to the winter of despair. There was no real heat, just a couple of small gas heaters which we moved with us from room to room. The bathroom was icy and if we put hot water in the tub it quickly became cold, even icy. The water in the toilet froze sometimes. Of course, no shower—in those days, like today, the Japanese preferred baths to showers. Being a Californian who had never lived in such cold before, I wondered how I would survive that winter.

One day the woman who owned the house brought me an electric blanket she had bought at the Base Exchange. There was no such thing on the Japanese market. I insisted on paying for it, and it was worth whatever I paid, as it saved my life. For several hours a night I could get warm—no matter that the mattress I slept on was made of rice husks and had fleas. Did I ever thank her enough?

We fixed up the house and made it fairly attractive. We had some Bahá'í meetings and social events there. It was not far from Sandra's school, the American School in Japan (established by missionaries, the oldest such school in Japan), which was the reason we had looked for a house in that area. Sandy was interested in a new hobby—high fidelity sound—and was content collecting components for a sound system. In addition to his job with the trading company, he was working for NHK, the national public broadcasting company, doing arrangements for their pops orchestra and singing on some of their programs. I recall helping him write out the arrangements for the orchestra. He got tired of that job after a couple of years, though, as it took a lot of time but paid little.[18;*189*]

I went everywhere by myself: Sandy said, in effect, "You wanted to come here, I can't take you everywhere, you'll have to get around by yourself"—and I did. Being rather adventurous I enjoyed finding my way around the big city. I had to ride three modes of transportation to get to the Bahá'í Center: first a bus, then a train, then a streetcar. I took

our car a couple of times, but after the antenna was clipped off Sandy didn't want me to park the car on the narrow streets where the Center was located. I took part in all the Bahá'í activities, initiating some of them. I often went to the Center, the little house owned by Y.A. Rafaat and acquired by the L.S.A., for Holy Days, Feasts, L.S.A. meetings, firesides, deepenings. In the March 1954 issue of the U.S. *Bahá'í News* my name appeared in the World Crusade Report as a pioneer to Japan, which was a goal territory for the U.S. Bahá'í community—the mention was a morale booster.

After living in our first house for about six months, we moved temporarily to Yokohama, to house-sit for one of my husband's employers while he and his family were out of Japan. Suddenly we were living in a mansion! It was a beautiful house with a large garden and seemed a million miles away from our own house. But I still attended all the meetings in Tokyo, going up on the train. (Traveling to Tokyo is always *agaru*, or going up; other places are *kudaru*, or going down, with respect to the capital.) It was often hard to find my way around. There were maps, but unlike American maps, which had north at the top, some Japanese maps of those days had distortions and no points of reference. The maps are more standard now, thank goodness.

During our time in Yokohama Sandra took the train to her school in Tokyo. In those early days she was always finding abandoned stray and sometimes dying cats and dogs and bringing them home for us to help. There must have been a genetic predilection, as son Sheridan later did the same thing. There was an animal shelter run by some foreign women who felt sorry for the poor creatures and to whom we turned over our temporary pets. Now the Japanese have the means to care for their pets, and the local governments have animal pounds for strays.

The Bahá'í community was so small in those days, but pioneers steadily arrived, notably a number of families from Iran, the first being the Katirai and Moghbel families in 1953 and the Momtazi family in '54, and within the next several years the Assassis, Azizis, Kazempours, Mahboubis, Mohtadis, Mottahedins, Naderis, Sharifis, Vahdats, Victorys (from the English word), Muhammad Labib, and G.V. Tehrani. Most settled in western Japan, and most of those in the Kansai region, where the cities of Osaka, Kobe, and Kyoto are located,

a few hundred kilometers from Tokyo. In a number of cases the families were advised by the Tokyo L.S.A. (there was no N.S.A. yet) where to settle, with teaching goals in mind—this was the case with the Assassis and Muhammad Labib, for instance, who had come from Iran together and who met with the Tokyo L.S.A. upon arriving in Japan and were asked to go to the city of Hiroshima. In those days we in Tokyo seldom if ever saw the Iranian friends in western Japan, until the North East Asia Spiritual Assembly was elected for the first time in 1957 and we started holding the National Convention annually. Keep in mind: little direct long-distance telephone service (people wrote letters), only a few slow long-distance trains (no bullet trains yet), potholed roads, no expressways yet—anywhere was far away.

Japan was so different in those days that modern residents would find it hard to imagine that this now prosperous country was in such poverty in the early 1950s. And in the '50s we—certainly I—had little idea that at some time in the future Japan would become such a materially advanced, economic powerhouse. There were so many things that were completely foreign to me. Power outages were common. Many roads were dirt and rock, and the concrete streets had potholes. Rain would turn the dirt into mud. At that time the alley outside the Bahá'í Center was pure mud when it rained. I remember walking down the alley and having my shoes actually sucked off my feet by the mud. There were few sidewalks; people walked in the streets. Many people, especially men, wore black rubber boots when it rained. Outside of buildings there were big pails of water and brushes to wash off muddy boots before entering. After entering, the boots and shoes were removed in the entrance hall. Shoes are still removed upon entering private residences, a civilized custom common to many parts of Asia, but not in most public buildings today. There were a few large stores, where foreigners could buy a few Stateside products, but most places were small family-run shops, open every day from early morning until late at night. There were almost no canned goods; I remember that there was only canned tomato soup and canned corn. I could not recognize some of the vegetables, but I remember the carrots—some were a foot and a half long, but without much taste. I haven't seen those now for many years. The strawberries were another surprise. In California they

were small but very tasty, while the Japanese strawberries were enormous but mostly bland pith; they're still relatively large but tastier today.

As for Japanese food, Sandy liked it as he had been raised in Japan, so we ate it often. I liked it okay provided it was cooked, though I avoided the smellier fish. I did not care for *sushi* and *sashimi* and still think they are overrated. Some dishes, such as *tonkatsu* (pork cutlet), *sukiyaki*, and *ramen*, were quite satisfying, I thought. The batter the Japanese use for deep-fried food, such as *tempura*, is lighter and more delicate than what you get in the States, and tastier, although I could not bring myself to eat deep-fried sea slugs. I learned to like, or at least got used to, *miso* soup, seaweed, and pickled vegetables commonly used as a garnish. Some things I have never accepted, such as octopus tentacles. *Tofu* was a challenge at first, as I could not figure out what it was. Fellow pioneer Ruhi Momtazi told me the first time his family went shopping after arriving in Japan, they bought *tofu* thinking it was cheese, and did not know what to think after having a bite. As Japan has gotten wealthier over the decades, the variety of food has greatly increased, and French, Italian, Indian, and Chinese eateries (outside of the old "Chinatowns") have multiplied along with a variety of "ethnic" restaurants, also places specializing in Japan's regional food, and U.S. diner-type and fast-food chains and Japanese imitators—I confess to sometimes wolfing down a burger or some fried chicken. Bread shops and pastry shops are everywhere and of high quality. Hotels and restaurants have learned to serve all-u-can-eat buffets with Japanese and Western sections . . . Dear reader, I could stay on this topic for the rest of the memoir, but I better move on.

I mentioned our maid above. That was one of my blessings, an elderly Ainu woman, Matsuno-san, from Hokkaido. When I look back I see that I could not have survived without her to do the shopping and cooking and helping in so many other ways. Household help steadily disappeared in the 1960s as the economy began to grow. What woman would work in someone's home as a domestic when she could get a job with Toyota or Sony or any of the many other companies that were growing and hiring? Back then, some of the older generation continued to work as domestic helpers but the new found work in companies.

We moved from Yokohama back to Tokyo in the fall of 1954. We preferred to live near the American School, daughter Sandra's school, in Meguro Ward. We first lived in a new "foreign style" house which was built on four levels, one side of the house offset a half-story from the other. There was not a single closet. When we complained to the agent he explained that foreigners didn't need closets as they didn't store away their *futon* (bedding). We moved from that house after a few months into a very attractive more traditional house—rooms with tatami matting and an *engawa*, a kind of veranda or passageway separating the rooms from the garden—also in Meguro, where we lived for six years. We had many of the Bahá'í activities in that house, as it could accommodate many people and was conveniently near the train station. In 1960 we moved into a two-story house in Seijo, a tony suburb to the west of the city, the rent for which the U.S. Air Force provided a housing allowance after Sandy was hired by them.

It was in 1956 that Sandy was offered a job by the Air Force. By that time I had managed to find a job teaching English at a company, having done clerical duties before that at the trading company where Sandy worked. I remember he came home one night and told me that Lt. Larry Hamilton, a Bahá'í with the Air Force, said they needed someone to manage the Air Force hobby shops, which featured arts and crafts and high-fidelity music equipment, among other things, concerning which Sandy was knowledgeable.

I thought this was some sort of test. After all, I had come to serve the Faith among the Japanese, not wind up on some military base in what was technically U.S. territory. I advised Sandy not to take the job, that I felt it was not right, that we should try to get along on the local economy. He agreed and drove out to the Air Force base, about an hour away, to meet with Larry and refuse the offer, but on the way he changed his mind. When he came home that night he told me he had accepted the job. Looking back, I can see that it was the best decision he could have made. How could I have been so wrong about it? Something similar happened on a couple of other occasions, when I could not recognize what was the best decision to make for my future. Fortunately, in those cases, like the above one, my ignorance was overcome. Maybe Someone <u>is</u> taking care of me! As I said before, the

visa problem was a barrier to local hire of Americans for the U.S. Armed Forces, but this was expedited by a high-ranking civilian friend of Sandy working for the Air Force, Charlie Hester.

I think it would have been impossible for us to remain in Japan without Sandy's job. Having the Air Force hospital available may well have saved the life of son Sheridan, as I am not sure Japanese medical care of those days could have coped with the problem he had at birth, pyloric stenosis, the same condition I had at birth. And the Air Force dispensary inexpensively provided me with essential asthma medication. I know from first-hand experience that Japanese medical care today is very good, but in the 1950s, frankly, I felt relieved to have access to U.S. Armed Forces medical care. In those days the foreigners living in Japan usually went to medical clinics run by foreigners in independent practice. Also the Seventh Day Adventists, who came to Japan as medical missionaries, operated a hospital in Tokyo. About the mid-1950s the government enacted a law that no one could acquire a license to practice medicine in Japan without passing an examination in Japanese. Actually as a law it made sense, but while the U.S. Armed Forces, of course, were not subject to this law, it was a real problem for the foreigners with clinics: knowledge of medicine was not the issue—most of the foreign doctors were first-rate—but rather the knowledge of the Japanese language, particularly medical terminology, which was still being developed. This law effectively stopped most foreigners from coming to Japan to establish a medical practice and also closed a number of the existing clinics.

In addition to medical care and the housing allowance the Air Force job provided free schooling for our son and access to various facilities, such as movie theaters, swimming pools, gyms, Officers' Club dining rooms, base exchanges, commissaries, hobby shops, etc., on all the Armed Forces bases. This included the Army-run Sanno Hotel in Tokyo with its dining room and gift shops. Many a Bahá'í visitor was taken there over the years. Agnes Alexander lived in Kyoto but came to Tokyo for N.S.A. meetings, and Sandy and I took her to the Sanno or the bases and were always amazed at how Agnes heaped food on her plate, ate it all, then went back to the buffet for seconds.

We held events at the Bahá'í Center, but also at our relatively

large house in Seijo (we decided not to live on base). Several Hands of the Cause spoke at that house—Agnes, Mr. Faizi, Dr. Muhajir, Mr. Featherstone—and also Bernard Leach, the potter, well known in Japan. Mr. Leach spent much of his time in Japan and was partly responsible for the regeneration of the *mingei* (folkcraft) pottery movement. I first met him at the Bahá'í Center in Tokyo. I didn't know anything about him or pottery, and when I met him I asked "What brings you to Japan?" He answered "I make pots here." Later one of the Bahá'ís explained to me who he was, and I was embarrassed to say the least. Mr. Leach was a very effective speaker at our public meetings precisely because he was then well known in Japan—and many non-Bahá'í Japanese know of him today. He had first briefly heard about the Faith from Agnes many years before but became a Bahá'í through his friendship with another prominent Bahá'í artist, Mark Tobey.

Few individual Japanese had cars in those days; the only Japanese person I knew in the 1950s who personally owned a car was a popular singer, Peggy Hayama, with whom Sandy worked as a duet singer and orchestra arranger. Peggy could not drive—few Japanese could, besides sales people and other professionals—and she used a chauffeur. We were considered the rich Americans as we had a car and a big house. It is certainly different now! Back then Japanese cars were not very good, and I can't remember many domestic appliances and other products of daily life. People in the 1950s used their money to buy things like pearls and silk, but few bought appliances. In those early postwar days "Made in Japan" meant low quality. We brought many items with us from the States: electric plugs, wiring, television, vacuum cleaner, cooking stove, radios, adapters, typewriter, musical instruments, and our car. In those days U.S. military folks made good money selling their cars and other items for two or three times the U.S. market value to Japanese institutions or wealthy individuals.

Japanese doorways came to about 6 feet or about 180 centimeters, so Sandy, who was tall, regularly hit his head (and, he used to joke, steadily lost IQ points). There are many places that still have low doorways—my present apartment, for example, built in the 1950s—even though the Japanese have gotten taller; son Sheridan, who is also tall, has whacked his head plenty (and it shows). I could never get used

to little or no heat in many places. Sometimes there was a *hibachi*, a large bowl with some coals in it, and sometimes a tiny gas heater. I continually had colds and wheezing bouts. There was no air conditioning in the summer either. Nowadays, by contrast, in trains, buses and public buildings the heating or cooling is often uncomfortably effective.

In those early postwar days the Japanese never threw anything out. The contrast between then and now is a comment on growing prosperity. They now throw out good televisions and refrigerators, chairs, etc., because they have no place for them when they buy new ones, which is often. There are foreigners living in Japan who have completely furnished their apartments with stuff thrown out by the Japanese. Every now and then, early in the morning, the streets of Shinjuku Ward, where I now live, will bring forth fine items, some almost new. I might pick up some of the smaller things, like kitchenware or coat hangers.

In the 1950s there were still "honey buckets". Wizened men with a pole balanced across their shoulders would come around the neighborhoods. At each end of the pole hung a large wooden bucket whose contents had been scooped up from tanks into which toilets flushed. They charged 10 yen, or a couple of U.S. cents, per bucket. This was a big business across Japan, the bucket content being sold to farmers who used it as fertilizer. You squatted over Japanese commodes, by the way, a position that, compared to sitting, is actually more hygienic and more conducive to—how shall I put it?—movement. Men often relieved themselves (no. 1, not 2!) in public. The gutter running by the front of the Bahá'í Center, uncovered in those days, was used for that purpose by workers in a construction company office across the alley; I would stare at them to embarrass them into desisting.[19;*189*]

In the evening a watchman would walk around the neighborhood striking two pieces of wood together which gave a loud clacking sound, and calling out a warning to be careful about fire.[20;*190*] There was good reason for this. Tokyo had had major fires several times in the old days before modernization: a large city with wood and paper houses could be a fire trap. There was also the *yaki-imo* man, the baked sweet-potato man, with his plaintive-sounding call, who would sell his product from a specially equipped cart. Also the *chindonya*, a small

marching band dressed as clowns and other characters, who would play at openings of new shops and other occasions. Also the *tofu*-seller's distinctive horn. These sounds are very rarely heard today. As they have faded away it seems that part of the culture has been lost.

I remember Haneda Airport (before Narita Airport was built) when it was just a large wooden room on the north side of the grounds. And Immigration (foreign readers living in Japan today will not believe this), where we had to go for visa business, was an unheated, usually empty cubbyhole in a small building.

I think it was the summer of 1954 or '55 Sandy suggested that Sandra and I spend a few weeks at Lake Nojiri, in the mountains a few hours north of Tokyo. He was still working for the trading company but would come up for the weekends. Lake Nojiri was a summer resort established by the missionaries decades earlier, and some still owned cottages there. Sandy's family had a cottage there but his mother sold it just after the war. Sandy arranged for us to rent a house but I was very nervous about going without him. I had to take a slow train—all the trains seemed slow then—to the nearest town and then catch a bus. I could not speak much Japanese and no one spoke English.

Sandra and I got on the train at Ueno Station, not Tokyo Station, as the former handled all trains heading north. It was July and hot, with no air conditioning, of course. The train was packed, no reserved seats. Sandra and I got seats because one of the employees at the company where Sandy worked had gone to the station early and stood in line. Once the train arrived people poured in the doors and jumped in through the windows, which were all open for fresh air—very different manners from today. As soon as the train left the station most of the men in the car removed all their garments down to their flimsy underwear. I stared in shock. They carefully hung their suits and shirts on hooks and settled down comfortably in their seats. Some were traveling with their wives, but none of the women got seats and they had to stand for hours. None of the men offered seats to the women, even for a break. Later when I was angrily relating this to Sandy he said the women would not have it any other way, as all would lose face otherwise. It was expected of them. I recall one woman in a *kimono* grasping the back of the seat looking like she was going to faint, her husband

sprawled on the seat in his underwear. I have heard that when the Japanese first started traveling internationally the older men sometimes did the same thing, to the consternation of flight attendants.[21;*190*]

I did not like Lake Nojiri much, as it rained continually. There were no stoves and I had to cook over a *hibachi*. Shopping was difficult as the store was small. I was not a good swimmer and did not care for boats. Some of the vacationing missionaries were nice but none wanted to hear about Bahá'í. I left as soon as I could.

Most of the foreign women who lived in Japan took up some area of Japanese culture and studied it. After a few years, once I had settled into Japan, I took up the *koto*, a large stringed instrument, a kind of zither, and got fairly good at it. I still like the sound—delicate yet sharp, and somewhat melancholy to my ears. I also practiced *aikido*, the martial art, for a few years; the *dojo* (gym) was near the Bahá'í Center. My *koto* and *aikido* skills led to an appearance on the Japanese version of the old U.S. television program "What's My Line?" The panel was unable to guess what my "line" was and I gave a demonstration. A part-time source of income in those days was movies, in which I appeared as an extra; after we moved in 1960 to the suburb of Seijo, where Toho Studios is located, the movie lot was conveniently just a few minutes' drive away—I discovered that well over 90% of your time on a movie set is spent waiting.[22;*192*] I had English-language classes, mostly at companies, which I taught at night. For a few months I attended a school once a week to learn conversational Japanese but I never had time to learn it fluently. Most of the students in this school were missionaries who were given two years of paid full-time study by their organizations to learn the language.

It was during the summer of 1954 that I first met Saichiro Fujita. He had come to Tokyo from his hometown of Yanai in Yamaguchi Prefecture[23;*192*] to apply for a passport and visa for a one-way journey to the Holy Land. I saw him at one of the meetings we held regularly in the city of Yokohama, near Tokyo. The Guardian had sent Fujita-san back to Japan in 1938 on the approach of the Second World War.[24;*192*] Now, in 1954, he wished to return to the Holy Land and had received permission from the Guardian to do so.

Mr. Fujita was a famous individual among Bahá'ís, not that he

thought so of himself—he was very modest, a general Japanese trait. When ‘Abdu’l-Bahá toured the U.S. Mr. Fujita accompanied Him from Chicago to California and back, and several years later at the Master’s request went to Haifa to live and serve. He spoke fluent English, though accented, and some Persian. When I first met him he was in his 60s and had the vigor of a middle-aged person, very much a world citizen at ease in any environment. In his later years he had trouble with his teeth, as did many Japanese who underwent wartime deprivations, and he frequently took out his dentures as they bothered him. He was also losing his hearing but could not or would not wear a hearing-aid. Consequently in the later years visitors to the Holy Land met an elderly gentleman who sometimes spoke unclearly and would not always answer when spoken to.

After the ascension of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá and before Shoghi Effendi fully assumed his responsibilities as Guardian, it was the Greatest Holy Leaf, Bahíyyih Khánum, sister of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá, who held the Bahá’í world together, and it was Mr. Fujita who wrote several messages for her in English to the Bahá’í world. He also notified the Japanese Bahá’ís of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s passing—his letters to Japan are a precious part of our Archives. I was privileged to meet Fujita-san several more times through the years in Japan and the Holy Land. He was a great soul with a pure heart and completely unique.[25;*192*]

The first large Bahá’í gathering I attended in Tokyo, in 1954, was a Naw-Rúz party. There were 30 or 40 people, mostly Bahá’ís and contacts of Agnes Alexander, some from prewar days. She came up from Kyoto for the occasion. I recall several of her Japanese friends, Bahá’ís and otherwise, speaking of her with admiration and affection. That party was where I first met Hiroyasu Takano. When he was a seeker and about to be sent to the U.S. by his company for a year, the aforementioned Joy Earl arranged for him to stay with a Bahá’í couple in Detroit, Michigan. This he did, and he embraced the Faith while there. He went on pilgrimage on his way back to Japan, and became the only Japanese Bahá’í, aside from Saichiro Fujita, to meet the Guardian. He returned to Tokyo in early March of ’54 and was a great help in the community.[26;*192*]

Mr. Takano brought with him from the Holy Land a square of

tapestry that the Guardian told him should eventually hang in the National Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds. This tapestry was sacred, having reposed over the remains of Bahá'u'lláh, according to a letter written on behalf of Shoghi Effendi. Mr. Takano said he thought the Guardian gave half of the tapestry to someone else for another national community but we have never been able to track it down. The hallowed piece of cloth has been an inspiration to believers throughout the years. Agnes Alexander said she liked to pray before the cloth as she thought that spot was the holiest in the Far East.

In 1956 the Guardian sent another treasure, through Nureddin Momtazi, a pioneer living near Osaka who had been on pilgrimage, to the Spiritual Assembly of Tokyo: a tapestry that had come from the resting-place of 'Abdu'l-Bahá in the Shrine of the Báb. The L.S.A. allowed this tapestry to hang in the Amagasaki Bahá'í Center—located between Osaka and Kobe, the first Bahá'í Center in Japan and donated by Mr. Momtazi—for a number of years, after which it was sent to Tokyo. Both tapestries are presently displayed in the Prayer Room of the National Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds.

Tokyo L.S.A.

In 1953 there was no National Spiritual Assembly in the North East Asia area. In fact, there was no Local Spiritual Assembly in North East Asia except for Tokyo. The closest Local Assemblies were in Singapore and the Philippines. When we in Tokyo wanted guidance or information, we either wrote to the Guardian directly or to the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States. Japan was a consolidation goal of that Assembly, and either Horace Holley or Charlotte Linfoot answered us and were always patiently helpful. A letter from the Guardian gave the Tokyo Assembly responsibility for all of Japan, functioning as a de facto N.S.A.

When I first arrived in Japan I plunged into the Bahá'í work, attended everything, supported the firesides, started my own deepening classes, helped to conduct the Feasts and Holy Day gatherings, and regularly communicated with as many people, believers and seekers, as I could. The Tokyo L.S.A. at the time was nearly inactive and couldn't achieve a quorum. When I asked why, I was told that at the election the

inactive persons tended to turn in votes for other inactive persons. But in 1954 Robert Imagire and I were both elected to the L.S.A., and as we could always get at least a quorum, we were quite active. That year we usually had meetings at the Bahá'í Center, and in succeeding years we often had L.S.A. meetings at my house.

Robert Imagire had been pioneering in Tokyo since the late 1940s. When I first came to Japan he was in the U.S. temporarily visiting his family but he returned in the spring of 1954 before the election and became the Assembly's secretary. He left soon to move to the Kansai region and I was elected as secretary, a responsibility I had for many years. It was a privilege as well as responsibility. One of the joys of being secretary of the L.S.A. was having the privilege of corresponding with the Guardian. These letters were always official, however; I never wrote a personal letter, as did many other Bahá'ís. I felt the Guardian had enough work to do without having to answer personal correspondence.[27;*192*]

People have asked me if I was ever privileged to meet the Guardian. You have to know how it was in those days. It was such a different age, that immediate postwar era. Nowadays there are low-cost flights with (comparatively) comfortable jet aircraft going everywhere, and travel is easy and fun (generally speaking). Anyone can go just about anywhere fairly reasonably and quickly (generally speaking). I have been to Haifa nine times; I have crossed the Pacific countless times; it has become common and routine. But in former days a transcontinental or transoceanic voyage was a rare, maybe a once-in-a-lifetime, undertaking, if that, for most people, what with the time and financial investments required. Some pioneers were privileged to meet Shoghi Effendi on pilgrimage, but it was not to be for me.[28;*194*]

Back to my responsibilities as secretary. I took them very seriously, as though I had made a promise, a commitment, to do my best—which indeed I had. I learned from my own and others' experiences that it was crucial to maintain that sense of absolute commitment, that if that attitude was weakened even for a moment a person could lapse into laziness or inaction. I insisted on regular L.S.A. meetings; we often met once a week, usually at my house—dinner meetings were always well attended. With periodic nudging and encouragement from the

N.S.A. of the U.S. we worked toward accomplishing the goals given by the Guardian.

In the next few years, after the formation of the L.S.A. of Tokyo, the Bahá'ís tried to expand the Faith to other areas as the Guardian wished. We had meetings in Kofu, Yokohama, Sendai and a few other places. And in the Kansai region the Iranian pioneers were making similar efforts in and around Osaka and Kobe, as was Agnes Alexander in Kyoto. It was not easy to travel around and quite costly, considering the frugal and underdeveloped times, but we were very serious about the teaching goals and had specific plans.

In 1954 the Tokyo L.S.A. started working on incorporating the Faith in Japan, one of our goals. The aforementioned Y.A. Rafaat made the contacts with the appropriate government offices. The incorporation was granted on April 22, 1955. According to Japanese law it was not necessary to incorporate each L.S.A.: they would be considered branches of the originally incorporated body.

Another goal was to acquire a National Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds. The Guardian wrote that it could be a modest one. In 1954 the L.S.A. looked around to buy a piece of property with some sort of building on it. We could not find one suitable that was affordable. Agnes Alexander got the idea of asking Y.A. Rafaat if he would sell his house to the Tokyo L.S.A. As I mentioned earlier, he had made the house available as a much-needed meeting place, but now the Assembly proposed buying the property, and Mr. Rafaat agreed, also effectively donating part of the funds by reducing the price below market-value. The Guardian himself sent about half the funds necessary, and the rest was contributed by the Bahá'ís in Japan, principally by Nureddin Momtazi, and by the U.S. N.S.A. and Milly Collins, who served the Guardian in Haifa and who made many generous financial contributions to the Cause. The building would function as the Tokyo Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds until the National Spiritual Assembly was elected. Initially the property was held in Mr. Rafaat's name for convenience but eventually title was transferred to the Assembly. This land is worth a thousand times more today, and if we had waited until Japan became prosperous to try to purchase a property we never would have been able to afford it. In 1982 the small house, which was functioning as both the National and

Tokyo Centers, was torn down and a multi-story building raised in its place—a larger structure for a larger community.

I never cease to be amazed by the wisdom of the Guardian in giving certain goals—but then I realize he was divinely inspired. For example, we might have thought, Why do we need an incorporation? We have no assets, no property (the Bahá'í Center property being temporarily held in Mr. Rafaat's name), and there are few believers. But as we had been told to incorporate, we pursued it. It was not difficult procedurally or financially at that time, but as the years went by religious incorporation became more difficult, quite problematic, in Japan. In fact, I think it was in the 1980s, an organization offered to "buy" our incorporation as they could not obtain one any other way. It was a good thing we incorporated when we did.

We might have been tempted to do things sequentially: first we build up the community and then accomplish the goals one by one. But no, the Guardian wanted things done simultaneously. He was encouraging us to buy a Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds building, incorporate, teach, expand, translate more literature, etc., all at once.

I was interested in providing more Bahá'í literature in Japanese, because we had so little material for the Japanese to read, and to that end I hired two translators. I had to meet fairly often with the translators to delve into the meanings of words or sentences. One of them had lived in Indonesia immediately after the war and knew something about Islam, which few Japanese did. He translated *Paris Talks,* which work we are still using. The other translator specialized in religious content. He told me after translating several Bahá'í pamphlets that he knew the Faith was true but he felt he could not make a commitment as he was involved in one of the many Buddhist sects.

In April of 1954 a second Local Spiritual Assembly was formed. It was elected in Hyogo Prefecture in the Kansai region in western Japan and was composed of seven Iranians, one Indian, and one American: the latter two were Mr. Gian Datwani and Philip Marangella, and the seven were members of the Katirai, Moghbel, and Momtazi families. The members were all pioneers, not Japanese, but it was the beginning of the institutional expansion of the Faith.

The summer of 1954 the Tokyo L.S.A. decided to hold a two-

day conference in Atami, a resort town on the sea a couple of hours by train from Tokyo. Some of the Iranian Bahá'ís from Kansai came. We were all put up in a *ryokan*, or Japanese inn. It was my first time to stay in a *ryokan*. About 30 persons attended; half were Japanese Bahá'ís, half pioneers. The women all slept in one large room on a *tatami* (straw-matted) floor on *futon,* cotton quilted bedding which in those days could be rather thin. I didn't sleep well as my bones seemed to press into the floor all night long. I noticed that Agnes Alexander slept on two *futon*. She was more experienced, having stayed at many such places over the decades, had wisely obtained two *futon* for herself, and accordingly slept quite soundly. Since then I have slept with or without *futon* on countless floors, with no problem. This *ryokan* stay was my first experience with a Japanese breakfast (husband Sandy, who very much liked Japanese food in general, insisted on American-style breakfasts): rice, fermented soybean paste and soybean curd soup—i.e., *miso shiru* with *tofu*—fish, bits of seaweed, and small pickled plums that had an antibacterial function and pursed up your mouth too.

Frankly, I don't remember what conclusions or decisions we came to at the Atami meeting, but just being together in such a intimate environment was good for us. It was the first Bahá'í conference in Japan and the first time believers from different parts of the country met in one place. Ms. Yuri Furukawa attended and also served on the 1954 Tokyo Assembly. A lovely lady, she has the distinction of being the first Japanese woman to accept Bahá'u'lláh as Manifestation of God. Ms. Furukawa (née Mochizuki) had been introduced to the Faith by Agnes Alexander in 1916.

Speaking of Agnes, in the postwar years she lived in Kyoto but I saw her when she came to Tokyo, which was frequently. She stayed at the old Marunouchi Hotel, and after International House was built in the 1950s she would always stay there. Many Bahá'í visitors have stayed at International House: Rúḥíyyih Khánum and Violette Nakhjavani, Collis Featherstone, Rahmatullah Muhajir, A.Q. Faizi, and Bernard Leach, among others. Pioneer Phil Marangella lived there for periods, and the Bahá'ís sometimes held meetings there.[29;*194*]

The Japan Bahá'í community was small. One of the first letters I wrote to the Guardian was in June 1954, in response to his request for

statistics. In 1954 we had two Local Spiritual Assemblies: Tokyo, which was also the largest community, and Hyogo Prefecture in the Kansai region, which consisted entirely of pioneers and had been formed that year. There were about 30 Japanese Bahá'ís total, and about the same number of pioneers. The Iranians lived in the Kansai region with the exception of Y.A. Rafaat in Tokyo, but over the next few years further Iranian pioneers would settle in other places such as Nagoya, Hiroshima, and Sapporo. Most of the Iranian and American pioneers who arrived in Japan in the 1950s left later in the '50s or in the '60s; today only the immigrant generation of the Katirai, Moghbel, and Momtazi families and I remain in Japan from among the early pioneers.

As mentioned before, the first pioneer to come to Japan after World War 2 was Robert Imagire. He got things going—looked up old Bahá'ís, attracted seekers. When he first came there was no material to study in Japanese. Agnes Alexander told him where to find her Bahá'í books, which she had left in the care of her friend, Dr. Rokuichiro Masujima, when she left Japan in 1937. Dr. Masujima, who passed away in 1948, was a prominent international lawyer, founder of Chuo University in Tokyo, and quite sympathetic to the Cause. When Robert went to the location, in the Shinagawa district, he discovered that the area had been bombed during the war and everything had been flattened except one building—yes, Agnes' books were in that building. There were 200 copies of *Bahá'u'lláh and the New Era* in Japanese, which the new group studied to learn about and deepen in the Faith.

Robert Imagire first came to Japan in 1947, returned to the U.S. for a year 1952-3, and left Japan permanently in 1955.[30;*194*] Agnes came back to Japan in 1950 and left in 1967. Of course, she periodically traveled out of the country during those years. At various times American Bahá'ís attached to the United States Armed Forces were stationed in Japan, some in uniform and some in a civilian capacity; they usually stayed a few years before being rotated elsewhere. They were fine people and helped the community immensely. Among the believers either in or working for the Armed Forces who came to Japan in the 1950s were Lt. Jacob and Barbara Davenport, Jean Eaton, Lt. Lawrence and Virginia Hamilton, Miles Mahan, Philip Marangella, Lt. Col. John and Elizabeth McHenry and their son, Johnny (later to

pioneer in Korea), J. Sandusky, Lt. Lane Skelton, Muriel Snay, Frederick Suhm, and Lt. Donald and Mignon Witzel (later to pioneer in Latin America). There were also Lecile Webster, attached to the U.S. Embassy, and Eugene Schreiber, who worked for a U.S. company and married Akiko Enokida in Nagasaki in 1959—it was the first wedding between Japanese and non-Japanese believers and the first Bahá'í wedding in Kyushu.[31;*195*] Dr. David Earl, an academic, and his charismatic wife Joy were already in Japan when I arrived. Joy Earl was a dynamic and dedicated teacher, perhaps one of the very best anywhere at that time. She and David lived in the Bahá'í Center after Mr. Rafaat left Japan.[32;*195*]

It was these friends and others, including Robert Imagire and Agnes Alexander—and the aforementioned Iranian Bahá'ís who settled in western Japan—who enrolled the first postwar Japanese Bahá'ís and deepened them. (Agnes, of course, had introduced seekers to the Faith decades before the war.) A plurality at least, probably a majority, of the early postwar Bahá'ís embraced the Faith in Tokyo. This is not surprising, given its relatively large population, given the concentration of English-speaking Bahá'ís in the Tokyo area, and given the growing demand for English-language instruction. With a few exceptions, the Japanese Bahá'ís in the 1950s and '60s were all introduced to the Faith through the English language: either they were in English conversation classes given by the pioneers or were taught the Faith in English at firesides. More than one of those Japanese believers confided to me that they initially came to Bahá'í meetings more in order to improve their English understanding than their spiritual understanding—but over time their improving English actually helped them to better learn about the Faith. Many became active, deepened Bahá'ís: for example, the four Japanese who were eventually appointed Counsellor all encountered the Faith through an initial interest in the English language. The English language was a door to the Faith in many other countries too.

Like the other pioneers, I did deepenings in English because that was all I could do. The Japanese either tried to understand my English or one of them translated for the others. I used Bahá'í books in English for deepenings. Can you imagine a young Japanese still learning English going through The Dispensation of Bahá'u'lláh or the Will and

Testament of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá? That’s what I did in the U.S., so that’s what I did in Japan. In those days we didn’t have literature specifically designed for systematic study and deepening, though there were a few pamphlets or booklets that discussed some of the principles. But the Japanese friends seemed to enjoy it because they kept coming to class. The Japanese are a very studious people, and this attitude sustained many a class.

In the early days of the Faith in Japan and in many countries the pioneers were usually in the forefront of both teaching and administration. But gradually, as the native believers increased in numbers, knowledge, and experience around the world, they took on more responsibility, and indeed these days they are at the forefront everywhere. It takes some time before the native believers make the Faith their own and teach their people. In Japan it took many years. But this, of course, is the goal of the pioneer: to do his or her work—build the administration, deepen the friends in the laws and principles, teach the friends to teach—so well that eventually there is no work left the native believers cannot do.

In talking to the Japanese in my early years in their country I formed an opinion that has not changed since: Buddhism and Shinto for many or most people are largely cultural phenomena and traditions and do not have much effect on their spiritual life. The Japanese had a formalized code of ethics which was taught in schools before the Second World War but was dropped postwar, and the people had little in the way of spiritual or moral teachings to turn to. They seemed to me to be basically very spiritual, however. Maybe that’s why so many sects loosely based on Buddhism or whose teachings were synthesized from various religions sprouted up in the 20th century and especially after the war: there was a hunger to be satisfied. I have heard it said that the Japanese are not religious but that is not my impression. Their concepts may be different but the belief is there, with many individuals. Visiting the graves of loved ones and ancestors and praying is common among the Japanese—but who are they praying to, and what are they praying for? I learned early on that one of the topics that made for a lively fireside—in which the listeners or seekers were engaged—was the afterlife.[33;*195*]

There was and is one difficulty in teaching and deepening in Japan, and that is a tendency for the Japanese not to express their true feelings about something, out of a sense of reserve. In cliché talk it is called "inscrutability", but the Japanese themselves refer to it as *honne* (roughly hone-nay) and *tatemae* (roughly tah-tay-my). The *tatemae* is the outwardly expressed, even pretended, feelings, the polite front put up, and the *honne* is the inner, true feelings, kept to oneself. If you asked a Japanese seeker if he or she understood something and received a "yes" reply, or asked if there were any questions or comments and received a "no" reply, was that really the case? Here reading body language and acquiring a social intuition over time spent in Japan was crucial, and it did not come easily to me. The English classes I had helped, though, as over the years I taught hundreds of students and learned something of interpersonal communication.

Aside from English, the only medium of communication was Japanese, of course, and the Japanese language is not easy to master. For one thing, it has several levels of politeness and formality, which can be difficult for a Westerner to even grasp let alone use in speech. Also, the writing system is complex, because of the *kanji*, a set of logographic characters adopted from China centuries ago. You have to learn not 26 letters which carry no meaning individually, but rather a couple thousand characters, each carrying at least one meaning and combined with other characters to make many, many more meanings—from things like "sun" and "cat" to concepts like "limitlessness" and "delicate profoundness". Japanese children spend a large portion of their time in school learning to read and write.

The only non-Japanese who were fluent in the language were those born in Japan, like my husband, or those who, as students, studied it for years in their own countries and then came to Japan to devote years more to study. When I came to Japan I was already a busy housewife with a family, and most of the time I was working. My Japanese never got very good, but I could get by; that is, do daily things like shopping, banking, immigration, and simple tax matters. To become fluent required learning the writing system, a time and energy investment which was impractical for me. And it is probably true that I did not have a linguistic knack. Some of the pioneers have bemoaned

the fact that they never got fluent in the language, while others studied hard and got quite fluent—but the fact is that over the years many Japanese Bahá'ís were attracted to the Faith through English. Maybe it is just as well that I did not concentrate on mastering the Japanese language as such an attempt might have actually been a distraction. I spent years gathering material for books, and much more of the primary research material was in English than in the language of the Asian country I was writing about, because virtually all the reports and other information came from pioneers in the early days. Three of my books have been translated by Japanese Bahá'ís; compared to when I came to Japan, quite a few native believers nowadays have fluency in English, in some cases acquired abroad.

We never sought out non-Japanese to teach the Faith to, as the priority was teaching the Japanese, of course. However, over the years some foreigners, mostly Americans but also other nationalities, have become Bahá'ís in Japan. Most left Japan and scattered around the world, and I have met several overseas through the years.

The Japanese believers and seekers would sometimes bring their friends to the firesides and the pioneers would talk to them, often enrolling them, and that is the way the Faith expanded in those days. The word "fireside" was a misnomer for us, by the way: in the early days we sat around a *hibachi* with a few heated coals in it, or around a small gas heater. We were not warm, physically.

The Local Spiritual Assembly of Tokyo had some teaching goals, and the city of Yokohama was one of them. We used to have meetings in Yokohama on Sundays in an old two-story building on a hill behind Yokohama Train Station. We would meet in a tatami mat room with a long low table. Typical of these meetings, one of us foreigners would talk and a Japanese would translate. It was some years before the Faith in Japan would have foreigners who could give talks in Japanese or Japanese who could give talks on their own.

When I went to work as an English instructor at a college in Yokohama in the late 1980s, I could see from the train that same building behind Yokohama Station and I remembered those meetings in the '50s: dedicated teachers, hungry seekers, freezing temperatures, warm fellowship, poring over the Writings, talking, studying the Faith

(and learning each others' language), seekers and teachers alike. There was an energy, a vitality that seems gone now—or is it a trick played by nostalgia? In the early 1990s I noticed that all the old buildings were being torn down. Now nothing is left and the hill has been carved into a different shape. So goes progress.

Nikko Conference

The year 1955 was memorable for the Nikko Conference. Officially it was called the Asia Regional Teaching Conference, and held September 23-25 at Nikko, a few hours north of Tokyo in the mountains.[34;*197*] It was sponsored by the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States but the Local Spiritual Assembly of Tokyo put on the conference—there was no National Assembly in Japan—and as I was secretary I was extremely busy. Hand of the Cause Zikrullah Khadem was the Guardian's representative to the conference, and Charlotte Linfoot came as the representative of the U.S. N.S.A. Bahá'ís from Guam, Hong Kong, Macau, Korea, Taiwan and the Caroline Islands attended, and the conference was conducted in Japanese, English, Persian, and Chinese. That conference, so long ago, was a turning point for the Faith in East Asia. It was the first Bahá'í conference in the Asia-Pacific region (India had had a conference in 1953). It led to the establishment of the North East Asia Spiritual Assembly fewer than two years later.

According to statistics kept, at that time there were 64 believers in Japan, and 25 were pioneers; not all the Japanese Bahá'ís were active, though. The Tokyo L.S.A. wanted all Japanese Bahá'ís to attend the conference, if possible, so we decided to defray the expenses of any Japanese Bahá'í who found it financially difficult. Of the 39 Japanese Bahá'ís, 19 attended. Among non-Japanese, Harry Yim, the first Bahá'í in Macau, attended. He became a friend whom I wrote to and occasionally saw through the years. Saichiro Fujita was also there; in a few months he would leave Japan permanently for the Holy Land. Right after the Nikko Conference a formal dedication of the Tokyo Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds was held and attended by most of the conference participants as well as other Bahá'ís living in the Tokyo area, and by way of farewell Mr. Fujita anointed each one of us with attar of roses

that had been given him by ‘Abdu’l-Bahá.

Mr. Khadem and his wife Javidukht stayed in Japan for a couple of weeks and tried to meet as many Bahá’ís as he could. He went to Hiroshima with Agnes Alexander and Nureddin Momtazi and enrolled the first two Bahá’ís there. The Guardian’s secretary had written to the Tokyo L.S.A. that the people of Hiroshima had “a special right to hear of Bahá’u’lláh’s Message of peace and brotherhood.” Teaching had been done there previously but no enrollments resulted. The Guardian sent such a warm cable when he heard about the first two Bahá’ís of Hiroshima. Unfortunately, after a time we no longer saw those two. I felt bad about it, as they were given a blessing which may not come again throughout eternity—at a practical level I also realized the importance of consolidating teaching achievements. Mr. Khadem visited one of the young Japanese Bahá’ís in Tokyo who was in the hospital recovering from minor surgery, and I accompanied him on that occasion. Mr. Khadem was so kind to the young man. Did that young man understand his bounty? I hope he did. Did I understand my bounty? Yes, and more so as time goes by. Sandy and I invited the Khadems to our house for dinner. I recall that Mr. Khadem beautifully chanted a prayer.

At the Nikko Conference we were told by Charlotte Linfoot that we should plan to elect a National Assembly in 1957. It was to be regional in jurisdiction, for North East Asia, with its seat in Tokyo. We would need to elect at least eight Local Spiritual Assemblies in Japan by 1956, and four in the other countries or territories within our jurisdiction—Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Macau—in order to hold the election. Oh how hard we worked to teach and enroll people to get ready to form Local Spiritual Assemblies the following April! Some were formed by miracles, but we got our eight in Japan, two in Korea, one in Taiwan, and one in Hong Kong, making twelve in all; Macau could not elect an assembly that year. The Local Spiritual Assembly of Hyogo Prefecture in western Japan ended its existence and three Assemblies, whose jurisdictions were cities within the prefecture, were elected in its place.[35;*198*]

All did not go smoothly. It was April 20, 1956 and we had to form the L.S.A.s on that day beginning at sunset. We thought we were

all set to elect eight with no problems. Sandy and I were to go shopping during the afternoon but he kept dawdling and could not get started. Usually he had to wait for me, but this time I was getting impatient and tried to hurry him along. Then someone knocked at the door. It was a Bahá'í pioneer who lived in a nearby town. His expression was very serious and he said he had to talk to me. I could see that it was important and asked him in, deciding to forget the shopping trip. At that moment Sandy came in the room, but seeing that something serious was being discussed he left. My friend had misgivings about forming an L.S.A. and, as there were only nine people including himself, his participation was necessary. He said that the new Bahá'ís were not experienced enough and that he thought it was premature to form an Assembly. If no L.S.A. was formed in his community I felt it could jeopardize the formation of the future National Assembly. We talked all afternoon. We said prayers and I cannot remember all that was said but when he left he agreed to be present to form the L.S.A.

Later I was relating this matter to another of the pioneers: how we almost didn't form an L.S.A. in that community despite having nine believers. The pioneer spoke of an identical experience: one of the nine Bahá'ís in a town in the same region as the pioneer's community said that he did not wish to be part of forming a weak Assembly. But the pioneer talked him into participating, and, as a matter of fact, we formed all our Local Spiritual Assemblies. Praise be! I remember thinking, We are all individually weak, as so many supplications in prayerbooks stress, and it is by forming Assemblies that we can become strong. To be frank, though, some of the Spiritual Assemblies formed in 1956 were not very active. Few members were experienced in administration. There was no National Spiritual Assembly over us to offer guidance in those days. I remember some years later discussing the problem of inactive or barely active Assemblies with Universal House of Justice member Hushmand Fatheazam, and he said the alternative—not forming the Assembly—is unacceptable. Form the Assembly and strive to deepen it, there is no other way.

The Tokyo Assembly encouraged observance of the laws: prayer was not difficult, as it came naturally to the Japanese; the Fast was a bit difficult for the new Bahá'ís at first (although there is a tradition in

Japan of fasting); as for marriage, consent of the parents was not a problem because in Japanese custom there were meetings between the two families and consensus had to be achieved. One Bahá'í law that has turned out to be challenging is burial. Japan is a country where nearly everyone is cremated, and this has included, very regrettably, a number of Bahá'ís. I recall a very nice middle-aged couple whom I met at the Tokyo Bahá'í Center and who had seriously studied the Faith. They had one great difficulty, and that was how they would be buried. If it was as Bahá'ís, with no Buddhist priest to be called in for the rites, no cremation, how could their relatives possibly deal with it? We never saw the couple again. For the Japanese Bahá'ís this problem of burial loomed large. A number of them simply ignored it: that is, they did not stipulate how they were to be buried, and upon their passing their non-Bahá'í relatives opted for a Buddhist ceremony and cremation. I remember feeling overwhelmed by the amount of deepening that had to be done, whether it was about administration or law. In that respect the situation has improved.[36;*198*]

As I write this section I see that it does not have too much about my personal life. My life had gradually assumed a comfortable pace. I got accustomed to living in Japan. I was always busy, but people of my then age have lots of energy. I had two children, took care of a large house, was working teaching English, and staying up late at night getting out L.S.A. letters, using the Ditto machine to copy. (Senior citizens, remember those things, with stencil and gel, before xeroxes—how did we ever manage?) In the time between the Nikko Conference and the first National Convention, about a year and a half, all of my and our activities were directed toward expanding, developing the L.S.A.s, and preparing for our first Convention.

North East Asia

The Local Spiritual Assembly of Tokyo organized the first North East Asia Annual Convention, in 1957, under the supervision of the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States. Charlotte Linfoot attended as that N.S.A.'s representative. She was fond of Japan and had been here once before, at the Nikko Conference in 1955. None of us knew how to put a convention together, but with help from Char-

lotte and Horace Holley, secretary of the U.S. N.S.A., we did quite well I thought. I was secretary of the L.S.A. so I was very busy, and I assumed that after the Convention I could relax a bit, but I was overwhelmed to learn that I was elected to the new N.S.A. Hand of the Cause Jalal Khazeh was the Guardian's representative at the Convention. He hand-carried a message from the Guardian and brought two or three flasks of attar of roses, which the Guardian had given him to anoint the friends at the Convention. After it was over, he gave me one of the flasks which, to this day, I have carried in my bag. Mr. Khazeh and Charlotte Linfoot were present at the first meeting of our new Assembly. I remember at the first meeting a member chanted a prayer that must have lasted over 20 minutes. Surely God will hear it, I thought. I wish I had asked him which prayer or tablet he chanted. We also always said the prayer for Assemblies before our meetings.

The aforementioned Tony and Mamie Seto came from Hong Kong to attend the Convention. Tragically, Tony was stricken and passed away suddenly at the airport on the return to Hong Kong and was buried at Yokohama Foreigners' Cemetery, one of many, many pioneers whose resting-places are poignantly scattered around the globe. Mamie later returned to Japan to visit Tony's grave. Tony and Mamie had accepted the Faith together in 1916, and 'Abdu'l-Bahá wrote in a tablet to them that in their marriage "the East and the West have embraced each other". They pioneered to Hong Kong in 1954, at the outset of the Ten-Year Crusade.

On that first North East Asia Assembly Y.A. Rafaat was elected corresponding secretary and I recording secretary. In the years I served on the Tokyo, N.E. Asia, and later Japan Assemblies I was always secretary: corresponding, recording, or assistant. Most of the Tokyo Assembly's correspondence was with the Guardian in Haifa or with the Asia Teaching Committee of the U.S. N.S.A. I was not experienced as an institutional letter-writer and found it difficult—particularly the occasional letter to an individual believer offering guidance about laws or tests, where great care had to be taken—but learned fast from necessity. At the time of the aforementioned Nikko Conference there was much correspondence from Bahá'ís in Asia wishing to attend, and as L.S.A. secretary I had to write many letters; it was the same for the

first North East Asia Annual Convention. On the N.E. Asia Assembly I was initially recording secretary, in which capacity I learned to keep records—which was harder than it might sound, for we had several countries in our jurisdiction and the record-keeping had to be meticulous. Mr. Rafaat left Japan and I became corresponding secretary in early 1959, which position I occupied until 1971, when Dr. Toshio Suzuki became secretary and I again became recording secretary and his assistant. I remember clearly the meeting in '59 when I became corresponding secretary: I had an important letter to write, to the Holy Land, and Agnes Alexander said to me "Dearie, before you write, turn to Bahá'u'lláh for guidance"—precious advice, which I followed on many occasions. The N.E. Asia Assembly's correspondence was in English, though I was communicating with persons of various nationalities, not necessarily English-speaking pioneers, and it could be difficult to understand the letters I received. In the early days I did not have a Japanese Bahá'í assistant and would regularly ask our housemaid to help me with the reading and writing of letters in Japanese—I doubt anyone in Japan was more familiar with the workings of Bahá'í administration than she was. When I look through the N.S.A. and L.S.A. records in the Archives today I see hundreds of letters and reports I wrote over the years—I never threw anything away—and it makes me tired just to look at them! But the letters I wrote and received were a kind of deepening: I learned so much about the Faith from them. And it turned out that writing to Bahá'ís as Assembly secretary was good experience for writing for Bahá'ís as author, compiler, and editor, which I was to do later.

In July 1957 the Guardian wrote a long letter to the N.S.A. giving us goals which had to be accomplished before the end of the Ten-Year Crusade in 1963. Our new N.S.A. tried very hard to follow the instructions the Guardian had given us. We were very conscientious and motivated about the goals.[37;*198*] The jurisdiction of the N.S.A. (also called Regional Spiritual Assembly) of North East Asia was Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Macau.[38;*199*] The Guardian designated that its seat be Tokyo, so almost all of our meetings were held there. We knew that the other countries besides Japan would eventually have to be strong enough to elect their own National Assem-

blies and consequently much effort was spent on expanding the Faith in those countries. First was Korea; the chairman of the North East Asia Assembly was William Maxwell, a pioneer in Korea, and he was our point-man. Korea was the only country in our jurisdiction that had relatively large numbers of people become Bahá'ís: it had about 5,000 on the list at the time of the election of its first N.S.A. in 1964. However, it lost most of those people because of lack of deepening. Deepening was always a problem and still is. People are attracted to the Teachings and to the Bahá'í teacher and become enthusiastic, but to keep them that way is difficult without deepening. The pioneers did what they could, but in those early days there wasn't the manpower or the funds to travel to do extensive and consistent deepening, nor the sort of literature specifically designed for study that is available today.

After Korea we turned our attention to Taiwan. I was privileged to represent our N.S.A. in Taiwan at the time of its first National Convention in 1967, and then went travel-teaching around the island. We had a problem with the election: the voting results were announced, but because of a belatedly discovered irregularity, it was decided that the ballots should be recounted. I was one of the persons assigned to help recount the votes. It was very difficult for me to hear the Chinese names when they were read off, as I could not distinguish among the vowel sounds, whose intonation was entirely different from that of Japanese. Westerners may not realize, maybe because the languages share the written characters, that spoken Chinese and Japanese are nothing alike. It was stressful and frustrating—and the weather terribly hot besides—but somehow we surmounted my hearing problems and the Assembly was formed, thank goodness. In 1974 the North East Asia Assembly ceased to exist and the Japan and the Hong Kong National Assemblies came into existence; Macau was with Hong Kong until 1989. Thus the '74 Convention in Tokyo, instead of being the 18th Annual Convention of North East Asia, was the First Annual Convention of Japan.

Meanwhile, back in 1957, we had to put the newly-elected N.E. Asia Assembly's incorporation in order. As I mentioned previously, the original Assembly incorporation was done by the 1954-5 Tokyo L.S.A. We updated the incorporation, and I recall sitting for hours with

a lawyer going through the Assembly by-laws as shown in one of the *Bahá'í World* volumes, in order to make our incorporation comply with the model, which, as recommended by the Guardian, was the Declaration of Trust and By-Laws adopted by the N.S.A. of the United States. There was so much other work to be done toward the Ten-Year Plan goals too—plus we had firesides, from where the new believers came, deepenings, summer schools, etc. We members had to do anything and everything—in those days there was no specialization, nor bureaucratic staff or office workers, whether professional or volunteers.

In addition to secretarial work, I put together some pamphlets and single sheets, often sitting for hours with translators—anything to increase our meager supply of literature in Japanese. As mentioned earlier, I hired a couple of translators to do several pamphlets and two books: the first printings of *Some Answered Questions* and *Paris Talks*. [39;*199*] These translators used to come to my house in the evenings to go over their work. I remember one time in particular. In that period I was "into" garlic. I was practicing the martial art of *aikido* at a *dojo* (gym) near the Bahá'í Center two or three times a week, and it was cold as there was deliberately no heat—we were supposed to toughen ourselves. I had heard that if you ate plenty of garlic you would not feel the cold—although you certainly would stink—so I would gorge on garlic buds when I was not going to a Bahá'í meeting. One night I happened to gorge myself just before one of the translators arrived at the house. When he entered he gasped. After that I ate ground garlic in little rice-paper packages which didn't smell as much. The garlic worked, as I became less sensitive to the cold, but eventually I stopped taking it—to muffled cheers from all concerned, I'm sure.

November 5, 1957 is a day I can never forget. I received a phone call from Mr. Rafaat informing me that a cable had been received overnight stating that the Guardian was very ill, followed by another cable stating that the Guardian had passed away. I remember the evening of that day so clearly: Sandy and I were invited out to dinner by friends of his and I had to be smiling and engaging. It was terrible. I lay awake that night saying to myself "How can we possibly go on without Shoghi Effendi?" But we did. Nothing stopped. The personal shock did not paralyze us administratively. We had our goals for the

Ten-Year Plan, given by the Guardian. The Hands of the Cause led us to the time of the election of the Universal House of Justice. The House was elected. It was foreordained.

An incredible thing happened, though, after Shoghi Effendi's passing: C.M. Remey—Hand of the Cause, one of the most prominent of Bahá'ís, loved by 'Abdu'l-Bahá, Shoghi Effendi, and Rúḥíyyih Khánum, and one of the first two Bahá'ís to set foot in Japan—had the insanity to announce he was a second Guardian, and a "hereditary" one at that. Just shows the terrible effect of egotism. In 1959 he wrote to all the National Spiritual Assemblies with his claim. None of us on the North East Asia Assembly knew about the situation or what to think. Then the Hands of the Cause in the Holy Land asked all N.S.A.s to send them cables affirming our support. I was N.S.A. secretary, and when I received the cable from the Hands I thought dealing with it was administratively routine, albeit urgent, so I did not wait until the Assembly could decide whether to have a consultation about the matter: doing my job, I thought, I immediately sent a cable on behalf of the N.S.A. to the Hands expressing support. Well, at the next Assembly meeting some members were a bit upset with me for acting on my own without consulting. In retrospect, perhaps they were right to be upset, considering the importance of the principle of consultation, although I do believe that, given the situation, an immediate expression of support for the Hands of the Cause was necessary. When you think about it, what were we going to do, not send a message of support to the Hands? The Remey people periodically sent us mail for a few years, but it got thrown out unread.

In December 1959 my family took our first trip back to the U.S. We flew on a Constellation, with propellers. The trip was paid for, part of husband Sandy's contract with the Air Force. The passengers were mostly single military personnel, with a couple of families like us. I don't think people these days can imagine traveling intercontinentally on a propeller plane. It took 30 hours to reach California. The return flight was worse, into the headwind, 36 hours. We stopped twice, at Hawaii and Midway Island, to refuel. The plane flew not far above the clouds, bumping its way along, wings flapping. Passengers got sick, we ran out of drinking water, and the toilet tanks got full. Those were

my second and third journeys across the Pacific—the first being by ship, as I've written. My subsequent transoceanic travel has been on jet aircraft, thank heavens.

It was nice to see relatives and friends again. I remember my mother Helen was annoyed because son Sheridan couldn't speak a sentence without mixing Japanese and English. Sandy hurt his back and limped around. I felt out of touch in the U.S. I didn't know the things Americans were interested in and little about the latest TV shows or fads—no satellite TV and Internet to link us back then.

Dr. David Earl capably accomplished the Assembly's secretarial work during the two weeks I was gone.

The International Convention and the 1960s

I desperately wanted to attend the first International Convention in Haifa in 1963 and the London Congress which was to take place after it. One of our N.S.A. members had gotten a good deal for the plane and hotel, but husband Sandy decided it was too expensive. Remember this was the 1960s when international travel was far less common and more expensive than today and there was no affirmative action for women! Sandy had bought an expensive high-fidelity stereo system for himself and had knocked out a wall to install immense speakers. In my disappointment over his edict that it was too much money for me to spend, going to Haifa and then to London, I bitterly said "You have your expensive Hi-Fi stuff but I don't have anything except a few clothes and an old typewriter." I was whiny but sincere. Sandy stared at me for a long moment and then said "All right, go. It's settled." And he said since I was going so far I might as well make the most of it and stop in various countries on the way going and back. I was happy, but decided I needed a larger independent income.

Sandra also went to the London Congress. She was attending the University of California at Berkeley so she took a bus across the country, then a Bahá'í-chartered airplane from New York to London. I left from Tokyo and went in the other direction. Agnes Alexander and I were on the same plane from Tokyo to Hong Kong. It was the first generation of jet-engine planes, nothing like today's jumbo-sized aircraft. During the nearly six-week trip I stopped in many countries,

usually on my own. I thought I would never get such a chance again. Since that time I have done a great deal of traveling, but at that time I never imagined how routine international travel would become.

On the way to the Holy Land, one of the countries I stopped in was India. I contacted the Bahá'í Center in New Delhi and the secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly very kindly showed me around. He and his wife were pioneers from Iran. Among other places, he showed me the House of Worship site, a barren plain at that time. The next time I was to visit, in 1986, there was a fabulous House of Worship on the site. Another place I visited was the Taj Mahal. At that time there were very few tourists anywhere I went. To get to the Taj Mahal, two other hotel guests and I hired a car and driver. It took a few hours, going and coming, but was worth it. There it stood in its pristine beauty. I saw that building again in 1986 and the small streets near it were lined with booths selling tourist junk and there were hordes of people, with the marble chipped or dirty in places.

I also stopped in Iran and stayed in Ṭihrán a few days. I purchased a Bahá'í ring at a Bahá'í-owned jewelry shop and have worn it since. On the flight from Iran to Israel my seat-mate was the same Iranian gentleman, secretary of the India N.S.A., who had been my host in New Delhi. Several days later he was elected to the Universal House of Justice. You must know who he was.[40;*199*]

In Haifa I can never forget the feeling I had when the taxi rounded the hill and I saw the Shrine of the Báb for the first time. A view of heaven on earth! That night our N.S.A. members entered the Shrine. It seemed so ornate to me, especially the elaborate chandeliers, after the austere ambience of Japan. The Shrine had a charged atmosphere, impossible to describe. I have been there many times now and it never changes, just deepens. For the first few days we had a mini-pilgrimage, which was wonderful.

One of the first things on the agenda of the Convention, after the moving greeting by 'Amatu'l-Bahá Ruḥíyyih Khánum, was the election itself. It was held in the House of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the doors taken out so everyone could fit in. The sessions after that were held in a rented hall. Members from the 56 existing National Spiritual Assemblies took part in that first election. However, according to my notes at

the time, there were only 288 delegates at Haifa. (Some sources have other figures, but not much off.) Obviously many delegates were not able to participate in person. And, not surprisingly, very many of the delegates were pioneers, like myself. This would change in future International Conventions.

That election was a world of experiences and sensations. I have since wondered what was the mysterious process by which we imperfect individuals could vote into existence a Supreme Body of such spiritual significance that infallibility was conferred upon it long before its election? When the results were announced there was a sort of spiritual hum or buzz that I cannot explain. It was truly a magical moment when the nine newly-elected members stood before us and suddenly the Universal House of Justice came into existence. Tears were streaming down Hushmand Fatheazam's face and Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir had his arm around him. David Hofman looked like he was in shock, unbelieving. I have been to six International Conventions, and while they were all soul-stirring and a privilege to attend, none was like this first one.

During those days in Haifa I met Rúḥíyyih Khánum for the first time (more about this later). Agnes Alexander had known Rúḥíyyih Khánum since she was a young girl, Mary Maxwell. I remember Agnes telling me that she took care of "little Mary" on occasion. Agnes considered May Maxwell, Rúḥíyyih Khánum's mother, to be her spiritual mother, and I had heard much from Agnes about May and Mary. Although she had not yet visited Japan, Rúḥíyyih Khánum knew of all the members of our N.S.A. I was to see Rúḥíyyih Khánum many times through the years and have dinner with her in the Holy Land—bounties that I treasure in my memory.[41;*199*]

Being at the Holy Land, going into the Shrines and the fascinating Archives building, where I saw the photograph of Bahá'u'lláh for the first time, was almost too much for me to take in. The photograph was in a chest and the chest door had been left open so I stared at it for 15 or 20 minutes, with many thoughts running through my mind. Here was the Person who wrote the passages in *Gleanings*, my favorite book! Here was the Person for Whom I had left my home and sailed across the Pacific Ocean to a poor, war-devastated, and utterly foreign

country! Here was the Author of revelations such as the Kitáb-i-Aqdas and the Kitáb-i-Íqán! I have gazed on that photograph eleven times now and always the reaction is different, but I can never fully realize Who He is. The most powerful impact, actually, was at the time of a conference in India in 1967. The photograph was displayed outside, with Hand of the Cause A.Q. Faizi acting as a sort of host or guide. There were hundreds of people in line so we were allowed only a few seconds as we walked past. When it came my turn, the power in His eyes stopped me in my tracks. I heard others say similar things. One long-time pioneer told me he would never be the same after viewing the photograph. Another believer fainted.

After the first International Convention, we all proceeded to London for the first Bahá'í Congress. Our N.S.A. stopped the night in Paris, and Agnes Alexander was my roommate. In London I did not see much of Agnes as she was with her fellow Hands of the Cause. Daughter Sandra and I stayed at one of the many small hotels near Albert Hall, where the Congress was held. The Congress was another high point but there was almost too much going on in a short time. Visiting the grave of the Guardian was an intense experience. We went there in groups arranged by the Congress committee. I had seen photographs of the cemetery and the funeral of the Guardian but it was very difficult to imagine that the beloved Guardian was actually reposing in that place. Since then I have been privileged to visit the Guardian's resting-place several times.

Everyone who goes to England has to see Stonehenge, and I was no exception. Sandra and I played among the stones, hopping up on the shorter ones. (When we went again in 1994 the area was blocked off and you could not get close; there were stands selling T-shirts and other kitsch—of course, I bought a T-shirt.) On the way back to Tokyo I stopped in several places: France, Germany, Italy, Egypt (actually climbed part way up the largest of the Giza pyramids), saw the Suez Canal, dined in an Arab tent, flew to Malaysia, and wandered around Singapore. I was usually on my own but I didn't mind.

The '60s were a relatively happy time for me. As the secretary of the N.S.A. I was always contentedly busy with the affairs of the Faith. My personal life was good and stable, with one big exception: my

asthma gradually became so severe that my Air Force doctor was suggesting I leave Japan. I recall one time I was talking to the doctor, Sandy was sitting outside the door listening, and when the doctor mentioned the possibility of me returning to the States Sandy spoke up "She won't go back." How true. That was out of the question. But I was getting so I could hardly function, and it was one of the few times that I prayed to God specifically for health to serve. I was secretary of the N.S.A. and seldom had help; I had letters to write, meetings to organize, projects to do. During one very bad attack Sandy drove me to the Air Force hospital and the doctor said "I'm going to try something new on you: steroids." The relief came almost immediately—it seemed a miracle. Nowadays the use of steroids for various purposes is routine, but in those days it was a new medication and rarely used. I have since used steroid and bronchodilator inhalers, and they—together with Vitamin C (for colds) and antibiotics—have saved my pioneer career in Japan, and my life.[42;*200*]

Although I was teaching several English classes at companies, I decided I needed to enhance my income and in 1967 I took a job at the U.S. Armed Forces newspaper, *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. I worked there part-time for a few months and then I was asked to work full-time. I really didn't want to work full-time, as I thought it would take up too much of my time. While driving out to Camp Zama, about an hour away, where I would go through the hiring procedure at the Personnel office, I said a prayer that if it was meant to be, please allow it, and if not, please stop it somehow. Nothing intervened, and Personnel hired me. When I look back I can see that it was the best outcome for me—I believe Someone guided me to overcome my reluctance. The job gave me financial stability and privileges such as shopping and health care on base that were independent of husband Sandy's. Crucially, I learned skills and made contacts that I would put to use when I compiled the books on the Bahá'í Faith.

At *Stars and Stripes* I worked in the production end mostly, generally as a proof-reader, and the last two years as an assistant to the chief editor. At the newspaper many employees in the production end, at the time of linotype machines, could read the print not only upside down but mirror image. I envied such an accomplishment and practiced

until I got so I could do it! Didn't put that skill to use when compiling the Bahá'í books, though, or for any other purpose. That talent disappeared when production was computerized. For the benefits of working at that job, and what I learned overall, I cannot thank Bahá'u'lláh enough.

I now had a decent income and I used all my earnings for traveling or for various projects I was interested in. As there was often little money in the Bahá'í Fund we regularly paid expenses out of our personal pockets. What money might be in the Fund coffers went for absolutely necessary things, like printing literature and renting halls for meetings. I must mention that if it had not been for the generosity of the Iranian pioneers, we would not have been able to afford major acquisitions such as a Bahá'í cemetery, the national House of Worship site (in Hachioji, west of Tokyo), and Bahá'í Centers around the country. [43;*200*]

In 1968 the second International Convention took place. Of course I went, and on the way home stopped in various countries, including Turkey, Greece and Iran. Another member of the N.S.A., Eugene Schreiber, and I went to Adrianople, or Edirne as it is called now. We took an old bus from Istanbul and we could see some of the ancient bridges that Bahá'u'lláh must have crossed. Edirne was very interesting and it was wonderful to see the houses where Bahá'u'lláh had stayed and from where He summoned the rulers of the world.

In Istanbul we were taken by Turkey N.S.A. member Mr. Sami Doktoroglu to the hill on the Asia side where the House of Worship will be built in the future—it must be one of the most beautiful such sites in the world. Istanbul was full of cats, more than in any other city I have visited, well-kept, large pretty ones, roaming the hotel and restaurants.

In 1994, 26 years later, I visited Turkey for the second time, after pilgrimage. Much had changed. The bus running between Istanbul and Edirne was like a plane, flying down a highway with a steward serving snacks. What had been countryside between the cities was built up or converted into farms, but the parts of Edirne that we were interested in had not changed much.

In the late 1960s husband Sandy was offered a job in Hawaii. It

would mean an advancement with higher salary, a good career move for him, and living in Hawaii would be nice. I did not know what to think—maybe it was an opportunity to move to a new field of service; maybe it was a test to see if I would abandon my pioneer post. Sandy thought about it a few days and said he did not know what to do; there were pros and cons to going and staying. He said he would leave it to me to decide. I finally said I felt we should stay in Japan, but I dilly-dallied before deciding, why I don't know—I can only be thankful that Someone guided me to see the obvious, yet again. And I have always been grateful that Sandy didn't insist on relocating to Hawaii.

1970s, '80s, and '90s

The 1970s were crucial years. Expo 70 took place—a large international exposition in Osaka. Just as the 1964 Olympics had launched Tokyo internationally, so Expo 70 launched the Kansai region. Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir visited and designed a pamphlet for us to distribute, which was done outside the grounds. The next year, 1971, we hosted the Sapporo Conference, held on the northern island of Hokkaido; actually it was called the North Pacific Oceanic Conference, one of several major conferences around the world called by the Universal House of Justice. The conference was to be held in September, and as the election of the N.S.A. approached in April I felt it was inappropriate that I, a non-Japanese, was still secretary. My feeling, which I kept to myself of course, was that the officers should be Japanese. Well, as it happened, Dr. Toshio Suzuki was elected secretary and I was his assistant, also recording secretary. Hiroshi Yamazaki was elected chairman, replacing Abbas Katirai in that capacity, and he would open the Sapporo Conference.

The Sapporo Conference was a great success and we felt the Japan community represented itself well. Three Hands of the Cause attended: Rahmatullah Muhajir, Collis Featherstone, and Ali-Akbar Furutan, who was the representative of the Universal House of Justice. It was a ton of work for our N.S.A., but fun too. Dr. Suzuki and I made 19 large display-boards about Japan and its Bahá'í history. They showed historical photographs blown up to large size. We kept the displays around for a few years but they were too big to preserve. The

emphasis of the conference was, of course, on teaching in the Pacific region. The Universal House of Justice, in a message to the conference, paid special tribute to Agnes Alexander who had so many years ago visited Hokkaido alone to teach the Faith. She had passed away in January of 1971, the year of the conference. One thing that struck me in the House message was a reference to the "teeming millions" in nearby lands who had not yet heard the Message of Bahá'u'lláh. The Faith is now established in those lands.

We started a teaching campaign to take advantage of the momentum from the Sapporo Conference. A few months after the conference Jack Davis, a pioneer in the Philippines, came to Japan to do proclamation and set up an Information Center to handle inquiries, as had been done in the Philippines.[44;*200*] We could use all the help we could get! There was certainly a boost from the conference and the teaching, as by April 1972 we achieved over 60 L.S.A.s established. However, over the following years we lost many—yet another lesson in the crucial importance of deepening, of consolidation. Formation of an Assembly may achieve a goal, but is only the beginning; it is never the end of any process.

The 1970s showed great changes in my life. In 1973 we had to leave our house in suburban Seijo, where we had lived for 13 years. The owner passed away and the heirs had to sell part of the land to pay the inheritance taxes. We moved out to the U.S. Air Force base in Tachikawa, in the far western suburbs of Tokyo. It was a long drive to work for me every day, as the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper building was located in mid-Tokyo. Then in early 1974 my husband decided that he wanted to have a change in his life and leave Japan—without me. Sandy left permanently for the States in mid-'74, and in '75 daughter Sandra left for the States to pursue graduate studies and son Sheridan went off to college in the States too.

My life went on—alone. I had never lived alone before. I had been a member of a large family, then got married. During World War 2 I lived either with my family or with Sandy's mother, and after the war with husband and daughter and then son. Even after Sandy left, I lived in a small house with my son for a year. Then he left for college, and I was really alone. Maybe not when you are young, but in middle

or old age, when you find yourself alone suddenly, it can hit you hard. It took me several years to psychologically adjust. I did not talk about it with the Bahá'í friends I saw every day, and I put up a stoic front. I did my Bahá'í work—I was at the Bahá'í Center several evenings a week for Feasts and deepenings, going through the mail, doing work on various projects, etc. I continued to teach English and work at the newspaper for an income and went right on with my life and my responsibilities. I took a trip to California to see my relatives and to refresh and reinvigorate myself, with some shopping on the side, which always helps when dealing with stress. When I look back on those years from the perspective of old age I see that that period, the mid to late 1970s, was a transition to a new way of life. One thing that helped me to cope was what I read in Marie Watson's *My Pilgrimage to the Land of Desire*, where 'Abdu'l-Bahá is quoted saying

> Tests are not sent as punishment, but to reveal the soul to itself. Suffering unfolds both strength and weakness. Tests are sometimes creative of grateful surprise also, for in the midst of our trials we are amazed at the fullness of our strength and our resources, and so the heavy discipline is creative of assurance; the trial becomes the source of greater confidence, faith, and trust. It strengthens and confirms.

I had to try to see tests in a positive light. There really is no alternative, when you think about it. Tests do not end, but they can each be overcome or coped with, and each is for the sake of the soul.

In 1974 the North East Asia Assembly went out of existence and the National Spiritual Assembly of Japan came into being. Through the years the various countries under the N.E. Asia Assembly—Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong and finally Macau—formed their own N.S.A.s, and we had no administrative connection with them after that. But Japan was enough work! The Universal House of Justice assigned Hand of the Cause William Sears to represent it at the first National Convention of Japan. He came with his charming wife Marguerite. What a stir he caused! Veteran Bahá'ís know his style—his rapid way of speaking and cracking jokes. We on the N.S.A. did not know how

the translators (Japanese and foreign members of the Bahá'í community) were going to get the jokes and nuances across. But not to worry; somehow everyone understood Bill, and loved him. For me personally it was a reunion with a friend from the Geyserville School days.

I had been to the Holy Land in 1963, '68 and '73 for the international elections, but in January 1975 I made my first personal pilgrimage. There was no one else from Japan going on pilgrimage so I was by myself. On the way I stopped in Hong Kong first and a couple of other places. When I got to the hotel in Hong Kong I called the Bahá'í Center. No one was there, but I left a message. I went out and wandered around, enjoying the sights. When I got back to the hotel there was a Bahá'í waiting for me and activities to join in. Moral: Being a Bahá'í means having friends everywhere.

On to the Holy Land. The pilgrimage was truly a blessing. 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum once said that the purpose of pilgrimage is to pray at the Shrines, and that is what I did. I was surprised that not so many pilgrims were there and sometimes when I went into the Shrine of the Báb it was empty. I got acquainted with Margaret Chance, wife of Universal House of Justice member Hugh Chance, who was guiding at the Shrine. I remember some of the conversations we had about accepting what happens in our lives and coping with the sadness of loss. But there were fun things to do too: House of Justice member Dr. David Ruhe drew us a map of 'Akká indicating the places to visit (he wrote a book, *Door of Hope*, about the holy sites). We, that is, the pilgrimage group, visited the sites there for a day. The group was not so large, very nice and compatible. I also had dinners with persons I knew working at the World Center.

In 1978 my newspaper job ended and I went from being sponsored by the U.S. Army to living entirely on the Japanese economy. I was fortunate that the N.S.A. decided to sponsor my visa. I spent a year travel-teaching, as 1979 was the final year of the Five-Year Plan and we were putting much effort into fulfilling the goals. Travel-teaching was hard for me—I was twice the age of the other members of the various teams. We would be busy all day—often walking around for hours going up to people and chatting with them, inviting them to come to meetings. I remember when I got back to Tokyo after being in

Yamaguchi Prefecture, at the western end of the country, in the hottest season, I was so exhausted that I spent nearly a month doing almost nothing, staying in bed much of the time. I think I had heat stroke. I also went up north to Hokkaido that winter to join a teaching team, taking my car. I went most of the way up north by a large ferry, but once I was in Hokkaido I had to drive in snow and on ice and in bitter cold, not a pleasant experience for a Californian living in Tokyo.

After that year was up, the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper called me and asked if I wanted to work there again. But I found I could earn a higher income, and spend less time doing so, teaching English-language classes. This period was the beginning of the bubble economy in Japan, and hourly rates for English classes started to shoot upward. Also I had changed my visa, and had weaned myself of dependence on U.S. military base privileges, and I did not want to return to the past.

In 1978 I had to leave the little house I was living in on the property of Sandy's old friend Dick Child, in Shinagawa Ward, and I settled in an apartment across the alley from the Tokyo Bahá'í Center, in Shinjuku Ward, where I have lived ever since. What a convenient location! I was assistant secretary to Dr. Toshio Suzuki, and made much use of that marvelous invention, the facsimile: it may pale in comparison to the personal computer and cellphone, but as far as I am concerned the fax-machine is up there with the electric blanket as one of the greatest inventions of the 20th century. Also in 1978 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum visited Japan for nine weeks. This was the high-point of my life in Japan. I discuss her visit later in this memoir.

In the late '70s I got the idea to make history slide-shows for teaching and deepening. All together I made about a dozen presentations, which I have given many times over the years. I had a camera with a close-up lens and I took many photos of photos, and made slides of those. I rarely took original photos—mostly copied from other photos, books, etc., wherever I could find them, and then made scripts to go with the slides. I bought a small projector that I could carry around. I gave those programs all over Japan and in Korea, Hong Kong, and Macau as well. The Japan show was 90 slides long but I also had an abridged version. I made shows for Hokkaido and Okinawa and Holy Days and the countries that were in the jurisdiction of

the North East Asia Assembly and for certain individuals, such as Agnes Alexander and the first two Japanese Bahá'ís, Kanichi Yamamoto and Saichiro Fujita. When I was asked to give a talk at a commemoration for Hand of the Cause Agnes Alexander I gave a slide show instead of a speech. I felt that even with my somewhat amateur presentation (neither the Japanese language nor photography being a strength) the slide-shows were more interesting than plain talks. Several of the friends have borrowed my slide-shows from time to time.

In 1982 we tore down the old Tokyo Bahá'í Center and built a new one on the same land, a multi-story building much more fitting for the growing Faith. It was sad to see the old building demolished—so many memories—but the Faith had literally outgrown it. I must mention, speaking of the growing Faith, that over the years, particularly during the 1970s and '80s, a wave of pioneer families swept over Japan. Some of them stayed, others returned to their homelands or moved on to other pioneer posts, but these families—Babb, Barnes, Bond, Casterline, Craig, Goldstone, Higgins, Mandeville, Riggins, Schwerin, Sobhani, Washington, Wyckoff, Yazdani, to name some—and individual pioneers as well—too many to name, some of whom found Japanese or pioneer spouses—and also many travel-teachers who came from overseas, have sustained the Cause here, greatly helping the community to expand and deepen.

In 1989 I again made a personal pilgrimage to the Holy Land. There were several Japanese and Chinese Bahá'ís in the pilgrimage group. I remember that it was difficult to get a plane reservation—finally got one on now-gone Pan American Airways from Japan via the U.S. and France. That pilgrimage was, as they always are, a spiritual recharging: I plugged myself into the Shrines.

In 1991 the N.S.A. decided to form an Association for Bahá'í Studies chapter in Japan. The first conference was held in December 1991 at the Bahá'í Center in Tokyo and was attended by Dr. Hossain Danesh from Canada. I was one of the presenters and spoke on the early history of the Faith in Japan. In 1993 we held the second A.B.S. conference in Japan. I presented this time on my personal recollections of the early Ainu believers. I attended several A.B.S. conferences in North America with daughter Sandra Fotos, who has been very active

in the Association, and sometimes with Sandra's kids, Helen and John, too: in Boston in 1994, San Francisco in 1995, Edmonton in 1996, and Washington, D.C. in 1997. I gave a presentation at San Francisco about Agnes Alexander. There was much interest in this unique woman and the room was full, as it was in Washington where I spoke on the spiritual axis between Japan and Australia. My style was anecdotal rather than academic, and maybe easy on the ears of listeners after heavy scholarly presentations.[45;*200*]

In 1992 I attended the second World Congress, held in New York City, and in 1993 the International Convention in Haifa. Both events were much larger and more diverse than their first editions in 1963; at the first Int'l Convention there were fewer than 300 delegates present and it seemed we were all pioneers who knew each other. In 1993 we held our Annual Convention in May, and that was the year I was not elected to the N.S.A. Honestly, I wanted to be off, as it was becoming increasingly difficult to handle the stress and burden that inevitably builds with years of service on a National Assembly—much of your time is spent dealing with problems. I also felt that younger Bahá'ís should have the privilege of serving. Although I was relieved to no longer be on the N.S.A., I felt a loss—I had been a member for a total of 36 consecutive years, first on the Spiritual Assembly of North East Asia and then that of Japan. When the vote tally was announced I was shocked, to be frank. I left the meeting hall in the Bahá'í Center and returned to my apartment across the street. Dr. Toshio Suzuki, my friend, physician, and long-time colleague on the Assembly, came to fetch me. When I reentered the hall, all the delegates applauded. I was flush with emotions—love, appreciation, sadness, relief.

Many years earlier I had started my Bahá'í administrative service in Japan on the Tokyo L.S.A.; in the succeeding years I was on and increasingly off that Assembly. I always felt that the L.S.A. was the best place for the young Bahá'ís especially to learn about Bahá'í administration and consultation. As of 1993 I was off both Assemblies, and stayed off, and it was for the better. I continued to help when I was asked to on clerical matters, and I devoted myself to the Archives, which had become quite extensive. That was my favorite work. I enjoyed going through the Archives collections, and still do.

Over the years I have been delighted to welcome my sister and brothers to my pioneer post in Japan: Dave, who stopped by during an overseas business trip; Margaret and her husband Al, who visited during a cruise to Asia; and Ed, Hal, and Dave, who came together very recently, seeing my kids Sandra and Sheridan here as well. Meanwhile in July of 1994 Sandra, her kids Helen and John, and I went on pilgrimage together. It was wonderful to be in the Holy Land again, and with fourth- and fifth-generation Bahá'ís of my family. We stopped in England and visited the Guardian's resting-place several times. It is the Bahá'í Faith that brought me and later my siblings to an apartment in Tokyo, and took my daughter and grandchildren and me to a gravesite in London and to shrines in Haifa and 'Akká. Could my grandmother Mary Steuben Burland have foreseen the eventualities when, one day in 1911, in the town of Visalia in central California, she listened as a man named John Henry Hyde Dunn spoke to her for a few minutes about a new Faith that had dawned in the faraway East?

"If you want to preserve something, publish it"

Hand of the Cause Collis Featherstone once said that to me, and I have followed his advice for over 25 years. My first biblio-project had its genesis in the mid-1970s, when I got the idea of publishing the letters of the Guardian to Japan. I had always been a collector of Bahá'í literature and I found I had much of the material I needed. I wrote to Charlotte Linfoot, assistant secretary of the U.S. N.S.A., saying I wanted to find certain letters written by the Guardian to the early Japanese believers in the States; I was hoping originals or copies might turn up, so I asked her if she could look in the U.S. National Bahá'í Archives. I didn't hear from her for a couple of months, and then a large parcel stuffed with documents arrived. Charlotte had had staff xerox every single tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá and letter from Shoghi Effendi that addressed a Japanese person or even briefly mentioned Japan or the Japanese. Bless Charlotte, she was always so helpful.

At first I intended to include only letters from Shoghi Effendi, and then it occurred to me to include tablets of 'Abdu'l-Bahá concerning Japan and information about some of the recipients, and so the book expanded. I corresponded personally with one of the Universal House

of Justice members about the project, and his encouragement was a validation. The name for the book, *Japan Will Turn Ablaze!*, popped into my head one day. Now it seems obvious. It was a comment, a prophecy, made by 'Abdu'l-Bahá to Shoghi Effendi when he was serving as the Master's secretary. Agnes Alexander sometimes quoted that phrase to us. After the book was put together I presented it to the N.S.A. for approval. We had a discussion as to how many copies to print and we were, honestly, a little pessimistic as to sales, thinking that few people would be very interested in correspondence, even if from the Holy Land, dating back decades. We agreed to print a total of 500 copies. It was done at the job-shop of the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper where I worked. Just before the printing the head of the shop said to me "Why don't you go for another 500 copies; it'll cost you only the price of the paper." I had to say something quickly and couldn't think of anything but "Yes, go ahead." The N.S.A., quite properly, scolded me for taking this step without consultation, but fortunately the 1,000 copies sold out immediately, a large number of orders coming from the U.S. and elsewhere overseas. We had to reprint the book two times to fill the orders that poured in. The financial gain gave the newly established Bahá'í Publishing Trust of Japan the capital to start operations.

Japan Will Turn Ablaze, issued in 1974, was the sixth book printed in the world which compiled letters of the Guardian to a particular country. Thanks go to Motoko Caldwell for translating the book into Japanese, as obviously its content was indispensable reading for the Japanese Bahá'ís. It has been one of the staples in Japanese through the years. It went out of print in English by the end of the '70s, and in 1992 I decided to revise and expand it and also correct typographical errors and other mistakes, which are inevitable in first editions. The book did not sell as well as the first edition had, though.

In the 1980s I had the idea to preserve photographs of individual Bahá'ís and events by publishing them in a book with captions. As was perhaps predictable, the captions got longer and more detailed, and I ended up including quite a bit of text in the book. It took some time to finish, but then I did not work on it steadily, just periodically. It was printed in 1989 and called *Traces That Remain*. The title was taken from words 'Abdu'l-Bahá had written in a tablet: a man had asked Him

if he should print his mother's writings, and 'Abdu'l-Bahá advised "Collect the traces of thy mother's pen that they may remain after her." *Traces That Remain* turned out to be a sort of pictorial history of the Faith in Japan, with a chapter on Korea. It too was rather successful. [46;*201*] A Japanese translation was done by Nozomu Sonda. None of the other books I produced after that sold as well, but I didn't care; I enjoyed doing them. And I should say, I have never received royalties for any of the books I have done—of course, I didn't write them with a profit in mind, and our Publishing Trust couldn't afford royalties anyway. I often paid the publishing costs, with help from daughter Sandra.

During the 1970s and 1980s as I compiled material for my books and built up the Archives, I embarked on many searches, for old tablets of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, letters from the Guardian, old believers, old houses, old books about the Faith; anything from the past that I could find. I went all over Japan looking for bits of the past. The reason I did not search as much in the 1950s and '60s is that I had very little information about the Bahá'í past in Japan. After Agnes Alexander passed away we inherited her archives, and when I went through them I was startled what a wealth of information they contained. Oh how I wished I had seen them when Agnes was alive! There were so many questions I would have asked her. In the very early days Agnes was encouraged to write by Martha Root, a prolific writer herself. When Agnes made her pilgrimage in 1937 Shoghi Effendi advised her to write histories of the early days of the Faith in Hawaii and Japan. Agnes did not consider herself a writer but she was good at it, as she was at speaking. But she felt that she was guided, and so if she was good or successful at something she always attributed it to the Master.

After she passed away I found Agnes' Japan Bahá'í history, the manuscript she had been working on for over 20 years. I used to see her at work on it when I visited her at International House, where she stayed when she came to Tokyo from Kyoto. She did not let the manuscript out of her hands, however, which was wise, as it would have been a disaster if it was lost. I did not actually read it until after her passing. We found much of it in her belongings, and part of it was kindly sent to us by the Hawaii Bahá'ís, but there was still a section missing. I recalled at the time that several years earlier Hand of the

Cause Jalal Khazeh had mentioned that Agnes had the manuscript with her when she attended a meeting of the Hands in the Holy Land, and he had made a copy of it. So I wrote to the Holy Land for the missing section, which they found and sent me, and I asked if I should go ahead with printing the book, which needed editing. I was encouraged to get it into shape for publication, which I did.

Agnes' work was entitled *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan 1914-1938*. It was issued in 1977 by the Japan Bahá'í Publishing Trust, and was printed where I was working, at the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper. I did all the proofreading, of course, and selected the photos. It was one of the last books done by the newspaper's job-shop on the old linotype machines, as they were transitioning to computers. (By the way, the newspaper staff didn't quite trust the new main computer—it was huge, taking up a room, with six terminals, one of which I worked on. The computer would go "down" sometimes so they kept two of the old linotype machines as emergency backups.) Agnes' book made for interesting reading and I was hoping for good sales. We advertised it, but sales have been a bit slow and we have plenty remaining. I predict that some day that book, and the account of Hawaii's Bahá'í history as well, both so devotedly written by the Hand of the Cause at the Guardian's request, will be much-sought treasures.

After I did *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* and edited Agnes Alexander's Japan history and finished *Traces That Remain*, I got the idea to do the early Bahá'í histories of various communities of Asia, those which had been under the North East Asia Assembly and which I knew quite well. None of them had had their early history written. So, I put together separate books for Macau (1991), Taiwan (1994), Korea (1996), and also Tokyo (1998). I visited each country to look through their records. It took about a year for each book, though they were all rather brief, but with many photos. I collected information concerning the history of the Faith in Hong Kong, but that community's history was later written by Dr. Graham Hassall of Australia, who sent me a draft to which I made comments and corrections.[47;*201*] The titles of the Korea and Tokyo books came from the Center of the Covenant: *Raising the Banner in Korea* was taken from the words of 'Abdu'l-Bahá to Agnes Alexander, that He hoped "in Korea thou wilt raise the banner of the Greatest

Guidance"—which she did; *Unfurling the Divine Flag in Tokyo* was taken from the words of 'Abdu'l-Bahá to Dr. George Augur, "Unfurl thou the divine Flag in Tokyo"—which he did. The Macau and Taiwan books had more prosaic titles, because I thought them up: *The Macau Bahá'í Community in the Early Years* and *The Taiwan Bahá'í Chronicle*.

In the Archives at the Tokyo Bahá'í Center we had many photos and documents, much correspondence, and all of Agnes' records, pertaining to the Faith in East Asia. These were invaluable sources. After visiting the various countries to look through their archives I found that we actually had much of the pertinent material in Tokyo. I also received some material from the World Center and some from the U.S. National Bahá'í Archives. I wrote to several of the old-time pioneers for photos and documents as well. I should say that I do not consider these books to be definitive accounts: it will be up to the friends in the future, preferably natives of the respective communities, to do more thorough researching and presenting of their Bahá'í history.

I compiled one other book, published in 1994*: Selected Communications from the Universal House of Justice Concerning the North East Asia Area Including Japan*. A theme of several of these communications was the "spiritual axis", described by Shoghi Effendi as "extending from the Antipodes to the northern islands of the Pacific Ocean. . . ." Probably one day a book will be written on this fascinating concept, after the axis has more fully matured, whenever that may be. [48;*201*] The Guardian and the Universal House of Justice have given Japan and Australia prominent places on the axis and roles in its development. In fact, the N.S.A.s of Japan and Australia along with three Counsellors in the region met in Canberra in 1982 with the axis being the main item on our agenda. The occasion was the Asia-Australia Bahá'í International Conference, to which the Universal House of Justice sent a message emphasizing the axis.

The books I did were the product not of talent but of circumstance: I had easy access to the Archives, I was secretary of the N.S.A. for many years, and I had the time and means to do the work. I fell into the role of writer and certainly did not plan to write histories when I came to Japan. But then I recall that Agnes Alexander did not see

herself as a writer—not that I am suggesting any comparison. The fact is, I never felt I had much talent for writing. My father was an excellent writer of history, and my sister wrote fine prose and poetry. But I never thought I had the knack, nor was I a trained historian, or trained archivist for that matter.

My idea with the books I researched was not to write definitive historical studies, giving social and economic context, doing statistical rundowns of teaching plans and results, digging out every reference to the Bahá'í Faith in the news media over the decades, etc. What I tried to do is write primers for communities whose archives I had access to and where virtually no history had been written. I am sure the future will produce historians who will write more scholarly and comprehensive studies of the Bahá'í Faith in East Asia.[49;*201*]

In 1970 one of the pioneers in Japan, a good friend, phoned me and said that a few days earlier he had had a dream about 'Abdu'l-Bahá and that I had appeared in it, so he wanted to share it with me. In the dream the two of us were sitting at a table with 'Abdu'l-Bahá. My friend was ready to do the translating but, he said, I seemed to understand what 'Abdu'l-Bahá was saying. At one point in the dream the Master handed me an object and told me to take good care of it, and I clutched it and replied that I would guard it better than my life. On the phone I asked my friend what it was that 'Abdu'l-Bahá gave me, and he said it looked like a vintage Persian writing-box. We pondered what it signified and could not figure it out. Many years later I was reading through the old notebook in which I had written about the dream, and I thought maybe the object was a writing-box after all. Have I fulfilled the dream? To any extent I have, it has not been by innate ability but by the bounties of Bahá'u'lláh and the mysterious guidance of 'Abdu'l-Bahá.

(Re)search

When I did research for the books I compiled, I found that most of my time was spent literally searching. I combed through our National Archives, looking for whatever was relevant: scraps of paper, files, old *Bahá'í News* issues, anything. I also went out, to libraries or to city halls or to individuals, anywhere I had to for information or help.

I had name cards made which identified me as a Bahá'í historian/archivist. This gave me credibility, as name cards or business cards are indispensable in Japan. I had some of the cards printed on expensive, beautiful paper, and these I reserved for officials I met during my research or teaching trips. I also carried pamphlets on the Faith. Sometimes I was with Japanese Bahá'ís or pioneers, and they on several occasions assisted with translation and research, but generally I preferred to go on my searches by myself. I found that if I was accompanied by someone who spoke fluent Japanese I could lose control of the line of conversation: in a couple of instances the conversation digressed to the situation in Iran or some other current topic. My comparatively limited Japanese had the effect of keeping the talk focused on the research matter at hand. Still, I must say that over the years a number of the Japanese and pioneer friends have greatly helped and encouraged me in my work.[50;*203*]

One simple example of how a search worked is when I read in Agnes Alexander's Japan history that Mr. Sensui Saiki, who was not a Bahá'í but was very interested in the Faith and who had helped her with translations, received a tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá. She wrote that he had both the original Persian and the English translation of the tablet published in the *Osaka Mainichi* newspaper. This would have been late 1920 or 1921. Agnes had printed the tablet in her history but I thought it would be good to find the Persian copy of it. It would be a confirmation. So I went to the Diet (national parliament) Library, and after presenting my card and doing much explaining I was allowed to go through stacks of sixty-year-old newspapers. I spent two days scanning hundreds of pages until my eyes were tired and my hands smeared with ink, but I could not find it. Moral: Sometimes you don't succeed.

Another search happened when I was in the city of Hiroshima on a travel-teaching team in 1979. I thought I would look for information on Kenzo Torikai, the third Japanese Bahá'í, an emigrant to the United States who embraced the Faith in Seattle, Washington. This was before I knew he came from Tottori Prefecture, and as I knew he came from western Japan I thought there might be something in Hiroshima (which is part of Hiroshima Prefecture). A Bahá'í friend and I went to an office which had records of emigrants. After I presented my card and ex-

plained about the Bahá'í Faith and why I was searching, the whole office could not have been nicer. We made good connections but I could not find anything. (More on Torikai-san below.)

In general I tried to turn my searches into a kind of teaching. I think I felt guilty that writing books was not teaching. I remember when I finished *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir happened to come to Japan, and when I showed him the book he approved. I would remind myself when I had guilt pangs that if the foremost exponent of teaching approved, the work on the books was surely time well spent.

Going to a locality's mayor's office and to police stations and leaving Bahá'í pamphlets that I had with me was one way of proclamation. I might not have been searching for anything right there at that office or station, but it certainly didn't hurt to stop in and leave some literature on my way to somewhere else. I must say that in all the searches, proclamation, and teaching that I was involved in, I was always received and treated politely and often quite cordially by officialdom. So I felt with the searches that even if they were not successful there was a positive result and many officials throughout Japan learned something of the Faith.

Once I decided to try to find the photographer of some of Agnes Alexander's group photos taken in her early days in Japan. I thought there might be a possibility of finding him because I had gone to a photography exhibition and noticed that the name of one of the photographers was the same as the one on Agnes' photos. I got a professional photographer interested enough in my search to make his own search. He wrote me his results: same name but different person.

I went looking for the old photographer's address, although the address system in Japan had since changed and I was not too hopeful. I wound up in a police station and the officer in charge could not have been more accommodating. He spent much time trying to find the proper address by telephoning the ward office. Then when he got the proper present-day address he inquired about the photographer. But it was too long ago and there was no trace of him. Like I said, you won't always find what you're looking for.

When I was putting together *Traces That Remain* I needed a

picture of Emperor Hirohito, so I took my camera with the close-up lens to the Tokyo City Library. One of the librarians found a book with a good photo of the emperor in formal dress. He even led me to a private room with good light near a window. You can see the photo I took in the book. This followed my usual procedure of presenting my card and explaining who I was and what help I needed.

The Japanese people have a keen sense of history. They have a long history and they very much feel themselves a part of it. Some of their historical epics have been very popular; best sellers in print, high ratings on TV. Perhaps that's why government officials, the police, library staff, and others I called on were, with rare exceptions, very helpful during my quests for pieces of Bahá'í history.

I always asked for the assistance of Bahá'u'lláh when I set out. Sometimes the search was successful and sometimes not, but in the latter case I never had great difficulty dealing with the result—it was not meant to be. I learned this from Dr. Muhajir. When you have set your mind on something, take action. But if a door does not open, or if a door closes (literally or figuratively), do not try to force it open. Or if a door doesn't even appear, don't plow ahead regardless. Say prayers, and if the door stays closed, or doesn't appear, accept it. But do not stay still: find another direction to move in.

'Abdu'l-Bahá's prayer for the Japanese

In the early 1970s I decided to find the prayer written by 'Abdu'l-Bahá in Jinzo Naruse's autograph-book in 1912. Naruse was an educator and founder of Japan Women's College (now University), the first college for women in the country. He traveled in the United States and Europe, and while in England was granted an interview with 'Abdu'l-Bahá.

I only learned of this prayer after Agnes Alexander passed away, when I was going through the papers she willed to the National Spiritual Assembly of Japan. I put her account of the prayer in the book *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* but at that time did not have a copy of the prayer as written by 'Abdu'l-Bahá. I think the aforementioned Y.A. Rafaat might have known about this matter and pursued it earlier, but I did not have any information about that and he had long since left Japan.

Finding the college was no problem, and I went there with Ms. Tomo Fushimi, who was also an N.S.A. member and was very helpful to me in various ways when I was doing my books. On arriving at the campus I saw that there were some old buildings, so I reckoned the college was not badly damaged during the war and the autograph-book with the prayer might be preserved there. We went to the library building, which seemed relatively new. After I explained my purpose to library staff, they said the autograph-book would probably be among Naruse's effects which were willed to the college. These were assembled in a room on the top floor. I remember they did not wish to take us there and could not really understand what I wanted and why. But I did not sense a figurative closed door and so I insisted, and they finally agreed and said that an archivist would accompany us. We went up to a large musty room full of hundreds of old books and papers, some still in boxes. We started wandering around with the archivist watching us. I spotted Naruse's autograph-book which he had taken to the United States several years before his European trip. Time passed but we could not find the European notebook. I didn't know what to do so I said a prayer to 'Abdu'l-Bahá to help me, that I was searching, please guide me to find His prayer. Ms. Fushimi and I finally gave up. Before I left I gave the archivist an example of Persian writing, which I'd had a notion to bring, and told her the prayer would look like that and also would probably have English.

A week or so later the library called and said the archivist had found the prayer. I quickly went to the college and was told that that particular notebook had not yet been brought to the room where I was searching. I was not able to take the notebook out of the building but could make xerox copies of the prayer. The National Spiritual Assembly sent a copy of the prayer and also a copy of the top of the box in which the autograph-book was kept, for identification, to the Universal House of Justice, explaining the circumstances. The House indicated by letter that it was pleased with this find.

When I compiled the book *Traces That Remain* I included a photocopy of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's prayer. Below is the English text in full, which follows the Persian in the original:

O God! The darkness of contention, strife and warfare

> between the religions, the nations and the people has beclouded the horizon of Reality and hidden the heaven of Truth! The world is in need of the light of Guidance! Therefore, O God! confer Thy favor, so that the Sun of Reality may illumine the East and the West. (Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas. Trans. by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab. Dec 30th 1912. London, England.[51;*203*]

In Agnes Alexander's Japan history she wrote of her good contacts with Japan Women's College in the very early days. In our time we have also had contact with that institution, with good results through the years. 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum visited the campus and met the president. Dr. Amin Banani spoke there when he and his wife Sheila visited Japan. I remember that during his speech the page of the autograph-book containing the prayer was displayed. I also met one of the presidents some years after finding the prayer. Others of the staff knew about the Faith and were quite friendly.

'Abdu'l-Bahá's tablets to Japan

'Abdu'l-Bahá wrote eighteen tablets to individual Japanese, and one to the Koreans collectively, in addition to the above-mentioned prayer. The tablets were usually translated into English in the Holy Land and the original text together with English translation sent to Agnes Alexander to forward to the recipients. Agnes made faithful copies, by typewriter, of the English translations and sent the tablets on. In some cases Saichiro Fujita translated the English text into Japanese in the Holy Land, and in the other cases the Japanese translation was done by one of the Bahá'ís in Japan at Agnes' request. She had the tablets printed in a booklet in the late 1920s and several of those booklets survived, so we knew of the tablets and had no doubt of their authenticity. Over the years I tried to find the originals.

The only ones that were found were the tablets to Tokujiro Torii, who was taught by Agnes and embraced the Faith in 1916, and was to become prominent in the blind community in Japan (see his article on the Faith in Japan in *The Bahá'í World* Vol. IV); the original tablets were sent to the Holy Land. I was able to establish contact with two of

the early seekers during the searches, one of whom was Ms. Mikae Komatsu, whose married name was Tadako Arakawa. She was one of several high school girls who were attracted to the Faith in the very early days through Agnes' efforts. Her tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá was dated 1920. Now her children had long since grown up, her husband had passed away, and she was living with a married son, as it happened near my home in the Tokyo suburb of Seijo. Her tablet had been lost during her various moves. She signed her Bahá'í enrollment card in 1963 and she came to my study-class until her eyesight got weak.

Of the early group of high school girls there were two who reconnected with the Faith in the post-Second World War years. In addition to Ms. Komatsu/Arakawa there was the aforementioned Yuri (Mochizuki) Furukawa, the first Japanese woman to become a Bahá'í. She attended pioneer Robert Imagire's study-class after the war, in the late 1940s. Her tablets from 'Abdu'l-Bahá were lost in Manchuria, where she spent the years of the war. Another one of the girls who received a tablet was Haruko Mori. By calling her old school Ms. Furukawa managed to find her, now Haruko Shibaya. Since the 1920s Ms. Shibaya had married and had seven children. Her tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá was lost during the war. I visited her in 1983, when she was in her 80s. I was hoping she would accept the Faith formally and I had an enrollment card with me—she was warm and kindly, but it was not to be. She did speak nostalgically about the time so long ago when she and the other young women were in Agnes Alexander's Bahá'í class.[52;*204*]

Kenzo Torikai

Much has been written and is known about the first two Japanese to accept the Bahá'í Faith—Kanichi Yamamoto and Saichiro Fujita—but almost nothing about the third Japanese Bahá'í.

I first learned about Kenzo Torikai in the early 1970s when I read Agnes Alexander's manuscript of her Japan Bahá'í history. She mentioned that, like Messrs. Yamamoto and Fujita, Mr. Torikai had emigrated to the United States, in his case settling in Seattle, Washington, where he was taught and accepted the Faith, and that he visited Japan for a few months 1916-7 after an absence of 12 years. He was the first

to write a Bahá'í pamphlet in Japanese; before that there had been two or three translated pamphlets. The title of his pamphlet was "The New Civilization". Agnes wrote that Torikai-san received a tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá and that when he visited Japan he "brought a fragrance with him". That was about all the information I had. I decided to try to learn more about him.

I read through all the old *Bahá'í World* and *Star of the West* volumes. Mr. Torikai's name is misspelled in one of the latter volumes and another one from 1919 makes brief mention of "a Japanese in Seattle"—scant information. I wrote to the Spiritual Assembly of Seattle and also to the National Bahá'í Archives of the United States. No luck. So, I decided to approach it from the Japan side and went to the Foreign Office and spent some time looking through a few huge volumes with very thin pages that had names of emigrants in the early 1900s listed according to prefecture of origin. I had the *kanji* written characters for his name because his pamphlet was among Agnes' archives, but I did not know which prefecture he came from.

As I had no success searching at the Foreign Office I lost interest and got involved in other projects. However, I did say a prayer asking Torikai-san to lead me to something about himself. Some time later I began teaching English classes in a fashion school and on the first day I was introduced to the other part-time teachers. One of them was named Torikai, a retired employee of a travel agency. When I heard his name I immediately asked him what the written characters of his name were (they were the same as Kenzo's), where he came from, and whether he had any relatives who were emigrants to the United States. He was quite surprised by this nosy foreigner he had just met, but I explained everything to him and he became interested in my project and offered to help. He went with me to the Foreign Office and we searched through volumes that I hadn't looked at earlier, but could not find anything. He gave up, but I wasn't ready to and so the next day I returned to the Foreign Office on my own. The staff were very helpful; by this time they knew quite a bit about the Bahá'í Faith and why I was trying to find this man. By the end of the day I had gone through most of 1905 and I decided to quit. When I returned the book to the clerk she said "Why don't you look through one more book?" So I did, and after

a half-hour or so, amazingly, the characters of his name jumped out at me. It could have been so easy to miss, but there it was. Kenzo Torikai was listed as a teacher, born in 1882, and from a town in Tottori Prefecture. It had an old-style address. The clerk gave me a xerox of the page.

My friend from the fashion school, Mr. Torikai (who was unrelated), took the information and telephoned a friend of his who lived in Tottori Pref. who supplied him with the modern address. Mr. Torikai wrote to the City Hall and asked for a copy of the family register, which all Japanese have. The City Hall answered that they could not release that information as it was private, and asked why Mr. Torikai wanted it. He wrote a formal two-page letter about me and my search, and remarkably they sent a copy of the Torikai family register. It gave all the places where the family had lived for the past 80 years. The last place was in Nishinomiya, a town between the cities of Osaka and Kobe. Then it was easy to make telephone contact with the family.

I visited the family, accompanied by my future daughter-in-law Laily Momtazi. Mr. Torikai's wife, daughter, and son, who was a prominent politician in the town, were most cordial. I explained that I was compiling a book on the Bahá'í Faith in Japan which would include the early Japanese Bahá'ís. I learned from the family that Kenzo Torikai had left Seattle, returned to Japan, married, and emigrated to Peru, where his children were born. The family returned to Japan during the early part of the Second World War, settling in Tottori Prefecture. They moved to Nishinomiya, in Hyogo Pref., in 1955 and Mr. Torikai passed away ten years later at age 83.

His wife, Yoshie, who was quite a bit younger than her husband, knew he was a Bahá'í, and the son recalled seeing Bahá'í books. Mr. Torikai had had no Bahá'í contact since he left the United States. It seems there were no Bahá'ís in Peru when he lived there, and when he returned to Japan, none in Tottori—Japan was at war, anyway, and the Faith was dormant everywhere. Though there were Bahá'ís in Nishinomiya in the 1950s Mr. Torikai either did not know of them or attempt to contact them. Yoshie was a Christian so she gave her husband a Christian burial. We all visited his grave in Nishinomiya and said prayers. After that experience I felt that I knew Kenzo Torikai and that

he had heard my prayer asking him to help me on my search.

For years I had been trying to find two things regarding Mr. Torikai: a photograph and the tablet written by ‘Abdu’l-Bahá to him, for inclusion in *Traces That Remain*. The family lent me many photographs but could not find the tablet. His tablet is briefly mentioned in a *Star of the West* volume, where it says that the Seattle community taught the Faith to “a Japanese and ‘Abdu’l-Bahá sent him a tablet urging him to illuminate his own land.” To the extent he could, I think Torikai-san did illuminate his native land: he visited Japan in 1916-7, wrote the first originally Japanese-language Bahá’í pamphlet, and then went on a trip around Japan doing what we later called “travel-teaching”. The pamphlet was in Agnes Alexander’s effects, and in the 1980s I thought it would be good to have it photocopied for distribution among the Japanese Bahá’ís, but the friends said the language of the pamphlet was too archaic for the post-World War 2 generation to understand.[53;*204*]

A few weeks after we located the Torikai family there was a Bahá’í history meeting at pioneers Abbas and Rizvaniyyih Katirai’s home in Nishinomiya, and the Torikai family along with early Bahá’ís and other persons who had some connection with the Faith in the early days were invited. It was a wonderful meeting with everyone sharing stories.

Saichiro Fujita’s relatives

Mr. Fujita was the second Japanese Bahá’í, an emigrant to the United States, from Yanai in Yamaguchi Prefecture. He became a Bahá’í through Kathryn Frankland in Oakland, California in 1905. He met ‘Abdu’l-Bahá when He visited the United States and Canada 1911-2, and ‘Abdu’l-Bahá asked Fujita-san to accompany Him on part of His tour. In 1919, at ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s invitation, he went to the Holy Land to live, serving the Master, then Shoghi Effendi. Except for the period from 1938 to 1955 when he lived in Japan, he made his home in the Holy Land and passed away there in 1976.

The search for the relatives was not difficult, as Bahá’ís had made contact before—in fact, they had borrowed photographs and not returned them, so Fujita-san’s nephew, whom I met, was not especially

friendly at first. Fujita-san had spent the years 1938-55 at his nephew's home in his hometown of Yanai. When he passed away in the Holy Land some of his effects were sent to us, which together with items already in Tokyo formed the Saichiro Fujita Collection in our Archives. I was looking for any items he might have left with his nephew, such as books and especially letters from the Guardian, which I knew he had received during the years he lived in Japan. The nephew let me look through the family albums but I found virtually nothing about Saichiro.

It seemed to me the relatives did not understand Saichiro. Many of the emigrants to the United States became successful in agriculture or trades; why hadn't he, they wondered. They also wondered why he left the U.S. to live in Israel. And why didn't he marry and have a family? I tried to answer, but then if you do not know the power of the Covenant, how can you begin to understand a person like Saichiro Fujita? The relatives weren't Bahá'ís and couldn't be expected to think in terms of the Faith, of course.

Kanichi Yamamoto's relatives

Kanichi Yamamoto was the first Japanese Bahá'í. He was an emigrant from the town of Tosaki in Yamaguchi Prefecture (which prefecture produced Saichiro Fujita too), and he became a Bahá'í in Hawaii in 1902.

In 1979 I was travel-teaching in Yamaguchi Prefecture with several Bahá'ís and accompanied them to the ferry at the port town of Yanai (coincidentally Mr. Fujita's hometown), from where one of the friends was going to the island of Shikoku. Yanai was near Tosaki so we decided to try to find the Yamamoto family. Parenthetically, there is no evidence and no reason Kanichi and Saichiro knew each other in Japan—they were not Bahá'ís then—although they very likely met in California, as they are both in a photograph taken at the Goodall home in Oakland on the occasion of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's visit, and several years before that Fujita-san lived in Oakland while the Yamamoto family settled in nearby Berkeley. Using the ferry building's public telephone and directory we started down the list of Yamamotos. One household after another could not give us any information about one of their relatives emigrating to Hawaii nearly 80 years earlier. Then one of the

salespersons at a nearby candy-stand, who couldn't help overhearing the conversations, said she recognized that name. She called a friend, who had bought Kanichi Yamamoto's nephew's house. The Morita family had owned the house, and "Morita" was Kanichi's original family name. Contact was made with Ms. Morita, whose mother was Kanichi Yamamoto's cousin. She welcomed us into her home and we spent a pleasant afternoon there. She showed us photos, but none very old, and a grave plot bought by Kanichi many years earlier.

Ms. Morita suggested we contact a Ms. Yazawa, who was Kanichi's younger sister, then 81 years old. She lived in Chiba, a prefecture adjacent to Tokyo. I did not even know she existed! Contact was made and an appointment made for later when I would be in Tokyo. Ms. Yazawa was a delightful person. She let me copy photos from her albums and said that when she was a schoolgirl, in 1921, she lived with Agnes Alexander in Tokyo for three months. Ms. Yazawa said Kanichi never seemed to make much money but he always had many friends.

The next time I visited California I contacted several of Kanichi's sons including the second eldest, Shinji, and his son Stephen, and visited the oldest daughter Fumiko in Berkeley. They should all be proud of their forebear, the first Japanese to become a Bahá'í, whom 'Abdu'l-Bahá called the "Unique One".

Kikutaro Fukuta's sons

Kikutaro Fukuta was the first person to become a Bahá'í in Japan. It was in 1915, and he was 18 years old at the time, a university student. He had become acquainted with Agnes Alexander and joined her Bahá'í study-class. He received two tablets from 'Abdu'l-Bahá; these were what I was looking for and, of course, any other information. I knew Mr. Fukuta had passed away in 1959 but I thought I could find his relatives. I obtained his old address through Ms. Ito Torii, wife of Tokujiro Torii (who had also passed away). The Toriis were an old-time Bahá'í couple who had been close friends of Agnes and had stayed in touch with Mr. Fukuta. Ms. Torii wrote to the relatives that I wished to meet them. With two Bahá'í friends I went to Toyohashi, near the city of Nagoya, to visit the sons. One of them was

an English-language teacher and the other a rice-dealer, as his father had been. They knew a little about the Faith, from their father. When I asked about their father's effects, they told me that one day in 1945, during World War 2, Toyohashi was bombed—the only time it happened—and everything went up in flames: the original rice-shop and house were gone. The family was very welcoming and cordial and remembered Agnes with affection. She had written a eulogy for Mr. Fukuta, as she did for other friends at their passing.

Vasily Eroshenko

Agnes Alexander wrote much about the blind Russian Esperantist, Vasily Eroshenko. He was a friend of Agnes in Tokyo in the early days. He was interested in the Faith and helped Agnes in various ways. He had a sort of patron, Mr. Nakamura, a blind man who was also a friend of Agnes and the editor of the first Braille newspaper in Japan. I knew that Nakamura had a cake shop and restaurant near Shinjuku Station in Tokyo. At one time there was a whole room of Eroshenko memorabilia but when Nakamura passed away the room was emptied. I went there and one of the waiters gave me a book, a biography of Nakamura apparently printed by his widow. It had photographs of Eroshenko but no mention of Agnes or the Bahá'í Faith.[54;*204*]

In 1916 Eroshenko translated the Arabic portion of *The Hidden Words* into Esperanto, Agnes reading him the verses in English, and this translation was printed. In the late 1970s a woman representing the Esperantists visited the Tokyo Bahá'í Center, wanting more information because, she said, the Esperantists were going to publish a book on Eroshenko and wished to put his translation of *The Hidden Words* in it. I gave her a xerox of the original printing of Eroshenko's translation, which they eventually published.[55;*205*]

Vasily Eroshenko has been described by historians as an anarchist in addition to being an Esperantist, writer of novels and children's stories, translator, and founder of a school for the blind. Whatever his political views, after living in India, Thailand, and China he returned to his native Russia, then part of the Soviet Union, where he worked as a school-teacher.

Ichi Kamichika

The name "Kamichika" means "near to God". Besides having a great name, Ms. Kamichika figures prominently in the early history of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan. It seems she lived in the same building as Agnes Alexander in the early days. She was proficient in English and helped Agnes with the translation of Bahá'í pamphlets, in 1916 or so. She also was instrumental in putting the first article about the Faith in a newspaper. In her later years, in the 1950s, she became one of the first women to be elected to the Japanese Diet (i.e., parliament). Agnes had written in her aforementioned Japan history about Ms. Kamichika, and I was curious about her because of certain intriguing references, but had no idea as to her present situation. I happened to mention her name to a non-Bahá'í Japanese-American friend of mine, Mary Connelly, and said I wish I could find her. Mary replied that she had gone to school with Ms. Kamichika's daughter and that she would arrange an interview! We had a wonderful afternoon, took photos, talked, and reminisced about Agnes. A couple of years later Ms. Kamichika passed away and I attended her funeral, which was full of famous figures from the cultural and political worlds.[56;*206*]

I happened to meet Ms. Kamichika's niece at a Japanese conversation class she was teaching. When I heard her name I asked if she was a relative; she said yes. I spoke about the Bahá'í Faith and her aunt's connection with the Faith. We still exchange cards. Agnes Alexander used to say "These things are not accidents, dearie."

Takeo Hasegawa

I had not seen Mr. Hasegawa for 25 years, since the Nikko Conference in 1955, and one day I decided to find him. He lived in a faraway prefecture on the island of Kyushu and had had no contact with the Bahá'ís for many years. It happened that there were no Bahá'ís where he lived and in the late '70s one of our goals was to have Bahá'ís in every one of the 47 prefectures of the country. We had no address for Mr. Hasegawa, who was a school teacher, as he had retired and moved. We did find his old school and someone there told us his current address. He was so happy to be contacted and said he

still considered himself a Bahá'í. I sent him some photos and books, and he was delighted when a teaching-team visited his city. He passed away not long afterward.

The story of how he became a Bahá'í interested me. It was in the U.S., in Texas, where he was a university student in the 1950s. Mr. Hasegawa and another Japanese student were walking on campus one day when an elderly woman approached them and invited them to her home. They were happy to accept her kind invitation as they knew no one in Texas. The woman was Kathryn Frankland, who was home-front-pioneering in Texas. I have mentioned Ms. Frankland earlier in this memoir. She had an affinity for the Japanese: when she was living in Berkeley, California many years earlier, she introduced Saichiro Fujita to the Faith and conducted classes for Kanichi Yamamoto's children. Kathryn Frankland was a truly great teacher of the Faith.

The Reverend Nobuichiro Imaoka

The Rev. Imaoka was a delightful man of nearly 100 years when I first met him in the late 1970s. He had been a friend of Agnes Alexander back in the early years. He was a member of the Unitarian Church and was one of the organizers of the Japan Religious Conference in 1928. Agnes was invited to be a speaker at that conference and wrote to Shoghi Effendi beforehand about it. The Guardian sent a letter containing a greeting for the conference and I wanted to find that letter.

Although I knew about Rev. Imaoka I wasn't sure how to contact him. I happened to mention him to a Bahá'í friend, Herb Moran, who worked for Northwest Airlines and came to Japan regularly, and Herb responded that he knew Rev. Imaoka and had attended his Unitarian Fellowship meetings! Rev. Imaoka had retired as the principal of a high school in Tokyo but he kept an office in the basement of the gymnasium on campus. Herb gave me directions and I visited on a Sunday. Rev. Imaoka was a bit hard of hearing and his eyesight was poor but his English was excellent and his mind sharp. He was quite familiar with the Bahá'í Faith and remembered Agnes well. Rev. Imaoka said he also met another American Bahá'í woman—I thought it might have been Keith Ransom-Kehler, when she visited Japan and stayed with Agnes, but I'm not certain. Through the years Rev. Imaoka had main-

tained a Unitarian church, which he reckoned was one of the smallest in the world because it had only about a dozen members.

We discussed the 1928 religious conference and I asked Rev. Imaoka if there were any records left. He pointed to a stack of multiple copies of a book. The book's content was the proceedings of the conference, in Japanese. Agnes' talk was included but the Guardian's letter was not mentioned. When I pursued this Rev. Imaoka said he thought all records of the conference had been discarded after the book was published. He promised to look through his papers but he informed me later that he found nothing. He told me I could take some copies of the book and I first took two and then, as there were so many, I asked if I could take more. He said to take what I wanted, so I ended up with 15 or 20. As this was an important inter-faith conference and the book contained Agnes' speech about the Bahá'í Faith, I decided to donate the book to various libraries: the Diet Library, Tokyo City Library, YMCA library, International House Library, Chiba Prefectural Library, and several other institutions. Of course I sent a volume to the Bahá'í International Archives in the Holy Land.

Rev. Imaoka invited me to stay for the Unitarian Fellowship meeting and I had the pleasure of being introduced to the church members: they were mostly elderly men and they met every Sunday in one of the rooms of the gym. Several became friends I saw from time to time, including Rev. Imaoka until he passed away at age 106—a venerable man of God.[57;*207*]

Daisetz Suzuki and Beatrice Lane Suzuki

Once when I was looking through issues of *Star of the West* magazine, I read in the February 1912 number that Beatrice Lane, daughter of the American Bahá'í Emma Erskine Lane Hahn, had married a man named Daisetz Suzuki in Japan the previous December. "Suzuki" is one of the most common surnames in Japan, so I wanted to verify that her husband was <u>the</u> Daisetz Suzuki, prominent Buddhist writer and scholar who helped greatly to introduce Zen Buddhism to the West. I went to the International House library in Tokyo and scanned his books in English to find something regarding this. After riffling through several (er, somewhat boring, to me) books on Zen, I

came across a dedication to his wife Beatrice. Verification. I contacted Donald Richie, a writer and critic living in Tokyo and a friend of Daisetz Suzuki, and learned that Beatrice passed away in 1939 and Daisetz in 1966, and that they had an adopted son who had also died. [58;*208*]

Agnes Alexander knew Beatrice Lane Suzuki in the 1920s and '30s but Beatrice was not on a list of Bahá'ís that Agnes compiled to send to the Holy Land. Beatrice was involved with Theosophy and wrote extensively on Buddhism; however, Bernard Leach stated to me that his friend Daisetz Suzuki told him Beatrice was a Bahá'í. I put the information in my book *Traces That Remain* along with a photo of the Suzukis that I copied from one of the sources. It was an interesting bit of research.[59;*208*]

Hong Kong and Macau

This is one of the most interesting areas in East Asia, and was a part of the North East Asia Assembly's jurisdiction. When the International Convention was held in Haifa in 1963 to elect the first Universal House of Justice, I stopped in Hong Kong and Macau on the way; the first time for me to visit there. I was met in Macau by Harry Yim, the first Bahá'í of Macau, and John Chang, Knight of Bahá'u'lláh for Hainan Island. At that time I was the secretary of the North East Asia Assembly and I had corresponded with the two men and I also knew Harry Yim from the Nikko Conference in 1955. I caught a bumpy-landing amphibious plane flight from Hong Kong and spent a nice day with Mr. Yim and Mr. Chang talking about the Faith in Macau.

By the second time I visited Macau the amphibious plane had given way to hydrofoil. This second occasion was in the company of Hand of the Cause A.Q. Faizi and Counsellor Ruhollah Momtazi, in January 1969. I had been in Hong Kong with them and Mr. Faizi invited me to go to Macau with him and then on to Manila, the Philippines. I also visited Hong Kong in 1968, on my way to the second International Convention in Haifa, and went teaching in the New Territories. As I knew many of the Bahá'ís in both Hong Kong and Macau it was always fun to go there.

I visited Hong Kong at the time of the International Conference

held there in 1976. Hand of the Cause Ali-Akbar Furutan was the representative of the Universal House of Justice. I especially recall the last night: Mr. Furutan stood at the podium and told story after story about the Central Figures of the Faith and many humorous anecdotes as only he could. He is a marvelous storyteller. I remember that those at the conference wanted the night to go on forever.

In 1989 I was invited to attend a reception and banquet celebrating the passage of the Hong Kong Bahá'í Spiritual Assembly Incorporation Ordinance by the Legislative Council in Hong Kong. This ordinance gave prestige and standing to the Faith. 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum was the guest of honor. It was a wonderful evening. During the stay of Rúḥíyyih Khánum and her travel-companion Violette Nakhjavani there were several meetings. Hong Kong and Macau had been under the jurisdiction of the North East Asia Assembly from 1957 to 1974 and I knew those communities quite well, so I eagerly participated in the activities. Rúḥíyyih Khánum and Ms. Nakhjavani were going to Macau to attend the dedication of a new Bahá'í Center the N.S.A. had acquired, and they said to me "Why don't you come along?"

The Bahá'í Center in Macau was a large apartment on the fifth floor of a building near the then border with China. According to Chinese custom the dedication took place amid fireworks and a lion dance. A long cord of large celebratory firecrackers ran down several floors to the ground. When the firecrackers were lit they exploded down the cord with much noise and smoke. Actually it was quite impressive, with the performers in costume doing the lion dance. It did seem a fitting way to dedicate the new Center.

However, one whiff of the acrid smoke and I knew I was in big trouble: my asthma clamped down and I could not breathe. The outside was full of smoke so I ran inside the building, gasping. I hung out an open window that was away from the festivities to suck in clean air. My bronchial passages were closed and I could not draw in air and I felt myself suffocating. While desperately squirting my inhaler I "spoke" to Bahá'u'lláh, saying I came to Macau—at Rúḥíyyih Khánum's suggestion, don't forget—not to suffer death by firecracker! Please help me! Gradually the air passages opened and I felt well

enough to go on up to the Center. Some of the people there knew I was having trouble and got me some water. Rúḥíyyih Khánum asked if I was all right. By this time I was. The meeting went on with Rúḥíyyih Khánum giving her usual topical and fascinating talk and everyone enjoying the occasion.[60;*209*]

Another time I went to Macau, in the early '90s, was for their Winter School, for which I prepared a slide-show to present. I copied many old Bahá'í photographs and wrote a script which gave the history of the early days of the Faith in Macau. I think it was at that time I interviewed Mr. Gian and Ms. Lachmi Datwani in Hong Kong. They had gone there many years previously, in 1954, from Japan, where they first pioneered. Their compelling pioneer story had not yet been written. After I returned to Japan I wrote it up and sent it to the World Center with the Datwanis' approval.

A couple of times that I went to Macau it was to research my book on the early days of the Faith there. It was in 1990 and I was looking for material, as I did not have enough in the archives in Tokyo. I knew more existed and that it must be in Macau. There was not much held in the Macau Bahá'í National Office and they could not help me. I remember that one of the pioneers accompanied me and we looked up the aforementioned Harry Yim. Mr. Yim was the first Chinese Bahá'í in Macau, taught the Faith by pioneers Carl and Loretta Scherer in 1953. He had originally come from mainland China and had a successful antique business in Macau in those early years when tourism was just beginning in Asia. Mr. Yim invited me to his apartment and said that I could copy his photos (I had brought my camera with the close-up lens). He had all the records of the early days before the existence of the Local Spiritual Assembly and after it was first elected. I was familiar with most of the material he had and copied the photos we did not have in Tokyo. I knew the Guardian had written a letter to the Bahá'ís in Macau, but we did not have a copy in Tokyo and I searched for it. I could not find it and we were ready to leave but looked around one last time, and suddenly I saw a black notebook tucked away. It had belonged to Loretta Scherer and was an account of the Faith she kept beginning in 1953, when she and Carl first pioneered to Macau. It contained much information and precious photographs and, amazingly,

the original of the letter from the Guardian. I made xeroxes of the precious letter and some of the other content of the notebook, and presented the notebook to the Macau N.S.A. I believe they sent the Guardian's letter to the World Center.

The Archives

In the early days there were some boxes and papers stuck in shelves in the old Tokyo Bahá'í Center. None of the Bahá'ís gave much thought to the material, so it stayed there taking up a small space and gathering dust. It was not until after the N.S.A. of North East Asia was elected in 1957 that I began to think about any records left from the past: any correspondence, minutes, enrollment cards and lists of believers, photographs, newspaper and magazine articles about the Faith, accounts of events and public meetings. In 1959, when I became secretary of the Assembly, I began to build up and organize our records. I bought a big file cabinet—the first of dozens. I seldom threw anything away over the years; just stuck things here and there. Gradually I became more systematic in organizing the material. When you look at the Archives today you see literally thousands of papers and innumerable files. For conventions and conferences I participated in I made albums with programs and photos—those were fun to put together.

After her passing we received Agnes Alexander's archives: over two trunks' worth of papers and other items. What a treasure trove this was! This collection has formed a priceless portion of our holdings. It was from Agnes' papers that I got much of the material I used in the books I compiled on the Faith in Japan.

In the mid-'90s I put together a catalogue of the Archives at the Bahá'í Center, assisted by son Sheridan. It was actually his idea: one day we were talking about the Archives and he said any archives collection should have some accounting of its holdings. It was quite a bit of work but time well spent, as not long afterward the N.S.A. asked me to provide a catalogue.

When I went to other countries of Asia either to collect information for my histories or for other Bahá'í purposes, I saw that some Bahá'í communities had almost no archives, while other communities had a lot of material from recent times but little from the early years.

One reason for this is that in many places during the early years it was individuals rather than institutions who were responsible for the Faith's affairs, and any documents were apt to be treated as personal items, which might or might not be preserved. Another reason is that there was no one functioning as an archivist. Also, Tokyo served as the seat of the North East Asia Assembly during its existence, and records that would otherwise have been kept in the various communities were held in Tokyo.

I have considered building the Archives to be one of my major endeavors as a pioneer in Japan. I was inspired by a number of references in published letters written by the Guardian or on his behalf to individuals and communities stressing the importance of the Archives as an institution. An example, from a letter written on behalf of Shoghi Effendi (in *Lights of Guidance*):

> The institution of Bahá'í Archives is indeed a most valuable storehouse of information regarding all aspects of the Faith, historical, administrative as well as doctrinal. . . . Future generations of believers will be surely in a better position than we are to truly and adequately appreciate the many advantages and facilities which the institution of the Archives offers to individual believers and also to the community at large.

Some extraordinary Bahá'ís who visited Japan

An unmatched bounty of being one of the comparatively early Bahá'ís, and also being one of the earlier pioneers, was the opportunity to become acquainted with some of the truly exceptional persons who were my contemporaries. I suppose there will always be interesting and extraordinary people in the Faith, but I doubt that any can be like the unique Hands of the Cause, appointed for their outstanding qualities by the Guardian of the Cause. As the Bahá'í population increased in many parts of the world, you could hardly get close enough to meet the Hands. I remember someone telling me of an event in the United States with Hand of the Cause Tarazullah Samandari: there were so many people in attendance that everyone could not get into the hall, let alone

get close enough to speak with him or even see him clearly.

In 1982 when we dedicated the newly-built Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds in Tokyo, I gave a talk on Hands of the Cause who had visited Japan. There were eighteen in all, although some had come before they were appointed.[61;*209*] Of course there was always dear Agnes Alexander, who lived among us in Japan—our treasure. In my talk I tried to explain why the Hands of the Cause were so exceptional, so different, so precious—even more so now with so few remaining to us: only two at this writing, as, alas, 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum passed away recently.[62;*210*] Were the Hands granted greatness with the appointment or were they always so? Of course with the appointment they were obliged to do more, and it must have changed the lives of all of them. I once asked Mr. Faizi why the Hands were so special and why people were so attracted to them. He answered "It's the love." Hand of the Cause Featherstone and I were once talking about this and, answering my question, he said he did not know why he had been selected for this great honor, being appointed a Hand of the Cause; the only thing he could think of, he said, was that he had always been an active Bahá'í. But then, many people were active. I don't think he and Mr. Faizi were telling me everything they felt, out of modesty, and wisdom.

Many of the wives of Hands of the Cause, and of Universal House of Justice members too, seemed as capable as their husbands, and they made great teams together. To mention a few, Marguerite Sears, Madge Featherstone, Iran Muhajir, Javidukht Khadem, Violette Nakhjavani, Margaret Ruhe, Shafiqih Fatheazam, Margaret Chance—such insight that woman had—and Ataiyyih Furutan—there was a great woman! Ms. Furutan and I had asthma in common, although hers was at a more advanced stage. I remember once in Tokyo while Mr. Furutan was enthralling the friends in an informal meeting in the lobby of his hotel, Ms. Furutan and I went up to her room for a heart-to-heart talk, including commiserating about our asthma.

I mustn't neglect to mention, if too briefly, Mildred and Rafi Mottahedeh, who visited Japan for the first time in 1953. Mildred was visiting Bahá'í communities in the Pacific region as directed by the Guardian. I also saw her in Haifa: an intense, brilliant, dynamic woman to say the least! She was not a Hand but had a similar presence and

charisma. And Rafi, so capable and supportive.[63;*210*]

The persons mentioned below, although I also met them outside Japan at various times, are part of the Japan story. I should add that there have been many other Bahá'ís who visited Japan; I have met some wonderful people, many of whom I have not seen again and some of whom have become good friends. Please keep in mind that this memoir is a record of personal experiences, and if I seem to be name-dropping here, well, that's sort of the point.[64;*210*]

The Queen, 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum

I think of her that way—Queen of the World. The account of how she came into this world is fascinating. She was special even before her birth.[65;*210*]

I had the privilege of meeting 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum before she visited Japan, which was in 1977 and in '78, and several times after: at the International Conventions in 1963, 1968, 1973, 1978, 1983 and 1993 (I missed 1988) and during three personal pilgrimages, in 1975, 1989, and 1994. I also saw her in Hong Kong, Macau, Western Samoa, and India. In Samoa there was a luncheon for pioneers attending the dedication of the House of Worship at Apia in 1984. At the luncheon, Rúḥíyyih Khánum, during her talk, praised the various pioneers individually; when she got to me she said I was as much a part of Japan as Mount Fuji (I'll take that as a compliment!).

In the Holy Land Rúḥíyyih Khánum always invited the Bahá'ís from Japan to dinner, or at least to tea, in her quarters at the House of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. I remember the first time I was in Haifa, at the International Convention in 1963. Rúḥíyyih Khánum opened the Convention and attended most of the sessions. I was dying to meet her, as I had yet to have that honor, but I hesitated to just walk up to her and announce myself, because I was, frankly, very nervous. I happened to be talking to Jamshed "Jimmy" Fozdar, pioneer in Southeast Asia and from a prominent family of pioneers, who had met Rúḥíyyih Khánum before, and when I mentioned that I would like to meet her if I had the chance, he promptly led me to her and properly introduced us. Rúḥíyyih Khánum said "Oh Barbara, we haven't met, have we?" She held out her hand and I extended mine to shake hers, but I was utterly speech-

less: my mouth was open but nothing came out, as I tried to overcome my nerves, snap out of the awestruck state I was in, and form a coherent greeting in my brain. Just as I was about to say something, someone came up rather brusquely and somehow I got pushed aside and others took my place in front of Rúḥíyyih Khánum. I was so disappointed, as I had not said a word, just standing there dumbstruck. A day later, between Convention sessions, I was sitting with Agnes Alexander when Rúḥíyyih Khánum walked by; after greeting Agnes warmly—Agnes was like an aunt to her—she kissed me on the cheek.

I had a dream about Rúḥíyyih Khánum before she visited Japan for the first time in 1977. Briefly, there was an open-house dinner at the newspaper where I worked. Suddenly I saw Rúḥíyyih Khánum and her travel-companion, Ms. Violette Nakhjavani—wife of Universal House of Justice member Ali Nakhjavani and a remarkable person herself. Rúḥíyyih Khánum looked marvelous and when I told her how wonderful I thought she looked, she said, however, that she was tired, did not feel well, and did not want me to gather anyone for a meeting or talk. While she was sitting there, and I was standing nearby, she took off a broach from her blouse and handed it to me. It had a carved ivory fish, set on an angular black and white base. The dream ended—more about it below.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum visited Japan in the fall of 1977 for one week and then the following year in the fall for nine weeks. Actually the first trip was supposed to be the long one, but she was weary when she arrived and she became increasingly ill—from an ailment she had picked up on a stop previous to Japan—and, after being treated by N.S.A. secretary and physician Dr. Toshio Suzuki, she left for Australia, where a doctor she had consulted in the past happened to be at the time. Of course, we in Japan did not know it was going to turn out this way and had planned events for her.

Despite not feeling well, Rúḥíyyih Khánum was highly attentive to detail: she met with the N.S.A. to go over the schedule it had prepared for her, item by item. She had indicated by letter that she wanted to spend her time with the Japanese believers, and by way of explanation I was told by someone in a position to know that she had been bothered by a few overly solicitous pioneers in another country. In

Japan there were no worries on that score: the pioneers refrained from the kind of too-friendly or intrusive behavior that annoyed her; the Japanese believers were often too shy to even approach her.

The night Rúḥíyyih Khánum arrived in Japan for the 1977 visit she rode with the above-mentioned Dr. Suzuki in his car to International House, where she and Ms. Nakhjavani would stay when in Tokyo. I followed with some of the friends and luggage in my car. They got checked in and then everybody left except Counsellor Ruhi Momtazi and me. Rúḥíyyih Khánum said she wanted to get something light to eat. The kitchen at International House was closed so we got into my car and drove down the street and at the corner she saw a diner and suggested we stop there and get something, which we did. (She had soup.) I remember mentioning a little apologetically that my car was rather old. She looked it over and said "Well, it works, doesn't it?" She was so natural that it relaxed anyone who might be nervous in her presence.

We held a large buffet-style dinner for Rúḥíyyih Khánum at the beautiful Chinzanso Garden. After the dinner she sat by herself for a while and I began to feel uncomfortable with that. As an N.S.A. member I felt responsible so I said to her that I would bring the Japanese friends one or two at a time and introduce them. It went well and she met and talked to everyone. She was quite happy to again see Hiroyasu Takano, who had been on pilgrimage in early 1954.[66;*211*]

Rúḥíyyih Khánum visited Japan Women's University, whose founder, Jinzo Naruse, had met 'Abdu'l-Bahá in London in 1912. Another place Rúḥíyyih Khánum was able to go was a United Nations Day meeting in Sagamihara, near Tokyo. At that meeting she saw Ms. Furukawa—née Yuri Mochizuki—the first Japanese woman to become a Bahá'í. Ms. Furukawa had met Rúḥíyyih Khánum and her mother May Bolles Maxwell in Paris during the 1920s.

As I mentioned above, for much of the 1977 visit Rúḥíyyih Khánum didn't feel well, and she spent some time in bed in her hotel room. I was in her room on one occasion and I remember Violette Nakhjavani taking such good care of her. It was remarkable how Violette devoted herself to helping Rúḥíyyih Khánum in every way. Although she rarely spoke at meetings where Rúḥíyyih Khánum was

the featured speaker, Violette herself, when she did speak, whether giving a talk or in private conversation, had strong opinions on current affairs, sharp observations to make on the Faith in Japan, and told riveting stories of pioneering in Africa, of service in Haifa, and of events and personalities from the history of the Faith. It could be interesting just to listen to the two women talk to each other, whether it was about Shoghi Effendi or about proclamation or about what to have for lunch. (Actually they talked to each other as often in Persian as in English.) Speaking of Violette's talks, I remember one she gave in which she spoke of two relationships we can have with the sun: one is as the earth, the passive recipient of the sun's bounty; however, the believers must be more than that, they have to self-effacingly become reflectors of the sun's rays, functioning as mirrors and focusing the rays on the earth.

Even in her ill condition Rúḥíyyih Khánum seemed so far beyond the rest of us. She gave out to us, but I wonder if she absorbed anything from us, although she said she did. There was a quality of detachment about her, not from unfriendliness or indifference but from greatness. She may have been detached but she did not like to be alone, and was uncomfortable when Violette and the other friends were even briefly away on some errand or other. She had her likes and dislikes, idiosyncrasies, maybe even faults—everyone does—still, she was no mere mortal, I thought. She was fond of Agnes Alexander, and they were similar in being quite unique and highly individualistic, moving at their own pace, functioning on a different plane, it seemed to me. 'Abdu'l-Bahá told May Maxwell to leave her daughter Mary free, and that she was.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum's illness might be regarded as symptomatic of the ills of society. In a talk she gave during her first visit I was surprised by how vehemently she spoke of modern civilization. She detested it, saying "the old order is rotten and cannot be saved in any way", adding that she did not expect to survive the calamity and that when she died her consolation would be that it was in the death throes of the old order.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum returned to Japan the next year, 1978, brimming with energy, and her schedule was filled with meetings and events including press interviews. Each evening, by the way, Violette

Nakhjavani would write up the day's happenings, so there are detailed accounts of all her travels. Rúḥíyyih Khánum had been hopping around Japan keeping her various engagements when she stopped in Tokyo with a day open in her schedule. She told me she would like to see the Great Buddha in Kamakura. We went in my car, Rúḥíyyih Khánum sitting up front and Violette in the back. It was a very nice day and we enjoyed the sights of the ancient capital of Kamakura. Rúḥíyyih Khánum took several photos; one I remember was of a man sound asleep on a bench in the sunlight in the garden by the Great Buddha. Carelessly I forgot to put film in my camera so I didn't get any photos. I should mention that Rúḥíyyih Khánum made sure to immerse herself in Japan's culture while she was here. She saw the sights in the even more ancient capitals of Kyoto and Nara, including the Buddha statue there, attended a Noh performance, took part in the Japanese tea ceremony, and said that she had mostly eaten Japanese food, which she liked very much, everywhere she went during her visit.[67;*211*]

After viewing the Great Buddha we decided to have lunch. Rúḥíyyih Khánum was undecided what kind of food she wanted to eat, and I could not recommend any place as I did not know the area well and some restaurants were closed. We drove on a bridge to Enoshima, an island near the shore and a popular summer spot. It was out of season and a little chilly, but sunny and pleasant. Rúḥíyyih Khánum looked at a few small eateries but didn't see anything that appealed to her. She entered a gift-shop, looked around, and bought several attractive Japanese teacups made in the *mingei*, or folkcraft, style. While wandering around the shop I spotted some broaches—and then I saw the broach, with the fish design, mentioned a few pages above. My dream! I motioned to Rúḥíyyih Khánum to look at the broaches, saying "They're nice, aren't they?" She glanced at them but was not interested and kept walking. I was getting desperate and wanted to say "Rúḥíyyih Khánum, you are supposed to give me that broach!" But I didn't say anything and she walked out of the shop. So much for déjà vu! (I didn't buy the broach for myself; that would be pointless.) Hand of the Cause Faizi once said that dreams are composed of overlapping layers, the way, say, blue and yellow overlap to make green. I have not been able to figure out the layering of the fish-broach dream.

Come to think of it, Rúḥíyyih Khánum did give me a broach. When I was in the Holy Land in 1989 she gave me an Israeli-made silver broach in the shape of a bow knot, very charming. There was a card that went with it which said to think of her when I wore it, which I have many times.

Back to the trip to Kamakura. After shopping on Enoshima, we still had not had lunch. I spotted a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant —definitely not Japanese food. Rúḥíyyih Khánum was not too interested but as there was no other place nearby we went there. It was almost empty. She saw a moth high up on the window trying to get out, and she stepped up on the seat and carefully caught the insect and took it outside to set it free. She told of finding a bee in a similar situation, but very cold, in Paris. She rescued the bee and fed it some sugar and water until it revived and could fly off. We returned to Tokyo after chicken.

'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum spent nine weeks in Japan in 1978, traveling around the country. I heard many of the talks she gave, and was privileged to chat with her a number of times, and following are my recollections of some of her remarks. On more than one occasion Rúḥíyyih Khánum talked about the similarities between Japanese values and the teachings and principles of the Bahá'í Faith. She said that in all the countries she had visited, she had never encountered another people whose values so closely corresponded to those of the Faith, and she listed them, saying the Japanese were the only people she knew of who manifested every one of them: sense of responsibility (she said doing what you say you'll do, not promising to do what you won't do); consultation and consensus (she said if you ask a couple of Japanese whether, say, it's better to go somewhere by train or bus, you will not get an answer right away; they will invariably discuss it between themselves and reach a consensus, and give you their collective answer—which reflects, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said, the idea "two heads are better than one"); courtesy and considerateness (polite behavior and speech, which, she said, seemed to be rubbing off on the pioneers, to the extent that they would bow to her); moderation (she said Shoghi Effendi called the Bahá'í Faith "the religion of the golden mean"); faithfulness or fidelity (she gave the example of the story of the "47 Ronin"); justice (she said the Japanese greatly resent injustice); honesty

(she said Japan was the only country she had spent an extended period of time in where she did not encounter dishonesty); thrift; cleanliness and neatness; a keen sense of aesthetics and a love of beauty; humility; reasonableness; respect for motherhood (she said not rejecting it outright in the name of liberation, placing value on the maintenance of the home and the bringing up of children); patience and forbearance; reverence for religious or sacred objects; prostration (the physical act of humbling oneself out of reverence); belief in an afterlife, including intercession; respect for authority, rank, and age; primogeniture; and constitutional monarchy.[68;*214*]

Rúḥíyyih Khánum went on to ask a question: If the Japanese already have in their culture so many of the teachings of the Faith, why should they become Bahá'ís? I believe Rúḥíyyih Khánum asked that question rhetorically, to get us thinking. You could ask that question another way: Why haven't the Japanese become Bahá'ís if they naturally believe so much of what the Faith stands for? I think the answer to that question is the theological aspect, the divine. While the Japanese mind is chock full of great values and principles like respect, politeness, humility, consultation, etc., the space in the Japanese mind where ideas such as a transcendent God and a Manifestation might go is currently unoccupied—the space is certainly there, though, as the Writings make clear that all human beings are endowed with the capacity to know and to worship God through the Manifestation. It gives you an idea of the innate qualities of the Japanese people that they acquired all the above listed attributes and values without the guidance of a Manifestation.

Actually, Rúḥíyyih Khánum answered her above question. She said to tell the Japanese to look at the world around them, that the world was pulling apart, hatred and division, economic and social disorder, prevailed, that a new system was obviously needed, that the spiritual evolution of humankind was necessary and inevitable, that the education of the human race, like that of an individual, was progressive and by grades or stages and that it was time to enter a new stage, the age of maturity of the human race, and that the Japanese reflected so many of the qualities necessary for peace and love to prevail in the world, that they had so much to offer toward a new spiritualized order. It seemed to me Rúḥíyyih Khánum was suggesting to go about the

teaching of the Faith in Japan by putting it in a historical, cultural, and social context—the theology could come later, that mental space could be filled in due course. Rúḥíyyih Khánum added that she thought Japan was an ideal bridge between East and West, because it was an Eastern nation that had thoroughly Westernized, to the point of conquering the world economically, but had held on to Eastern values.

Speaking about the Faith in Japan, Rúḥíyyih Khánum repeated what Shoghi Effendi stressed (see Agnes Alexander's *History* and *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*) and also Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir emphasized, which was that consolidation, including deepening, was vitally important. She said she was impressed by the Japanese believers and the pioneers as well, but thought that there was not enough of translating individual belief into social action, that the Bahá'ís were too passive. And when social action, i.e., teaching and proclamation, occurred, it had to include consolidation. I can say that this has been a perennial problem: the follow-up effort to teaching campaigns. It is especially important in forming and maintaining Assemblies, and there has historically not been enough of it. Until this problem is dealt with it will be slow-going in Japan and in many other countries, and one purpose of Institute courses is to address this problem, it seems to me.

In comments to Agnes Alexander in Haifa that she records in her *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* Shoghi Effendi said to stress the oneness of the human race when teaching the Faith in Japan, and I recall Rúḥíyyih Khánum spoke of this principle. When she did, it reminded me of a general letter on this theme that Rúḥíyyih Khánum wrote back in the 1940s to the Bahá'í youth of the world, a letter that I have always liked:

> The other day a man asked Shoghi Effendi: "What is the object of life to a Bahá'í?" As the Guardian repeated his answer to me (I had not been present with the visitor), indeed, before he did, I wondered in my own mind what it had been. Had he told the man that to us the object of life is to know God, or perfect our own character? I never really dreamed of the answer he had given, which was this: the object of life to a Bahá'í is to promote the oneness of mankind. The whole object of our lives is bound up

> with the lives of all human beings: not a personal salvation we are seeking, but a universal one. We are not to cast eyes within ourselves and say "Now get busy saving your soul and reserving a comfortable berth in the Next World!" No, we are to get busy on bringing Heaven to the Planet. That is a very big concept. The Guardian then went on to explain that our aim is to produce a world civilization which will in turn react on the character of the individual. It is, in a way, the inverse of Christianity which started with the individual unit and through it reach[ed] out to the conglomerate life of men.[69;*218*]

Another talk Rúḥíyyih Khánum gave that made a strong impression on me was about love. She said love is that basic force that binds everything. It attracts and stabilizes. Love creates unity, and unity must prevail in all human relationships. She acknowledged that it can be difficult to actually like certain people, but we must love them through and for Bahá'u'lláh. Further, when we interact with others and have any difficulties doing so, we must think, What would be pleasing to 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the Exemplar, in this situation, or what might He do? Having had the experiences that she had with certain persons and circumstances in Haifa, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said she was very sensitive to disunity. She said on one occasion, while visiting a particular country, she encountered a serious case of disunity and it literally made her sick—she returned to her hotel room and went straight to bed. She said that disunity, specifically Covenant-breaking and disobedience, affected Shoghi Effendi worst of all, driving him to bed for days at a time, and that those episodes shortened his life.

During a Q-and-A session following a talk, Rúḥíyyih Khánum was asked about the connection between this world and the next. She answered that at the time a Manifestation appears, the "veil" (the word she used, from the Writings) between this world and the Kingdom thins greatly. At such a time, people are more prone to dreaming about or having visions of another world, having "spiritual experiences", and many develop millenarian expectations. She said it was this thinning of the veil that Shaykh Aḥmad sensed before the Báb's advent, that explains people dreaming about the Báb or Bahá'u'lláh and instanta-

neously accepting His Cause, that explains the radiance of the martyrs. She said her mother May Maxwell once recounted ‘Abdu’l-Bahá saying that at such a time, depending on the conditions of the “atmosphere”, “clairvoyant” and “clairaudient” experiences were more prone to happening (Rúḥíyyih Khánum’s words in quote marks), and she added matter-of-factly (she always spoke matter-of-factly) that she believed in “ghosts”, based on personal and family experience. She explained, by the way, that the family experience was that of her maternal grandmother, whose home seemed to have been haunted by a departed maid, who banged around in the kitchen; the family decided to pray that the maid give up her attachment to this world and turn her attention to the next world where she was, and the sounds stopped soon after the prayers started. I should say that Rúḥíyyih Khánum did not have to explain, and didn’t, that this was not a case or an endorsement of séances, ouija boards, trumpets, mediums, and the like, and I am sure no one in the audience thought it was—I certainly didn’t. ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s and Shoghi Effendi’s comments on these matters are clear: ‘Abdu’l-Bahá, for instance, warns against “tampering with psychic forces”. You can read about this subject under “Oneness of the Two Worlds” in *Bahá’u’lláh and the New Era* and “Psychic Phenomena” in *Lights of Guidance*.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum moved on from this topic to what she said was the most important kind of connection between the two worlds: intercession. She pointed out the passage in *Gleanings* (no. lxxxi) where Bahá’u’lláh speaks of pure and sanctified souls in the next world and states that

> the light which these souls radiate is responsible for the progress of the world and the advancement of its peoples. They are like unto leaven which leaveneth the world of being, and constitute the animating force through which the arts and wonders of the world are made manifest. Through them the clouds rain their bounty upon men, and the earth bringeth forth its fruits. All things must needs have a cause, a motive power, an animating principle. These souls and symbols of detachment have provided, and will continue to provide, the supreme moving impulse

in the world of being.

It is possible through prayer, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said, to ask souls in the next world, such as our departed loved ones, to intercede for us, to help us. Of course praying to the Manifestation is the most effective form of supplication, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said, but intercession is a teaching of the Faith and we can make use of it. She said she sometimes would do just that, with the Greatest Holy Leaf or her mother May Maxwell or others—she said there were great souls such as Martha Root and Agnes Alexander in the Kingdom, and she thought she would give them something to do up there by occasionally asking them to help! Rúḥíyyih Khánum said the model for this was Shoghi Effendi's tearful letter written in 1932 when the Greatest Holy Leaf passed away, asking her to bear a message to 'Abdu'l-Bahá that He intercede with His Father in behalf of him and all Bahá'ís.[70;*218*] Rúḥíyyih Khánum further said Shoghi Effendi told her that if she was to request intercession it was important she have a clear idea what the intercession was for and to whom the request for intercession was being addressed, i.e., the relative station, stature, or limitation of that person—asking Abdu'l-Bahá to intercede, asking the Greatest Holy Leaf to intercede, asking Martha Root to intercede, and asking your departed cousin to intercede, are all very different things, but all permissible under the Teachings.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum gave an example of her own request for intercession. She said early in the project to build the Seat of the Universal House of Justice in Haifa, she was once talking on-site to Husayn Amanat, the architect of the Seat and the other administrative buildings on Mount Carmel, telling him what she recalled of Shoghi Effendi's remarks about the future Arc, and when leaving the site she suggested they go to the Shrine of the Báb to pray about the project. She said that in the Shrine she prayed to the Báb and then asked her departed father, William Sutherland Maxwell, architect of the Shrine, to intercede with Bahá'u'lláh to inspire Mr. Amanat in the design of the buildings of the Arc. (If you look at how the buildings turned out, it seems there was plenty of inspiration!) Finally on the subject of intercession, Rúḥíyyih Khánum pointed out that it is two-way: just as departed ones can intercede in our behalf, we can pray for departed ones, for the progress of their souls in the higher worlds of God.

I mentioned the Japanese tea ceremony and personal "experiences" above, and these came together in a talk Rúḥíyyih Khánum gave on the Birthday of Bahá'u'lláh. For most of the talk she told stories about Bahá'u'lláh, but she also spoke briefly about an experience she herself had that she described as "strange" in a very pleasant way. She said that while she was participating in the tea ceremony a few days earlier at a Zen Buddhist temple in Kyoto, she suddenly got a very strong feeling that Bahá'u'lláh would have greatly appreciated and savored the tranquility, simplicity, and beauty of the tea ceremony, and that He would have savored it to a degree that no one ever had or could, because of the extreme sensitivity of a Manifestation. She did not say much else about it, but I got the impression that Rúḥíyyih Khánum felt she had had a sort of mystical experience or realization—you might say enlightenment—during the tea ceremony. Which shows her own great sensitivity.

One thing I remember clearly about Rúḥíyyih Khánum's talks and private conversations is how much she respected her mother May Maxwell. This went beyond the love of a daughter for her mother and was a profound admiration on the part of one believer for another. She said she especially admired her mother's capacity for generosity and love, and prayed that she could acquire these qualities. May Maxwell was sickly most of her life, and Rúḥíyyih Khánum said 'Abdu'l-Bahá had stated that God chose the physically feeblest instrument by which to establish the Faith in Europe and thus be a sign of His power.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum very much liked naturalness in people and had no use for any pretension. She said Shoghi Effendi valued naturalness, and it was one of the things he so liked about Saichiro Fujita. Shoghi Effendi disliked ambition in people, she said, although he said we should vie with each other in service. She also said Shoghi Effendi was very humble and would physically recoil if he was praised personally, but he always insisted on respect for the station of the Guardianship and the stature of the Faith. Rúḥíyyih Khánum regularly quoted Shoghi Effendi's counsels, and one she repeated a number of times was that he expected the believers to always make an all-out effort in whatever activity—teaching, administration—they were engaged. She said never, ever do anything half-heartedly. When she was speaking of Shoghi

Effendi one time, I asked Rúḥíyyih Khánum about her biography of him, *The Priceless Pearl*, and she said Shoghi Effendi's habit throughout of his life of writing everything down and keeping meticulous records was a big help. She said it took her one year to write the book; she would have a big breakfast, start writing, and work through to 5 p.m. every day.

In the course of her visit to Japan, Rúḥíyyih Khánum called on Takahito, Prince Mikasa—the youngest brother of then reigning Emperor Hirohito—and Yuriko, Princess Mikasa. Rúḥíyyih Khánum later said most of the conversation was about the Faith, and in the course of talking about the Faith she said she mentioned that she had visited the homes of *buraku* and Ainu members of the Faith, the former being a social outcast group and the latter an aboriginal minority. I do not remember Rúḥíyyih Khánum explaining how or why this came up, but she did say that the princess in particular seemed interested in the visit with the *buraku* believer, asking questions about it, and that the prince said discrimination had been a serious problem in Japan. Prince Mikasa also stated that he believed Japan had a great spiritual future. [71;*218*]

Rúḥíyyih Khánum said many other things in the course of talks and conversations, and following are some that I recall: Bahá'u'lláh will forgive us our wrongs and faults, but surely the most difficult to forgive is lost opportunities. If we are given opportunities to advance the Faith, we absolutely must not waste them. Rúḥíyyih Khánum said she can feel if a person can "hear", or has an ear for the Faith, and if so she never loses the opportunity to speak with that person. If you do something for the Faith expecting praise and love from the friends, you may not receive it and it is not a confirmation if you do; act only for Bahá'u'lláh, His acceptance or confirmation is what matters, and you will be surprised then how the praise and appreciation of the friends will come naturally. Speaking of teaching and consolidation, she said they should be like ironing: going over and over the same place thoroughly. She said it is the Will of God for the Faith to be accepted and eventually for the World Order of Bahá'u'lláh to be established, but it is up to the Bahá'ís to make it happen, and the longer we delay the realization of God's Will, the more the Faith, the world, and each one

of us individually will suffer. About personal tests, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said Shoghi Effendi once told her that there was a tendency for people to think their own tests or difficulties are unique or are worse than others', but we must understand that there are others who are in a worse situation, face more severe tests, than we. We must put our personal situation in perspective. No matter how bad or good our situation, there will always be those who are worse off or better off than we are. Each of us must, in that sense, be content with or accept his or her situation, although of course we can beseech Bahá'u'lláh for relief from problems, improvements in our lives, and to be enabled to better serve the Faith. About seekers, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said the Faith is like a supermarket. There is a wide range of things available, but if you work at the supermarket and someone comes in wanting a dozen eggs, you should not try to sell toothpaste to that person. Eventually that person will buy toothpaste and all sorts of other things, but at that particular time he or she may need eggs, nothing more nothing less, and that is what you should make sure he or she gets. About the seeker becoming a Bahá'í, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said the conditions are acceptance of the Báb, Bahá'u'lláh, 'Abdu'l-Bahá, and the Administrative Order. Since no one is perfect, there will never be a seeker, or a new believer, who is ready immediately to live every single one of the Bahá'í principles and laws. That comes with deepening. Eventually, however, the believer, if he or she truly believes, must commit to putting into practice the principles and following the laws of the Faith, and there cannot be any compromise on that. There will never be perfection, of course, but there must be sincere commitment and effort. Speaking of the Feast Rúḥíyyih Khánum said that the believers should be drawn to it like a magnet and that it is the responsibility of the Assembly or community to magnetize the Feast. At the Feast and other occasions it is important that prayers and readings be recited clearly, that the sound of the spoken Word is important and can produce a strong effect but not if it is whispered or mumbled. Another thing Rúḥíyyih Khánum said is that just as you marry a man or woman and have biological children, so you marry yourself to the Faith and have spiritual children; your biological and spiritual children in turn have children, and so on, and the human race is propagated biologically and

spiritually.

Asked about sacrifice, Rúḥíyyih Khánum said it is a matter of detachment, not denial—it is okay to have possessions, to have mundane routines in your life such as watching TV and whatnot, but never be so attached to any of these things that you allow them to interfere with service to the Faith—prioritize the Faith above all. Also, sacrifice is relative: for an infant, giving up a toy may be the only kind of sacrifice it understands or can make, and actually giving that toy up may be a supreme act of sacrifice for that infant, which is why it cries so hard, although to an adult it may seem funny or silly or, indeed, childish. Rúḥíyyih Khánum said that when she married Shoghi Effendi and went to live in Haifa, there were changes, adjustments, and difficulties, even hardships, for her, particularly in the early years, involving sacrifice, which Shoghi Effendi was well aware of. One time somewhat later, when she did not get her way on some minor matter and pouted about it, she said Shoghi Effendi said to her something she never forgot, "You've sacrificed so much, you can sacrifice on this matter too." Rúḥíyyih Khánum said she realized that sacrifice was a part of service and was inevitable. It seemed to me she was suggesting that sacrifices you might have made in the past did not amount to filling some quota of sacrifice, meaning you were done with it, but rather that sacrifice, of some degree or another, is continual.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum said during one of her talks that she had spent a great deal of time thinking about what she was saying, that these were not offhand or uninformed remarks. I got the impression from that and from comments she made in private conversation that she always thoroughly prepared herself for her travels, that it was not simply a matter of deciding what to take and packing suitcases, but was about studying the countries and the peoples she would be visiting, talking to House of Justice members responsible for that part of the world, Counsellors at the I.T.C. or on the Boards, and picking the brains of people in the countries when she arrived there, whether pioneers or native believers. Her manner of speaking, certainly to gatherings of Bahá'ís, was not formal but casual, like she was chatting with you personally, but a great deal of thought went into what she was saying, and as such I have realized that we should not just listen to but also

study her talks. There are plenty of her talks given all over the world that were recorded, and she wrote several books too, and these should be considered resources for study.

I remember one day Rúḥíyyih Khánum asked me detailed questions about my situation. I hesitated to talk much about myself, but she said when you get to know a person you are interested in his or her life and she wanted to know about mine. My life had hit a low point during those years. My marriage had ended and my kids were gone to university. I was lonely, but at least I was busy, being employed and also being the assistant secretary of the N.S.A. and living right across the street from the Bahá'í Center. Rúḥíyyih Khánum listened to me talk about my situation and did not respond with a lengthy pep talk with extended quotations from the Writings or with psychoanalysis. Her advice was brief and practical: pray every morning, make plans for the day for what Bahá'í work I was going to do and make sure to carry the plans out, always go out on weekends, and find the good in everything. It reminded me of the very practical and useful advice in her books *Prescription for Living* and *Manual for Pioneers*. I devoted the following year, 1979, to full-time travel-teaching around Japan, and I definitely followed her points of advice.

The kindness of Rúḥíyyih Khánum, and of Violette Nakhjavani as well, and the memory of it, has helped me through the years. I have had the impression, from all the times I saw her in Haifa and Japan and elsewhere, that Rúḥíyyih Khánum was especially fond of the believers who went pioneering during the Ten-Year Crusade. They had answered the Guardian's call at that crucial time in the history of the Faith.

Hand of the Cause Tarazullah Samandari

In 1966 Hand of the Cause Tarazullah Samandari visited Japan. He stayed for about three months, during which period he made trips to Korea, the Philippines, and Taiwan as well as various parts of Japan. He spoke at public events, at Bahá'í meetings, at Bahá'í Center dedications, and met with Assemblies. He stayed at the Momtazi family home in Kansai, which was his base for the sojourn. I accompanied Mr. Samandari to the northern island of Hokkaido for the purpose of

proclamation, visiting the friends, and dedicating a Bahá'í Center in the town of Shiraoi. During our travels we had several meetings, both N.S.A. and general. Every Bahá'í in Hokkaido was amply notified and was within travel distance to see and hear Mr. Samandari. I took son Sheridan and some of the believers brought their children. At the airport the kids were playing, chasing each other around, and Mr. Samandari smiled benevolently while watching them, commenting that children had so much energy they needed to do something with it.

In Japanese train stations, after getting off the train on a platform between tracks you climb up stairs to go over the tracks and out. In the 1960s there were no escalators or elevators, and I remember at one station the stairs seemed endless—perhaps three flights. Mr. Samandari looked up at them briefly and then suddenly, with strong strides, went bounding up. Good heavens, I couldn't do that, and I was 40 years younger!

Mr. Samandari visited Agnes Alexander in the hospital in Tokyo. She had been there for a year with a fractured hip, after a fall. She was not in pain, however, and she enjoyed chatting with visitors. Agnes and Mr. Samandari spent some of their time together trying to decide who was older. He was, actually, by about nine months, but he told her he would give her the honor! They were both in their early 90s.

In one of his talks in Japan Mr. Samandari put great emphasis on the Feast. He said to come close to God we must first come close to each other. Nothing is sweeter than meeting the Friends of God, and the Feast is the primary occasion for that. I do not remember Mr. Samandari talking about his own meeting with Bahá'u'lláh, although he did speak of the Manifestation of God and His Mission, that He had borne His suffering to make a new creation. Mr. Samandari also spoke of Ṭáhirih, Qurratu'l-'Ayn, pointing out admiringly that she had recognized the station of the Báb without ever meeting Him, had recognized the station of Bahá'u'lláh before He declared it, and had recognized the station of 'Abdu'l-Bahá when He was an infant.

I remember that before he went out for the day in an automobile, Mr. Samandari would unfold a green cloth, take a prayerbook out of it, recite a prayer, then carefully fold up the prayerbook in the cloth and

put it away. Mr. Samandari was a calligrapher and sometimes drew Greatest Names for the friends, adding a personalized inscription at the bottom of each. He kindly drew one for me, which I had framed, and it has since hung on a wall in my apartment, a source of inspiration and memories.[72;*220*]

Hand of the Cause Agnes Alexander

Agnes Alexander was not a visitor to Japan, of course, but a resident—our bounty. She was appointed Hand of the Cause in March 1957 just before the election of the first National Spiritual Assembly of North East Asia. We therefore had the privilege of two Hands attending our National Convention, as Jalal Khazeh was the Guardian's representative. Agnes and I served together on that Assembly until 1963, when it was decided that the Hands of the Cause would no longer serve on Assemblies, in order to leave them free to teach and protect the Faith, their primary responsibilities. Agnes' life seemed not to change after becoming a Hand except that maybe she wrote to more people on a regular basis, but she always had a very large correspondence. After she was appointed Hand I recall an Assembly member saying "As she is now a Hand of the Cause we should address her as 'Miss Alexander' instead of 'Agnes'." In as tactful a way as possible I responded that I intended to call her "Agnes", as I had always done.

I felt a responsibility toward Agnes. I was vigorous and had a car to get around in; Agnes was elderly and used to take streetcars or buses around town. She lived in Kyoto during most of the post-World War 2 period but spent much time in Tokyo, staying at International House, and I was usually her driver. She was fond of the food at the U.S. military facilities so we sometimes went to the military hotel in Tokyo, the Sanno, as I had an ID card. Agnes was quite healthy and seemed to be able to eat anything and everything despite being thin—she would go back for seconds at the buffet—but still, she was up there in years. When I came to Japan in 1953 she was already 78. She had no idea what her weight was and didn't care either. She told me she had never been sick in her life and had never been in a hospital.

Agnes wrote regularly to her old Bahá'í friends, and also never failed to send notes of encouragement to newly-arrived pioneers, which

were short, empathetic, and often typed on postcards. In those days people wrote letters—very little telephoning. Agnes did not like to write in longhand. She told me she was actually left-handed but had been forced to use her right hand in school and consequently never felt comfortable writing by hand. She had a small portable typewriter that she carried around everywhere, and she usually corresponded with that. It often skipped so her letters were full of penciled-in connecting marks. She had a habit of marking up with pencil not only her letters but also her books. When I mentioned this to her one time she said "Dearie, how could I ever find that passage again, that is why I underlined it." I thought it was a good idea and now my books all have penciled notes and underlines.

Agnes always showed her genteel upbringing; she had great dignity, always speaking properly, dressing well. Light blue was her favorite color. Particularly in the prewar years she must have looked quite distinctive to the Japanese, being relatively tall, with light hair and blue eyes. She told me that in the early days in Japan, when she walked down the street, a dozen or more neighborhood children would follow her.

Agnes was detached, living in the Kingdom, and it could be difficult to get close to her, though she had many friends. She was good friends with the aforementioned Mr. and Ms. Torii, the early Bahá'ís, and Mr. and Ms. Tsunemi, who became Bahá'ís later; Ms. Torii and Ms. Tsunemi were sisters. Agnes lived with or near the Tsunemi family for some years. She had much affection for Michitoshi Zenimoto (later to be appointed Counsellor), whom she brought into the Faith in the early 1950s. As for the pioneers, she was quite fond of Yadullah Rafaat and Phil Marangella, among those in Tokyo, and Johnny McHenry in Korea. She had quite a few non-Bahá'í Japanese acquaintances—contacts made over the years—including Esperantists. Once when we were chatting I asked Agnes if she was ever lonely all the years in Japan. She answered "Never." But I wonder—most of the solitary pioneers I know have said they go through phases of loneliness.

I said Agnes seemed to live in the Kingdom, and that was a reflection of her great love for and uncommon devotion to the Faith. She had lived on her own for most of her life and I felt she was quite

independent of mere mortals. She functioned on what she called "guidance". She would get strong feelings about things and always had faith that her "guidance" would move her in the right direction. Her guidance could be manifested in quite an independent streak: on more than one occasion I contacted her in my capacity as N.S.A. secretary to coordinate on a particular matter, and she responded something like "The Assembly can do whatever it wishes, dearie. I have already received my guidance and am acting on that." Once I asked Agnes about her guidance and how she knew it was that, and she said she felt a joy in her heart, and this joy was a confirmation of whatever thought she had or action she was taking. Sometimes for no apparent reason she would feel happy, and I recall one time when this happened she said "Something wonderful is happening in the spiritual world!" It must have been this connection to the Kingdom that explains her telling me she had never been lonely.

Agnes first came to Japan in November 1914 in response to 'Abdu'l-Bahá's stated desire for her to do so, and left in July 1917; returned at 'Abdu'l-Bahá's urging in August 1919 and left in October 1923; again to Japan in January 1928 at the Guardian's urging and returned to Hawaii in May 1933; back to Japan in May 1935, again at the Guardian's request, left in March 1937; and did not return to Japan until after the Second World War, in May 1950, staying until September 1967, when she left permanently for Hawaii—Agnes used to say that her first two stays in Japan were at the command of 'Abdu'l-Bahá and the last three at the command of Shoghi Effendi; that it was according to the Will of God, not her own volition, that she lived in Japan. In the prewar period Agnes lived in Tokyo, most of the postwar period in Kyoto, although she often traveled around Japan. During the postwar block of 17 years she traveled overseas frequently as well, to the Holy Land, the U.S., and Asian countries. In total Agnes Alexander lived about 31 years in Japan over a span of nearly 53 years.

The last two years in Japan Agnes was hospitalized and mostly bedridden, following a fall, and when she left Japan permanently it was in a wheelchair, at age 92. Agnes fell and broke her hip while staying at International House in Tokyo, in July 1965. Pioneer Phil Marangella, who lived at International House, helped with getting her to a hospital

and tending to her. We were frantic about what to do. Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir came to Japan shortly after and helped us greatly by asking Ruth Walbridge, an American pioneer in the Philippines and a trained nurse, to relocate to Japan to be Agnes' private nurse. Ruth moved to Tokyo, lived in the Bahá'í Center, and spent every day at the hospital for two years, then accompanied Agnes to Hawaii and left her in the care of relatives. Ruth returned to Japan and married Hideya Suzuki, who was to become the first Japanese Counsellor. I always felt that Agnes was ultimately under the care of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, but at a practical, daily level, without Ruth we could not have managed looking after her those two years.

During the time she was in hospital in Tokyo Agnes was visited by fellow Hands Mr. Samandari and Dr. Muhajir and Paul Haney, among many others. She was an example to us even in those circumstances, never pitying herself, always welcoming her visitors. I recall that while in hospital she wanted very much to keep the Fast—although of course for many years she had not been required to keep it, she always did so when she was able to. The only reason she gave up on the idea was that it would have been difficult to serve breakfast at the proper time, especially considering that Ruth had to commute to the hospital every morning. Agnes could be particular about meal-times, incidentally: when she first entered the hospital the staff brought dinner at 5:30, but Agnes told them "I never have dinner so early. Please bring it at 6:30." And they did thereafter, just for her.

Agnes Alexander never walked again, and passed away in January 1971 in Hawaii. The Guardian would indicate in his letters why the Hands of the Cause were appointed, and in Agnes' case he called her an "exemplary pioneer". She was certainly and truly an example. I could never have developed her single-mindedness nor her humility, but I learned much from her. One time during a very lively N.S.A. consultation she turned to me and exclaimed "Dearie, I am training you!"—that she did. While in the hospital Agnes gave me a rosary of dark blue beads; she held it up and said "Take this, dearie, it suits you better." I still have it, use it often, and when I do I think of Agnes, whom 'Abdu'l-Bahá called the "daughter of the Kingdom".

Hand of the Cause Rahmatullah Muhajir

Dr. Muhajir was the Hand of the Cause who affected me the most. I am looking forward to seeing him in the next life, God permitting. He visited Japan many times, the first being in 1961, four years after he was appointed Hand of the Cause. The first time he came, his English, while adequate, was somewhat limited. He asked to meet with the National Spiritual Assembly as he wanted to discuss all the countries in our jurisdiction, which were Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macau. He did not seem to know a great deal about the area, having spent his pioneer years in Southeast Asia, but the second time he visited, not long after, his English was quite good and he knew everything about our area—he had thoroughly studied English and read up on the countries. One of my memories of Dr. Muhajir is that he was very studious. I say this because I know he did much reading at the library of the International House, where he stayed when in Tokyo, and when he visited the Kansai region (where the cities of Osaka, Kobe, and Kyoto are) he would spend hours at the home of Counsellor Ruhi Momtazi reading copies of tablets of the Central Figures that had been distributed to the Boards of Counsellors for safekeeping. Also I remember one time when he came to Japan he was studying Spanish so he could better communicate with the Bahá'ís in South America.

In all the years I knew Dr. Muhajir, 17 or 18 total, I could only marvel at but never understand him. He was actually younger than I but he seemed older because of his wisdom, which by a few words or gestures he would so effectively impart to us. Not that he consciously gave this impression, just that I felt it. He was far beyond any of us but he was also down to earth and full of humor. He said to me once "In the next life there will be a Holy Land and there will be a Japan. I will be in Japan." How much we all learned from him—obvious things, and subtle things of the heart and soul. I remember once he told us that we should pray to be the answer to another person's prayer. I often think of that—how interrelated we all are.

Doctor—we sometimes called him simply "Doctor"—was impatient with teaching work but very patient, forbearing, with Bahá'ís individually. He never gave up on any of the friends, even if they had let him down by their inaction. I recall the first time he visited he

wanted to see all the letters the Guardian had written to Japan. He said anything the Guardian suggested, we should follow. It seems obvious, but it had not occurred to us and we were not doing it.

One time after a meeting in the early '60s I took Dr. Muhajir back to his hotel in my car. En route my asthma acted up badly, and I had to use my spray inhaler again and again to breathe. I had not mentioned this affliction to Doctor and he was surprised. I went on to tell him how severe it often was, how I sometimes gasped for breath. He said to me "So, that is how you could do so much." I have wondered what he meant by that. Another time when I was having some bad asthma attacks I said I just didn't know how I could continue; I felt I was becoming incapacitated. I suppose I was expecting a little sympathy, but Doctor looked at me and said in a matter-of-fact way "People with asthma are so spiritual. When others are sleeping, they can't sleep, so they stay up and pray. Shirin Fozdar has asthma too." So much for sympathy! Shirin Fozdar was a devoted pioneer and women's rights advocate in Southeast Asia who also graced Japan with her presence, and it was an honor to be mentioned in the same breath as her—just not for asthma!

Dr. Muhajir and Agnes Alexander greatly admired each other. Doctor always visited Agnes when he came to Japan, and in Hawaii after she returned there in 1967. He told me that no one could be mentioned by name in the Tablets of the Divine Plan, as Agnes was, and not be an extraordinary person. Doctor was the youngest of the Hands next to Enoch Olinga, Agnes the oldest next to Mr. Samandari, and Doctor, being a student of Bahá'í history, I think regarded Agnes as living, breathing history.

Dr. Muhajir was the one who first told us about mass-teaching. He had started it in various countries and thought that the Northeast Asian countries could do so too. At an N.S.A. meeting in 1963 he told us about how mass-teaching was starting in Korea. I was fascinated by his description of it, and in 1964 I tried what he described, though not on the scale he described. I went north to Hokkaido with a Japanese Bahá'í college student, Shozo Inoue, met up with G.V. Tehrani, an Iranian pioneer who was living in Sapporo, the largest city in Hokkaido (where he was instrumental in the establishment of its first L.S.A. in

1959), and we three went teaching, mainly in the indigenous Ainu villages.[73;*221*] It was an amazing experience: each day was completely different, and could be totally unproductive or highly productive, but after a couple of weeks we had a number of enrollments—albeit not masses—and I believe they truly believed. We could have kept them if we had had any kind of consolidation program, but we did not. On more than one occasion over the years in Japan I was made to realize how important follow-up efforts are to initial teaching activities. Those villages have now mostly become Japanese towns and the atmosphere is quite different from that of the 1960s.

I remember once looking in our files to try to determine how many times Dr. Muhajir visited Japan. The best I could come up with was 18 or 19. But I recall one time he came for our National Convention, hopped over to Korea for two days for their Convention, then returned to Japan. Does that count as two visits or one? One time in the 1970s he came with his wife Iran and daughter Gisu: they stayed in the Kansai region with the Katirai family for several months, as the Muhajirs were thinking about relocating to Japan (they ended up not doing so). Dr. Muhajir was in and out of the country during that period. So, there is no way we can count the visits accurately. But I suppose the exact count doesn't matter—he was here when we needed him.

Once I presented Doctor several summer shirts to distribute as gifts for some of the Bahá'ís in the East Asian communities. I had gotten the shirts at a bargain sale at the U.S. military Base Exchange. In 1967 I went to Taiwan to attend that community's first National Convention. After the Convention, Auxiliary Board Member Khudarahm Payman, pioneer in Indonesia, one of the Taiwan N.S.A. members, and I traveled around the island visiting the Bahá'ís. When we arrived at the city of Tainan Mr. Suleiman Suleimani, long-time pioneer in Taiwan, was at the airport to meet us, wearing what looked like one of the shirts I had bought, white with black stripes. I asked Mr. Suleimani where he got it. He replied that Dr. Muhajir had presented him the shirt and now he always wore it to Bahá'í meetings. I mention this to point out how we in the East Asian Bahá'í communities connected with each other through Dr. Muhajir. He traveled among us so often that we could communicate with and send gifts to one another through him. He was a

binding force that brought us closer together.

In the early days Dr. Muhajir always came into Japan at Tokyo, asking me, as secretary, to arrange a meeting of the N.S.A. After Ruhollah (Ruhi) Momtazi was appointed Counsellor in 1968, Dr. Muhajir would often go to the Kansai region, where Ruhi lived, to consult. Whether he was consulting with Counsellors or Assemblies, with Doctor everything was teaching. When he visited he would invariably have a new approach or a new area to be taught. We could hardly keep up with his ideas. If we had done everything he wanted us to do, Japan would have turned ablaze back in the 1960s. You could probably say that about many places he visited around the world.

In 1970 there was a large, months-long international exhibition in Osaka, called Expo 70. When Dr. Muhajir visited Japan at that time he advised the N.S.A. to make a pamphlet we could pass out. I recall Doctor and the N.S.A. sat for several hours designing the pamphlet. Actually Doctor himself did most of the pamphlet but naturally he called it the N.S.A.'s. It was attractive and presented the basic teachings of the Faith, and gave an address where inquiries could be directed. It was not only attractive but also effective, so much so that another Asian N.S.A. produced a version in Chinese.

One time in the 1970s when Dr. Muhajir came to Japan to meet with the N.S.A., I showed him the book I had just compiled, the aforementioned *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*. Doctor was an advocate of putting such compilations of tablets and messages together, and I thought it would please him, although when I showed it to him I said "Well, it's not direct teaching, is it?" He took the book and said "It's teaching and deepening, both." I felt relieved and greatly encouraged and, from that time on, never doubted that researching and compiling books was time well spent.

Dr. Muhajir had a fine sense of humor. One Saturday evening he came to the Tokyo Bahá'í Center to give a talk. He sat down, surrounded by dozens of the friends. Everyone hushed up. Doctor was quiet a few moments, with a somber expression on his face, looked like he was about to start speaking, but hesitated—you could hear a pin drop, everyone waiting in anticipation—seemed again like he was about to say something, but paused, then with perfect vaudeville timing

turned to me, smiled, and said "What shall I say?" Everyone burst out laughing. Doctor always had time for a joke and a laugh. In fact, he usually had a soft smile on his face, even when he was very serious.

Dr. Muhajir had a sharp, high-speed mind and one effect was he often changed it. Doctor would decide to go here or do this, but then suddenly change his mind, doing that or going there instead. For instance, he would inform us that he was arriving in Japan soon and would be staying a couple of weeks, we would make plans and organize a schedule, and the day he arrived he would tell us he was leaving Japan the coming weekend. This, frankly, frustrated some people, but not me. After all, he was the Hand of the Cause and if he changed his mind it must be for a good reason. Sometimes Doctor would be disturbed that he didn't know exactly what to do, so he would do something, anything, then decide what else to do on the fly—the one thing he would not do is stay still. He said he had only one pace—fast—and only one direction—forward. If he could not move forward right away he would leave and go some place else where he could. If he was left alone, if he ever found himself on his own, in a particular country, he would leave immediately for another country—he was not going to twiddle his thumbs in a hotel room. He told me he did not go to one of the Asian countries for several years because one of the N.S.A. members opposed mass-teaching. He felt he could not do anything there.

I remember one time Dr. Muhajir saying that we cannot be certain of our fate—"none knoweth what his own end shall be"—nor evaluate our own doings, the merit of our lives, nor know for certain if what befalls us in the course of our lives is ultimately good or not. Given these built-in uncertainties, there is only one way to maintain stability, and that is by teaching the Faith. He said on another occasion that if you are thinking about a course of action, pray for guidance and look for doors to open, but if doors do not open, do not try to force them open, but find another course of action. If you act for the Faith and what you have tried does not work, do not be disheartened—something greater will happen. Also, be independent of all things, by which I believe Doctor was speaking of detachment. He further said we must always fulfill our responsibility to others: the pioneers have to shine the Light for the guidance of seekers in the native or local popula-

tion, and the pioneers and native Bahá'ís together must give society the opportunity to hear of the Faith, to see the Light. Doctor said the basic responsibility of the Bahá'ís was giving the Message; whether the Message was accepted or not was the responsibility of the recipient. Doctor could be blunt: he said Northeast Asia was a slow-growth region, and in the case of Japan, considering that the Guardian said the Japanese people have great capacity, maybe the Bahá'ís, particularly the pioneers, needed to work harder.[74;*222*]

Dr. Muhajir often spoke of ceaseless effort for the Faith, and he said our model for ceaseless action should be Martha Root. Also, believers should get together regularly to read the Writings, not just at Feasts (this is done now with prayer meetings), because continual prayer and ceaseless activity are complementary. About the Hands of the Cause, Doctor said they had love and praise lavished on them and they had to guard against any trace of egotism. With regard to the Japanese nation he said that they are spiritually minded and that the Bahá'ís must never forget it, which I think meant that we should always be aware of the capacity of the seeker. Doctor said service to the Faith will never come without sacrifice, and it is always a question of the kind or amount of sacrifice. That reminds me of Rúḥíyyih Khánum once saying that Shoghi Effendi used to speak of martyrs and others who had given everything for the Faith and remark that there is no comparison between total sacrifice and anything less than total. And that in turn reminds me of what I heard one of the Bahá'í friends say, that you can see partial sacrifice and total sacrifice on display at the supermarket in the dairy and meat sections respectively.

As mentioned previously my husband left Japan permanently in 1974, followed by my kids who went off to pursue university degrees, and the following few years were the loneliest of my life. The next time Dr. Muhajir visited Tokyo I desperately wanted to talk to him and gain some wisdom and inspiration. Several Bahá'ís met him at the airport and my car was full of people. I thought disappointedly that I would not be able to talk to him privately, but then one person after another said "Let me off at the next light" etc., until I was alone with Doctor, and could bring up my personal situation. He helped me to see the positives, urging me to make the most of the time and freedom I had,

not to feel so anxious or sad, adding that he thought my situation was the result of the Will of God. He very kindly praised my work for the Faith, said I had more service to render, and said I must never feel disappointed by my efforts or disturbed about my situation. I was greatly heartened by that conversation with Dr. Muhajir and felt I could better cope with my situation.

Parenthetically, Dr. Muhajir's counsel reminds me of what Dr. Iraj Ayman, a member then of the Asian Board of Counsellors, told me at the International Convention in 1978. He also said God had given me freedom and time to do what I wanted, and to use it for the Faith in Japan. He further said that rather than get in a depressed state from tests and problems and then try to pray his or her way out of that state, a person should pray regularly so as to avoid that state and to be shown the way to serve the Faith. Dr. Ayman advised me to stay busy with projects for the Faith, that this would be a remedy for the emotional doldrums. He was another true friend who encouraged me.

Dr. Muhajir always seemed "charged", like some power was constantly driving him. Once when I was in Manila with Hand of the Cause A.Q. Faizi, Doctor joined us, and one morning we were sitting in the hotel coffee-shop chatting before going out for the day. Doctor took off his Bahá'í ring, put it on the table in front of him, and just stared at it. It seemed to me he was re-charging his spiritual batteries. Someone else told me of Doctor doing this; I think it was Jack Davis, long-time pioneer in the Philippines, whom Doctor inspired in his mass-teaching efforts. Dr. Muhajir, like the other Hands, seemed at times a creature of another dimension. I do not think the rest of us could ever properly appraise or understand him in this plane. Maybe—I hope—in the next world I will be given a glimpse of his true station.

One of the last times Dr. Muhajir visited Japan, 1977 or maybe '78, he was not scheduled to stop in Tokyo but did so and spoke at the Bahá'í Center. That was the last occasion I saw him. Doctor advised me to travel around Japan and teach women. He said women teaching women was important. I recall saying "But what about my job, my income?" He just smiled, but not long after that my newspaper job ended, and I did just what the Doctor prescribed: full-time teaching around Japan for a year.

In late December 1979 Dr. Muhajir passed away suddenly in Ecuador, another of the dozens and dozens of countries constituting his field of service. I was in California visiting my mother when I heard of his passing. I phoned his wife Iran to offer my condolences, and I remember her saying "It was too soon."

Hand of the Cause Enoch Olinga

Enoch Olinga visited Japan once, in December 1970. The whole National Spiritual Assembly went to the airport to welcome him. We made a semi-circle around him, and he greeted each member with a bear hug. As I was the only woman on the Assembly I stayed back thinking he would not greet me in the same manner, but to my surprise I received the same strong, warm hug that the others did.

Mr. Olinga met with the National Assembly and visited several cities. He felt unwell but he did not let that stop him in Japan, although he was unable to proceed to Hong Kong as scheduled after Japan. A few weeks later I saw him at the International Conference in Singapore, where he was representing the Universal House of Justice, and he seemed to have recovered fully. He was a commanding presence in any situation. I will never forget him striding down the main aisle of the conference hall, which was packed with Bahá'ís standing and applauding. Several people including myself just happened to be in the entrance of the hall at the time he first came in. He went around greeting everyone, shaking hands, speaking briefly to each person. When he came to me he took my hand and quietly said "Strong Barbara", a few other very kind words, then went on to the next person.[75;*222*]

Iran Furutan Muhajir in her biography of her husband says that Enoch Olinga once told Dr. Muhajir of a dream he had in which the two Hands were together high up somewhere gazing on the earth in turmoil, thankful they were not stuck down there.[76;*224*] Iran writes that when Enoch Olinga was taken to the Kingdom in September 1979, a grief-stricken Dr. Muhajir told her he felt he would soon join his good friend—a few months later, he did.

Before he spoke Enoch Olinga would always ask his audience "Are you happy?" his face beaming. That smile is in my mind's eye.

Mr. Faizi visited Japan several times. On a visit in 1967, Dr. Muhajir had cabled us in advance to arrange press interviews, and two were held, including one at International House in Tokyo, at which Bernard Leach introduced the journalists to Mr. Faizi.

When Mr. Faizi came to Tokyo in January 1969, to my surprise he asked me to accompany him and Counsellor Ruhi Momtazi to Hong Kong and Manila. I took off from work and happily went to Hong Kong, Macau, and Manila. Hong Kong and Macau were under our N.S.A. and I was the secretary so it was a good opportunity to talk to the Bahá'ís there. Mr. Faizi had a great love for pioneers. Earlier in his life he and his wife Gloria had pioneered to Arabic-speaking lands of the Persian Gulf, and he knew pioneering had hardships. He told me that his trip to Manila was prompted by the arrival of a number of Iranian students who were pioneering there while they obtained degrees from university.[77;*224*] Mr. Faizi said he wanted to embrace the students on behalf of their parents, and when he next went to Iran he would embrace the parents on behalf of the students.

Mr. Faizi's profound insights and his unique deepenings were fascinating. His talks were generally the most "intellectual" of those I heard Hands of the Cause give, and it could be difficult recalling or writing down everything he said. I did manage to take some notes of a couple of talks, including one in Manila, Mr. Faizi gave. Speaking of the divine revelation, Mr. Faizi said that each Revelation brought by a Manifestation does three things: puts fully in context and fulfills the previous Revelation, reveals what is necessary for the current age, and prepares the way for the next Revelation. In each Book brought by a Manifestation, grace, guidance, knowledge, and certitude are mysteriously deposited and must be mined by each individual believer through study of the Word, prayer, and meditation. The manifestation of the divine occurs at three levels: in all the worlds of God's creation, i.e., throughout existence; in a human being specifically, as the human is a symbol of God, made in His image; in time, or history, i.e., roughly once every 1,000 years on the earth. Also, there are three things that can never be fully understood about life: the nature of life after death, i.e., the afterlife; the meaning of suffering in this world, i.e., theodicy;

and the demarcation between God's Will and the human will. Concerning the last point Mr. Faizi added that prayer would bring a believer closer to God's Will. If you feel you are leaning toward your own will, to what you desire or wish for yourself, prayer will put you right and purge yourself of ego. He further said that the laws of the Faith, such as obligatory prayer and the Fast, are a private matter, between Bahá'u'lláh and each believer, and are an individual responsibility, but the social principles, such as the oneness of humanity and the equality of the sexes, are a collective matter and are the responsibility of society as a whole. One of the things Mr. Faizi said to me that made a lasting impression is that he loves children because they contain the secrets of the universe.[78;*224*]

Mr. Faizi and I corresponded for a number of years. His letters are my treasures. In one letter he wrote "God is pleased with you!" (The bounties of being a pioneer never cease!) Actually Mr. Faizi once said that excessive praise is not good and that praise should be in the form of encouragement in the station of servitude. By mentioning God in the above letter I believe he was emphasizing my servitude, and it is something I have never forgotten.

I made my first personal pilgrimage in 1975. My marriage had broken up and I realized that it was an end to that era for me. I had requested a pilgrimage in order to go to the Shrines to pray for guidance and help in coping. In Haifa, Mr. Faizi had just returned from a visit to Bahá'í communities overseas and I recall he was very tired. He said he had met so many friends that it seemed person after person was passing in front of him in a never-ending stream. I am not surprised because everyone who knew Mr. Faizi wanted to spend all the time possible with him. Mr. Faizi invited me to his residence for tea. I mentioned my personal situation to him and, to my embarrassment, I started to cry. We talked at length, and that conversation was an important step toward being reconciled to the changes in my personal life.

I should say that I will always appreciate the helpful advice and warm encouragement about my personal situation that I received from 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum, Mr. Faizi, Dr. Muhajir, Counsellor Iraj Ayman, and also Counsellor Shirin Fozdar. It was difficult for me to talk about private matters with fellow Bahá'ís in Japan, and in the

mid to late 1970s it was these friends who lifted my spirits, and I will forever be grateful for their kindness. I think this is one way among so many that the Hands and other great Bahá'ís served the Faith: they lent a personal sympathetic ear when the rest of us needed it. I know of other Bahá'ís whose lives were sustained by personal heart-to-heart talks with these great friends. It could not have been easy for these friends to listen to others' personal problems, but they never failed to do so and to offer words of wisdom.

Hand of the Cause Collis Featherstone

Collis Featherstone's first visit to Japan was for our Convention in 1965. He said he was very happy to come to Japan, as his native Australia and Japan were at opposite ends of the spiritual axis of which the Guardian had written. Collis was the speaker at a public meeting held during that Convention. He was a dynamic and forceful speaker, and the interpreters had a hard time keeping up with his pace and his Aussie accent. Collis visited Japan several times, at first without his wife Madge, as she still had children at home, but in the later years she accompanied him. Madge told me Collis could never say "No" to the friends if left to himself and would become exhausted, and so in the later years she tried to preserve his energy and health by better managing his schedule. I first met Madge at the Singapore Conference, late December 1969 to early January '70. She was just like her husband—wonderfully easy to know.

Collis was very interested in the story of how my grandmother Mary and mother Helen became Bahá'ís, through John Henry Hyde Dunn and Clara Davis Dunn in California. Later the Dunns pioneered to Australia, becoming the spiritual parents of that community—Mother and Father Dunn—and were appointed Hand of the Cause. At one time Collis was Mother Dunn's Auxiliary Board member. He asked me to write up my grandmother's story and send it to him. This is how I became interested in getting that story. The next time I visited my mother in California I made a tape-recording of her telling the story, and that recording is the basis of the section about my grandmother Mary Burland earlier in this memoir.

In the late '70s Collis gave us a design for a proclamation kit—it

was quite comprehensive with several sheets in it regarding Bahá'í history in general and in Japan, principles etc. with illustrations. We translated it into Japanese and gave out hundreds to the media and professional people.

The Featherstones came to my house for dinner once in the early '70s. Husband Sandy liked them very much. Sandy met several Hands of the Cause, seemed to like them all, and it seemed mutual. I would like to think he understood what a bounty it was.

Other Hands of the Cause

Ali-Akbar Furutan has visited Japan four times. He represented the Universal House of Justice at the Sapporo International Conference in Hokkaido in 1971. On a later visit I remember going to his hotel with other N.S.A. members; by coincidence the well-known jazz musician and Bahá'í, Dizzy Gillespie, was staying there too, and Mr. Furutan introduced us all to Dizzy. Mr. Furutan is absolutely the best storyteller I have ever heard among Bahá'ís, or anyone else for that matter. (There is no way I can do justice to any of those stories, so I won't try here.) He gave fine talks about various aspects of the Faith, and one that has stuck in my mind is when he compared the Manifestation of God to a radio: the Manifestation receives signals from God and broadcasts them to the world, and the Mind of the Manifestation functions to amplify the signal.

Paul Haney came to Asia to visit some other countries and stopped over in Japan for a day or two in 1967. He met with the N.S.A. and also with Agnes Alexander, who had been in the hospital for nearly two years. He was a very cultured gentleman. I was in touch with him later concerning some archive matters regarding Agnes Alexander.

John Robarts visited Japan in 1968. He was sent by the Universal House of Justice to assist in organizing the Asian Board of Counsellors. I remember I called Mr. Robarts at his hotel and said I would come by with some mail for him that had accumulated at the Bahá'í Center. He quickly said not to bother, he was tired and did not wish to see anyone for a while. I assumed that he was a bit wary, perhaps because the friends in other countries tended to impose on him, even when he was

tired and wished for privacy. Not in Japan. I said I would leave the mail at the hotel front desk and to check there when he felt up to it. Then he said, well, why not call him from the lobby when I arrived. I did so, and we ended up having a very nice chat about Japan, Africa, where he pioneered, and his native Canada. I remember Mr. Robarts saying in a talk that faults or vices such as anger, jealousy, and greed can cling to us, and the only way to be rid of them is to beseech the Holy Spirit for assistance.

Bill Sears was assigned by the Universal House of Justice to represent it at the first National Convention of the Bahá'ís of Japan, in 1974. The friends were taken with Bill and his wife Marguerite, their love and humor. We were worried about translation, given Bill's rapid-fire way of speaking and jokes, but no one had any trouble understanding him and there was plenty of laughter and insight.

Universal House of Justice members

The first was Glenford Mitchell, in 1970, but at that time he was not a member of the Universal House of Justice, rather secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States. He was a delegate to a religious conference in Kyoto. I recall taking him to dinner at the U.S. military's Sanno Hotel in Tokyo. Also Dr. Toshio Suzuki invited him to dinner; as they were both secretaries of their N.S.A.s they had much to talk about.

Hushmand Fatheazam visited Japan twice, once in 1977 and again in 1987. His first visit was the first by a member of the Universal House of Justice. Each member of the House of Justice had an area of the world for which he was responsible, and Mr. Fatheazam's included Japan. He was concerned that the Faith was progressing very slowly in Japan. We in Japan knew we were not matching the expectations of the House. Although it was a privilege to welcome Mr. Fatheazam, we were chastened by the thought that we should do better. During his first visit I remember several of us walking down the Ginza, the glitziest shopping street in Tokyo, with Mr. Fatheazam taking in everything. I said to myself "He is one of the most important persons in the world, and here he is with us wandering down the Ginza like any tourist, chatting about Tokyo and whatnot." It was, actually, embarrassing in a

sense: after all, it was precisely because the Faith was in such an obscure state in Japan that it was possible for a House of Justice member to walk down High Street unrecognized—or to put it another way, you hoped the Faith would progress to the point that it would be impossible for a House of Justice member (an Assembly member too, for that matter) to walk down High Street without being recognized.

During the 1977 visit Mr. Fatheazam stated that the reason he was here in Japan was to draw our attention to the importance of our area of the globe. He said for him personally the visit was important because it was to a country of fellow Asians, a country that as a child he had wished to visit as it was a model of progress. He said when he was older, and read what 'Abdu'l-Bahá and Shoghi Effendi said about Japan, he then wished to visit to not only view its material progress but to sense for himself its capacity for spiritual progress. He noted the spiritual axis the Guardian had described, and said both poles of the axis—which is to say Japan and the Antipodes—had to be strong in order for the axis to serve any purpose. He was happy to see that the majority of the Japan N.S.A. members were Japanese, adding that an Assembly in its make-up should ideally reflect its community. Speaking of the relationship between pioneers and native or local believers, he said the pioneers were like mothers in that they give birth to spiritual children and provide nourishment and guidance, but the children must eventually mature and become independent and responsible.

I recall that at Mr. Fatheazam's meeting with the N.S.A. one of the Japanese members brought up the concept of God, saying that the Bahá'í concept did not exist among the Japanese. Mr. Fatheazam responded that no one can have any meaningful concept of God—the Writings make clear that we cannot know or conceive of God directly. We should focus our attention on the Manifestation and through Him draw near to God. Another thing I remember Mr. Fatheazam stressing is the power of the Word of God. He said when he was a pioneer in India, the N.S.A. there decided to send excerpts from the Writings for every day of the year to each believer in the community, and this seemed to energize the community, leading to an increase in enrollments. Translation of literature was crucial, Mr. Fatheazam said, as otherwise the believers did not have access to the Word. At a talk at the

Bahá'í Center Mr. Fatheazam made a simple suggestion: if you are not already doing so, please talk about the Faith to at least one non-Bahá'í person every week. This should not be so difficult; if it is, it probably means that you are too timid or do not get out enough, and yet if you follow this suggestion, and pray to Bahá'u'lláh to assist you, it can transform your life and your listener's life. To a woman who was a housewife busy with kids who asked him how she could serve the Faith when she was tied to the home, Mr. Fatheazam said to raise her children as Bahá'ís—there was no service of any kind more important for the Faith. One person lamented that there was much about the Faith he did not understand, and Mr. Fatheazam said that while there are things that are difficult, in some cases maybe impossible, to understand, understanding would come naturally in other cases: for instance, it is difficult for a child to understand the concept of "maturity", but once that child matures into an adult, it is comprehensible. Asked how to have a relationship with the Manifestation, Mr. Fatheazam said the number of ways to the Manifestation is equal to the number of people in the world: everyone's relationship with the Manifestation is unique.

During the elections of the Universal House of Justice in Haifa the Fatheazams always invited the Japanese delegation to dinner at their home. Mr. Fatheazam encouraged me to write the histories. At one of those dinners he told me I had done a service for the Faith compiling *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*. He said the tablets and letters found in *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* should be the Japan community's guide and that they had been his guide. I was pleased to hear that the book had been a service, and hoped that it was true. Through the many years I have learned to take nothing for granted; we never know how our service, our lives, will be accepted by Bahá'u'lláh and what the end will be.

Dr. Peter Khan also visited Japan, in the '90s, Japan being in his area of responsibility. I was not serving on the N.S.A. and did not have the privilege of attending his meetings with the Assembly. If I am any judge, there are not many people in the world more capable than Peter, or his wife Janet—I think there are many in Haifa, the U.S., where he lived for many years, and his native Australia who would agree.

David Hofman visited Japan in 1990, two years after he completed his service as a member of the Universal House of Justice. Mr.

Hofman, accompanied by Motoko Caldwell, wife of veteran pioneer Jenabe Caldwell[79;*224*], and me, called on a well-known television announcer and commentator, Taro Kimura. The two gentlemen got along very well, as Mr. Hofman had worked in Britain as a BBC radio announcer many years earlier, and he and Mr. Kimura discussed the broadcasting business as well as the Faith. Mr. Hofman and I had a much-loved mutual acquaintance: his wife. I knew Marion Holley Hofman from the Geyserville Bahá'í School days, and my grandmother Mary Burland had something to do with introducing Marion's mother Grace Holley to the Bahá'í Faith (see earlier in this memoir). Such relationships are common among Bahá'ís of my generation.

David and Margaret Ruhe visited Japan in 1986. When Dr. Ruhe was secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly of the United States I often corresponded with him as part of my duties, but I did not meet him until 1968 at the second International Convention in Haifa. Dr. Ruhe and I sat together during the election proceedings, and I remember saying to myself before the results were announced, "I am sitting next to a new member of the Universal House of Justice"—and it turned out I was. David and Margaret were so cordial whenever I saw them through the years. When I was in Haifa for the elections they invited me to dinner, and when they visited Japan I was happy to welcome them at the airport on behalf of the National Spiritual Assembly. I have always thought they are an example: both attractive, cultured, intellectual, dedicated, and knowledgeable Bahá'ís. It seems to me they were destined for each other, that they were a perfect fit. In his talks Dr. Ruhe showed an impressive grasp of many subjects, especially of history, and it was an education to listen to him. In 1921 'Abdu'l-Bahá wrote a prayer for Margaret and her sister, which Margaret once wrote out for me. The prayer says that the sisters "may . . . attain to the utmost luster and luminosity." Margaret and David Ruhe both have a way of illuminating the space around them.[80;*224*]

Yankee Leong

I can't remember when I first met Yankee Leong—it was some time back in the 1960s. There was something so pure-hearted about this man. His goodness was infectious. Yankee Leong was the first Bahá'í

in Malaysia. He was born in Malaysia (then the British colony of Malaya) of Chinese ancestry. He was told about the Faith by Shirin Fozdar—there was an amazing woman!—in the late 1940s and early '50s, and he attended a World Federalist Conference in Hiroshima in 1952 and happened to sit next to Agnes Alexander. How could he not become a Bahá'í?!

Yankee Leong visited Japan on several occasions, and I would spend much time with him whenever he was here—my bounty. Once in Hong Kong we were on a teaching team which went into the New Territories. We got together in Singapore in January 1971 at the Bahá'í Center during the International Conference. We sat together at the Canberra Conference in Australia in 1982. And in Japan, I remember picking him up at the airport when someone put him on the wrong flight from Taiwan and it arrived in Tokyo instead of Osaka. Yankee and Leong Tat Chee, another great Malaysian Bahá'í, traveled through Asian countries in the 1960s to teach the Chinese: Hong Kong, Macau, Taiwan, the Philippines. Malaysia formed its first N.S.A. in 1964 and, of course, Yankee was elected to that body. He visited Japan in the '70s and '80s in his capacity as member of the Asian Board of Counsellors.

Yankee's grandson Henry Ong wrote a book entitled *Uncle Yankee* and Yankee presented me a copy, writing the following on the title page:

> Dearly Beloved Barbara,
> Humbly supplicating Bahá'u'lláh to shower His choicest bounty and blessing and confirm all your work for God's Cause in Japan, at all times. Our days on earth will quickly pass by. The day will come when Bahá'u'lláh will welcome us to His eternal home; let us serve His Cause to the last ounce of our strength, the last day of our lives. Please pray, and inspire our dear Japanese Bahá'ís to arise and serve, for time is short.

It was a privilege to have known Yankee Leong.

They were not visitors to Japan, rather residents, and they have been extraordinary in their commitment to service in this country. They are my fellow—shall I say—"Crusaders", i.e., pioneers who answered the call of the Guardian during the first Global Crusade: Abbas and Rizvaniyyih Katirai, Ataullah and Mahin Moghbel, and Ruhollah and Puran Momtazi, together with Ruhi's parents Nureddin and Behjat. Iran, the Cradle of the Faith, gave forth many such devoted souls, who spread around the world in service to the Cause of Bahá'u'lláh. These three families settled in the Kansai region, and have rendered all kinds of service to the Faith over the years, ranging from distinguished membership in the appointive and elective branches of the Administrative Order to generous donations of funds and property to the Faith. They were not, of course, the only Iranian pioneers to come to Japan, nor was I the only American, but we were unique in that we came during the Ten-Year Crusade and never left.

The families suffered hardships in the early years, and had to struggle to build their Bahá'í communities and their businesses, but accomplished both very successfully. They were always hospitable to me when I visited Kansai for the annual Bahá'í Summer School and on other occasions, and to daughter Sandra when she lived in the area in the early 1970s while teaching at the Canadian Academy in Kobe; son Sheridan married one of the Momtazi daughters, Laily. The families have great stories to tell of their lives in Iran before pioneering and of their nearly 50 years in Japan. I do hope they will write down their experiences.

Final chapter

It is one of the sadnesses of life—the death of one's parents. It is expected, of course, but it does not lessen the pain caused by the knowledge that one will never see them again, in this life.

In 1975 I visited my parents, Helen and Harry, in Berkeley, California. I had two weeks of leave from my job in Tokyo. Harry's eyesight was steadily deteriorating, and for a man who had spent so much of his life in his pastimes of reading history and genealogical

research, it was a heavy blow. When I left Berkeley to return to Japan, I took a taxi from their apartment down to the waterfront, which had helicopter service to San Francisco Airport. Helen and Harry stood on their second-floor balcony to see me off as I got into the taxi. I remember looking up and saying to myself "I'll never see Dad again." Harry passed away the following February, just a few days before his 91st birthday, from cancer. I have a letter he wrote at about the time he checked in to the hospital, and he was as he always was, succinct and stolid. He spent two weeks in the hospital before slipping away into the next life. I saw a dream of Harry not long ago. He was wearing his usual brown suit, walking slightly hunched, with a thoughtful expression on his face—he looked exactly as I remembered him. He didn't say anything, but he didn't have to. The dream was reassuring in its simplicity.

Helen moved into a comfortable retirement home in Berkeley, where I visited her a few times. In April 1982 I got a telephone call from my brother Ed. I knew Helen was in hospital being treated for cancer. Ed said she was sinking and if I wanted to see her a last time I should come as soon as possible. I was there in a couple of days and stayed two weeks, at the home of my sister Margaret in Alameda. When I arrived Helen was in the hospice next to the hospital. She was taking oral drugs for pain and was quite lucid, but as the days progressed she had injections for pain and finally fell into a coma. A week and a half after I arrived Helen passed away. Just after she departed Margaret and I were saying prayers in her room, and there was a distinct aroma of attar of roses. The room had no flowers, perfume bottles, or flasks of attar—the aroma could not have had a material origin.

Recently I was reading through some of the letters Helen wrote to me. In one dated December 27, 1981 she wrote "You speak of your 28 years in Japan . . . I have missed you every day of that time so it has been my sacrifice, too." When I compiled *Traces That Remain* I dedicated the book to my grandmother Mary and Helen. The reason is that 'Abdu'l-Bahá stated good deeds done in a departed person's name would redound to the benefit of that person's soul in the next life. (I am assuming the book was a good deed.) Daughter Sandra and I partly

deputized a pioneer in Sakhalin Island, Russia for two years in the names of my father and my sister's husband, Albert Cavanaugh, neither of whom was a Bahá'í. That pioneer, Beth McKenty—a dear friend, a former Auxiliary Board member in the U.S., a former pioneer in Japan and China, and currently a pioneer in the far north of her native Canada [81;*224*]—had their photos with her and regularly prayed for them. The departed seem closer if we can offer service in their names.

Rúḥíyyih Khánum said some wonderful things that I have often thought about. She said that in the next life we would "dance with joy" at the reunion with loved ones. She also said that sometimes when she was in difficulty she would call on her mother in the next world for help. Of course this was no substitute for calling on the Central Figures, but she said she thought there was no good reason not to ask her mother to intercede. Rúḥíyyih Khánum further said that according to the Writings intercession is mutual: we in this world can intercede in behalf of departed loved ones, praying for the progress of their souls through the other worlds of God.

In fact, we are advised to intercede specifically for our parents by the Manifestation Himself: the Báb states

> It is seemly that the servant should, after each prayer, supplicate God to bestow mercy and forgiveness upon his parents. . . . Blessed is he who remembereth his parents when communing with God. . . .

As if with this precept in mind, Bahá'u'lláh has revealed a prayer:

> O God, my God! I implore Thee by the blood of Thy true lovers, who were so enraptured by Thy sweet utterance that they hastened unto the Pinnacle of Glory, the site of the most glorious martyrdom, and I beseech Thee by the mysteries which lie enshrined in Thy knowledge and by the pearls that are treasured in the ocean of Thy bounty, to grant forgiveness unto me and unto my father and my mother. . . .

The Báb, too, has linked one's own divine forgiveness and that of one's parents:

> . . . I beg of Thee to wash away our sins as befitteth Thy Lordship, and to forgive me, my parents, and those who in Thy estimation have entered the abode of Thy love . . .

That you can implore God by the divine mysteries and bounties and by the blood of His true lovers makes you realize what an extraordinary privilege intercessory prayer is. ‘Abdu’l-Bahá says “This is one of the infinite bestowals of this Dispensation.”[82;*225*]

When I was young or comparatively young I never thought about growing old. As I have done so, my perspective on life has changed, and in contemplative mode I have found myself thinking not so much about my remaining time here as about an eternity to be spent elsewhere. Perhaps it is natural for one’s thoughts to drift to the next life, away from the unpleasant realities of old age in this life. Existence in the other worlds of God, according to the Writings, can be rewarding, depending on how one has lived one’s life here, and depending on God’s mercy. I would very much like to meet some of my recent ancestors whom I mention earlier in this memoir, and by God’s grace I hope to do so. Meanwhile, even as I look forward to the end of this life journey and the beginning of the next with joyful anticipation, I have decided to live my remaining time here fully, to detach myself from trivial cares, to be less concerned about the unknown. Because I say it not infrequently, I have grown fond of the short prayer in the Kitáb-i-Aqdas which we can recite when natural events that cause fear occur:

> Dominion is God’s, the Lord of the seen and the unseen, the Lord of creation.

When we have an earthquake or typhoon in Tokyo, which is fairly often, I recite the prayer and forget the trouble. What will be, will be.

“Japan will turn ablaze!” That is ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s prophecy of the spiritual future of Japan. I suppose the purpose of my life as a pioneer is to have helped fan the Fire of God. I can only hope that I have done what God willed to be my share, and I trust that the Fire in Japan and in other countries will grow into a raging blaze that sweeps the planet.

Photographs

Circa 1939, at the Geyserville Bahá'í Summer School in California. On the left, my mother Helen Rutledge (left) and my grandmother Mary Burland, On the right, in front of the Bosch residence, me (right), John Bosch next to me, the artist Mark Tobey next to him; regrettably I can't identify the lady.

1944. With my husband, Charles A. "Sandy" Sims, who had been born in Japan to parents who were attached to the Methodist Mission in Kobe. This photo was taken during the Second World War, when Sandy visited California on leave from the war front in the Pacific, where he served on U.S. Navy aircraft carriers as a radio intelligence officer, putting his Japanese-language skills to use.

1954. The L.S.A. of Tokyo. Seated: Kotoko Mochizuki, me (sec'y), Yuriko Furukawa, and Fusae Ishige (rec. sec'y). Standing: Hiroyasu Takano (vice-chair), Y. A. Rafaat, Tameo Hongo (chairman), Goro Horioka (treas.), Yuzo Yamaguchi. Ms. Furukawa (née Mochizuki) was the first Japanese woman to become a Bahá'í. She translated the Hidden Words into Japanese.

1955. The Nikko Conference, or more formally the Asian Regional Teaching Conference. It was sponsored by the N.S.A. of the U.S. and organized by the Tokyo L.S.A. Half of all Japanese Bahá'ís attended, as did all of the pioneers in Japan and several Bahá'ís from other countries. Hand of the Cause Mr. Khadem (in the middle) was the representative of the Guardian. To the viewer's right of Mr. Khadem is Agnes Alexander and to the viewer's left of him is Javidukht Khadem; immediately in front of Mr. Khadem, holding the Greatest Name, is Saichiro Fujita. The conference was a success and served as an impetus for the progress of the Faith in Northeast Asia.

1957. The first National (sometimes called Regional) Spiritual Assembly of North East Asia. In the front, at left, Charlotte Linfoot, representing the U.S. N.S.A., Hand of the Cause Jalal Khazeh, representing the Guardian, and Assembly members Agnes Alexander (who had been appointed Hand of the Cause a month earlier) and me (recording secretary). Standing: Assembly members Nureddin Momtazi (treasurer), William Maxwell (chairman, pioneering in Korea), Michitoshi Zenimoto, Hiroyasu Takano (vice-chairman, the only Japanese Bahá'í other than Saichiro Fujita to meet the Guardian), Philip Marangella, Y.A. Rafaat (secretary), and Ataullah Moghbel. A letter written on behalf of Shoghi Effendi stated that the Guardian was "very happy to see that your Assembly has represented on it members of the three great races of mankind, a living demonstration of the fundamental teaching of our Holy Faith."

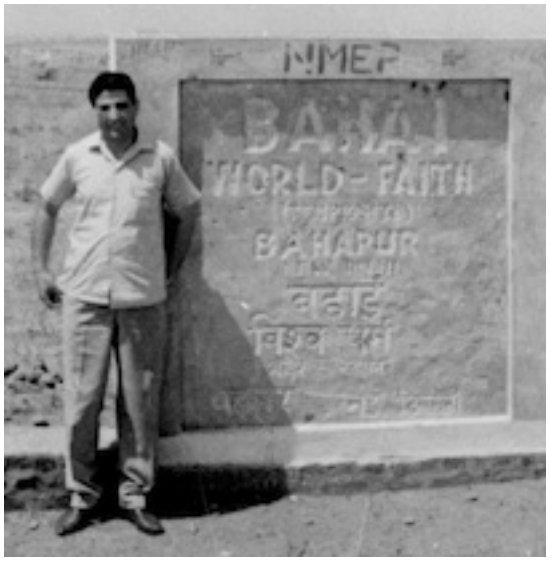
Late 1950s. The old Bahá'í Center in Tokyo. It had been fixed up by Larry Hamilton, attached to the U.S. Armed Forces, who lived there with wife Virginia for a time. We were all fond of the ramshackle structure, which was replaced by a multi-story building in the early 1980s.

Late 1950s. Two of my hobbies at the time. I learned to play the *koto*; here I am in the living room of our Japanese-style house in Meguro, Tokyo. For exercise I practiced *aikido*. I took part in an exhibition and tossed my instructor, with his considerable cooperation. The *aikido* hall was and still is located near the Bahá'í Center. My hobbies got me an appearance on the television program *Watashi no Himitsu* (lit. "My Secret")—a Japanese version of the old U.S. show "What's My Line?"—and I managed to stump the panel, after which I gave a demonstration.

1958. With my son Sheridan near our house in Meguro Ward, Tokyo.

1961. Mamie Seto, at the right, came to Japan to visit her husband Tony's grave at the Yokohama Foreigners' Cemetery. She was accompanied by Phil Marangella, Akiko Schreiber, whose husband Eugene took the photo, and me. The Setos pioneered from the U.S. to Hong Kong at the outset of the Ten-Year Plan. They came to Japan to attend the first North East Asia Convention in 1957, and Tony passed away suddenly at the airport on the return to Hong Kong. He was the first Chinese-American Bahá'í and Mamie a former member of the U.S. National Spiritual Assembly.

1962. I sometimes worked as a movie extra at Toho Studios. Our house in the Tokyo suburb of Seijo was close to the Toho lot. It was fun and provided me with extra funds. Sandy, Sandra, and Sheridan also got movie and TV parts over the years. Here I am with actor Akira Takarada on a set. He is known to Western film fans for his roles in the "Godzilla" movies.



1963. When I stopped in India on my way to the first International Convention in the Holy Land, the N.S.A. secretary, Iranian pioneer Hushmand Fatheazam, kindly showed me the site of the future House of Worship, near New Delhi. I took this photo at the site, at that time a barren plain. A few days later Mr. Fatheazam was elected to the Universal House of Justice.

1963. At the London Congress. This photo was taken in Albert Hall between sessions. Kim Chang-zin, the first Korean Bahá'í, is in the middle. He was invited by the N.S.A. of North East Asia to attend the Congress. At that time Korea was under the jurisdiction of that Assembly. From the left, the others are Michitoshi Zenimoto (later to be appointed Counsellor), Dr. Ikuo Mizuno (a physician who translated the Kitáb-i-Íqán from English into Japanese), Masazo Odani, and me, all Assembly members. We had just come from the first International Convention in Haifa. It was almost too much for me to absorb—first Haifa, then London.

1964. Meeting a family in an Ainu village in the northernmost main island of Hokkaido. I went on a teaching trip with Mr. G.V. Tehrani, an Iranian pioneer in Hokkaido, and a young Japanese believer, Shozo Inoue. Several persons signed enrollment cards, but we did not have the resources to deepen them except to send literature. Many years later some Bahá'ís met one of the families, who said they always considered themselves to be Bahá'ís, although isolated.

1964. The first teaching conference in Hokkaido. About 60 persons attended. This shows some of the attendees in front of a traditional Ainu house. Hand of the Cause Agnes Alexander is seated holding the Greatest Name. Famed potter Bernard Leach is in the last row, behind Ms. Alexander.

1966. Hand of the Cause Tarazullah Samandari with members of the Spiritual Assembly of North East Asia, taken during his visit to Japan. Sitting: me, Dr. Ikuo Mizuno, Mr. Samandari, Philip Marangella, Standing, from left: Ruhollah Momtazi (Auxiliary Board member, two years later to be appointed Counsellor), Hiroshi Yamazaki (Assembly chairman), Abbas Katirai (later to be appointed Counsellor and, together with his wife Rizvaniyyih, named Knight of Bahá'u'lláh for Sakhalin Island, Russia), Ataullah Moghbel (treasurer, later to manage the Bahá'í Publishing Trust of Japan), Masazo Odani, and Hideya Suzuki (later the first Japanese to be appointed Counsellor).

1967. Hand of the Cause Agnes Alexander spent two years in a hospital in Tokyo with a broken hip, sustained in a fall. The Bahá'ís often visited her. From the left: Yoshio Tanaka, me, Yuriko Furukawa, unrecognized, Chiyo Suzuki, obscured, Emmanuel "Manny" Rock (a British believer who embraced the Faith in the South Pacific in the 1950s), Ruth Walbridge (recruited by Hand of the Cause Dr. Muhajir from her pioneer post in the Philippines to be Ms. Alexander's private nurse), Jack Davis (a pioneer in the Philippines), Hiroshi Yamazaki, Toshie Yamada, Phil Marangella, and Dr. Ikuo Mizuno. Ms. Furukawa (née Mochizuki), as mentioned previously, was the first Japanese woman to accept the Faith, having done so 50 years earlier. Agnes was her teacher and they were very close.

1967. At a conference in New Delhi, India. I enjoyed meeting Bahá'ís from various countries at international conferences, including these friends from Tibet.

1969. Teaching trip in the New Territories, Hong Kong. Hand of the Cause A.Q. Faizi has his arm around a newly-declared Bahá'í.

1971. At the Singapore Conference. Several Bahá'ís happened to be at the entrance of the hall when Hand of the Cause Enoch Olinga, the representative of the Universal House of Justice, arrived. He greeted each person in turn. Hand of the Cause Collis Featherstone is at the right.

1975. The last photo taken of the Rutledge family all together, in California. Seated are Helen and Harry. Around them are the kids, from left, Hal, me, Edward, Margaret, and David.

1978. Three generations together. Little Helen was named after my mother and is the first of the fifth generation of Bahá'ís in the family. With my daughter Sandra.

1978. During the International Convention. ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum kindly posed with me on the steps of the House of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá in Haifa.

1980. I visited the family of the second Japanese Bahá’í, Saichiro Fujita, in Yanai, Yamaguchi Prefecture. Standing in front of the family rice shop is his nephew, Hideo, and Hideo’s wife. I was looking for material about Fujita-san’s life, but the family had few mementos of him.

1982. The N.S.A.s of Australia and Japan met during the Canberra Conference. Three Counsellors also attended the meeting. We discussed the “spiritual axis” between Japan and Australia, as described by the Guardian.

1983. The International Convention. The members of the N.S.A. of Japan were invited to tea by ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum. Several N.S.A. members of other Asian communities appear in the photo. The Japan Assembly members are: front row, left, Nobuko Iwakura (later appointed Counsellor); third from left, Yuzo Yamaguchi; me; Shigenobu Hayashi; in the back, third from left, Toshio Suzuki; fourth from left, Hiroyasu Takano; immediately above me, slightly obscured, Tomo Fushimi; immediately above Miss Fushimi, slightly obscured, Ataullah Moghbel; at right, Abbas Katirai.

1990. Motoko Caldwell and I accompanied David Hofman, former Universal House of Justice member, on a visit to the office of a well-known Japanese television newscaster, Taro Kimura. Motoko took this photo and I took one of her with the two gentlemen. They discussed the Faith and also "talked shop"—Mr. Hofman having been an announcer with the BBC in England decades earlier. Mr. Kimura spoke English well, having been posted as a correspondent in Washington, D.C.

1991. I have earned a living over the years teaching English-language classes. Here I am with first-year students at a college in Yokohama.

1999. My newlywed son Sheridan and daughter-in-law Laily. At the right are Laily's parents, Puran and Ruhollah Momtazi. This marriage is so far the only between children of pioneers to Japan.

2001. Daughter Sandra and me at grandson John's graduation from Maxwell International Bahá'í School in Canada. Granddaughter Helen, who also attended Maxwell, is on the right.

Appendix: 1968 International Convention photos

The photos here are a selection, chosen by the editor, from an album Barbara Sims made of the 1968 International Convention in Haifa and of stops in Turkey and Iran on the way home to Japan. These photos are not a part of the original memoir. Captions are the editor's (Ms. Sims does not provide captions for most of the photos in the album).

Hand of the Cause Ugo Giacherry on the left; Marion Holley Hofman talking with Hand of the Cause Bill Sears center right, and Hand of the Cause Collis Featherstone between them. Ms. Hofman and Ms. Sims were friends from their youth days in California U.S.A., and together with Mr. Sears were regulars at the Geyserville Bahá'í School there. Ms. Sims' grandmother Mary "Mollie" Burland and the Holley family were from Visalia, California, and Mary brought Isabella Brittingham, the Bahá'í teacher and lecturer, to Visalia to speak, an occasion that introduced the Holley family to the Faith.

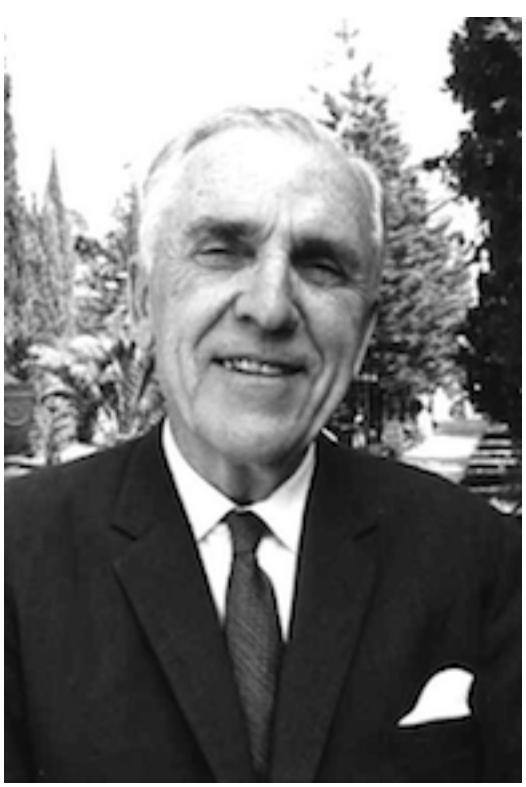
Hand of the Cause Collis Featherstone, of Australia, with Barbara Sims and fellow North East Asia Spiritual Assembly member Eugene Schreiber. Ms. Sims' family and Mr. Featherstone's national community shared spiritual parents: Clara Davis Dunn and John Henry Hyde Dunn.

Precious gifts of the Cradle of the Faith to the world: Hands of the Cause Shu'a'ullah Ala'i, Jalal Khazeh, Zikrullah Khadem, and Abul-Qasim Faizi.

‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum with North East Asia Spiritual Assembly members (from left) Eugene Schreiber, Abbas Katirai, Barbara Sims, Tahereh Kazempour, Ataullah Moghbel, Philip Marangella, and Hideya Suzuki. Rúḥíyyih Khánum is wearing a *kimono* the Assembly presented her.

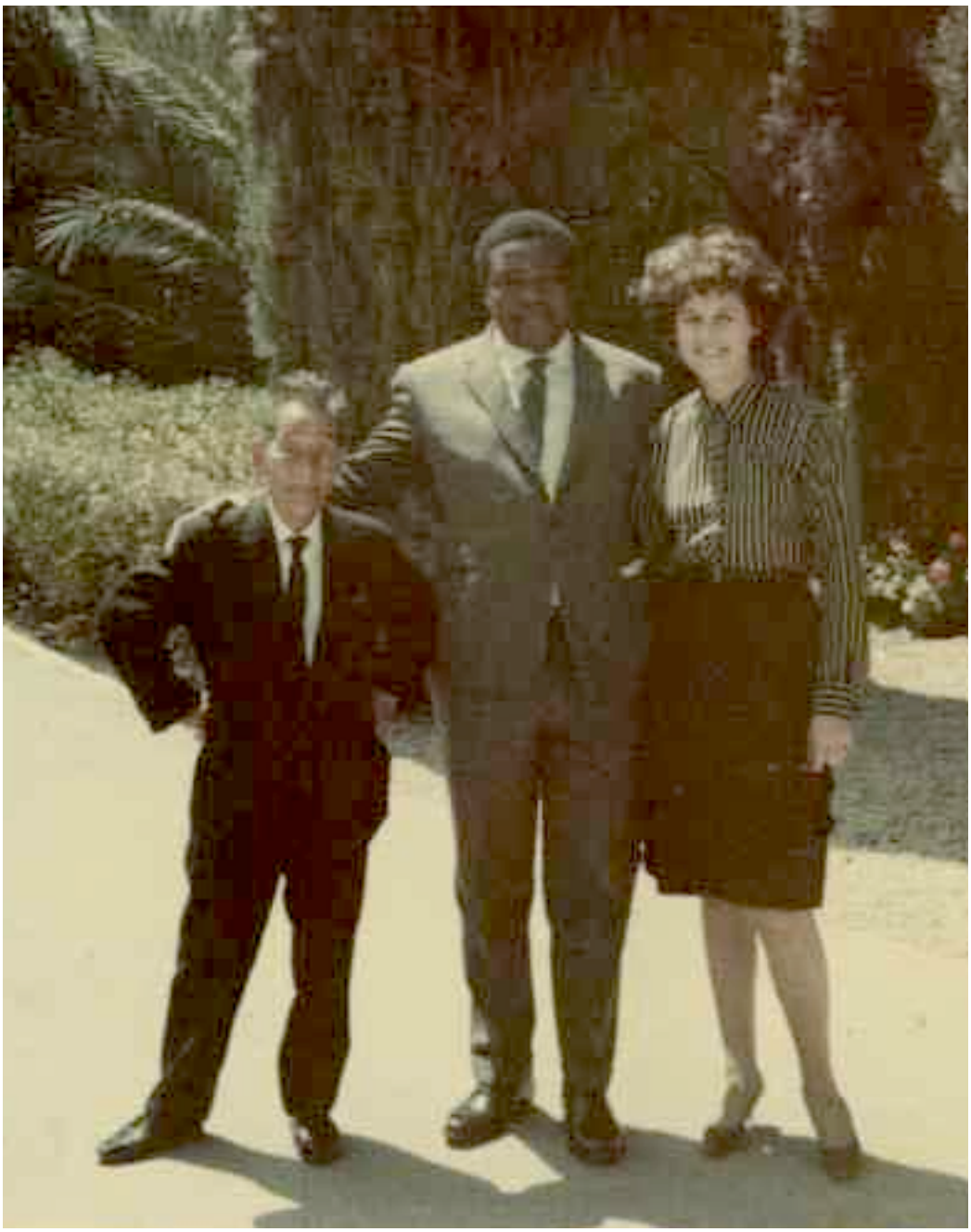
‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum and
ever-present, ever-reliable Violette Nakhjavani.

Riḍván Feast.



Hands of the Cause John Robarts, Enoch Olinga, and Bill Sears. These photos may not have been taken by Ms. Sims or by her camera. They are somewhat more sharply focused than the other photos in the album, and are posed at (unusually) close range, almost like portraits. They may have been taken by a professional photographer, perhaps by someone on the World Center staff, or perhaps by Ms. Sims' fellow Assembly member Gene Schreiber, an avid photographer. One would not expect, though, any of the delegates to get this close, one-on-one, for a photo, however forbearing the Hands were.

Power trio of pioneers, with a significant other. From the left, William Maxwell, Philip Marangella, and John McHenry III, with Ok-sun McHenry. Among them, the three pioneers accounted for all continents except Australia and Antarctica. All three served in Japan and/or Korea, where John met Ok-sun. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. McHenry were soon to be appointed Counsellor for Northwest Africa and Northeast Asia respectively.



Hand of the Cause Enoch Olinga
with Saichiro Fujita and Barbara Sims.

From the left, Angus Cowan, Douglas Martin, and Donald Glen of the N.S.A. of Canada. Mr. Martin and Ms. Sims were occasionally in contact as secretaries of their respective National Assemblies (there is a photo in the album of Mr. Martin and Ms. Sims sitting together). Mr. Glen served as Treasurer of the Canada Assembly, Mr. Cowan was to be appointed Counsellor for North America in 1976, and Mr. Martin was to be elected to the Universal House of Justice in 1993. (Thanks to Mary Prough and her correspondents for the identification of Mr. Glen.)

Ms. Sims with Knight of Bahá'u'lláh Lillian Ala'i (middle) and Mary Tuataga of the South Pacific Regional Assembly. Three of the original members of the Sisterhood of the Spiritual Axis.

The International Convention in session. This photo was taken by staff and appeared in the June 1968 issue of the *Bahá'í News*, published by the U.S. N.S.A. Perhaps the photo was distributed to the delegates. Though difficult to see, Hands of the Cause and Universal House of Justice members are seated in the front rows, including Tarazullah Samandari and Hushmand Fatheazam together very front and center, and Amoz Gibson and Ali Nakhjavani on the right. Somehow Ms. Sims managed to get a seat in the third row, on the aisle, just left of center (in the light-colored top, arms crossed). One assumes she did not have to make use of her martial art training in *aikido* to get that seat.

The newly-elected Universal House of Justice at the moment it presented itself to the delegates. From the left, David Ruhe, Hugh Chance, Borrah Kavelin, David Hofman, Charles Wolcott, Ian Semple, Hushmand Fatheazam, Ali Nakhjavani, Amoz Gibson.

The Collins Gate to the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh, Bahjí.
Ms. Sims with fellow N.E. Asia Assembly member Hideya Suzuki.

Hand of the Cause Tarazullah Samandari at Riḍván Garden. He first visited the Garden nearly 80 years earlier when he attained the presence of Bahá'u'lláh. A few months after this photo was taken Mr. Samandari winged his way to the real Paradise.

The main hall of the Mansion of Bahá'u'lláh at Bahjí.

The room of Bahá'u'lláh at Mazra'ih.

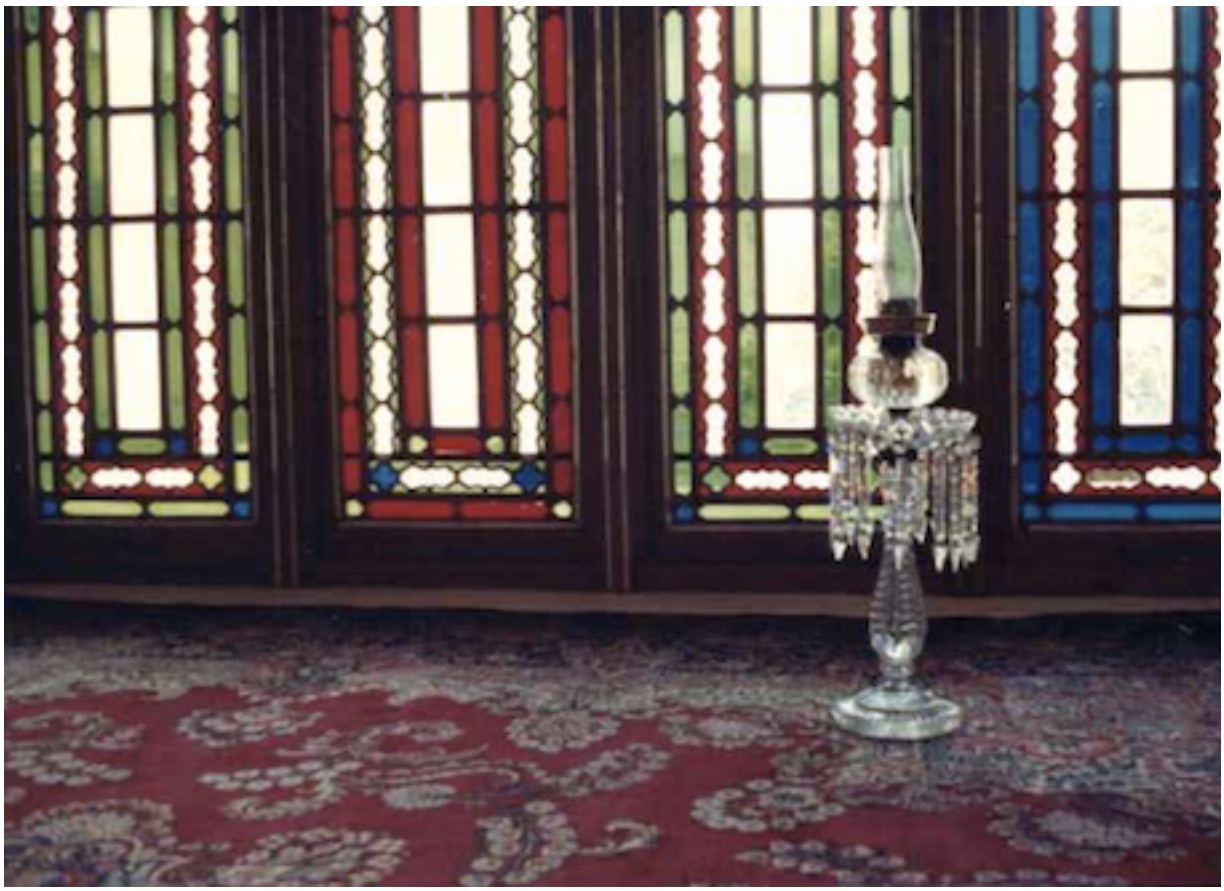
Istanbul, Turkey. At the entrance of the site of the future House of Worship, with the formidable Sami Doktoroglu, a great figure of the Turkish Bahá'í community and the person who found the site.

Istanbul, Turkey. The view from the site of the future House of Worship, overlooking the Bosporus Strait. Unfortunately the photo is not clear, because of camera limitations and perhaps hazy weather. Ms. Sims writes in her memoir that it is a beautiful site.

Edirne (Adrianople), Turkey. The House from which the divine Message was proclaimed and the summons issued to the rulers of the world; also where the Tablet of Aḥmad was revealed.

Ṭihrán, Iran. The House where Bahá'u'lláh was born.

Ms. Sims with Iranian friends at the Bahá'í Summer School site north of Ṭihrán. The school had opened a few years earlier. Fellow North East Asia Assembly member Abbas Katirai (second from left but difficult to see) kindly hosted Ms. Sims during her visit to Iran.



Shíráz, Iran. The House of the Báb.
The spot where a new Era in human history dawned.

The spot where a Cycle of at least 500,000 years dawned.

The steps that Mullá Ḥusayn
ascended in wonder and
descended in bliss.

Iṣfahán, Iran.
The graves of the Twin Martyrs (above)
and Keith Ransom-Kehler.

1978. Another photo of ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum in a *kimono*, but this one taken in Japan. This picture is not a part of the memoir or the photo-album, but is irresistible.

Editor's Notes

1;*10*. Formal enrollment procedures did not exist in the U.S. Bahá'í community at that time, and it was usual for persons to profess their belief in the Cause by writing to 'Abdu'l-Bahá. These professions, however, along with all kinds of other letters, amounted to an enormous volume of correspondence for 'Abdu'l-Bahá, and in a number of accounts written by pilgrims and residents of Haifa it is remarked how much of His time was occupied in dictating, or Himself writing, replies to letters from around the world that would be piled in mounds before Him. Some Bahá'ís recount that He would answer letters until He was too exhausted to continue—this surely was one of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's greatest services, as that correspondence sustained the believers during whatever tests and turmoils they faced.

2;*11*. In many parts of the United States in those days it was unthinkable for an African-American to lodge in the same building as European-Americans. Even in many of the more tolerant areas it was not a common occurrence.

3;*14*. The editor has substituted "Ms." for "Miss" and "Mrs." throughout this version of the memoir. (Pace 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum.)

4;*15*. A historical tidbit, researched by Barbara Sims' father Harry Rutledge, concerning her maternal great-great-grandfather William North Steuben, mentioned here and in the previous section: Those readers with some familiarity with the American Revolutionary War will recognize the names "William North" and "Steuben". William North Steuben's father, Jonathan Arnold (not the Continental Army surgeon of that name), served under Baron von Steuben, the Prussian general who fought for the Americans in the Revolutionary War. General von Steuben had an aide, William North, and William North Steuben was his namesake. When Benedict Arnold infamously betrayed the revolutionary cause and went over to the British side, Jonathan Arnold changed his name to "Steuben" with the general's approval, perhaps at his urging. The editor has not recently examined Harry Rutledge's genealogical charts and is not certain whether Jonathan Arnold and Benedict Arnold were related, but they were both born in Connecticut Colony and might have been.

5;*16*. April 17, 1918 – April 24, 2002. Passed away in Tokyo.

6;*16*. d. 2005.

7;*17*. Mírzá ‘Asadu’lláh Fáḍil-i-Mázandarání, the great teacher and scholar.

8;*19*. According to U.S. federal government records labelled “Final Accountability Rosters of Evacuees at Relocation Centers 1942-1946” and available online, for most of the Second World War all but one of the 14 members of Kanichi Yamamoto’s family were confined to internment camps—euphemistically called “Relocation Centers”—as were most Japanese-Americans. While the third oldest son, Masao, served in the U.S. Army (ironically enough) and avoided internment, the two oldest sons, Hiroshi and Shinji, were sent to the Topaz internment camp in Utah and the other members of the family to the Gila River camp in Arizona. Hiroshi was later transferred to Gila River, and Shinji was released from Topaz early (i.e., before war’s end), having found employment as an architect in Madison, Wisconsin, where he lived for the rest of his life, eventually becoming State Architect and a consultant on the Bahá’í House of Worship in Wilmette, Illinois. A family photo, taken in 1937 (and provided to Ms. Sims by Shinji Yamamoto), can be seen in *Traces that Remain* (online at www.bahai-library.com/sims_traces_that_remain) p. 14.

In the hardcopy edition of *Traces that Remain* p. 15 it is stated that the Yamamoto family were confined in a camp in Parlier, California during WW2, but that is inaccurate. In the first half of 1942, following Executive Order 9066 and the subsequent proclamation of exclusion zones by the U.S. military, Japanese-American families living in coastal areas of California moved inland, either on their own or on transport arranged by the military, mostly to farm towns in the Central Valley of California, such as Parlier. From “Assembly Centers” in Fresno and Pinedale they were “processed” in the latter half of 1942 to the Relocation Centers (i.e., permanent internment camps) further inland, such as the Gila River, Topaz, and Manzanar facilities.

9;*20*. Touché to Ms. Sims on this point! As far as this editor is aware, the American Bahá’ís did not give flippant nicknames like “Fudge” or “Moto” to one another or to the Iranian believers—only to the two Japanese. Also, Fujita-san (“san” functions like “Mr.” or “Ms.”) may have been addressed as simply “Fujita” by American Bahá’ís, but certainly not by Japanese Bahá’ís, for whom it would have been unthinkable to fail to use proper honorifics. One wonders if it was too much effort for the American Bahá’ís to say “Mr. Fujita” or “Fujita-

san"—or "Saichiro" or "Harriston" (or "Sy" or "Harry") for that matter. One can hardly imagine Horace Holley or Louis Gregory always being called simply "Holley" or "Gregory" to his face by other Bahá'ís.

10;*22*. For much of the last two years of the Second World War Charles A. "Sandy" Sims, 1915-1998, served on the staff of Admiral Marc Mitscher, commander of the Fast Carrier Task Force, the U.S. Navy's primary battle-force in the Pacific theater, whose missions were to engage the Imperial Japanese Navy and to support landings by the Marines and Army on Japanese-held islands. Mr. Sims is mentioned in a number of war histories and biographies, notably Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison's classic *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*, although his specific duty as a radio intelligence officer is not discussed in the earlier works, as such information was not declassified until the 1980s.

11;*26*. Agnes Alexander states in her *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* pp. 5-6 that a "Prof. Barakatullah" arranged the first public talk Howard Struven and C.M. Remey gave on their visit to Japan in 1909. This was Abdul-Hafiz Mohamed Barakatullah, who soon left Japan and eventually made a name for himself in the West and in his native India as a fiery religio-political polemicist. Japan in those days attracted reformists and revolutionaries of various stripes from across Asia, who were inspired by its overthrow of a dictatorial shogunate, its subsequent rapid modernization, its re-establishment of imperial rule and incorporation of the imperial system into the modernization program, its establishment of a nationalist ideology, its defeat of Imperial China and Imperial Russia, regarded as decadent and backward, in wars, and its insistence on being treated by Western powers as an equal in diplomatic and commercial matters. Barakatullah worked as an editor of a Bahá'í journal published in the United States in the very early 1900s, and Remey seems to have regarded him as a Bahá'í, calling him a "believer" and "brother" (the latter being a term used in those days among Bahá'ís to refer to male believers) in articles appearing in *Star of the West* magazine—although this may be no more than a matter of Remey's lack of perspicacity or common sense. 'Abdu'l-Bahá was forbearing toward Barakatullah but Ms. Alexander quotes His ultimately harsh judgement ibid. p. 6 (quoting from *Maḥmúd's Diary*).

12;*27*. As anyone who has lived in or studied Japanese culture

or society knows, the teacher occupies an exalted station, not only in education and pedagogy per se but in the fine arts, crafts, martial arts, and ascetic disciplines. While the personal relationship of the teacher and student can make for a relatively smooth intergenerational transmission of knowledge, wisdom, and skill, there can grow in the student an excessive dependence on or attachment to the teacher, manifested in various ways including a tendency to think and act exclusively in relation to the teacher and not in relation to others in society. For the early Japanese Bahá'ís Agnes Alexander was truly a teacher, but when she left Japan, as she periodically did, the Bahá'í community would go dormant.

It has to be mentioned that the Second World War not only deprived the Japanese Bahá'ís of their teacher and mentor for several years, but in some instances of tablets of 'Abdu'l-Bahá they had received and other Bahá'í literature, lost in the turmoil. Great credit must go to the people of Japan, including the Bahá'ís themselves, for rebounding from the utter devastation of total war. It is interesting in this regard that in the pilgrimage notes of Hiroyasu Takano (see notes 26 and 66 herein) Shoghi Effendi is said to have remarked that Japan's suffering during the war qualified it to function as both an attracting and radiating center of the Faith.

13;*30*. The Korean War had ended in an armistice the previous summer, but tensions were still very high. The war was a boon to Japan's economy, because the country served as a base for United Nations operations in Korea. Incidentally, the Korean War formally continues, as it was never ended by treaty, i.e., within the framework of international law. This fact partly explains the high level of tension that has prevailed on the Korean peninsula over the decades.

Ms. Sims' references to "Korea" are to the Republic of Korea, informally South Korea, from 1948 on. Before the Second World War, during the time-period of the initial establishment of the Bahá'í Faith in East Asia, Korea was occupied by Japan.

14;*30*. Y.A. Rafaat (Yadu'lláh Raf'at) had distinguished himself many years earlier, in 1930, as Martha Root's interpreter on her journey through Syria, Iraq, and Iran. After leaving Japan Mr. Rafaat served on the N.S.A. of France and lived in California, U.S.A., passing away there in 1989.

Like quite a few Bahá'ís in Iran, Mr. Rafaat attended Esperanto

classes taught by Muhammad Labib, and like his former language student, Mr. Labib was later a pioneer in Japan: from 1956 to 1963 he lived in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In 1919 during an extended stay in the Holy Land, Muhammad Labib was told by ‘Abdu’l-Bahá that in the future he would teach the Faith in Esperanto in Japan (after Mr. Labib asked ‘Abdu’l-Bahá to interpret a dream he had had), and indeed it was among Esperantists in Hiroshima that Mr. Labib first taught the Faith 37 years later, before moving to Nagasaki, where he lived for most of his stay in Japan and where he gave both Esperanto and English classes. Mr. Labib met Esperantists in Hiroshima quite by accident: he was walking down the street and saw a man wearing the Esperanto symbol, the Verda Stelo (green five-pointed star), and introduced himself to the man in Esperanto. Within a fairly short time of Mr. Labib’s arrival in both Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Spiritual Assemblies were elected. (Among Mr. Labib’s spiritual children in Nagasaki was Kimiko Odamura, later Schwerin, who was to be appointed Counsellor and serve at the International Teaching Center.) In Iran Mr. Labib distinguished himself by establishing the prominent Naw-Nahálán educational fund for children, by teaching at Bahá’í schools, and by assisting Effie Baker in her *Dawn-Breakers* photo-trip. After leaving Japan Mr. Labib pioneered on Rhodes Island, Greece, and later lived in the United States. He passed away in 1981. (On Muhammad Labib see also note 73.)

15;*31*. Philip Marangella embraced the Bahá’í Faith in New York City in 1921 not long after hearing Mírzá ‘Asadu’lláh Fáḍil-i-Mázandarání (Jenab-e-Fazel) speak at Green Acre, and became a prominent speaker and teacher on the U.S. East Coast and periodically elsewhere in the country and in Canada. He later pioneered in Cuba and in Italy, and arrived in Japan in October 1953. His poetry, praised by Shoghi Effendi, can be found in *The Bahá’í World* Vol. V. Mr. Marangella was an accountant by profession and served the Faith, among many other ways, as a financial consultant. He is fondly remembered by this editor for his dignified mien, fine speaking voice and ability, and the red Thunderbird he drove around Tokyo. He passed away in Hong Kong in 1974.

16;*32*. The Simses and the Childs were casually acquainted from the prewar days. Missionary families from around Japan would gather for the summer in the mountain resorts of Karuizawa and Lake

Nojiri, developed by the foreign community. One of the first things Westerners did in every Asian country they settled was establish resorts for themselves in the highlands.

17;*33*. The Ainu are a formerly subjugated aboriginal people who now live mostly in Hokkaido, the northernmost of the four main islands of Japan. Bahá'ís of Ainu ethnicity have served as N.S.A. and Auxiliary Board members in Japan (see also note 73).

18;*34*. Sandy Sims told this editor that one of the frustrating things about working with NHK's orchestra writing pop and jazz arrangements was dealing with the entrenched seniority system—seniority, i.e., personal hierarchy, being a social first principle in Japan. Mr. Sims would leave space in the jazz charts for ad lib (improvised) solos, usually clarinet or trumpet, with the assumption that orchestra members with some jazz experience would take the solos, but the seniority system dictated that the first-chair invariably took any solo, even if he (no shes in those days) had no idea how to play ad lib. On occasion Mr. Sims had to (quite oxymoronically) write out the improvised part. As a singer, Mr. Sims' high point was being invited to appear on the 1955 edition of NHK's nationally broadcast *Kohaku Uta Gassen* ("Red-White Singing Competition"), a New Year's Eve battle-of-the-sexes music program that was and still is an entertainment institution in Japan. He could not make the show, however, as he was stranded by a storm on an overseas business trip and was unable to return to Japan in time. Mr. Sims is listed on Japanese websites and blogs dedicated to the program as one of several answers to a trivia question: Who was scheduled to appear on the show but could not and was replaced by another singer?

19;*41*. Concerning Ms. Sims' reference to the personal habits of the construction company office employees: the gutter running in front of the Bahá'í Center was eventually covered over and they stopped relieving themselves in it. The construction company, whose administrative office was located diagonally across a narrow street from the Center, was owned by persons affiliated with what might be called an underworld organization. On one occasion during the 1980s there was a rather well-attended meeting at the office and a (polite) request was received by the Bahá'í Center to allow the overflow of attendees' automobiles to occupy the Center parking lot for a few hours, a request that was granted as there was no Bahá'í gathering

coinciding: Ms. Sims, who in 1978 had moved into an apartment across the street from the Bahá'í Center in diagonally the other direction from the company office and who kept her car in the Center parking lot, found a ten-thousand yen note (then worth 50 or 60 U.S. dollars, today about 100 dollars) on the lot ground after the meeting and promptly took it over to the company office, to profuse thanks from the employees. After that, Ms. Sims was the recipient of warm greetings whenever the employees saw her.

As for Japanese toilets, they are today the world's most functionally advanced. Most are Western-style (i.e., sit-down) and some of those have an attached panel with an array of buttons, switches, and lights that might make one think of the cockpit of an airliner. On getting up, the user will be cleaner than when he/she sat down and will feel refreshed, indeed renewed. Japan is the world's leading exporter of toilets, by the way, particularly portable units which are contributed by the thousands to areas of the world with poor sanitation.

20;*41*. A practice, increasingly rare in these days of ferroconcrete and steel construction, that has its origin hundreds of years ago in the Wood Age of Japan.

21;*43*. It should be noted that some of the behavior and circumstances described in this section—from public relieving (by sober, as opposed to drunk, persons) to climbing in through windows and stripping down to underwear on trains to honey buckets—have since all but or completely disappeared. There was, to an extent, a breakdown in mores in Japanese society during and immediately after the Second World War, and some bad behavior may have been a lingering effect. Also, the Japanese were a people with an ancient history and customary ways of doing things which, from a Western perspective, no doubt seemed odd or perturbing—many Western ways would have seemed the same to the Japanese. It is also true that the sensibilities of the Japanese can change: this editor remembers that when he was small, public littering, including on trains, was not unusual, but such behavior is rare now. In fact, Japanese soccer fans are known for picking up litter in the stands after World Cup and other matches. On the other hand, it is an embarrassing fact that Mount Fuji was registered as a UNESCO World Cultural Heritage site only after it was rejected as a Natural Heritage site because the mountain's foothills had been used for decades as a dumping ground

by construction companies and others and also because of garbage and lack of sanitary facilities on the trails. The rejection was a shock to the Japanese, who are very sensitive to how they are perceived by foreigners, and the mountain and its environs have since been (mostly) cleaned up.

Incidentally, honey buckets were one reason the city of Edo, as Tokyo was called in the *samurai* days, is regarded today by researchers as something of an ecological model. Despite its big population, estimated to have been the largest of any city in the world for much or all of the 1700s, the system Edo had for removal of waste was far more efficient, practical, and ecologically sound than that of contemporary European cities, where household slop was routinely heaved into the street or river. In its heyday Edo may well have been the most "eco-conscious" city in the world: recycling, repair, and resale were highly evolved businesses, and contemporary accounts, including those of Western visitors at the end of the Edo Period and just after (1860s and '70s), attest a clean, unlittered, well-maintained city.

Japan is today a thoroughly modern, technologically advanced country, with a well-mannered graciousness that never fails to impress visitors, with both traditional and pop cultures that have gained admirers and exerted influence worldwide, and with a quality of daily life that in many ways—such as customer service, decorum in social intercourse, technical caliber and ergonomic and energy efficiency of household appliances and other products, sheer number and variety of useful gizmos, gadgets, and thingamajigs, general standard of foodstuffs and of restaurants, down-to-the-minute-or-second timeliness and reliability—is arguably superior to what prevails anywhere else in the world—certainly the Japanese themselves think so, and they are probably right. That said, there is no doubt Japan has suffered a decline in social standards and behavior over the past two or three decades.

Even in times predating Ms. Sims' arrival Japan made a very good impression: Keith Ransom-Kehler, the great Bahá'í teacher, who visited in 1931, told Agnes Alexander in a letter written in Iran just before she passed away that Japan was her favorite among the many countries she traveled to, and well-traveled public figures ranging from Albert Einstein to Charlie Chaplin to Albert Kahn (the

French financier and amateur ethnographer who bankrolled a project to photographically record all the world's cultures) enthused about Japan, comparing it favorably to other countries they visited.

22;*43*. The *dojo* where Ms. Sims trained was and is the world headquarters of the Aikikai, the original *aikido* organization, and over the decades has attracted hundreds of practitioners from around the world. It is a few minutes' walk from the Bahá'í Center.

Toho Studios is where, among works familiar to Western audiences, Akira Kurosawa's films and the "Godzilla" (and "Mothra") series were shot. Ms. Sims did not appear in those, unfortunately.

23;*43*. A Japanese prefecture, while not perfectly analogous, is similar to a U.S. state or a French province in being an intermediate polity between the federal/national and local levels. Yamaguchi is the westernmost of the prefectures on the island of Honshu, the largest of the four main islands of Japan. Honshu is where Tokyo and Osaka and most of the other large cities are located.

24;*43*. Mr. Fujita was Japanese and Palestine was then under British control; Japan and Britain were to be combatants in the Second World War, which broke out the following year.

25;*44*. There is an interview with Mr. Fujita, conducted by Sylvia Ioas, online here: www.bahai-library.com/ioas_fujita_interview. In this interview his English comes across as a bit broken; presumably this is a result of his advanced age at the time of the interview. The interview was conducted by Ms. Ioas at the request of John McHenry III, who was a pioneer in Korea and a member of the Asian Board of Counsellors.

26;*44*. Lester and Mabel Long, later pioneers in Peru, were the Bahá'í couple Hiroyasu Takano stayed with in the U.S. They took him to the dedication of the House of Worship in Wilmette in May 1953, and he was highly impressed by the occasion, embracing the Faith soon after and applying for pilgrimage. Mr. Takano's pilgrimage notes are online here: www.bahai-library.com/takano_memories_talks_guardian. See also note 66 herein.

27;*46*. In her pilgrimage notes taken in 1937 Agnes Alexander writes that Shoghi Effendi told her 80% of his time was spent on correspondence and 80% of that with individuals. One would assume that by the 1950s correspondence accounted for well over 80%, considering the growth in the number of believers and institutions,

although in the 1950s Shoghi Effendi had more secretarial help. Ms. Alexander's pilgrimage notes are online here: www.bahai-library.com/alexander_notes_presence_shoghieffendi.

Incidentally, on the above webpage two versions of the notes of Ms. Alexander's pilgrimage are displayed side by side, and there is commentary on the webpage contrasting the two versions. This editor temporarily has in his possession a typewritten set of Ms. Alexander's 1937 pilgrimage notes signed by her on the upper right of the first page. (Her signature is unmistakeable to anyone familiar with her personal papers, and is virtually identical to her signature as it appears in the book *Ministry of the Custodians* p. 30 under "1957 Unanimous Proclamation of the 27 Hands of the Cause of God".) At the top of the first page of the typewritten notes, perhaps in Ms. Alexander's hand, is written "Tokyo Hazirat Baha'i Library" (this must have been written in the mid-1950s or later, as there could not have been such a library before then). The account is entitled "Notes of Shoghi Effendi's words taken by me at the dinner table in the Pilgrim House in Haifa, April 22nd to May 12th, 1937". The pages have aged, and the typing is unmistakably Ms. Alexander's (again, obvious to anyone familiar with her personal papers); the pages are clearly not carbon or any other kind of copies, but the original. The notes are mostly organized by topic, with headings and, aside from May 11 and May 12, no dates. This organization by topic distinguishes the notes from the two versions found on the above-mentioned webpage. The editor's conclusion is that the pilgrimage notes were reorganized and retyped by Ms. Alexander.

The editor has not yet done a careful comparison of the hardcopy Agnes Alexander pilgrim's notes available to him and the above-mentioned two online versions of the notes, but a look-through shows that 1) the hardcopy version contains the "Message to the Americans" text (but not that heading) appearing in the right-hand online version but not the left-hand; 2) where one online version has text that the other online version lacks, the hardcopy contains that text, or, in other words, the hardcopy version is more complete than either online version; 3) the hardcopy does not appear to contain text lacking in both online versions, although the wording of the hardcopy version differs here and there from each of the online versions, which suggests that Ms. Alexander reworded her account somewhat upon

reorganizing and retyping it.

In her published *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* pp. 98, 101-2, Ms. Alexander refers to comments Shoghi Effendi made to her during her pilgrimage, in some instances providing context to some of the content of her pilgrimage notes. *History* also has a few quotations of Shoghi Effendi's remarks from the pilgrimage not found in the above-mentioned hardcopy and online versions of the notes, mostly short passages pertaining to Japan or the Japanese Bahá'ís. *History* further contains a passage on Confucius found in the hardcopy version and in the left-hand but not the right-hand online notes.

Lastly, the editor also temporarily has in his possession a typewritten account by Ms. Alexander, signed on the upper right of the first page by Ms. Alexander (again, unmistakably her signature), headed "An account of how I became a Baha'i and my stays in Paris in 1901 and 1937, written at the request of Mme Laura Dreyfus-Barney. [typed] Agnes Baldwin Alexander". At the top is handwritten, probably by Ms. Alexander, "Sent to Laura Dreyfus-Barney June 23, 1958". The content is identical with what appears online here: www.bahai-library.com/alexander_linard_autobiography. This typed account is very likely the original of the online account.

28;*46*. It was probably the case in the days of the Guardian's ministry that most pilgrims stopped in the Holy Land en route to a pioneer post or teaching field on a one-way journey. Today it is probably the case that most pilgrims travel roundtrip between home and the Holy Land (perhaps with stops at places such as Istanbul and Edirne on the itinerary).

29;*49*. The International House of Japan is located in the Roppongi district of Tokyo. According to its website it is "a private, non-profit organization incorporated, with support from the Rockefeller Foundation and other private institution[s] and individuals, in 1952 for the purpose of promoting cultural exchange and intellectual cooperation between the peoples of Japan and those of other countries." Ms. Sims was a member, as were fellow pioneers Agnes Alexander and Phil Marangella, and enjoyed attending events there and looking through the library's diverse collection. The Tokyo Bahá'í community occasionally held public meetings and talks at International House in the days Bahá'ís were members.

30;*50*. Robert Imagire was born in Alameda, California, U.S.A.

to Japanese immigrant parents. He accepted the Faith in Reno, Nevada in 1942 after attending Florence Mayberry's firesides and meeting Leroy and Sylvia Ioas and Bill and Marguerite Sears, who visited there regularly from California. Mr. Imagire was a draftsman by profession. After Japan he lived in Iran and Italy and on the east and west coasts of the U.S. before pioneering in the Cook Islands in the South Pacific, which he chose for their location on the Pacific spiritual axis. He lived his last years in Hawaii, where he taught seekers, deepened believers, danced hula, and passed away in 2015.

31;*51*. Kyushu is the southernmost of the four main islands of Japan.

32;*51*. There has been diversity of religious, ethnic, and racial heritage among the pioneers in Japan. For instance, Robert Imagire was Asian-American, Joy Earl and Lecile Webster African-American, and Phil Marangella (see note 15) was Italian-American—he had put his bilingual skills to use as a pioneer in Italy before coming to Japan. Among the Iranians, who began to arrive in Japan in the mid-1950s, there have been believers of Jewish, Zoroastrian, and Muslim background and of Armenian and Azeri descent. The Guardian took note of this aspect: upon election of the North East Asia Spiritual Assembly in 1957, his secretary wrote that Shoghi Effendi "was very happy to see that your Assembly has represented on it members of the three great races of mankind, a living demonstration of the fundamental teaching of our Holy Faith . . ." (*Traces that Remain*, p. 147; see a photo of the Assembly in Photographs herein).

33;*52*. At least a couple of the twentieth-century "sects" Ms. Sims refers to here quite deliberately appropriated Bahá'í tenets.

The Japanese tend to view themselves as irreligious; they are culturally quite metaphysically conscious, however, and they have a history of embracing two major religions, Buddhism and Christianity. The Pure Land sect of Buddhism, in particular, grew rapidly in Japan in the years following its introduction in the tenth and eleventh centuries C.E. Today more Japanese adhere to either of two main branches of Pure Land than to any other sect of Buddhism.

Building on Shoghi Effendi's brief references to Bahá'u'lláh as the "fifth Buddha" and the "Maitreye" in the eschatological itemization found in *God Passes By* p. 92ff., writers such as Jamshed Fozdar and Moojan Momen have argued for the association of the syn-

cretized Maitreya-Amitabha figure with Bahá'u'lláh and of the western Pure Land with Iran and 'Akká (as Amitabha moved): Fozdar's *Buddha Maitreya-Amitabha Has Appeared* is the most comprehensive work, including a compendious application of Hindu timelines. Such associations are not simply an intellectual exercise of contemporary Bahá'í writers of non-Buddhist background: Agnes Alexander writes in her *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* (p. 13) that a man read an article about the Bahá'í Faith in a newspaper and called on her, having concluded precisely that Bahá'u'lláh was *Miroku*, i.e., Maitreya (regrettably Ms. Alexander gives no further information). Maitreya and Amitabha do not entirely overlap, it can be noted, and the Pure Land and 'Akká (the qiblih) can be seen not only as geographical locations but as anagogic notions: the state of bliss, the locus of the pure abode, the direction of the divine.

Christianity (i.e., Catholicism) in Japan grew rapidly in certain areas in the sixteenth century but was then brutally repressed. Estimates that this editor has seen of the number of its adherents in those days range from a couple hundred thousand (undoubtedly too low) to several million.

Elements of Shinto, the Japanese indigenous belief-system, have been hypothesized as having foreign—Hindu, Jewish, Taoist, and/or Zoroastrian as well as Buddhist—origins. Leaving Shinto aside, the considerable influence of Zoroastrianism on the development of Buddhism and Christianity (Nestorianism etc.) in Central and East Asia (and on Judaism during the Babylonian exile) is undeniable. The above-mentioned idea of Maitreya may well have Zoroastrian antecedents, conceptually and even linguistically. There can be little doubt that (contrary to what some writers have suggested) nearly all Nestorians in East Asia, including those in Japan, were of Iranic and Zoroastrian, and few of Syrian or Jewish, stock (the use of the Syriac script was common among all Nestorians and is not proof, per se, of ethnicity). The Sogdians, an eastern Iranic people, were merchants and for hundreds of years the prime facilitators of the ancient Silk Road trade, demonstrating a readiness to embrace Christianity or Buddhism and intermarry with locals as they established their influence along the Silk Road, while remaining rooted in their cultural and religious heritage. Sogdians numbered in the many thousands in China and attained positions of political and cultural as well as com-

mercial prestige there.

There is circumstantial evidence of an early Central Asian presence in Japan, probably a spillover from the large Sogdian population in China and Korea, and perhaps later, refugees from the Muslim expansion into Iran. It is interesting that Prince Shotoku, 574-622 C.E., who is revered for having brought centralized rule to Japan and for having established Buddhism in the land, may have had Central Asian roots or connections. An influential clan that supported him, the Hata, is thought by some scholars to have been Central Asian in origin—the thesis being that several of the prominent Japanese families listed, as the Hata clan is, in ancient Japanese records as originating in China or Korea were descended from some of the many thousands of Central Asians who had settled in those areas—and Shotoku's mother is listed in ancient records with a *kanji* character that today is pronounced "hashi" but in Old Japanese as "pashi", which approximates "Parsi" (in Old Japanese as in Modern, /sh/ is allophonic to /s/ before /i/)—it is known that *kanji* characters read as "pashi" were used in those days to indicate Central Asians. To be sure, a substantial Central Asian personal—as opposed to material (via the Silk Road)—presence in ancient Japan is not accepted (for several reasons) by a majority of Japanese scholars. One scholar who has nevertheless argued for a strong Central Asian influence on ancient Japan is Eiichi Imoto, emeritus professor of Persian language and cultural anthropology at Osaka University of Foreign Studies. When he was a student Prof. Imoto's Persian-language instructor was Ms. Moluke Kazempour Amin-Amin, a Bahá'í pioneer to Japan. Foad Katirai, son of Bahá'í pioneers to Japan, has also extensively researched Zoroastrian and Iranian influences on Japan.

34;*55*. This editor never heard from Ms. Sims why Nikko was chosen for the site of the Asian Teaching Conference rather than the far more convenient Tokyo, but it is probably for two reasons: Tokyo is still warm and humid and vulnerable to typhoons in September while Nikko is 150 kilometers north of Tokyo in the mountains and much cooler; and the sponsor of the conference was the U.S. N.S.A., some of whose members might have recalled that Keith Ransom-Kehler had some years earlier effusively praised Nikko in one of the accounts she wrote of her international travels that appeared in *The Baha'i Magazine* (*Star of the West*).

Nikko is a tourist town and is where Ieyasu, the first and greatest figure of the Tokugawa Shogunate, the last and greatest of the shogunates, is both enshrined and entombed within a complex of Shinto structures some of which date back 400 years. (Shogunates were dynastic dictatorships based on the armed power of the *shogun*, a kind of generalissimo.) A separate Shinto shrine and a Buddhist temple were founded at Nikko over 1,000 years ago, and today the two Shinto and the Buddhist complexes, totaling over 100 structures and sacred groves, and surrounding forest as well, constitute a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Trivia item (noted by Ms. Ransom-Kehler): One of the earliest, perhaps the earliest, and certainly the best-known, depiction of the proverbial Three Wise Monkeys—"see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil"—is a carving on Toshogu Shrine at Nikko.

35;*56*. The cities, Kobe, Nishinomiya, and Amagasaki, are west of Osaka.

36;*58*. The Japan Bahá'í community has since deepened on the burial laws, and those laws are now followed. The general level of deepening has improved with the availability of more study literature including Ruhi Institute volumes.

37;*60*. Along with other parts of her book, Ms. Sims did not finish this paragraph (and likely more) concerning the Ten-Year Plan goals given the N.E. Asia Assembly by the Guardian. In the letter the Guardian wrote to the newly elected Assembly he gave the goals as follows:

> I call upon the Regional Spiritual Assembly now being formed to signalize its birth through the initiation of a subsidiary Six-Year Plan, designed to swell the number of the adherents of the Faith throughout the area of its jurisdiction; to multiply the groups, the isolated centers and the local spiritual assemblies; to incorporate all firmly grounded local spiritual assemblies; to obtain recognition from the civil authorities for the Bahá'í Marriage Certificate, as well as the Bahá'í Holy Days; to inaugurate a national Bahá'í Fund; to consolidate the work initiated in the newly opened territories; to lend an impetus to the translation, the publication, and dissemination of Bahá'í literature in divers languages; to establish Summer

Schools, and Bahá'í burial grounds; to propagate the Faith throughout the smaller islands of Japan; and to acquire a plot to serve as the site of the first Mashriqu'l-Adhkár of North-East Asia.

These goals were achieved, although in the case of some goals achievement was a matter of degree.

The donation by pioneer Abbas Katirai of a large burial ground in the town of Ashiya, between Osaka and Kobe, must be mentioned: without this land, and a separately acquired much smaller parcel within Yokohama Foreigners' Cemetery, burial of believers, in a country in which most cemeteries do not allow interment of uncremated remains, would have been a very serious problem. (Actually it is only since the Meiji Restoration, i.e., about the latter 1800s, that cremation has become the norm in Japan.) Travel time to the Bahá'í cemetery has often totaled more than one hour, and ad hoc permission sought from the Universal House of Justice, which permission has been granted along with the encouragement to acquire more burial grounds around the country. In recent years several grounds have been acquired and there are currently seven Bahá'í cemeteries.

38;*60*. Initially Hainan Island near Hong Kong and Sakhalin Island north of Japan were also in the Assembly's jurisdiction. This was one of several Regional Spiritual Assemblies that were established around the world, including one in Southeast Asia.

39;*62*. In 1955 a bilingual glossary of Bahá'í terms was produced by Tameo Hongo and David Earl. This would have been a help in translation efforts.

40;*65*. Hushmand Fatheazam.

41;*66*. There is a perfectly framed and posed photograph taken of the delegates to the first International Convention, in 1963: see *The Bahá'í World* Vol. XIV, p. 430 (online at bahai-library.com/pdf/bw/bahai_world_volume_14b.pdf). The delegates are posed on the steps of the Archives building and the lawn outside it, facing in the direction of where the Universal House of Justice building now stands. The delegates look like a wave, flowing from the grass onto the steps. According to what Ms. Sims told this editor, although there was some idea of posing all the delegates on the Archives building steps, 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum and Agnes Alexander walked together out onto the grass and sat on the ground for the photo, and

all the delegates then gravitated toward them and gathered around them; those at the back of the pack of delegates stayed on the steps to get into the shot. The online photo is not clear, but Rúḥíyyih Khánum and Agnes Alexander are sitting in the front in light-colored clothes.

42;*68*. In the 1960s Tokyo's air was at peak pollution, which aggravated Ms. Sims' asthma. Air quality improved greatly in Japan in succeeding decades and the asthma abated, although it never disappeared. Dr. Toshio Suzuki, a physician and for many years N.S.A. or Auxiliary Board member, kindly provided Ms. Sims with many an inhaler over the years.

43;*69*. The Iranian pioneers in western Japan established successful trading companies.

44;*71*. John M. "Jack" Davis Jr. pioneered in the Philippines, Japan, and Taiwan, and traveled to other Asian countries to teach the Faith and conduct deepenings. He pioneered to Asia from North Carolina, U.S.A., where in the latter half of the 1950s he was active in the Faith as a speaker and moderator at events and as chairman of the Greensboro Spiritual Assembly and delegate to the National Convention. (He was preceded as a pioneer from North Carolina to the Philippines by Orpha Daugherty.) He was a radio reporter in North Carolina, and also with the U.S. Armed Forces in Japan in the early 1950s before he became a Bahá'í. In the 1960s Jack Davis lived in the Philippines, where he carried out mass-teaching campaigns in remote mountain villages and also where, in stark contrast, he was an entertainer appearing in movies, singing, and hosting a television variety show. He passed away in Taiwan in 1999.

45;*76*. See here for a list of Barbara Sims' presentations at A.B.S. conferences: bahai-library.com/fotos_barbara_sims_contribution. The article is by Ms. Sims' daughter Sandra Sims Fotos, who has been active in the A.B.S. as an officer, editor, and presenter.

As Ms. Sims implies here and below, she did not see herself as a scholar and expected historians to eventually do more rigorous studies of the Faith's early years in East Asia. She felt it was important to set down the historical outlines of the Japan and other East Asia communities—as she explains in her memoir and other books, the "traces" left by the early believers in those communities and the communications from the Holy Land to those early believers—so that

the newer generations of believers would have some appreciation of their communities' heritage.

46;*79*. Both *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* and *Traces that Remain* have an errata list for the hardcopy edition. See here: www.bahai-library.com/pdf/s/sims_errata_traces_ablaze.pdf. The corrections have been made to the version of each book on the Bahá'í Library Online website. All references to *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* in these editorial notes are to the 1992 revised edition.

47;*80*. The Hong Kong Bahá'í history the draft of which Ms. Sims corrected can be found in its final form online here: www.bahai-library.com/hassall_bahai_hong_kong.

48;*81*. A monograph, if not a book, regarding the Pacific spiritual axis, authored by Graham Hassall and William Barnes, is online here: www.bahai-library.com/hassall_asia-pacific_spiritual_axis. See also then-Counsellor Peter Khan's excellent article on the axis in the May 1983 issue of the U.S. *Bahá'í News*: bahai-news.info/viewer.erb?vol=10&page=871. See further the pilgrimages notes of Hiroyasu Takano, referred to in note 26, in which Shoghi Effendi is quoted speaking of Japan and Australia as centers of radiating light and poles of attractive force (the word "axis" itself not appearing).

49;*82*. Much research has been done on the history of the Bahá'í Faith in East Asia. Perhaps the Chinese-speaking communities have produced and benefited from the most thorough scholarship, with Cai Degui, David A. Palmer, Jimmy Seow, Phyllis Ghim-Lian Chew, and Graham Hassall, among others, making substantial contributions (easily searched online). Hassall has written extensively on the histories of Bahá'í communities worldwide. One of his documents, "National Spiritual Assemblies: Lists and years of formation", online at www.bahai-library.com/hassall_nsas_years_formation, has several omissions (as of January 2019) regarding East Asia, as follows: In the alphabetical section, Japan, while correctly subsumed under the North East Asia Assembly, which was formed in 1957, should properly be listed separately as well, because the North East Asia Assembly went out of existence in 1974 and Japan elected a National Assembly; Korea, which like Japan was initially a part of the North East Asia Assembly, is incorrectly listed as initially part of the South East Asia Assembly; Hong Kong and Taiwan also were initially parts of the North East Asia Assembly, but are not so listed; Macau,

also initially part of the North East Asia Assembly and which elected its first National Assembly in 1989, is not listed at all; in the chronological section, Japan, while correctly listed under “1957” as part of the North East Asia Assembly, is not listed separately although it should so appear under “1974”; Taiwan is not listed although it should appear under “1957” as part of the N.E. Asia Assembly and separately under “1967”; Hong Kong is not listed although it should appear under “1957” as part of the N.E. Asia Assembly and separately under “1974”; Macau is not listed although it should appear under “1957” as part of the N.E. Asia Assembly and separately under “1989”; Korea should appear under “1957” as part of the N.E. Asia Assembly (it is correctly listed separately under “1964”); and Hainan Island and Sakhalin Island, initially within the jurisdiction of the North East Asia Assembly but later assigned elsewhere, are not listed in either the alphabetical or chronological section.

Further on scholarship: Zafar Moghbel, son of pioneers to Japan, has for several years posted to a domestic Bahá’í listserv an excellent series of articles in Japanese relating to the history of the Faith not only in Japan but also elsewhere in Asia and in the West. The more recent articles have been gathered online at bahai-shiryoshu.org/wp/. Foad Katirai, also the son of pioneers to Japan, has translated, edited, annotated, and published a bilingual edition, entitled in English *Aibara Susumu A Taisho Era Elite’s Consideration of the Baha’i Movement*, of the university thesis of Susumu Aibara, a Japanese Bahá’í of considerable capacity and promise who passed away at a relatively young age in 1931. (As part of his research Mr. Aibara corresponded with Shoghi Effendi and John Esslemont, who sent him reference literature.) Members of the Japan branch of the Association for Bahá’í Studies have presented papers that examine the Faith in Japan from historical and cultural perspectives.

The Wikipedia article “Bahá’í Faith in Japan”, apparently largely the work of a person not a member of that national community, is (as of February 2018) adequate in some places but disjointed or haphazard in other places, with obsolete or incomplete information, gaps, and mistakes. (This seems to result sometimes on Wikipedia when contributors see themselves as generalists and dash off multiple articles on various subjects, in some cases lacking personal or professional familiarity with the subject matter and simply piecing the

articles together like patchwork quilts from numerous easily accessed online sources.) The Bahaikipedia (now Bahaipedia) entry "Japan" (as of Feb. 2018) rehashes the Wikipedia article. There is no Wikipedia article in Japanese devoted specifically to the Faith in Japan (as of Feb. 2018), although there is mention of the subject in other Japanese-language Wikipedia articles such as on the Bahá'í Faith generally and on Saichiro Fujita. There are other Japanese-language websites and blogs not affiliated with the Faith in which the Faith is referred to, with varying degrees of accuracy. The National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of Japan, the Association for Bahá'í Studies in Japan, and Bahá'í individuals in Japan have websites or blogs in Japanese or English or both.

50;*83*. Ms. Sims often spoke publicly and privately with appreciation of the many persons, Bahá'í and not, who assisted her in various ways during her researches and associated travels. Many of these persons are credited by name in the afterword of her book *Traces that Remain* and a few are mentioned here and there in her memoir. Others could be named, such as Daryoush and Marife Yazdani and Mr. Hideyasu Takashima. Also to be mentioned in this connection are staff at the World Center Archives and U.S. National Bahá'í Archives, who were always helpful.

51;*87*. Jinzo Naruse was a Christian and founder of the Concordia Movement, which advocated amity among nations and religions. (Not to be confused with the Concordia Association, a political party in 1930s Japanese-occupied Manchuria.) Naruse was in Europe to promote this movement when he met 'Abdu'l-Bahá in London.

The prayer 'Abdu'l-Bahá wrote in Jinzo Naruse's notebook is not headed "for the Japanese" or "for Japan" nor is Japan mentioned in the text; however, Ms. Sims considered that it was revealed for the Japanese to meditate on and to act on. In her *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* p. 4 Agnes Alexander quotes 'Abdu'l-Bahá's secretary writing that the Master spoke to Naruse about the principles of the Faith, stated that "Just as the sun is the source of all light in the solar system, so today Bahá'u'lláh is the Center of unity of the human race and of the peace of the world" (which perhaps is an indirect way of saying that human conceptions of unity such as Concordia have their ultimate origin in the divine Revelation), wrote the prayer, and then "earnestly pleaded with [Naruse] to go back to Japan and spread

these lofty ideals." Incidentally, the English translation of the prayer Ms. Alexander quotes in her *History* is a bit different from that quoted in this memoir; the memoir's version is the same as that in a facsimile of the prayer's Persian and English texts found in *Traces that Remain* p. 24 (online at www.bahai-library.com/sims_traces_that_remain&chapter=4).

52;*88*. There is a photograph of the group of Japanese high school girls here referred to, along with an explanatory caption, in *Traces that Remain* p. 39, and a larger photo but with shorter caption in *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* p. 36 (online here: www.bahai-library.com/sims_traces_that_remain&chapter=13 or www.bahai-library.com/alexander_history_bahai_japan&chapter=4; Mikae Komatsu does not appear). The two tablets from 'Abdu'l-Bahá to the girls can be read in *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* pp. 38-9 (online here: www.bahai-library.com/compilation_japan_turn_ablaze&chapter=5). The first tablet is placed on the table the girls are standing by.

53;*91*. The Japanese writing system was simplified after the Second World War, and style and terminology modernized. Literature dating to prewar times can be difficult for the modern generation to read and understand. The Japan N.S.A. and Publishing Trust have endeavored to modernize translations of Bahá'í literature.

54;*94*. There is confusion here about Nakamuras. The Nakamura who was the blind editor of a Braille journal, entitled *Akebono* ("Daybreak"), was Kyotaro Nakamura, later editor of the *Tenji Mainichi* ("Braille Daily") newspaper. The "cake shop and restaurant" was the Nakamura-ya, an establishment that was known for what was then (1910s and '20s) an adventurous and varied menu, featuring French pastries and authentic (as opposed to modified or imitation) Chinese and Indian dishes. The Nakamura-ya was owned and operated not by the above or any other Mr. Nakamura but rather by husband and wife, Aizo and Kokko Soma. The Somas had a salon for artists and intellectuals, and were patrons of Vasily Eroshenko among others. Agnes Alexander and Tokujiro Torii, who was to embrace the Bahá'í Faith and to become chairman of the Japan Committee for the Welfare of the Blind, attended the salon. The salon and the original cake shop and restaurant are long gone, and Nakamura-ya has evolved into a foodstuffs company that runs a chain of eateries and keeps the memory of the salon alive in a muse-

um. The museum (as opposed to the room piled full of memorabilia) was not yet established when Ms. Sims inquired at Nakamura-ya about Eroshenko.

The above-mentioned Kyotaro Nakamura in 1917 published in the form of a pamphlet in Braille a translation of an article about the Bahá'í Faith written by Ms. Alexander for blind women in Japan. This pamphlet was the first to be published about the Faith in the Japanese language, Braille or otherwise, according to Ms. Alexander.

Perhaps more than in any other country in those days, the Bahá'í Faith resonated among the blind or among those who were both blind and Esperantists in Japan. In the book *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* there are tablets from 'Abdu'l-Bahá to three blind persons: these may be the only tablets to individuals so far published in English in which 'Abdu'l-Bahá specifically addresses the topic of physical blindness.

(The use herein of the word "blind"—describing persons lacking the physiological sense of sight—accords with a statement found online here: courses.csail.mit.edu/PPAT/fall2011/labs/01/NFB-resolution.pdf or www.nfb.org/images/nfb/Publications/bm/bm09/bm0903/bm090308.htm.)

55;*94.* A book about Vasily Eroshenko was issued by Iwanami Publishing Co. in 1982, written by Ichiro Takasugi (d. 2008), a novelist, biographer, translator, and Esperantist. This appears to be the book Ms. Sims is referring to. Takasugi also wrote a "spiritual history" of the Zamenhof family (1981), and perhaps the Esperantist who Ms. Sims states inquired at the Bahá'í Center was seeking information about that family as well. The Japan Esperanto Association published a book about Eroshenko in 2015.

It is remarkable how closely the Bahá'í Faith and Esperanto were associated at one time, particularly in Japan and China and in Europe. Esperanto is prominent in Agnes Alexander's *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan*, and the biography *Martha Root: Lioness at the Threshold* makes clear that Ms. Root organized her itinerary in Europe around Esperanto events. Indeed, one might get the impression that Ms. Root regarded the Bahá'í Faith and Esperanto as being integral to each other. The Japanese looked to Europe for intellectual inspiration in those days, which likely explains Esperanto's popularity in Japan, but the language's very Euro-centricity is probably what eventually dimmed its luster in Japan and as a truly international

medium.

56;*95*. The “intriguing references” to Ichi Kamichika that Ms. Sims read in Agnes Alexander’s *History of the Bahá’í Faith in Japan* would surely include her imprisonment (p. 24). Ms. Alexander does not mention the reason for the imprisonment, but it is an episode well known in intellectual circles in Japan and has been the subject of essays, dissertations, dramas, and documentaries. Suffice it to say that in 1916 Ms. Kamichika was in what might be called a “free” relationship with a literary man of similar political and social leanings, and when she found him in the close company of another woman, she decided he was behaving too freely and stabbed him (he survived). She served two years in prison.

Ichi (or Ichiko) Kamichika (d. 1981) was a journalist and later a social critic as well as parliamentarian. She appears in the first photograph taken of a Bahá’í meeting in Japan, on the occasion of Martha Root’s first visit, in 1915, standing on the far left (quite appropriately); see *Traces that Remain* p. 33 or *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 40. (The photo in *Ablaze* is clearer but does not have as detailed a caption. See online: www.bahai-library.com/compilation_japan_turn_ablaze&chapter=5 or www.bahai-library.com/sims_traces_that_remain&chapter=8.) Another person in the photo, seated fourth from left, is Ujaku Akita, author of several sympathetic newspaper articles about the Bahá’í Faith, playwright, novelist, Esperantist (an acquaintance of the aforementioned Vasily Eroshenko and editor of an anthology of Eroshenko’s works), Fabian or communist or both, and in his later years a founding member of the Japan Militant Atheists’ Alliance.

Agnes Alexander began her Bahá’í career in Japan in the Taisho Period, a time of philosophical, literary, and artistic ferment in Japan, just as the preceding Meiji Period had been a time of political, economic, and technological revolution. Some of the individuals Ms. Alexander made contact with in the early days of her life in Japan were communists, socialists, or anarchists. For them, the persona of Ms. Alexander—a single, middle-aged Western woman fervently espousing progressive social principles such as equal status of the sexes, universal education, accord of science and religion, elimination of extremes of wealth and poverty, oneness of humankind—must have been highly intriguing and attractive, even charismatic.

However, one can speculate that these individuals could not bring themselves to accept the theological or "spiritual" teachings of the Bahá'í Faith—the reality of the Divinity, the Manifestation, the Revelation, the Dispensation—as suggested by the fact that none of them, including the above-mentioned Ms. Kamichika, embraced the Faith—which is to say, they were not recorded by Ms. Alexander in rolls of believers she compiled—although they helped Ms. Alexander's proclamation activities by translating Bahá'í literature, having her or their own articles on the Faith published in newspapers and journals, and arranging her talks. Perhaps Ms. Alexander's remark specifically concerning Vasily Eroshenko summarizes the matter generally (*History* p. 21): "Although he had love for the Bahá'í teachings, he did not experience the great joy which comes through acknowledging and turning to the Center of the Manifest Light."

It is highly likely that her association with such individuals brought the attention of the secret police to Ms. Alexander—it is certain that a passing reference to Russia made by Martha Root in a speech she gave during one of her visits to Japan did just that—but whatever inclination there might have been, if any, among the authorities to regard Ms. Alexander as unwelcome in their country and deport her—as happened to Eroshenko—would have been more than counterbalanced by two reassuring facts: Ms. Alexander herself concentrated on religious and social discourse, avoiding political subjects, and she was friends with, or otherwise had connections to, pillars of the establishment such as Eiichi Shibusawa, the first Western-style capitalist in Japan, and Rokuichiro Masujima, the international lawyer and university founder (mentioned in this memoir under "Tokyo L.S.A."). Basically, Agnes Alexander was careful what she said and got along with everyone.

57;*97*. The Reverend Imaoka (d. 1988) was a prominent figure in inter-faith dialogue in Japan. His given name is usually "Shinichiro" rather than "Nobuichiro" in the sources, the difference being alternative pronunciations of the name's initial *kanji* character (which means "trustworthy", "honest"). Rev. Imaoka was educated at Tokyo and Harvard universities and was twice honored by the emperor. Influences on him ranged from Zen Buddhism to Shinto to Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Free Religious Association, the Japan namesake of which he was a co-founder. The school where he kept his office and

held Unitarian Fellowship meetings was Seisoku High School, of which he was principal from 1925 to 1973. According to the Japanese Wikipedia entry about him, at the time of his passing at age 106 Rev. Imaoka was the oldest male resident of metropolitan Tokyo.

58;*98*. Donald Richie (d. 2013), a resident of Tokyo for over 60 years, wrote film and book reviews for *The Japan Times* and authored many books, including *The Inland Sea*, which has been described as one of the finest examples of travel-writing in the English language. Mr. Richie was an early and prominent proponent of the generation of Japanese film directors who came into their own in the post-WW2 years, preeminently Akira Kurosawa and Yasujiro Ozu, who now regularly rank at or near the top in international best-director and best-film polls taken of critics and fellow directors. Ms. Sims once attended a seminar given by Donald Richie, and when each participant was asked to introduce him/herself and Ms. Sims mentioned that she was engaged in writing brief histories of the Bahá'í Faith in several Asian countries, Mr. Richie compared her to peripatetic writer Isabella Bird, a similitude characteristically clever (but off mark in this case). Over the years Donald Richie donated many books to the International House library (see note 29), likely including the works of Daisetz Suzuki that Ms. Sims looked through.

59;*98*. It is doubtful Daisetz Suzuki meant that Beatrice Lane Suzuki was an active member of the Bahá'í community of Japan when he told Bernard Leach (as reported by Mr. Leach) that his wife was a Bahá'í. Judging by her writings and activities in Japan, her interests lay in Buddhism, Japanese culture, and Theosophy. As Ms. Sims states, Agnes Alexander was acquainted with Beatrice Lane Suzuki but did not include her in a roll of Bahá'ís she compiled. Beatrice wrote a tribute to her mother, *In Memoriam: Emma Erskine Lane Hahn, 1846-1927*, published in Kyoto in 1929, but this editor has not read the work and does not know to what extent the Bahá'í Faith is mentioned therein. Although Emma Erskine Hahn spent much time with her daughter, and passed away, in Japan, Ms. Alexander makes no mention of her in *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan*. Ms. Hahn was certainly a member of the Bahá'í Faith in the United States but, according to a Theosophist source (www.theosophical.org/publications/quest-magazine/1254-beatrice-lane-suzuki-an-american-theosophist-in-japan), along with Beatrice and Daisetz Suzuki joined

a Theosophist Lodge in Japan.

‘Abdu’l-Bahá spoke before Theosophist audiences during His tour of the West, and Theosophist publications of the early twentieth century paid considerable attention to the Bahá’í Faith. There are, it can be noted, similarities but also very substantial differences between Bahá’í and Theosophist tenets.

60;*100*. There appears to be a mistake here. Ms. Sims writes that in 1989 she attended a reception and banquet celebrating the incorporation of the Bahá’í Faith in Hong Kong and then accompanied ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum to the dedication of the Bahá’í Center in Macau immediately afterward. According to Graham Hassall’s Hong Kong Bahá’í history (see note 47), the Hong Kong L.S.A. was incorporated in November 1969, and online public documents made available by the Hong Kong government show that the Hong Kong N.S.A. was incorporated in 1988. According to Ms. Sims’ *The Macau Bahá’í Community in the Early Years* pp. 48, 50, the first Macau Bahá’í Center was opened Naw-Rúz 1969, was however closed a year later, then a “permanent” Center opened in 1974; Graham Hassall writes in his Hong Kong history that acquisition of a Ḥaẓíratu’l-Quds in Macau was a goal of the Five-Year Plan 1974-1979. According to the Macau government’s “Macao Yearbook 2017”, available online, in 1988 a local Bahá’í Center was established in the Coloane district of Macau. In *The Macau Bahá’í Community* Ms. Sims does not mention Rúḥíyyih Khánum attending any opening of a Bahá’í Center in Macau, but she writes on page 52 that Rúḥíyyih Khánum’s first visit to Macau was in 1972, and on pages 60 and 61 that Rúḥíyyih Khánum attended the first National Convention of the Bahá’ís of Hong Kong in 1974 and of the Bahá’ís of Macau in 1989. Given the above information, if Ms. Sims has correctly recounted the year as 1989, perhaps the occasions she is referring to were a celebration in Hong Kong of the N.S.A. incorporation of the previous year, followed by the first National Convention in Macau, held at the Bahá’í Center there. In any case, thank goodness Ms. Sims survived the firecrackers.

61;*103*. Those appointed Hand of the Cause who visited Japan were ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum, Shu‘á‘u’lláh ‘Alá’í, Agnes Alexander (resident), ‘Abu’l-Qásim Faydí, Collis Featherstone, ‘Alí-Akbar Furútan, Paul Haney, Dhikru’lláh Khádim, Jalál Kháḍi‘,

Raḥmatu'lláh Muhájir, Enoch Olinga, Keith Ransom-Kehler (posthumously appointed), Charles Mason Remey (visited before appointment), John Robarts, Martha Root (posthumously appointed), Ṭarázu'lláh Samandarí, Siegfried Schopflocher (visited before appointment), and William Sears.

62;*103*. January 19, 2000. Hand of the Cause Ali-Akbar Furutan passed away in 2003, Hand of the Cause Ali-Muhammad Varqa in 2007.

63;*104*. This editor recalls in the mid-1990s accompanying Ms. Sims to Narita Airport to see Mildred Mottahedeh when she stopped over in Tokyo for one night on her return to the U.S. after a business trip to China. There was a charisma and gravitas to Ms. Mottahedeh. Among her administrative distinctions she was a member of the elected International Bahá'í Council and the first representative of the Bahá'í International Community to the United Nations. In her airport hotel room Ms. Mottahedeh stunned her visitors when she reached into her bag and pulled out a vial containing the blood of Bahá'u'lláh.

64;*104*. This might be the place to remark that a personal memoir should not be regarded as self-aggrandizement or horn-tooting. 'Abdu'l-Bahá, Shoghi Effendi, and the Universal House of Justice have each called on Bahá'ís to contribute to the historical record, and personal reminiscences, as much as biographies, community histories, general histories, and accounts of particular episodes or events, are an integral part of that record. It is a fact that Shoghi Effendi made use of such reminiscences in writing *God Passes By* and Nabíl in writing *The Dawn-Breakers*. Of course the quality of writing, the tone of humility, the amount and accuracy of detail, the level of subjectivity/objectivity, indeed the achievements, the greatness, of the life being recounted in a personal memoir will vary from writer to writer, but surely every Bahá'í has something to say and, if so, he/she should not feel unworthy to say it.

65;*104*. This is probably a reference to what is written in a letter from May Bolles Maxwell, mother of 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum née Mary Maxwell, to Agnes Alexander a year before Mary's birth; see www.bahai-library.com/htu/2000_02.html.

Along with other parts of her account, this section of memories of individual Bahá'ís was not finished by Ms. Sims. As mentioned in the foreword, the editor has incorporated into this document reminis-

cences and other content that Ms. Sims recorded over many years in a notebook and several loose papers; however, there was little or nothing in these sources about several Bahá'ís she knew, such as Bill Sears and Shirin Fozdar, about whom she likely would have written in more detail from memory had she been able to finish.

66;*108*. The following passage from 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum's book *The Priceless Pearl* (p. 360) refers to Hiroyasu Takano:

> I remember watching the face of the first Japanese Bahá'í pilgrim when Shoghi Effendi, with those wonderfully expressive eyes of his fixed upon him, said that as the majority of the human race was not white there was no reason why the majority of Bahá'ís should be white. The emphasis and openness with which Shoghi Effendi stated this was clearly a revelation to this man from the Far East who was returning from a protracted stay in the United States.

See also note 26 herein.

67;*108*. Kamakura, about 50 kilometers southwest of Tokyo, was the site of the first shogunate, which was established in the late twelfth century C.E. and lasted about 150 years. The Kamakura Great Buddha, dating to the shogunate period, is a National Treasure-designated, bronze, outdoor statue (originally indoor, the building washed away by a tsunami), rising over 13 meters above ground level, depicting a sitting Amitabha Buddha. (Precisely speaking the statue is of Amitabha Tathagata—Jp. 阿弥陀如来 *amida nyorai*—according to the government's designation; see note 33 concerning Amitabha.) In addition to 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum a number of Bahá'í visitors have viewed the statue over the years, including the first two Iranian believers to set foot in Japan, Hossein Touty in 1932 and Hossein Ouskouli in 1935, who both resided in Shanghai at the time of their visits. Photos of the two gentlemen posing by the Great Buddha are in *Traces that Remain* pp. 36-7 (online here: www.bahai-library.com/sims_traces_that_remain&chapter=35). (Mr. Ouskouli's daughter Rizvaniyyih was married to Suleiman Suleimani, mentioned later in this section of the memoir text; they were pioneers in Taiwan for decades, beginning in 1954.)

The ancient imperial capitals of Nara and Kyoto, in western Japan,

predate Kamakura by centuries. Nara's Todaiji Temple contains the Great Buddha Hall, which holds the world's largest bronze statue of Buddha (Vairocana). *Noh*, a performance of which Rúḥíyyih Kh̲ánum attended, is 700-year-old song-and-dance theater. It was patronized by *samurai* lords and predated the today better-known *kabuki*, the commoners' theatrical form.

A digression concerning "Tathagata" mentioned two paragraphs above (for those readers who might be interested; if not, please return to the memoir main text p. 108): Some Bahá'í writers on Buddhism believe this term corresponds to the Bahá'í concept of "Manifestation". If *tathagata* was used by Buddha to describe Himself, that might be a valid equivalence, although there is no way to know definitively if He did—which is to say, the Pali Canon, the earliest extant collection containing sayings ascribed to Buddha, does not date to earlier than four or five centuries after His advent, though He is certainly depicted referring to Himself as *tathagata* therein. There has been disagreement among scholars of Buddhism as to whether *tathagata* means "thus come" or "thus gone" (or simply "thusness"). The Japanese expression for *tathagata*, 如来 *nyorai*, is written with two *kanji* characters that mean "thus come". The Japanese took this expression from Middle Chinese, in which *tathagata* was first rendered as 如去如来, or "thus gone thus come"—either the practical Chinese tried to have it both ways, or they concluded that the original word combined the two meanings or had one meaning with two aspects (which may be closest to the early Indian Buddhist idea). This is notable because Chinese translations of Sanskrit/Pali terms from Buddhism were informed either by Indian monks who lived in China or by Chinese monks who lived in India. In Chinese and Japanese literary practice it is common to shorten multi-character compounds for the sake of brevity, and so 如去如来 was abbreviated to 如来 ("thus come") for reason of convenience, not meaning. While this is the usual explanation of the term 如来, some scholars disagree: Prof. Hajime Nakamura (Tokyo University, emeritus 1973, d. 1999), arguably the leading Japanese expert on Vedic studies and *darshana* thought and on early Indian Buddhism, states that *tathagata* in the ancient belief-systems of India meant "one thus gone" (in the broader sense of *sarana gamana*), or "one who has done good deeds" (in the sense of *sucarita*), and in Indian Buddhism took on the meaning of "one who

has attained enlightenment and/or truth", but that the Chinese, reflecting Mahayanist thinking, chose to emphasize a nuance of "one who has come to save others or lead others to enlightenment" and so settled on the characters 如来 ("thus come"). (This is from an untranslated 1980 book whose title can be rendered "Buddha's Last Journey: The Mahaparinibbana Sutta".) Editor's observation: Perhaps "thus gone thus come"—in the sense of the First and the Last, the Seen and the Hidden (as found in the Kitáb-i-Íqán, Seven Valleys, Bayán, originally Qur'án)—is most appropriate as a translation of *tathagata* from a Bahá'í perspective, whatever the original word exactly meant when it was initially used in Buddhism, which may be impossible to ever determine.

Further digressively: Scholars have written comparative analyses of aspects of the Bahá'í Faith and Buddhism, including of ontology. Although Buddhist ontology is a subject matter which, unlike the Sufi and Neoplatonist, has not been directly addressed by any of the Central Figures of the Bahá'í Faith and thus there is no edifying precedent or paradigm with a Bahá'í perspective for comparative writers to consult, Japan has been a general help in the persons of multilingual polymaths Daisetz Suzuki, expositor of Zen and other Mahayanist thought, and Prof. Toshihiko Izutsu (Keio University, emeritus 1981, d. 1993)—less well-known but wider-ranging than Suzuki—whose works, preeminently *Sufism and Taoism: A Comparative Study of Key Philosophical Concepts*, have been catnip to comparative religion scholars. Editor's observation: Reading studies that compare aspects of Buddhism and the Bahá'í Faith, one gets the impression that these are rather heavy on analysis but light on conclusions; that is, the analysis itself, not any substantive conclusion, comes across as the point or purpose of the papers.

Judging specifically from statements of 'Abdu'l-Bahá and letters written on behalf of Shoghi Effendi, and also inferentially from the seeming dearth of direct quotations by the Bahá'í Central Figures from the Holy Writ of the Aryan (Central/South Asian) Manifestations recognized in the Bahá'í Faith—Buddha, Zoroaster, and Krishna (leaving aside whether Krishna was Aryan or pre)—it appears that from a Bahá'í perspective there is little or nothing remaining of the original revelatory Aryan literary corpus, certainly in comparison to the revelatory scripture of the Semitic (West Asian) Manifestations

(which itself thins out as one recedes in time).

The existing writings of the Aryan religions might be analogized to the figures in ash in ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum in Italy: When Mount Vesuvius erupted, many of the towns' citizens were overcome by pyroclastic flow or ash, eventually being covered in meters of the flow or ash, which then hardened. The bodies of the fallen victims, including the bones, disintegrated from the effects of extreme heat and chemicals, leaving a body-shaped cavity in the hardened ash. While from the shape of the cavity in the ash one can get an idea of the shape of the original body, the body itself is long gone and only the ash remains. Comparing mid to late nineteenth-century—i.e., the most recent—revelatory Holy Writ to ancient post-revelatory scriptures and associated philosophical and mystical writings may be likened to comparing a living human being to the ancient ash cavity. If the original ancient body (corpus) is well preserved, then useful comparative studies with living humans can be conducted, but if only the cavity in hardened ash exists, then only a largely conjectural and far less conclusive anatomical comparison can be argued. Perhaps the most useful kind of comparative study is informational rather than formally argumentational, an example being the primers that Moojan Momen has produced on the Bahá'í Faith intended for adherents of other Faiths, such as *Hinduism and the Bahá'í Faith* and *Buddhism and the Bahá'í Faith*.

68;*110*. Further to the correspondence of Bahá'í principles and Japanese values that Ms. Sims here recounts 'Amatu'l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum discussing: In an 'Irfán Colloquia paper (online at www.bahai-library.com/momen_aesthetics_bab) Moojan Momen posits an aesthetics of the Báb, focusing particularly on His conceptions of perfection and refinement in the arts and crafts, and he aptly relates the latter conception to Japanese (and Chinese and Iranian) art in the "attempt to approach the boundary where the physical becomes so refined as to merge into the spiritual." Although Momen restricts the Japanese relation to refinement and does not mention perfection, the Báb's idea, as Momen puts it, of "the spirit within material things yearning for perfection and the work of the artist and craftsperson being to enable a thing to reach its perfection" is evoked in Japanese art and craft in everything from *katana*—Japanese swords, the metalwork of which, as any honest artificer would ac-

knowledge, is the best of anywhere and any time (so close to perfection that it led many a *samurai* to fetishize his sword, which in turn may well have led to the ritualization of the use of the sword in the form of *seppuku*, i.e., "hara-kiri")—to *washi* paper to both the rustic and refined styles of ceramic-ware to the tea ceremony. Just as Bahá'ís believe that adherence to the laws and principles ("choice wine") of the Faith is liberating, in that it bestows insight and conduces to wisdom and mystic realization (see Hidden Words, Persian no. 62, for example), so the Japanese believe that the mastery—i.e., the approach, as close as possible, to perfection—of form and technique in an art or craft conduces to utter spontaneity and to heightened awareness of the mystery and profoundness of existence.

Another Bahá'í-Japanese correspondence, at the level of practice rather than principle or values, is what the Japanese call *hansei kai*, which can be translated as "reflection meeting" and which is an occasion for consultation after an event or effort to reflect on and evaluate its content and result and incorporate lessons learned from both successes and failures in future such endeavors—very much like a Bahá'í cluster-activity-related reflection meeting.

A one-paragraph digression: Speaking of "cluster", what is surely one of the earliest instances of this word in Bahá'í literature is found in a 1919 tablet from 'Abdu'l-Bahá to George and Ruth Augur, then living in Japan (*Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 19):

> These few seeds of corn that ye have sown in that soil shall lead to luxuriant crops, this limited number of souls will be converted into great cohorts, nay, rather into an imposing spiritual army, and that seed, under the Divine Direction, shall yield abundant and heavy clusters.

Granted, this is a translation, and the use here is apparently metaphorical and different from the current use of the term in the Bahá'í Faith. The term is widely employed in various disciplines of the social and natural sciences and is replete with meanings; as such it reminds one of the variegated word "center", which appears in the communications of 'Abdu'l-Bahá—e.g., Tablets of the Divine Plan, here and there in the tablets contained in *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*—and of Shoghi Effendi—his general letters and letters written on his behalf, including in *Ablaze*—in a number of contexts or applications, not simply referring to a Ḥaẓíratu'l-Quds. In the Tablets of the Divine Plan

the term “collective center” appears many times in the last of the tablets and translates *jahat-i-jám‘ih*.)

Although it is a trait rather than a principle, a further Bahá’í-Japanese correspondence is the sense of shame. Bahá’u’lláh states in Kalimát-i-Firdawsíyyih and in the Epistle to the Son of the Wolf that

> there existeth in man a faculty which deterreth him from, and guardeth him against, whatever is unworthy and unseemly, and which is known as his sense of shame. This, however, is confined to but a few; all have not possessed, and do not possess, it.

The Japanese definitely possess a sense of shame, a trait that has been the subject of scholarly tomes, including Ruth Benedict’s classic study *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, published in 1946, in which she distinguishes between “shame cultures” and “guilt cultures”. (Inevitably Benedict’s work has since had its harsh detractors in the professional world, mostly social critics and fellow anthropologists. The fact that her study was commissioned during the Second World War by the U.S. government’s Office of War Information, an agency that was responsible for propaganda among other things; that fact that she did not know the Japanese language and that—obviously, being wartime—she did no fieldwork; and the fact that her study has prescriptive content, and comes across as judgmental here and there, has not helped its critical reception, although when a translation was issued the Japanese themselves were impressed, with a few exceptions. It is notable that among the complimentary comments made by contemporary Japanese writers were those of Rikihei Inoguchi, a former Imperial Navy officer who participated in the establishment and initial operations of the Japanese Special Attack Force—better known as “kamikazes”—during the Second World War: he states in Roger Pineau’s *The Divine Wind: Japan’s Kamikaze Force in World War II* p. 214 that Benedict’s work is a “careful analysis of Japanese thought” and “reveal[s] a deep insight as well as understanding.”)

The above Bahá’í-Japanese correspondences are not exhaustive. One could also mention sincerity and purity of motive; golden silence; and doing something because it is the right thing to do even if it involves sacrificing one’s own interests, selfless sacrifice being a theme in both Bahá’í and Japanese literature. Also, the practice of

ablution: worshippers at Shinto shrines and some Buddhist temples will wash their hands and rinse their mouths with water as a purification.

It is interesting in the above regard that in tablets of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá and letters of Shoghi Effendi (see for example bahai9.com/wiki/Praise_of_character_by_country_and_race), and also in remarks of Shoghi Effendi recorded in pilgrims’ notes and in at least three or four of ‘Amatu’l-Bahá Rúḥíyyih Khánum’s recorded talks given over the years in different places that this editor recalls hearing or reading, reference is made to characteristics or qualities exhibited by nations and ethnic groups. In her biography of Shoghi Effendi, *The Priceless Pearl* (pp. 367-8), Rúḥíyyih Khánum quotes him writing of the “highly differentiated elements of the human race” and “the diversity of ethnical origins . . . of language and tradition, of thought and habit, that differentiate the peoples and nations of the world”, and concludes that “each division of the human race is endowed with gifts of its own needed to make the new Order of Bahá’u’lláh diversified, rich and perfect.” It seems that just as individuals can evince different combinations and extents of the divine attributes, so can nations. Of course, any listing of national characteristics is an exercise in idealization: one will not find an individual Japanese, for instance, who anywhere near fully manifests anywhere near all the qualities Rúḥíyyih Khánum credits the Japanese people as possessing, while one will definitely find individual Japanese who manifest opposite qualities. Yet what Rúḥíyyih Khánum says about the Japanese as a people will ring very true to anyone who is familiar with the values and principles prevailing in their society and culture.

That said, if there are such things as good national characteristics, presumably there are bad national characteristics too, as there is no perfect nation just as there is no perfect individual. In the case of the Japanese, without going into great detail, one might identify insularity and an associated tendency to regard themselves as specially unique and uniquely special, both culturally and racially (even physiologically), a view that has been propounded by philosophers, social and literary critics, and politicians (and recently at a more simplistic level on popular television programs), and has even taken a name: *nihonjin ron*, or “theory of the Japanese”. Ironically, the more Japan has Westernized, the more emphatic this polemic has become. This

attitude forms a considerable background noise against which the universalist aspects of the Bahá'í message must struggle to be heard. Of course, in stressing in her talks how fully the Japanese people culturally manifest Bahá'í teachings, Rúḥíyyih Khánum was in a way highlighting their uniqueness—there are many facets to the "uniqueness" gem; perhaps 'Abdu'l-Bahá's appellation for Kanichi Yamamoto, the first Japanese Bahá'í, "Unique One", is another.

Lastly, the "47 *ronin*" were mentioned by Rúḥíyyih Khánum as an example of fidelity in her list of Japanese qualities. *Ronin*—lit. "wandering person(s)"—were *samurai* who lost the patronage of their lord either because of his death or fall from power or because he kicked them out of his castle after they behaved badly. The "47 *ronin*" refers to a true incident from the 1700s and subsequently depicted in very popular *kabuki* performances and later films and television dramas. Essentially it is a poignant but violent story of a band of *samurai* whose lord is forced to commit suicide and who avenge him by killing his accuser, then commit suicide themselves. While Rúḥíyyih Khánum, perhaps influenced by literary or dramatic depictions, accentuates the positive in the story—the fidelity and sacrifice of the *ronin*—one could be a bit ornery and comment that the story's popularity is an example of a Japanese tendency to romanticize episodes of violent and indulgent behavior on the part of *samurai* (there being no shortage of such episodes in history). An aspect of the above-mentioned *nihonjin ron* polemic has been an effort to idealize the *samurai* and their supposed code of honor and conduct, *bushido*, "the warrior's way".

69;*112*. Rúḥíyyih Khánum's letter to Bahá'í youth can be read online here: www.bahai-library.com/khanum_letter_youth_1948. Ms. Sims quotes the first paragraph.

70;*114*. Shoghi Effendi's letter is found in *Bahá'í Administration*; the request for intercession is on page 196.

71;*116*. Rúḥíyyih Khánum's meeting with the Mikasas was made possible by the aforementioned (note 33) Bahá'í pioneer Moluke Kazempour Amin-Amin: Prince Mikasa was for many years the president of the Japan Society of Near Eastern Studies and was a scholar in that field, while Ms. Amin-Amin was for many years a university Persian-language instructor, and they thus had the opportunity to become acquainted. Rúḥíyyih Khánum also met, separately,

with Princess Chichibu, widow of Yasuhito, Prince Chichibu, another brother of Emperor Hirohito. In one of her recorded talks Rúḥíyyih Khánum recounts that she mentioned to Princess Chichibu the fact Bahá'u'lláh praised constitutional monarchy and that the Princess was happy to hear this and said she hoped Rúḥíyyih Khánum would spread the good word about constitutional monarchy to Japan's young people.

Further to Bahá'í contact with the Japanese imperial family: Gifts and accompanying messages from Shoghi Effendi were presented on two occasions to Emperor Hirohito (r. 1926-1989) through the Imperial Household Agency, which manages the affairs of the imperial family, the presentations enabled by the aforementioned Rokuichiro Masujima (note 56); see *Traces that Remain* pp. 81-2. The first presentation of gifts, in the form of books, in 1929, was on the occasion of the Emperor's coronation (which took place in 1928, two years after he assumed the throne), and Shoghi Effendi's message was as follows:

> May the perusal of Bahá'í literature enable Your Imperial Majesty to appreciate the sublimity and penetrative power of Bahá'u'lláh's Revelation and inspire you on this auspicious occasion to arise for its worldwide recognition and triumph.

(This editor is not aware of any other reigning monarch, besides Queen Marie of Romania, who was directly addressed by the Guardian.) The second message to Emperor Hirohito, which was cabled and indirect and accompanied gifts, in the form of a calligraphic arrangement of a passage from the Holy Writings and a Persian rug, presented by Martha Root in 1930, stated:

> Kindly transmit His Imperial Majesty, Tokyo, Japan, on behalf of myself and Bahá'ís world over, expression of our deepest love as well as assurance of heartfelt prayers for his well-being, and prosperity of his ancient realm.

As Ms. Sims points out in *Traces that Remain*, Hirohito became the longest reigning sovereign in Japan's history and, of course, Japan has certainly prospered. The phrase "ancient realm" is particularly apt, considering the fact that Japan has the oldest continuous, hereditary monarchy in the world. In October of 1967 a special edition of

The Proclamation of Bahá'u'lláh was presented by the Universal House of Justice to over one hundred heads of state, including Emperor Hirohito. The message of the House of Justice to the Emperor, accompanying the book, was as follows:

> Your Imperial Majesty,
>
> The weakening in this century of political, social, and religious structures with its consequent insecurity has provoked a fever which rages through the body of mankind. We believe that the central message of this book and its weighty pronouncements on world peace and the re-ordering of human affairs will commend themselves to Your Imperial Majesty's serious consideration, and in pursuance of our bounden duty we earnestly entreat you not to set it lightly aside.
>
> We beg to assure Your Imperial Majesty of our fervent prayers for your welfare and that of your country.

Lastly, on the Ainu, mentioned in the main text, see note 17 and note 73. *Buraku* (or *burakumin*) refers to a social outcast group by occupation: basically, they did work that no one else would. Some of those occupations have disappeared and some have not, and although such segregation by occupation does not exist today formally or legally in Japan, many persons of *buraku* descent today are engaged in work that is "traditionally" theirs. Some *burakumin* have made an effort to "pass" and others have not, but in any case it is possible by a family's ancestral or current place of residence and Japan's family register system (and underground publications as well, discreetly consulted by employers and by families before betrothal) to determine *buraku* descent, and discrimination on that basis persists in Japanese society. It is quite remarkable that Rúḥíyyih Khánum brought up this subject, in the context of her visits to Bahá'í households, in her talk with the Mikasas, and noteworthy that they expressed interest and understanding.

72;*121*. Many a pioneer had the bounty of receiving from Mr. Samandari a beautifully calligraphed Greatest Name with a personalized message written at the bottom. In Iran Muhajir's biography of her husband, *Dr. Muhajir: Hand of the Cause and Knight of Bahá'u'lláh*, on page 637, a photo taken in Manila, the Philippines shows Mr. Samandari drawing the Greatest Name that was presented to Ms.

Sims, as Dr. and Iran Muhajir look on. At the time, in 1966, Mr. Samandari was in the midst of an extended tour of East Asia. His base for the tour was Japan, and long-time pioneer to Japan Ruhollah Momtazi served as his assistant on the tour and asked him to draw Greatest Names for Ms. Sims and others believers; Mr. Momtazi took the photo while Mr. Samandari was at work. The Momtazi home has a dining-table-sized version of the Greatest Name in the margin of which Mr. Samandari has inscribed a quotation from a tablet 'Abdu'l-Bahá wrote to his father, Apostle of Bahá'u'lláh Shaykh Káẓim-i-Samandar, in which the Master states that He is instructing Samandar's son Ṭarázu'lláh in calligraphy during the latter's stay in the Holy Land.

73;*127*. There is viewable online a film entitled "A New Wind" dating to 1969 (probably shot 1967-8) and directed by famed documentary-maker George C. Stoney, produced under the auspices of the U.S. N.S.A., about the Bahá'í Faith and showing believers in the U.S. and around the world, including G.V. Tehrani at his pioneer post in Sapporo, the largest city in the northernmost Japanese main island of Hokkaido. Among those appearing in the Hokkaido segments of the film are Yoshio Sasaki, one of the first two persons to accept the Faith in Hokkaido; Takeichi Moritake, Ainu village headman and poet; Chief Moritake's son Kazutomo Umegae, who later was appointed Auxiliary Board Member and served in that capacity for over 20 years; and pioneer Ruhollah Momtazi and son of pioneers Foad Katirai, who are shown visiting Mr. Tehrani and Japanese believers at the Sapporo Bahá'í Center. The film can be viewed here: www.youtube.com/watch?v=xskjnJ2bjd4&list=UUvBlfym0s-L8xqMlPLfJTatg&index=2. Critical note: The documentary style is mostly "fly-on-the-wall", but some scenes appear to be heavily directed if not staged—the bowing and hand-waving in the Japan segments seem a bit excessive. The moving final scene of the film shows Mr. Tehrani at prayer, with the narrator reciting the English translation (the last verses of the Medium Obligatory Prayer).

G.V. (Ghodratullah Vahid, or Qudratu'lláh Vaḥíd) Tehrani, a devoted believer and a widower, asked the Guardian during pilgrimage where he should go to pioneer and was told Japan. He was in his late 50s when he arrived in Japan, where he lived for about ten years, and was largely responsible for the establishment of a Spiritual

Assembly in Sapporo. He later taught the Faith in various countries. (Thanks to Zafar Moghbel for providing Mr. Tehrani's full name.)

On the Ainu see note 17. Chief Moritake and Mr. Umegae were first attracted to the Faith during a teaching trip to Hokkaido undertaken by Ruhollah Momtazi and Gekie Nakajima in 1957, a trip that also resulted in Mr. Sasaki accepting the Faith. Chief Moritake and son and several other persons of Ainu descent formally became Bahá'ís in 1961 during a teaching trip to Hokkaido by pioneer Muhammad Labib. (On Muhammad Labib see note 14.)

74;*130*. Aside from those belonging (for the most part) to several of the comparatively new Buddhist sects and some Christian denominations, the Japanese today do not actively teach a metaphysical belief-system to others; indeed, although they may occasionally visit a temple or shrine, and arranging Buddhist rites for departed loved ones is common, many Japanese do not (or claim they do not) adhere to a metaphysical belief-system beyond a nominal level. The Japanese are, however, very much a metaphysically-attuned people, and there have been episodes of mass religious conversion (or adoption) in Japanese history, dating to hundreds of years ago, such as when the Buddhist Pure Land sect (see note 33) and Christianity were first established in the country. For that matter, the imperial family participates in Shinto-based ceremonies and rituals that include communion with deities.

The general reticence about teaching belief-systems to others has perhaps held back teaching by Japanese Bahá'ís. Teaching can be a challenge for the pioneers as well, because the Japanese people believe themselves to be irreligious, at least with regard to theological, or more precisely monotheistic, tenets and tend to be wary of anything they regard as proselytizing; also, much time and effort must be devoted by pioneers to making a living in what is a hard-driving, highly competitive, expensive economy. Of course, Dr. Muhajir understood this—as would have 'Abdu'l-Bahá and Shoghi Effendi—and his point is as sharp now as when he made it decades ago.

75;*132*. Ms. Sims once told this editor that she did not take words of praise from the Hands of the Cause or other persons as anything other than good cheer. She said it was ultimately Bahá'u'lláh Who would adjudge the merit and achievements of her life and service. She added that it was nevertheless nice to hear the kind words,

that she knew of many pioneers around the world, including others in Japan, who benefited greatly from kind words of comfort, inspiration, and praise offered by the Hands, and that such kindness was a sustaining potion for pioneers.

The prime examples of words of sustenance and encouragement to pioneers are surely the letters written by Shoghi Effendi, or the handwritten postscripts he would add to letters composed on his behalf and typed by his secretaries. The book *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*, and other such compilations as well, contain a number of these. (A collection of such postscripts would make for inspiring reading.) A short note found in *Ablaze* (p. 99), appended by Shoghi Effendi to a letter written on his behalf by Leroy Ioas in January 1956 to the Local Spiritual Assembly of Hyogo, which consisted entirely of pioneers, might be considered as ringing out to all pioneers everywhere of any time:

> May the Almighty remove all obstacles from your path, enable you to lend a great impetus to the onward march of His Faith, and contribute to the consolidation of His institutions. Your true brother, Shoghi.

Not only pioneers were beneficiaries. The following is from earlier in this memoir, a postscript to a letter written on Shoghi Effendi's behalf in 1926 to the L.S.A. of Berkeley, California, U.S.A.:

> I wish to add a few words in order to assure you in person of my prayers for the success of your efforts to promote and consolidate our beloved Cause. May our Beloved cheer you, strengthen you and guide you in your labours for Him. Your true brother, Shoghi.

And this (ibid. p. 58; originally *History of the Bahá'í Faith in Japan* p. 75) added in his handwriting at the end of a letter written on his behalf in 1928 to Agnes Alexander:

> I wish to assure you in person of my eagerness to hear from you regularly, frequently and in detail, of my continued prayers for you, and of my sense of pride and satisfaction in view of your devoted and pioneer services in that promising country. Though trials, test, anxieties, and cares beset your path, yet you should never falter in your hope that eventually, through you and those who after you will tread your path, the sovereignty of

> Bahá'u'lláh will be firmly established in that land and your heart's desire will in the end be fulfilled. Your true and affectionate brother, Shoghi.

Ms. Alexander wrote of another of Shoghi Effendi's postscripts (*Ablaze* p. 54; originally *History* p. 52):

> The words penned by his hand at the end of the letter so affected me that for several days my heart was filled with joy and inspiration, and a realization came to me of the power with which God had endowed him.

76;*132*. Enoch Olinga's dream is mentioned on page 643 of Iran Muhajir's biography of her husband, *Dr. Muhajir: Hand of the Cause and Knight of Bahá'u'lláh*. The biography is impressive for its breadth, reflecting Dr. Muhajir's vast, global arena of service. It is especially interesting for the extensive use of its subject's diaries and of testimonials and reminiscences of many Bahá'ís around the world. (There are mistakes in the section on Japan, and elsewhere, perhaps inevitable in a book of such scope.)

77;*133*. Through the encouragement of Hands of the Cause Furutan and Muhajir and others, a large number of university-age Iranian Bahá'ís pioneered to East Asia, among other regions of the world.

78;*134*. Confer the verses ascribed to the Imám 'Alí, cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet Muḥammad, quoted by Bahá'u'lláh in the Seven Valleys:

> Dost thou reckon thyself only a puny form
> When within thee the universe is folded?

The verses are from one of Imám 'Alí's narrations and poems in the "Díwán" anthology.

79;*140*. Jenabe Caldwell was a Knight of Bahá'u'lláh for the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, U.S.A. and also pioneered in Mexico and Japan. He is remembered in various countries for his mass-teaching activities, and in Japan in particular for his intensive, and intense, deepenings. He passed away in Hawaii in 2016.

80;*140*. Other House of Justice members to have visited Japan are Farzam Arbab (before he became a member), and Ali Nakhjavani (retired), who toured for four weeks in 2012.

81;*144*. Beth McKenty served as an Auxiliary Board member in the United States and late in her life pioneered in Nunavut, in the far

north of Canada, where she ran arts programs for kids, an effort that gained media coverage and was awarded by the Governor-General. In her younger years Ms. McKenty introduced famed jazz trumpet player Dizzy Gillespie to the Bahá'í Faith, and, together with Nancy Jordan, assisted the family of civil rights activist Rev. Martin Luther King in various ways—answering the phone and mail, handling incoming telegrams and cables, dealing with the news media—in the aftermath of his assassination. This came about because Ms. McKenty had earlier befriended Rev. King's mother while she and Ms. Jordan were in the U.S. South visiting Bahá'ís and teaching, and after the assassination she and Ms. Jordan attended the vigil for Rev. King at the Ebenezer Baptist Church—at which Ms. McKenty recited 'Abdu'l-Bahá's Prayer for America—and offered their services to his family through his mother. Ms. McKenty traveled in Africa and Europe to teach the Faith, and on the homefront, among other services, wrote articles on the Faith for non-Bahá'í publications (such as *Ebony* magazine), and profiles (such as of Ali Yazdi and of Wyatt Cooper, landscaper/gardener at the Wilmette Temple and Green Acre School and close friend of the True family and Saichiro Fujita) and eulogies (such as of Grace Anderson of Kenosha, Wisconsin, "one of the first American Bahá'ís reared in a Bahá'í home": www.bahai-library.com/mckenty_grace_anderson) for Bahá'í publications. Beth McKenty passed away in Ottawa in September 2017. (Thanks to Ms. McKenty's sister Mary Prough and her correspondents, including Nancy Jordan, for the information about helping Rev. King's family.)

82;*145*. The quotations are from *Selections from the Writings of the Báb* pp. 94, 210; *Tablets of Bahá'u'lláh Revealed After the Kitáb-i-Aqdas* pp. 24-5; and the U.S. prayerbook under "Families", an extract from a tablet of 'Abdu'l-Bahá that refers to intercession in behalf of one's parents. In her copy of *Selections* Ms. Sims has marked the quoted passages in pencil with the word "Parents".

In the Tablet of the Fast (Lawḥ-i-Ṣíyám, *Gleanings* no. cxxxviii) is the supplication:

> Forgive us, and our fathers, and our mothers, and fulfill whatsoever we have desired from the ocean of Thy grace and divine generosity.

Concerning parents, Bahá'u'lláh states in the Questions and Answers appendix of the published *Kitáb-i-Aqdas* (pp. 136-7):

> The fruits that best befit the tree of human life are trustworthiness and godliness, truthfulness and sincerity; but greater than all, after recognition of the unity of God, praised and glorified be He, is regard for the rights that are due to one's parents. This teaching hath been mentioned in all the Books of God, and reaffirmed by the Most Exalted Pen. Consider that which the Merciful Lord hath revealed in the Qur'án, exalted are His words: "Worship ye God, join with Him no peer or likeness; and show forth kindliness and charity towards your parents." Observe how loving-kindness to one's parents hath been linked to the recognition of the one true God! . . .

Following are comments by the editor on the final paragraph of the memoir text (page 145 herein), particularly 'Abdu'l-Bahá's prophecy "Japan will turn ablaze!"

A prayer of Bahá'u'lláh reveals that the "Fire" which God has kindled

> blazeth and rageth in the world of creation

and that

> all the peoples of the world are powerless to resist its force.

In *Gleanings* it is written:

> Let thy soul glow with the flame of this undying Fire that burneth in the midmost heart of the world . . .

This must be the Fire that will turn Japan and the entire planet ablaze.

In addition to "Japan will turn ablaze", 'Abdu'l-Bahá states that

> the Fire of the love of God shall assuredly set Japan afire

and that

> in Japan the divine proclamation will be heard as a formidable explosion

and that

> Japan is endowed with a most remarkable capacity for the spread of the Cause of God! Japan with (another country whose name He stated but bade us conceal it for the present) will take the lead in the spiritual reawakening of the peoples and the nations that the world shall soon witness.

‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s statements quoted above are contained in the first two letters the Guardian wrote to the Bahá’í community of Japan and in a tablet of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá to a group of Japanese students, found in the compilation *Japan Will Turn Ablaze!* (pp. 38, 73-5).

There are several national communities besides Japan, notably Iran and the United States, concerning which remarkable prophecies of a bright future exist in Bahá’í literature—for that matter, the entire planet is promised a golden future. Specifically regarding the other country that together with Japan will, according to the above quotation, “take the lead in the spiritual reawakening” of the world: Agnes Alexander expressed the view to Ms. Sims and to other Bahá’ís that it was probably the United States, on the basis of the destiny given that nation in the Tablets of the Divine Plan; in an article entitled “Spiritual axis: ‘A powerful magnet’” in the May 1983 issue of the U.S. *Bahá’í News* (see note 48), then Australasian Board of Counsellors member Peter Khan suggests Australia, on the basis of the polar positions occupied by that country and Japan on the Pacific spiritual axis; this editor recalls two or three other countries being conjectured in conversations among Bahá’ís, including China, on the basis that it is invariably mentioned in tandem with Japan in the Tablets of the Divine Plan.

From what this editor has heard and read, there are some Bahá’ís who appear to believe that the prophecies of “turn ablaze” and “formidable explosion” relating to Japan are to be understood literally as referring to physical phenomena as well as figuratively as referring to spiritual phenomena. It is perhaps inevitable that some persons see some sort of significance, even an irony, in the use of the terms “ablaze” and “explosion” in tablets and letters from the Holy Land to the Bahá’ís in a country that was to suffer strategic bombing in a world war. In the case of “formidable explosion”, the entire sentence in ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s tablet (*Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 38) reads

> In Japan the divine proclamation will be heard as a formidable explosion, so that those who are ready will become uplifted and illumined by the Light of the Sun of Truth.

Those who would relate this sentence literally to the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic bombings (as, for instance, Gary L. Matthews seems to in his *The Challenge of Bahá’u’lláh* p. 73) might explain

precisely how nuclear detonations over cities denote a "divine proclamation". It can be pointed out here that the "ablaze" prophecy is recounted by Shoghi Effendi in a letter written by him in his capacity as Guardian, while the "explosion" prophecy is not referred to by the Guardian in his published letters to Japan and is from a tablet of 'Abdu'l-Bahá translated by someone other than Shoghi Effendi.

Certainly physical calamity can beget spiritual receptivity. In the account of Japanese pilgrim Hiroyasu Takano (see note 26), Shoghi Effendi is recalled stating that Japan's suffering in the Second World War qualifies it to be both a radiating and attracting center of the Cause. Further in this regard, according to an August 1952 letter written on behalf of Shoghi Effendi (*Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 92) the people of Hiroshima

> have a special right . . . to hear of Bahá'u'lláh's Message of peace and brotherhood.

This is not, however, the same thing as saying that the divine proclamation and formidably exploding bombs come in a set.

'Abdu'l-Bahá has stated (to paraphrase) that every thing or phenomenon in the physical world has an equivalent in the spiritual world. Perhaps it is better to understand "ablaze" and "explosion" in the Japan instance entirely metaphorically as referring to a spiritual reality, a strictly "spiritual" inferno and blast—in the same way that references to blaring trumpets in the holy scriptures of several religions do not necessarily bespeak a person wearing a robe and a flowing beard blowing on a curved or straight brass or other metal tube of conical or cylindrical bore with a cup-shaped mouthpiece at one end and a flared bell at the other and with or without valves for pitch variation.

The Guardian in his letter mentioning the "turn ablaze" prophecy (ibid. p. 73) says that it is

> the most emphatic, the most inspiring [of those] promises He ['Abdu'l-Bahá] gave us all regarding the future of the Cause in that land [Japan]

and that the realization of that promise would be a "glorious day"—no hint of actual exploding bombs accompanying a divine proclamation, nothing to hang such an inference on. The figurative welkin ringing, not actual bombs bursting (or trumpets blaring), seems the point.

'Abdu'l-Bahá has addressed other prophetic, or portentous,

statements to Japanese persons. The well-known comments made in Paris to the Japanese ambassador to Spain, found in Sara Blomfield's *The Chosen Highway* pp. 183-4 (the ambassador's name, Minoji Arakawa—荒川巳次—is misspelled there) are an example:

> Scientific discoveries have increased material civilization. There is in existence a stupendous force, as yet, happily, undiscovered by man. Let us supplicate God, the Beloved, that this force be not discovered by science until spiritual civilization shall dominate the human mind. In the hands of men of lower material nature, this power would be able to destroy the whole earth.

This echoes the foreboding statement found in Bahá'u'lláh's Kalimát-i-Firdawsíyyih:

> Strange and astonishing things exist in the earth but they are hidden from the minds and the understanding of men. These things are capable of changing the whole atmosphere of the earth and their contamination would prove lethal.

From what this editor has heard and read, most Bahá'ís who have taken note of these passages believe that they refer to some manifestation of nuclear energy, nor has it escaped attention that 'Abdu'l-Bahá's comments were addressed to a representative of the Japanese government. Compared to the "ablaze" and "explosion" prophecies these statements more clearly portend a physical evincement, but in their contexts they are not directly related to the divine proclamation: Bahá'u'lláh's statement immediately follows a reference to the Lesser Peace and immediately precedes what is apparently a reference to electrical telegraphy; 'Abdu'l-Bahá's statement is in the context of references to social issues and the harmony of religion and science.

The following, an extract from an early tablet of 'Abdu'l-Bahá (January 1903; *Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 22) to the first Japanese Bahá'í, Kanichi Yamamoto, is interesting, although what it may portend is open to question:

> Know, verily, that the Ocean is waving, the Sun shining, the Stars dawning. (Understand what I say!)

It would be helpful to know if this statement was in specific response to something Mr. Yamamoto asked. A straightforward interpretation is

that this refers to some sort of relationship between Japan and the United States, whether a Bahá'í connection or, on the other hand, the 1940s Pacific conflict between Japan and the Allies, predominantly the U.S.A., in the course of the Second World War—but, as with the "formidable explosion" prophecy, that is surely looking at it simplistically. Like any divinely-inspired prophecy this assuredly has several layers of significance: "ocean" in the Bahá'í Writings seems to have any number of figurative meanings, including the Faith itself and the spiritual medium in which the Ark of the Cause moves, and terms such as "sun" and "moon" and "stars" have manifold symbolisms, as the Kitáb-i-Íqán makes clear. Incidentally, this is one of the more allusive of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's tablets found in *Japan Will Turn Ablaze*, and there are interpretative footnotes attached to its text in *Ablaze*: these footnotes were not written by Barbara Sims, compiler of *Ablaze*, but rather copied by her together with the main text; they are probably the work of the editors of *Tablets of Abdul-Baha Abbas* Vol. III, where the tablet was originally published.

According to the ontologically oriented Bahá'í and Bábí Writings there is a "book" for every instance of divinely willed and decreed destiny, and perhaps a prophecy is a case in which that book is quoted from. A foreknowledge of sufficient effort made by the Bahá'ís toward their fulfillment must be a premise of prophecies, i.e., the sufficient effort is an "apriority". This editor remembers a talk given by a Bahá'í in which it was suggested that how "golden" the Golden Age of the Cause is to be depends on how great an effort the believers make in the Formative Age. The interrelationship of destiny as decreed, and prophesied, and effort made toward its fulfillment is certainly mysterious. Complicating the matter is that no commentary on a prophecy other than that offered by an infallible interpretative authority can be considered complete and reliable, and such an authority no longer exists.

Shoghi Effendi never referred to the "turn ablaze" prophecy again in his communications, although later letters written on his behalf speak of a bright future, e.g. (*Japan Will Turn Ablaze* p. 93):

> The beloved Guardian has said that the future of Japan from every standpoint is very bright indeed. The Faith will spread rapidly in Japan, once the public become acquainted with its universal principles, and its dynamic

spirit.

From what this editor has heard and read, some persons seem to think either that the opportunity to turn ablaze has been lost or that the prophecy refers to some time in the far future. Surely it is not a good idea to presume any timetable or limit to the operation of God's Will.

Irrespective of specific prophecies, the tablets and letters of the Central Figures and the Guardian make clear that a maximum effort to teach and proclaim the Dispensation is both an existential and social necessity, this toward the fulfillment of what is the fundamental and abiding destiny of the human race: the acceptance and establishment of the Cause of the Manifestation of God—what so many persons in every era, including thousands of pioneers in this age, have dedicated their lives to promoting.

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