

ONE PERSON'S SEARCH FOR A BETTER WORLD.

At the age of 74 it seems appropriate to look back on all those years and try to find how it came about that one who was born on a farm in England, has lived in four countries and visited over 50 others, is now married and is living in a small town in the far west of America. We have four children, all happily married to non-English partners. So far there are 3 grand-children.

When I was young, the British Empire was at its height and thanks to many intrepid Englishmen in past centuries, ^{it} possessed colonies all over the world. Yet life had changed so much, that few Englishmen had ever been outside the shores of England and ^{thus} we rarely saw the face of a foreigner let alone a black one. The Empire was resting on its laurels, but unknown to anyone then, the Empire had come to an end and the whole planet was on the brink of the biggest and most terrible war ever known.

My brother, sister and I had a very happy, though protected childhood. We grew up on a mixed farm in the middle of England. At the ages of 24 & 23 Philip and I, in our summer evenings started to learn flying at a nearby airdrome. ^{CU Air Force recruits} Quite suddenly, it seemed, world war two was upon us. We were both very excited at the prospect of flying Spitfires in defense of our country. Philip, who had put in more time flying than I, was drawn into a rushed program to train spitfire pilots, while I was left driving a tractor on the farm: a most unjust situation I thought, because he was born to farm while I had a great interest in flying. I pondered deeply on this and found no answer.

Soon Philip was flying in the 'Battle of Britain' defending our shores against the hordes of German bombers. When on leave, he would tell us some of his adventures. Unknown to the Germans, we had invented radar and this told us when the enemy was taking off on a raid. Our Spitfires had ample time to take off and lay in wait high above in large numbers. They would then dive on the bombers out of the sun and destroy many. As a safety measure, they would keep on diving until well out the way. In other engagements many planes were lost on both sides,

but the invasion of England by Germany was stopped for good. However, Philip was lost in the battle. With his plane damaged, he bailed out, but fell into the sea before his parachute had time to open. This was a great shock to all of us.

Now I was the sole remaining male to carry on the family name. We did not know of any other males in the Cardell families, though years later we did discover other branches in Cornwall, where my father's family came from.

We had all been raised as Methodists and went to chapel every Sunday. The Bible had become a great treasure to me, but I could not relate it to modern life except in matters of personal behavior. What, I wondered, is the future of the world? How does nature come into God's overall plan? Was it just window-dressing for us to enjoy? In philosophising about it - Philip had given his life that all kinds of freedom would remain, a most worthy cause, but this had happened unnumbered times throughout history. I asked myself, 'Would there always be wars on earth?' Years later a large stained-glass window was put into Westminster Abbey, London, to commemorate the 'Battle of Britain' heroes; all their names were listed, including Philip. Later a school in Rhodesia was named after him. A book 'The Last Enemy' by Richard Hilary, also a spitfire pilot and who later perished, told memories of Philip and others. My parents were deeply appreciative, but it could not bring back their son, and all the other sons who had been sacrificed to the perfidy of mankind through the ages.

The war went on fiercer than ever. There was no shortage of young men volunteering to fly Spitfires, but farming was upgraded in importance, for submarines were sinking food ships from America at the rate of 10 to 20 a week. So I was put on the RAF reserve indefinitely and told to produce food, because it was as vital a necessity as fighting. This reasoning did not satisfy me. After a year I applied for active duty, but was refused.

Back on the farm we were busy digging 80 acres of potatoes and it was my job to supervise 40 German prisoners picking up after the digger.

When we recaptured North Africa there were 40 Italian prisoners in addition ^{to supervise}. This might seem a difficult job, but not so, even though the German and the Italians had to be kept separate for fear of friction between them. The Germans were angry at the Italians for losing their battles so easily and the Italians resented the Germans. But neither was keen to go back into the shooting war and most of them showed a strong preference for potato picking! For this reason, few guards were needed. Two English soldiers guarded each batch, but they had no bullets for the rifles on their shoulders. Prisoners who volunteered to work on farms were paid very little, so I asked them what I could do to make it worth their while to put in a good days work. They suggested a pack of cigarettes and half a loaf of bread each per day. I went off to town to get these. My father, who had put me in charge, came and found no one supervising, but all the prisoners working well. He was very surprised until I returned with a car load of bread and cigarettes and explained. Such incidents encouraged him to put more trust in my sometimes crazy ideas.

The work proceeded well but one day a German bomber appeared low over the farm, with three Spitfires in hot pursuit. The unequal battle ended quickly with the German crew bailing out as their plane dived into the ground. It must have been a humiliating experience for the prisoners, but I carefully refrained from discussing it with them. Later we heard that one wounded German airman was given a blood-transfusion while he was unconscious; when he woke up and found that he had been given Jewish blood, he tried to commit suicide. We were amazed at such prejudice. In spite of all this, we became quite friendly with all the prisoners. After the war, six of the Italians stayed with us and worked on the farm for years. They all lived together in a farm cottage, did their own cooking and became happily integrated with the villagers. Some even married local girls.

Another incident was more humorous. On a day of deep English fog the Germans thought it a good idea to raid the power station near us. They actually navigated quite well and came out of the fog just near their target but too suddenly to drop the bomb. Our army gunners who had been camped on the roof of the generator house for many days, for just such an event, had felt that a foggy day was a good time

to clean their gun and had it dismantled. Not a shot was fired by either side. The plane never reappeared and everyone had a quiet day and a long chuckle. A more sinister aspect of the war was to wake up in the middle of the night as a German flying bomb passed overhead. If the engine stopped, we knew it was for us. These machines were pilotless and timed to run out of fuel over some town and thus were not accurate, but (they held) quite a psychological impact. They travelled faster than the spitfires, so they were hard to shoot down, even in day time. However our pilots soon learned to wait for them high above the English channel. This gave them a chance to gain speed by diving. Thus they could catch up and destroy them. But it was very dangerous if they exploded, so the pilots learned to fly alongside the bomb and give its wing a lift with their own wing tip. Since it had no aileron control, it could not compensate for such an move and would spiral into the sea.

Later on the V2 rockets pounded London with impunity. At a descent speed of over 4,000 m.p.h. they exceeded the speed of sound, so the victims never knew what hit them. Again a high psychological impact on everyone. London was only 50 miles away from the farm ^{so, at night} so, we could often see the searchlights weaving the sky looking for raiders. Tiny fireflies of light all over the sky were anti-aircraft shells bursting.

Soon our factories were producing many heavy bombers and the tables were turned. Eventually we were able to send fleets of over 1,000 bombers out in one night to attack the German cities. Many new airdromes were built, one next to our farm. Most evenings lots of these heavy bombers took off low over our village. The ever-present danger of engine failure on take off with a load of bombs was accepted by the villagers as the price to pay for freedom. One night a fully loaded bomber faltered on take off and skidded to a halt in the middle of our bean field. It did not explode, but onlookers said that the crew beat all records getting out and running for cover. Another evening a bomber hit a row of trees on take off and crashed in pieces between the houses. All the crew were killed and floods of burning fuel swept into the chicken houses, but the bombs did not explode, so the village was spared.

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A happier side of the war was that the crew members of both the British night-bombers and of the American day-bombers began to accept our open invitation to use the farm house and garden as a place to relax and play tennis. Our family always had strawberries and clotted cream in the summer and my Mother produced an endless supply of these to all the visitors. This was a totally new experience for the Americans and one which delighted them. It also required a lot of sugar which was rationed due to the war. ^{a special American friend} One day Ben brought us a 10lb bag of sugar taken from the American mess when the cook was not looking. My mother ordered him to take it back, but he maintained it was only justice in view of all the sugar she had given the visitors on their strawberries. When Ben added that he might get caught taking it back, mother gave in. Ben was a special friend; though only a corporal, he mixed naturally with the officers in our garden. One day he turned up with two big black eyes and a rueful grin. He had been out to a dance the night before and was cycling back as fast as he could to beat the closing of the camp gates. The rain, the dark and a few drinks all added up to him running broadside into a cow. He was knocked unconscious and woke up in hospital. He lost his stripes for being late back in camp. Ten years after the war Ben revisited us and brought his son with him. It was a most poignant event.

An intriguing experience for us was to hear how, ^{when} outside their military environment on our farm, all American ranks treated each other as equals; ~~a~~ custom very different from the English who kept their ranks at all times. We soon came to enjoy it and one day Ben was playing tennis opposite a Colonel and gave him a sizzling drive he could not reach. Ben delightedly shouted: "Get on your bicycle Colonel!"

Often in the early mornings we would see 50 or more flying fortresses circling in the sky as they gathered into a tight formation before setting out on for Germany. The tight formation gave them a big advantage over the attacking German fighters who had to face the combined fire--power of many planes when they attacked. Looking back now, I can still see in my mind the rising sun lighting up the contrails ^{of the circling armada of planes} while the earth below was still in shadow. But it was also a chilling reminder that we were at war and some of them would never come back.

With both our own ^{RAF} and the American crews, from time to time, well loved faces would be absent from our garden gatherings when they had crashed or been taken prisoners. Their companions would bring us the news and we would grieve deeply with them. My own sister, Margaret was much in love with a bomber pilot, Ty Nelson, who often visited us. One day he never came back. We were dimly aware that there must be families in Germany who were also grieving much over the loss of loved ones. On one occasion a night bomber was forced to return to base because a flare it was to drop and illuminate the target, had got stuck in the mechanism. As the plane came in to land at its home base, the flare, which was set to go off at a low altitude, ignited and the plane crashed.

At about this time I joined a hockey team with both male and female members. We toured the area and often played mixed teams at airdromes. One day we were playing on the pitch at the end of a runway as a damaged bomber came in to land with only one wheel. We held our breath, spellbound as the plane touched down, lurched over to one side and skidded a long way before coming to a halt. It did not catch fire, and no one was hurt.

On another occasion one of our night-bombers was damaged over Germany but managed to limp to neutral territory in north Africa. They repaired it and flew home a week later. They arrived back at our drome just as a high ranking officer was cracking down hard on all crews because they often celebrated their return by flying low over the buildings - there had been some bad accidents. In the middle of the lecture the whole building shook with a giant vibration as our heroes swooped low over the building. The irate officer suspended the whole crew. The pilot was later transferred to towing air targets for other planes to shoot at.

About this time the Government created the 'Home Guard;' an unpaid army composed of civilians. We were issued with uniforms and light arms and learned how to harass a German invasion with road-blocks and tank traps. Hitler had boasted that he would invade England and make it into a satellite state. I well remember Churchill announcing fiercely over the TV. "We will fight on the beaches, we will fight in the streets and in the towns house by house. We will never give in."

As good as his word, he gave the civilians the means to add their bit to a bitter last stand in defense of their country. We used to train on Sunday mornings and I had to make a conscious choice between going to Methodist church and attending Home guard practice. I chose the latter because I felt it was time for action.

Soon I was commanding officer in charge of 25 men too old, too decrepit or too young to serve in the army. Looking back it is clear that we would have had little chance of stopping an invader equipped with far greater fire-power, but we might just have been able to delay them a little till our own army arrived. It was a tremendous moral builder and we had lots of fun too. One night I sent two patrols out on the same circuit, but unknown to each other, in opposite directions so they would meet in the dark. Fortunately, all ammunition was locked away, but they certainly learned how to act in unforeseen circumstances. Later that evening they retaliated by hiding my motorbike.

Another day the Home Guard of our neighbouring village were having practice grenade throwing from a trench. The first man was told by the instructor, how to pull the pin, throw and duck. He pulled the pin out and reached back, only to knock his hand on the box of live grenades. His now live one with seven seconds to go, fell into the box. "What am I going to do now?" he asked the instructor. "Get the hell out of here!" Shouted the instructor. They both dived out of the trench as the whole box of grenades exploded.

~~Civilians~~ Civilians were not allowed on the airdromes, nor in the planes, but now I had a uniform and it was easy for my RAF friends to take me on unorthorised trips in their planes. I was smuggled aboard a Halifax bomber and we took off on a practice bombing trip. They dropped all their smoke bombs but one, which they left for me. I was told how to direct the pilot while aiming through the bomb-sight, and ^{then} press the button. I thought I had done everything just right but no one ever saw where my bomb landed. On another occasion I flew in the latest mosquito bomber. It was so fast on the turns that I lost my breakfast and had to pay the ground crew to clean up the plane afterwards!

8a. Ted's biography (insert in middle of page 8.)

World war 2 must have caused millions of people to think more deeply about the meaning of life on earth and why all this chaos mingled with much joy. What could be the nature of some eternal plan into which all this apparent contradiction would fit? In the relative quiet years after the war, life was pleasant on the farm and Father gave me a lot of freedom to choose what work to do each day. During the winter time I had plenty of free time to go for long walks and meditate about the mysteries of life. All the new people I had met because of the war had opened up a lot of new avenues to explore. I tried to examine my own mind and to identify and control my own thoughts. I remember vividly now, one day, as I was wading through the snow on the farm road and meditating on these matters, that I suddenly realised that my own thoughts govern what I do and think. "I am what I think!" I could choose what to think about, and look for new meanings and values.

Soon, however, I found that this very freedom was heavily influenced by conditioning inherited from traditions and experiences from the past. Every new thought had to be expressed by words with old connections and ideas. And with them came all the familiar emotions which seemed to determine my actions. There had to be more to it than this. In the days that followed I gradually learned to watch my thinking and tried to break out of the inherited pattern. Soon I discovered that when I became detached and relaxed, new creative ideas would surface, ideas which were not dictated by the past. This often led to a whole different view of any problem and gave me the power to try something quite new. This was particularly so in relation to religion, for this seemed to wield enormous influence on mankind and also to open constant new vistas. I used to study the Bible at times and one day, struck by the glorious vision it gave me, I said to myself -"This book is surely the most important thing in existence! For the rest of my life I will read a verse from it every morning, for it will surely make a big change in me.

During the summer, large groups of city workers came to help on the farm. These people, for the most part, had never worked on a farm and for them it was a novel change from office work. Conversation with them also brought a new dimension to my own life. One introduced me to reading about spiritualism and other ideas. Over the following two years I delved into many cults and religions and collected a library of over 200 books on those subjects. This broadened my out-look far beyond the current Christian beliefs and no doubt drew me closer to a more universal view of life.

In 1945 the war finally ended and everyone tried to get back to a normal sane life again. The Home Guard was disbanded and told to hand in all its equipment. Before complying, I determined to use a few grenades for a useful purpose. I took them down to the river, pulled the pins and threw them in. Masses of stunned fish rose to the surface for me to collect. I left the little ones; they recovered and swam away. A good day's fishing I thought to myself. I wonder if there is a way to commercialise on the idea?

I continued farming under my father for a few more happy years. My parents were deeply thankful that the war had not taken both their sons, as had happened in some cases. One family had lost all four sons. The response of the parents was to donate £20,000 for a new bomber to the RAF. They asked only that it be named after their family with the words: "Mac Roberts Reply."

Insert 8a →

Now the process of my spiritual awakening brought about a big change. Though bored with farming, I was happy at home, but all the big world was out there becom^eing to me. At the age of 29, just before harvest, I came to my parents, thanked them for all they had done for me, ^{told them} and I loved them, and announced that I was sailing for Canada next week. They were amazed and my father said: "But you need to learn farming so that you can take over when I go!" I said: "Yes, I know you are right, but I have to go." I told them I did not want to become a farmer and gave them my permission to sell the farm when they wished. What would have been my thoughts if I had been told that 25 years later I would come back with a wonderful wife, take over the farm and raise our four children there? My surprise would have been even greater if I were to know that I would soon find . PTO

the answer to my quest for the meaning of life, and would also become a professional photographer.

I sold my motor-bike for £45, (\$200 then) just enough to buy my ticket to Canada on the Queen Mary. Landing in Canada, everything about me was totally strange and exciting - the roll and squeak of the much larger than English trains; the money, the customs, the language and even the birds. I stayed a while in Toronto, the capital, where I applied to the employment department for work of any kind. I was given a cheap ticket to Winnipeg to work on a remote farm in the far north. The owner had only one tractor, but would not let me drive it for fear I might break something. My assurance that my father had 15 tractors & I drove them all had not effect, but I enjoyed the other work.

The first Sunday he invited me to go to his Pentecostal church. Sitting in the front row, I was the main target of the fiery preacher who, every now and then would pause and looking sternly at me saying: "All those who want to be save, stand up!" This did not move me in the least. Later I asked why such a small village needed two churches and was told people wanted freedom to follow religion their own way. This reminded me of a story I had heard where a stranger came into a small village and found three churches at one cross-roads. On asking why, he was told that there used to be one, and it was called: 'The Church of God.' But they got to arguing about the Bible meanings and so, to be civilised, and to stop the argument, one group built the second church. They called it: "The Only Church of God.' Some time later there was more argument and by the same process a third church was built. It was named: 'The One and Only Church of God.!'

As harvest finished and winter approached, I was told that we could expect up to 40 degrees below freezing. I returned to Winnipeg and found a job in a wholesale warehouse. When the snow came it was 12 inches thick and did not melt, like in England. It stayed thick and pure white all winter. I had to wear ear muffs and watch ^{that} my nose did not get frost-bitten. In the warehouse, I helped unload big trucks of food. One day, since there were no trucks, I sat down. The foreman said: "Don't let the owner see you doing that." I replied: "But there are no trucks!". "Never mind, do something." I took a brush and swept the the entire

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY YEAR 1992.

Since the Universal House of Justice has asked us, in their letter of Ridvan 1991, to "... pay befitting regard to the Centenary of the Ascension of Baha'u'llah **and** of the inauguration of His world-unifying Covenant, it will be of value for each of us to do this. The following are a few thoughts of only one person and should be regarded as such.

With the passing of the Blessed Beauty to the heavenly world one hundred years ago we were deprived of His physical temple, but not of His reality. Baha'u'llah is still with us today.

"We are with you at all times, and shall strengthen you through the power of Truth." Gl.137:16.

For some reason no Manifestation of God has ever remained physically on earth for more than a normal span of human life. Perhaps this was, among other reasons, to demonstrate that no earthly combination of elements was ever intended to be permanent. It would also be a deliberate reminder to us, about the dual nature of the Manifestations and to demonstrate that their divine station must not be confused with their earthly station.

Their first station:

"Through their appearance the Revelation of God is made manifest, and by Their countenance the Beauty of God is revealed." GL.53.

Their second station:

"... Viewed in the light of Their second station . . . They manifest absolute servitude . . . Even as He hath said: "I am but a man like unto you." Gl.53.

The occasion of Baha'u'llah's physical passing from this world was, to the believers, a tremendous deprivation, but seen in the eternal plan of God it might seem to be the moment of our being turned loose to progress by our own decisions, but aided by His Writings and by His ever-present spiritual reality. In other words, not being dependant upon the physical form. Baha'u'llah, unlike any previous Manifestation, left not only a record of His teachings in His own

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handwriting but also gave us three institutions endowed with the gift of infallible guidance. Those institutions are -Abdu'l Baha, the Guardian and the Universal House of Justice.

The focus of our celebration during this holy year is therefore twofold, the ascension of Baha'u'llah in triumph to His true habitation in the realms above and secondly the long awaited inauguration of the **Covenant** which has already brought great spiritual development to mankind.

Regarding ". . . the inauguration of His world-unifying **Covenant**." this was long promised in the Bible. Let us therefore ask ourselves what exactly happened to inaugurate the **Covenant** a hundred years ago.

By "in auguration" one understands that both parties have kept their own side of the agreement. For thousands of years Prophets have offered this **Covenant** and mankind has failed to keep it; but now, at last we have fulfilled it by being absolutely faithful to Baha'u'llah's appointment of Abdu'l Baha as the sole infallible interpreter of the Word of God after His passing.

We can clearly see that by this act the followers have remained totally united. They were able to avoid breaking up into sects over a multitude of conflicting interpretations of Scripture, as all other religions had done in the past. Such total unity among the followers of Baha'u'llah may be the secret key not just to an infinitely higher form of consciousness for mankind, but even for a **higher form of life**. This is, of course dependant on the real unity of its parts, an essential condition for the next step in our evolution - the spiritual birth of humanity. God's Eternal Covenant is, surely, the instrument designed to achieve this transformation.

But unity alone is not enough, it must be according to the **divine plan**. Abdu'l Baha spoke about two forms of creation, **accidental** and **divine**. He said that the former is temporary but that the latter, because it is done according to the **divine plan**, is eternal. Also that when the constituent parts are assembled in the divine

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way it, attracts a higher order of spirit. The purpose of God is evidently that mankind should now take a giant new step forward, therefore mankind must first learn to keep the **Covenant**; this will assure that we will build according to the **divine plan**. The purpose of this plan has been stated clearly by Baha'u'llah Himself:

"He Who is your Lord, the All-Merciful, cherisheth in His the heart the desire of beholding the entire human race as **one soul and one body**." Gl.213.

Abdu'l Baha described how this can take place and the result:

". . . when the existing elements are gathered together according to the natural order, and with perfect strength, they become a magnet for the spirit, and the spirit will become manifest in them with all its perfections." SAQ.201.

The **Covenant** must surely have been made when the human spirit first emanated from God. The Hidden Word P.19. seems to refer to this:-

"O MY FRIENDS! Have ye forgotten that true and radiant morn, when in those hallowed and blessed surroundings ye were all gathered in My presence beneath the shade of the tree of life, which is planted in the all glorious paradise? Awe-truck ye listened as I gave utterance to these three most holy words: O friends! Prefer not your will to Mine, never desire that which I have not desired for you, and approach Me not with lifeless hearts, defiled with worldly desires and cravings. Would ye but sanctify your souls, ye would at this present hour recall that place and those surroundings, and the truth of My utterance should be made evident unto all of you.

The "three most holy words" would seem to be the conditions which God laid down for us so that we may return to Him after passing through earthly life. This is called the **Covenant**. At the same time God created the "**Tree of Life**", the train of Prophets, to help us comply. Typical of this would be the **Covenant** God made through Moses:

"Now therefore, if you will obey my voice indeed, and keep my **Covenant** then you shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine:

And Moses came and called for the elders of the people and laid before their faces these words which the Lord commanded him. And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people to the Lord." Exodus 19:v.5 & 7.

Another thought is, that when all mankind will have accepted Baha'u'llah's teaching of progressive revelation, they will in fact have accepted all the previous Prophets. Thus mankind will have realised the oneness of all religions, the oneness of mankind and the oneness of God; again a result of our acceptance of the **Covenant** and a necessary condition for the next stage of our evolution.

Since mankind, has now kept the eternal **Covenant**, God will now keep His part of the agreement in full, as far as **mankind as a whole** is concerned. The ability of humanity to rise to the next higher form of life is now assured. But for us as **individuals** however, there is still the responsibility to keep the **Covenant** in our daily lives, by obeying the laws Baha'u'llah has given us. For example, Baha'u'llah said in the Kitab-i-Aqdas:

"Recite ye the verses of God every morning and evening. Whoso reciteth them not hath truly failed to fulfill his pledge to the **Covenant of God** and His Testament and whoso in this day turneth away therefrom, hath indeed turned away from God since time immemorial. . ." Aqdas and, Compilation on Prayers & M.p.1.

This may seem a rather drastic statement, but let us agree, that if one accepts a Manifestation as the voice of God, then it is illogical of us not to obey His teachings. If we do not follow them, then we can hardly say we have complete faith.

However, all is not lost if we fail in this, for God well knows that

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we are created to progress by steady growth. God is the all-forgiving, so it would seem acceptable if, when we fail in our duty we do not look back but forward, and try to do better in the future. Then, to the extent that we manage to keep the **Covenant** in our daily lives, will we continue to progress towards God.

The important thing for us is that in past dispensations they did not have access to infallibility after the Prophet left; today, in our efforts, we have all the necessary and authentic creative Words of God together with the institutions for infallibly interpreting them until the next Manifestation comes..

Clearly, for us as **individuals**, there is still no free admittance into the Heavenly Kingdom for we still have **free will** and can turn away from God. Every soul must learn to use its free will correctly; in this way it will continue to grow towards the station when it will remember its Creator all the times. However, if any soul becomes immersed in worldly affairs his spiritual senses will have become atrophied, and he will be powerless to benefit from the great bounty of recognising the Manifestation and thus cut himself off from God.

"He indeed is a captive who hath not recognised the Supreme Redemer, but hath suffered his soul to become bound, distressed and helpless, in the fetters of his desires." Gl.169.

God has decreed that the Kingdom of God shall now be made manifest on earth for **mankind as a whole**. But all individuals must continue to use their freewill in order to become attuned to the will of God. Thus freewill is our most precious gift from God, for only by its use in trial and error will we learn to differentiate between the spiritual world and the material one and consciously chose the former, just for the love of it.

To return to the **celebration of the centenary of the Covenant**, its vital importance become clear when we realise that, had the followers of Baha'u'llah failed to accept Abdu'l Baha as the Center of his Father's **Covenant**, we would have been deprived of all the institutions required for infallible interpretation of the holy Words. Further, there would not have been a Center of

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the Covenant and a Guardian to show us how to build the Administrative Order. We would have been thrown onto our own fallible powers to interpret the Words of God and would have ended up arguing and fighting about it as in past dispensations.

Let us consider another implication of the inauguration of the **Covenant**. By accepting the appointment of Abdu'l Baha, perhaps we accepted the **first totally perfect human being** (Manifestations apart) This is of course only surmise. Abdu'l Baha is the Mystery of God and his true reality has not been explained in the Writings.

To continue with this thought about the perfect human being, because in the spiritual world there is no such thing as **time**, the beginning and the end are the same. As Christ said "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end."

Baha'u'llah said:

". . . rather consider the beginning as the end itself . . ." TAB.183

It is reported that when Abdu'l Baha had laid the foundation stone of the temple he said:

"The temple is now built!"

With the arrival of **the first perfect human being** and our acceptance of him, and because the beginning is the same as the end, perhaps we could say that all humanity has now become like him, in the spiritual world.

This is surely proof that we each have the potential to be perfect. We always had this potential, but now the arch-type has appeared on earth in Abdu'l Baha. And did he not say:

"Look at me, be as I am!"

Since the holy year celebrations included honouring the Knights of Baha'u'llah, let us apply this principle of the **non-existence of time** in the world of reality, to the Ten Year Crusade. The Guardian, when speaking about the Crusade (1953-63), regarded the

Every morning breakfast was a joyful event with prayers and plans for the day's teaching and shopping. In spite of having to choose from over 25 dishes, the mood was spiritual and this was taken up by the hotel staff who must have been amazed to find such an atmosphere in their luxury hotel. I asked one waiter if he understood English and he nodded. I said, "Do you understand what is happening?" He nodded. I gave him a brief explanation and a pamphlet. Several times in the next days he came back to me and expressed warm friendship, reminding me that I had spoken to him.

One day two travelling Baha'i teachers miraculously found us and joined in. They were Myriam Marrero, pioneer to Surinam and Hillegonda Van der Zee from Holland. Another day a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of Malaysia, Mr. Kurama Das spoke to us. They now have 100,000 believers, 150,000 if you count the children.

Other guidance given to us was that we should speak to these peoples in their own manner. They do not use the word "God" but the "Great Spirit". They are not familiar with the Bible Prophets or with progressive revelation. Tell them rather that Baha'u'llah is the Great Teacher for today.

One third of all Chinese live outside China, befriend them wherever you find them. In Thailand education has been compulsory since 1921 and now only 8% of its adults are illiterate. Already they have been following this teaching of Baha'u'llah for many years! But more than this, from the poorest to the richest they

are always turning a bright, shining and friendly face to everyone, as He has commanded. They truly made us feel at home.

Our last evening in Bangkok was spent in a massive restaurant eating Thai food and watching Thai dancers in traditional dress to the sound of throbbing instruments we had never seen before. And finally as we leave this hot, humid, enchanted city with its warm and loving people, it seems we hardly noticed the humidity. This was especially true when groups of us were taken off by local Baha'is to visit their friends and meet informally with the people. On one such venture six of us taxied across the city to meet with the head of an International School. We found the school displaying many examples of the multi-national aspects of the world. They were doing this because it was the obvious way ahead and the head was surprised when we told him he was obeying the Will of God. Several others went off to see something of an agricultural nature.

At our last breakfast in Bangkok ~~the~~ Sammy Smith, the Secretary of the Local Assembly, told us that they are sending two books, "The New Garden" and "The Peace Statement" to 2,000 schools. We offered to help address these but she said, "Only if you can type in Thai." She had brought some examples of the products of cottage industries the Baha'is of Northern Thailand had produced to help them earn a living. They were very fine sets of place-mats and napkins made from the raw cotton grown in the area. One teacher told how in a bus a man had overheard her telling about the Faith and pulled her aside demanding to know "what is Baha'i"

because it is just what he believes.

NOV. 28-31 HONG KONG TO CANTON Our first evening in Hong Kong we split into two groups with one going to a fireside at the Baha'i Center and the rest took an hour bus journey to the town of Tai Po. In both firesides the same warm spirit of love and unity was shown. We met pioneers, local teachers and local non-Baha'is. We met a Malaysian who had come with eleven others to do teaching work here. One of them had presented the Peace Message to thirteen school heads and plans to do twenty more. She did it without appointments and had a fine reception.

Late that evening we gathered at the hotel to observe the passing of 'Abdu'l-Baha. Some local believers were there also. The program was planned by Mr. Kurama Das. and lasted till about 1:30.

Chester Lee, National Spiritual Chairman, reminded us that the Baha'i News had reported that after Beijing Book Fair, the Government of China asked for a translation of three more Baha'i books. He said they use such books for research and for reports to their people. They have already mentioned Baha'u'llah in reports.

Early next morning we arose for breakfast at 6 AM. The train trip to Canton (Guantzu) China was a three hours long. It was raining as we passed through partially harvested rice fields. There were other crops but we could not distinguish what they were. Going through customs at Canton was very easy and a Bus from the Garden Hotel was waiting for us. Our guide, Johnny, an adopted

English name that sounds much like his own, that back in the days when he graduated, all young people were sent to the countryside for two or three years. (This is no longer done) He has a wife and one son. His wife works in the hospital as a lab tech and the child stays at his kindergarten which is at the hospital at a cost of food only. All big work places do this. Women in China have more freedom than the ones in America because they can become train drivers (engineers) and heavy equipment workers, etc.

Francis, a beautiful lady guide supplied by the Tony Lease office in Hong Kong spoke very good English travelled to China with us and was a great help not only with our entry to the hotel but when Johnny got stuck. One of these times was when he tried to explain how when the "Gang of Four" was overthrown, the land that had been communes was given back to the people. We had to stop by the District Office to get still another guide (a local one) before we could visit a typical farm family who raised ducks and geese. The elderly couple welcomed all 36 visitors who only just managed to squeeze into their main room. This was in the town of Dall. They had five children and were lucky that was before the rulling of only one child per family or severe penalties for each extra child. We returned the local guide to her district office.

We also visited a ceramic factory, a silk factory, a jade factory and a Museum School that had formerly been a Taoist Temple. The temple used to be used for family worship and contained miniature figures depicting all aspects of family life plus many large statues representing warriors as well as Gods.

With much persuasion we were allowed to visit a local hospital at the town of Po Shan. Health care is free. The hospital was very primitive by our standards but the people there seemed to get good care. There were two dispensaries or pharmacies, one of Western type medicines and the other Chinese Herbals.

Everything in China would have been enjoyed much more if we had not been so cold. We had been told that the temperature would be much like that of Hong Kong (and it was), but a cold front had come down from the north and with the wind and rain we were most uncomfortable. All the heavy luggage had been left at the Park Lane Hotel in Hong Kong. We brought with us only the barest necessities in an overnigher or carry on bag for such a short stay. Even though we shivered in spite of wearing two or three shirts, we found great friendliness everywhere in Canton. We had plenty of meetings with the local people, mostly when shopping and in the hotel. There was little conversation, of course, but we did share wonderfully warm, friendly greetings in our own way. They didn't object to having their picture taken in fact they wanted us to do so. We saw no police of any kind and just a very few soldiers seemingly off duty.

It was generally felt by us that the Chinese are a gentle, wonderful, sensitive people with an unusual sense of beauty which is shown in their surroundings and their great works. Of course, as tourists we saw mostly tourist places, but we did see much of the common people and their homes while driving through the small country towns and villages of all kinds.

It was with great reluctance that we had to return home after only one more brief day in Hong Kong. It was very hard to say goodbye to Chester and the others. Two persons in our group stayed, one in Hong Kong and one went back to Taiwan. Others are planning to return soon.

warehouse. The foreman was amazed.

At lunch time one day, I was browsing in a bookshop across the snow-packed street. I asked the clerk if she knew of any interesting religious groups in town. She said: "Well I used to live in an apartment where there were Bahá'ís; I don't know anything about them except that they believe all religions are one." She gave me a phone number and because it caught my imagination I rang up. The person who answered was Ross Woodman. "What is Bahá'í?" I asked. He suggested we meet for lunch next day. There he briefly described a picture I had never thought to hear. A new Prophet had appeared in Iran and He had declared all religions to be really one! I said to Ross: "Well then, you think that *600 yrs later* Muhammad was the return of Christ?" "Yes" he said: "but we must think rather of the return of the Holy Spirt, which speaks through each Prophet." I wanted to know much more, but there was no time. I told him I was looking for a better lodging and he said that there was an empty room in his apartment building.

That whole winter I lived in a room on the same floor as Ross and we had many discussions. My life then was also mixed with the strenuous one of learning to ski. Every Sunday I joined a train-loaded with 300 skiers and spent the day in the hills 100 miles away. The train would back into a siding and provide a warm resting place when needed and also a hot lunch. I started to learn on the simple slopes, but later found that on a steep slope my body would react automatically in the correct way; this would save me wasting a lot of time learning by the slow method. This was dangerous, of course, and it did not escape my notice that each Sunday about 6 people with broken or sprained limbs were brought back to the train on sledges. However, this was an exciting experience I did not intend to miss. Either the zest of youth or some guardian angel must have protected me. I well remember, one Sunday I decided to ski a slope labelled: "For experts only." I joined the waiting line and as I came to the head of the queue, found myself looking down what seemed to be nearly a straight drop of 300 ft. What was worse, as I pushed off, one foot caught in the snow. By a super-human effort I forced it back onto the track just as the world began to rush past me at an incredible speed. The guardian angel must have been right alongside as I dropped almost like a stone. As I (we) reached the bottom,

the sudden change from the near vertical descent to a horizontal direction collapsed both my legs and I shot out of the ski run, an undignified heap travelling at high speed, much to the astonishment of a crowd of onlookers who had come there ^{expecting} to see perfect skill. It was clear to me that for the present, I had identified my level of skiing *ability* and did not need to do that run again for quite a while.

Each Sunday evening, after returning from skiing, I would attend a discussion in Ross's room where a lot of young people regularly gathered to hear him talk each week about a different world religion. Ross was the youngest professor in the university and had a captivating way of teaching the English classes there. Many of his students came eagerly to his firesides. For most of them it must have been the first time they had seen a real connecting thread between all the religions of the world. When the course finished, he invited outside speakers from different religious movements to tell us about their beliefs. None of them seemed to make much impression on the students; and when the Jehovah Witness spoke, the students found him prejudiced and illogical.

I bought some Bahá'i books and began to study them seriously. I found a subtle beauty in the language in these; it attracted me greatly, even though there was much I could not understand.

About this time I was introduced to another Bahá'i, Henry Provisor; many years ago he had whole-heartedly accepted the Bahá'i Prophet, Bahá'u'lláh as the reappearance of the Holy Spirit. This meant that he a Jew, had also accepted Christ. I was impressed. Henry was a professional photographer and was about to start giving a 13 week, one night a week, course for beginners. My friend, Ken Mac Laren and I eagerly enlisted. Henry did not confine himself to the technical side but emphasised creativity. He would say to us such things as: "Don't copy others, look around you at the world; if you see something interesting, you are a normal human being, take it!" Sometimes he would take us all out in the snow at night, carrying tripods, so that we could learn time-exposures and also see the beauty of the lights on the snow. Many days I used to trudge alone through the snow along the river bank and into the woods, carrying a large

camera I had bought. I submitted some snow pictures to the local newspaper in Winnipeg. To my amazement, they bought them all and started putting one on the editorial page each day. Henry was very pleased but surprised. He said they usually never bought more than one picture from each photographer. Maybe everyone else had given up taking snow pictures! I felt most of the credit for this success was due to Henry's insistence that we all continually look around us for new and interesting things; I was learning a spiritual principle, as well as a photographic one.

One day Ross brought me an invitation from the local Bahá'ís to attend their Feast. One of their special meetings. I was to find it very intriguing. They must have considered me almost a Bahá'í, but I did not think of myself in that way. I even said to Ross one day: "How did the Bahá'ís get all this spiritual knowledge without going into spiritualism?" To which he replied: "How did you get it without being a Bahá'í?"

My regular reading of Bahá'í Scripture continued. (Unknown to me then, it was to continue for the rest of my life.) I felt it was leading me into a whole new way of life, and though often obscure, I could not put it aside. One day I was sitting alone in a cafe, drinking coffee and running over the idea that all the Prophets of God represent a continuing theme of spiritual unfoldment for mankind. It was very logical to me that God would send a series of Prophets through the ages, but that alone did not seem enough to show me that Bahá'u'lláh is the Voice of God for this age. I went through all I knew once ~~more~~ and again found myself unable to go further.

For some years I had felt the world was in a state of great change, such as was prophesied in the Bible, and hence it would be logical for Christ to return; "but what form would that take?" I asked myself.

I went through my logic once again and suddenly felt that I had to use some other part of myself as well as my mind. Then I knew it was true! A *real* happiness filled me as I walked back to the apartment. As I knocked at Ross's door and went in, some rebellious imp made me say: "Ross, at about 3.30 this afternoon, were you praying I would become a Bahá'í?" "Oh, no Ted." he replied. "All right then" I responded. "I'm in!"

Quite suddenly it seemed, life had taken on a definite meaning. No longer was God a vague, benificent concept, but a reality Who takes a continuing interest in every little thing and person. I felt impelled to try and get a greater awareness of this discovery. Unconsciously I began taking the steps He Himself has laid down - reading the Writings and using His prayers daily. It was not surprising that I found each day a new thing. As Bahá'u'lláh puts it: "Let each morn be better than its eve and each morrow richer than its yesterday."

I knew I had found astonishing truth, but like the boy who starts reeling in his catch and finds a giant fish on the line, I could not know then that I was following a path which offered to mankind the power to change the world. Just one of these bounties was going to be the end of war forever. Now, forty years later, I am also begining to understand the mysterious hand which saved me from dying in a fruitless war, and decreed instead that I live to help bring this great vision for mankind into reality.

Soon, two more Bahá'is came to live in the apartment building. We were to become close friends. Gerda Christophersen and her Native American Indian husband, Noel were both accomplished artists and they helped me understand more about the artistic side of photography. We spent many happy hours discussing the Faith and life in general. Some evenings Noel would teach me how to dance to the Indian drums.

When spring arrived we decided to cycle together to the distant west coast and then go south through California. We each bought bicycles with luggage carries fore and aft, loaded our camping equipment and took a train over the long featureless prairie to Calgary. There we started our ride to the town of Banff, in the Canadian mountains. We stopped to rest at a cafe housed in small wooden shack. As I leaned my bike against the thin wall, it sagged inwards perceptibly. I knew then that I had too much luggage. The others found the same, and when we arrived at Banff we all decided to camp there and rest up. In fact we got so involved in painting and photography that we stayed there all summer.

In those days, Banff was a small, relaxed little town, surrounded by the Rocky mountains. Its financial potential had not yet been discovered by the business world and the masses of tourists who would follow. It is situated in a district of great beauty. Every day, until my money ran out, I would climb another mountain and try to photograph nature at its best, while Gerda and Noel were trying to put the scenes on canvas. In the evenings we would meet at the camp, cook our flapjacks and sausages and discuss the day over supper. The beauties of nature seemed to symbolise the inspiration I was now receiving from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh which I was still studying daily in the quiet of those enormous peaks all around me.

On one occasion I went climbing with two friends in the camp, who were also nature lovers. When people have a common purpose it inspires them to even greater heights. They carried the tent and cooking utensils so we could stay out several days and I carried my big camera and my own sleeping bag. We spent the first night at Lake Louise camp ground. After erecting the tent, one of my friends decided to go back by train to Banff and bring more equipment. It was not far, and he expected to get back to us late at night, so we ^{two} cooked our meal and lay down to sleep.

We had been warned about grizzly bears ransacking camps for bacon or chocolate. I had a bar, so ate it, dropped the wrapping by my sleeping bag and fell asleep. ^{An hour later} I was suddenly brought to full awakening by the entire side of the tent suddenly being split from top to bottom just where I had dropped the chocolate wrapping. It was pitch dark, but I did not need my eyes to tell me that it was a bear. I shouted at the top of my voice, putting as much anger into it as I could. The bear must have been even more surprised and run off, so we never saw him. There was no alternative but to stitch up the tent and go to back to sleep.

An hour later, a noise more sinister awoke me. Something was actually coming in through the tent doorway. It must be the bear again, this time becoming more bold. We would have to fight it off. I aimed a terrific punch at about where I thought the bear's nose should be and received a real howl of human pain. Our companion had just

come in by the late train and had run into the full force of our counter attack! We finally placated him and all settled down to sleep.

The next day we climbed a high mountain then scrambled across a perilous hogs-back ridge to the next peak. There was no solid foothold for 40 yards, for it was loose shale all the way, so I knew I must not hesitate or I would slide down a thousand feet, so I quickly followed the others across. That evening we came down into the valley, pitched the tent and made a log fire to cook our supper, some 'fool hens', a name given to these partridge-like birds which had earned that name because of their habit of standing stock still when in danger. We had knocked over a few of them with stones.

We now returned to Banff much refreshed by our contact with the wilds. Since I wanted to set up my own photo business soon I needed more experience, so I found a job at a local photo shop in town and worked there happily for some months. *Also I needed the money.*

By the end of summer, we all decided to give up our plan to cycle to California. Noel and Gerda put their bikes on the train and went back to Calgary. I took the train west, to Vancouver where I spent two weeks exploring the idea of logging, a well paid job, but finally took the train back east to Toronto. I needed a steady job in my chosen profession and there I thought, was the best place to find it. I was not mistaken, for soon I was working at a large portrait studio, mixing chemicals, sweeping the floor, drying prints and learning the whole business from the bottom up. It was a very happy time, made all the more so because the Bahá'i center was only a block away, enabling me to make a lot of new friends.

At one of the first 19 Day Feasts, the chairman announced: "The Assembly feels we need to give new believers the chance to learn public speaking, so tonight we are going to have a five minute talk by Ted Cardell". I had never given a talk of any kind before and to gain some help I reached for a copy of the Hidden Words and read at random: "Ye shall be hindered from loving Me and souls shall be perturbed as they make mention of Me. For minds cannot grasp Me nor hearts contain Me." (HW.66) I raised my eyes to the ceiling and said to the heavenly concourse: "Gee, that was all I needed!"

But maybe the helplessness which that engendered was just right for that moment for, inspite of my stumblings, the talk was well received.

Perhaps the most important event for me in those days was the regular Saturday evening firesides at the large home of Laura and Victor Davis. These two wonderful people spared no effort to make a hospitable atmosphere for the large numbers of people who regularly came to hear a variety of experienced Bahá'i speakers. Refreshments were also there in plenty and many fruitful discussion took place. Ross had been transferred to a new job in Toronto, and was a regular speaker. I began to understand some of the deeper aspects of the Faith.

After about 6 months, the slow season started at the portrait studio. The thought occurred to me that my parents would be grateful for a visit. I asked the owner if he could manage without me while I made the trip ^{to England & back}. He readily agreed and offered to keep my position open until I came back. I then wrote my parents and said I was free for a while if they would like me to visit. They were delighted and sent me the money for a return ticket. Unknown to me then, I would not return to Canada for 30 years, and then in very different circumstances. After a few weeks at home on the farm I discovered there was a shortage of photographers in London; I found a job as staff photographer in Fleet Street, the center of the British newspaper industry. The firm made photo journalistic stories for magazines all over Europe. Every day they sent me out to do a story of human interest. I would bring back the photos and the information to the editor who wrote it up. It was thrilling to see my pictures come back to the office in all kinds of magazines. Even big newspapers and top quality magazines in England bought some.

I was now attending all kinds of Bahá'i meetings and one day found that I could help build a new Assembly by living in Brighton, some 50 miles from London. A fast train got me to my job in less than an hour and a half ^{each morning}. Several other pioneers came to Brighton also, among them was: Evelyn Baxter, Claire Gung, and Zeah Asgazadeh. After two years of strenuous effort by all, we had enough new Bahá'is to make the Assembly. It was a great victory.

For two years I had regularly sent to Shoghi Effendi, in Haifa, photos of many Bahá'í activities in England and he always thanked me through his secretary. His short loving post-scripts added to these these letters had drawn me close to him. I believe this happened to many other people who had written to him. One day, I wrote him offering to make a teaching trip through several countries of Europe on my motor-bike. He wrote back thanking me but asked me to wait a bit and help with the home-front^{teaching}. The British Isles was at that time struggling to complete a Five year Plan which he had given them. This was our first plan. It called for an increase of our Assemblies from five to nineteen. After two years we had built none, and in desperation our National Spiritual Assembly wrote asking his advice and prayers. He replied, suggesting we establish one assembly in Scotland, one in Wales and one in Ireland and let him know when we had done it.

This had been achieved and a bit more when I arrived from Canada, but they were struggling with many other goals, with only a year to go. An almost impossible task, it would seem. I think it was the suggestion of the Guardian that we invite John Roberts (later appointed a Hand of the Cause) to come and do a teaching trip over the whole country. From memory, that is what I was told on my return to England.

John was chairman of the Canadian National Spiritual Assembly, and I had met him often in Toronto at the regular firesides in his home. In the winter evenings I would frequently make my way through the snow, in fur-lined boots, to his house. I could not go into his lounge with the boots, so left them at the door and went in to lay barefooted under the piano listening to the talks. The friends were all far too polite to comment on this till years later when I found I had become known as the barefooted seeker who lay under the piano and sometimes even went to sleep during the talk.

To return to the main story, John had been using prayer on a regular basis and even getting up regularly at mid-night to pray. Unusual results had followed. He had convinced many other people to use this method. They in turn had found results and came back to tell him. When he spoke at meetings in England, he gave endless accounts

of such answers to prayer. In fact, he had so many wonderful stories that at each town he would enthuse about them irresistably for over 5 hours with only a lunch break. The firends would listen enraptured, and many must have made a giant leap forward in their attitude to prayer.

As the last few months of the Five Year Plan neared there were still gaps in a lot of goal assemblies. This was not through lack of interested enquirers, but they needed something indefinable in order to see the truth. John now added something more (so I was told by those who heard him.) He would talk directly about Bahá'u'lláh, the proofs of His Message and the appropriateness of His Message for the modern world. The meetings, I was told, would often end up with John holding cards aloft and calling upon those who believed, to come forward and sign. Some Bahá'is were, I think, a bit shocked at such a direct call, but it seemed to be just what was needed. Many signed and the goals were ^{all} won! Looking back 40 years it is quite difficult to recall all the wonderful details of those days, but the main features were unforgettable.

The next historic event was that the Guardian gave the triumphant British community a new "Two Year Plan." Some of its main features were; consolidation and opening up the continent of Africa to the Faith. Many people must have been astonished at Africa being on the plan, for only about 3 of us had ever been there, and conditions were almost totally unknown. But what an adventure for those who would dare. And what joy it would bring to the heart of the beloved Guardian. If the Guardian felt we could do it, we would accept!

Photo

We were now to do something we had never done before, start opening up a vast continent. We knew that only with Divine assistance could we succeed. We also had some very real resources because years ago the Guardian had sent some very mature Persian Bahá'is to England. Hasan Balyuzi was one of these, and for many years he chaired our National Assembly with great wisdom and loving care. There was also Dr Hakim, who had lived in Haifa when Abdu'l Bahá was alive.

Let me digress here to recount some interesting anecdotes I heard from these wonderful souls themselves. Hassan told a group of us how a certain over-enthusiastic Bahá'i had been told by the National Assembly not to do a certain thing, but he did it anyway, was subsequently reprimanded by the Assembly and apologised. A few months were to pass and he did it again, was once more reprimanded and apologised. This happened again and the Assembly was consulting whether to take his voting rights away. Hassan said "But you can't do that; he has already apologised!" He was right. They could not, for repentance is the way to get reinstatement of one's lost voting rights.

Dr Hakim knew Abdu'l Bahá well and felt that posterity should have as many good photographs of him as possible. He took many pictures of him with his Box Brownie camera, but became embarrassed, so one day he hid in a bush near to where the Master would pass. As the Master drew level with the bush, he stopped and said loudly. "Hakim, come out!" Sheepishly, Hakim presented himself before the Master, who said "Hakim, wherever I go, you put me in your little box!"

We also had Canon George Townshend in the community. I remember attending his class on Islam at Summer School, a most unusual subject for a canon of the church to talk on! His manner was humble but sure. He knew his subject well but did not wish to impose his views. This rare combination of qualities produced a rapt attention in the class. His faith was so certain, it was magnetic. He was highly erudite, as is testified by the fact that Shoghi Effendi sent him the finished script of "God Passes By" to review before publication. The Guardian also asked him to suggest a title for it, he suggested "God Passes By." George Townshend was later appointed a Hand.

To return to the beginning of the Africa campaign, a matter very dear to the beloved Guardian's heart; many British Bahá'is, upon hearing of the plan, immediately started looking for jobs in Africa by searching the newspapers where Government jobs were advertised. I heard that a film featuring Humphrey Bogart was going to be shot in Kenya, and so I made an application for working as an extra, but was not accepted. Claire Gung, then living in Brighton, answered an advertisement for a matron at a boys school, was accepted & went to Africa. The Guardian later named her - "The Mother of Africa."

It was very clear to all African pioneers that we would be sacrificing most of the things in life which we had become accustomed to. These included even treasured events like Bahá'i Summer Schools, conventions and all normal Bahá'i activities. Little did we know that Africa, especially Nairobi was to become the scene of much Bahá'i activity, of a type never seen before.

The Two Year Plan given to the British called for the establishing of three groups only, in either east or west Africa. This was a large task for such a small community, but one carefully worked out by Shoghi Effendi to enable us all to develop higher capacity for future tasks. Soon pioneers were established in Uganda and Tanganika, many of them Persians. In Uganda this included Musa Banani, his wife daughter Violette and his son-in-law, Ali Nakhjavani. Kenya had some years ago received its first Bahá'i, Marguerite Preston, who had gone out there to marry a farmer. I was keen to go there, so the Africa committee asked the Guardian if he would include it in his Plan. He gladly accepted, so I intensified my efforts to find a job there. I sent Marguerite a parcel of my photographic work to show to possible employers but it was stolen, fortunately after she had showed it to some possible employers. Nothing grew out of all these efforts, so the Africa committee decided to buy me a return ticket so that I could look for work on the spot. I had about £200 cash of my own, and when that ran out, I was to return to England.

It was clear that life would not be easy for me in that far off country and it was not reassuring when my plane, after taxi-ing out for take-off caught fire in one of its engines. The captain calmly came back to the passengers and announced: "I am not satisfied with the performance of the plane, we must go back to the terminal. A masterly understatement, I thought, as I watched the flaming engine through the window. We all unloaded and waited for 2 hours, then were called to board again on the same plane, and took off.

Photo We landed ^{first} at Rome where I had planned to spend two days with the very small Bahá'i community there. It was for me a great bounty. Not only was I able to meet this lovely community, but afterwards I was shown round the ancient Roman ruins by Ugo Giachery. I took many photographs, one with Ugo's feet astride the ruts in the street leading to the coliseum. Roman chariots had made those ruts thousands of years before my visit.

The next leg of the flight took me to Cairo where the Bahá'is had a nice national center building. Here I was honoured to meet with *Photo 1* the National Spiritual Assembly of Egypt. They were delighted I was going to Kenya and promised their prayers. I was given a guide to take me sight-seeing and especially to the pyramids which were one short tram ride to the edge of the city. I gazed in awe at the sphynx and the incredible pyramids while Mustapha gave me pieces of their *Photo 2* history. The sphinx has no nose because Napoleon smashed it off with a cannon ball! Travelling back into the city our bus ran into a large mob going in the opposite direction and shouting. I hung out of the window taking it all in, only to be hauled back into the bus by Mustapha. "What are they shouting?" I asked "They want independence from Britain and they are shouting "Down with the English, and you had better get you head down and keep it there!"

Photo 3 The plane took off for Khartoum the next day. When we landed, it was so hot I could hardly believe it, but there was a warm welcome from the Bahá'is who were delighted to have an English visiting Bahá'i. We had a most unusual dinner of goat meat and spices, followed by much discussion. That night we all slept out in the courtyard. It was the first time I had seen lizards running up the walls.

The next day I flew to Nairobi and stepped out of the BOAC plane into a whole new world. On the long ride to the hotel we passed through crowds of cheerful African people and saw their simple wattle and corrugated iron houses massed on all sides, while street hawkers were selling all kinds of things in a strange language. But when we came to the city center I found it much like a town in England.

It even had two super luxury cinemas which I found later, often got the new releases before England did. The climate was much better than in England, for although we were near the equator, yet the altitude was nearly a mile high. This brought the temperature down to comfortable levels most of the time. One very strange thing I discovered later was, that all the shops and business were run by Asians, while the menial work was left to the African people. At the top of the ladder were the Europeans who had all the nice houses with big gardens. I was to find that these divisions also carried quite different incomes.

The next two weeks were very busy, for I was visiting every photographic firm and ^{the only English} newspaper in the city; but nowhere was there a sign of a job. It was only a small economy and there was only one English speaking newspaper of note, and it had turned me down because it could not afford a full time photographer. My money was now gone and I was dispondent; the only other kind of work I was trained for was farming, and I definitely did not want to do that. I could not even do manual work, for there were plenty of Africans to do that at a salary I could not live on. I went to my hotel room, lay down and weighed up the situation once more. It still looked hopeless, so I prayed for guidance. Soon I realised I was not alone; I represented the Bahá'is of the whole world and the British ones were my sustainers. Besides, Bahá'u'láh Himself had given the instructions to take the Message to every country, and I had come here to do my best. I fell into a dreamless but happy sleep.

The next morning a thought came to me to go back to the "East African Standard" newspaper. I went to the editor, Mr Kinear; he was a kind hearted and practical man and knew his job well, but somehow it had escaped him that in 3 months time, the newly married Princess Elizabeth, heir to the British throne and Prince Philip were coming to spend a few weeks in Kenya. The country had built a small house in the hills as a gift to them and they were coming out to live there for a while. Suddenly my future editor knew he needed a full time photographer, me.

I was told by Mr Kinear that the following week the whole country was holding a county show. Would I like to go as his photographer, on trial. If the photographs were satisfactory, I would be given the staff job. With a silent prayer for this last minute intervention, I thanked the heavenly concourse.

Photo 3 The Agricultural show was the main social event for the large farming community. I photographed everything there, especially the horse jumping. The film was developed and printed and I went to see them in the editors office. Many of the pictures were good, but the most

Photo 1
2

important ones, the horse jumping, were all blurred. Yet all the others were good. This told me that the high speed shutter must be faulty. I had the camera with me and tried it on high speed. It made an unusual noise, which we both heard. The Editor was sympathetic and because the rest of the photographs were good, he appointed me staff photographer at £80 a month, a sum double what I had been getting in London. I was walking on air. He asked if I was short of cash and offered an advance of £50, also authority to build a darkroom, in an empty office and buy the equipment for it. Assignments would come each day from the news-editor. The most important of all was the Arrival of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip for a two week stay in Kenya.

Most of the big London newspapers were sending their own photographers out to Nairobi to cover the arrival of the ^{British} royal couple at Nairobi airport. However, Nairobi only had one radio station capable of transmitting photographs to London by a special machine. The first photograph to arrive there would get world importance and have the widest sales. Naturally our editor was keen that we should win both of them.

We found out that the London photographers had all made arrangements with the sophisticated RAF photo laboratory to do rapid development of their pictures. We did not stand much chance against such professionals but on discussing the problem with a friend, he said: "Do you want to try a wild idea?" "What is it?" I said. "Well, I once heard someone claim that you can develop film in a quarter of the time by using paper developing chemicals on the film, instead of conventional film developer. The quality is not good, and you must take it out of the chemicals exactly on time or the film will be ruined. Also you do not need to wash and dry the negative. Just rinse it off and print it wet by removing the glass film holder from the enlarger." After several experiments, we found the right timing and method. We could now gain about thirty minutes over normal methods. But surely the opposition would surely also ^{know} such tricks. Only time would tell.

The editor now told me to advertise for a laboratory assistant to do all the printing. Soon, a smiling Indian named Rodriguez was working in the darkroom and turning out consistently good work. Still more things needed to be arranged. One of the reporters had a motor-bike which could get through the massed traffic expected at the Royal arrival. We laid careful plans for him to take the film from me as

as soon as the royal arrival had been photographed and transport it quickly to Rodriguez for developing. He would then rush it to the radio station. When the day came, everything worked perfectly. Our picture arrived first in London. Everyone was delighted.

Photo

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip visited many places to witness life in the British colony of Kenya, always with a large group of photographers in attendance. On many occasions I was close enough to Her Majesty touch her if I wished, so the photos were good. One Sunday morning they were to attend a very small church "up country" from Nairobi, where there were many large European farms. Unknown to me, all photographers had been asked to give the royal couple privacy on this one occasion. Hence, I was the only one to turn up. Whilst standing waiting with the stewards of the church I was introduced to a well dressed African named Mwangi. A steward explained that this man had built the whole church himself. Labourers had carried all the supplies, but he had personally laid every brick. He was to be presented to Her Majesty. Impressed, and also sensing a story, I photographed both him and the church. Noticing that the latter was packed full with white farmers and their families, I remarked to a steward: "I suppose there is a seat of honour reserved for Mwangi?" "Oh no!" "Was the reply: "We don't allow "niggers" in our church!" "But he built the church!" I remonstrated. He shrugged his shoulders. I recorded the Queens arrival and her introduction to Mwangi, then her entering the church. Hurrying back to Nairobi with my "scoop" I told the story to the news-editor. But he declined to print it. It was too inflammatory for this time of celebration.

I was not happy and took the story to the Christian Council of Kenya, an inter-church organisation. They were upset and advised me to first talk with the Bishop of Mombasa. I phoned him and explained, but he was angry and told me that if I valued my job I would drop the whole matter. This, of course made me more angry. The following day Musa Banani and his family arrived in Nairobi to take a plane to Haifa for pilgrimage. The beloved Guardian had recently reopened this honour after many years of closure due to covenant breaker activity, and this was the first group to go from our area. I visited them at the Avenue hotel where they were staying. Over supper, I related to them all the above events and asked for advice from Mr Banani. As Ali, his son-in-law translated

my request, I wondered how such an unjust situation should be handled, and expected him to suggest a brilliant solution. He did exactly that with the brief words: "You did not come to Africa to save the Christian church. I suggest you forget it. I did!"

Part of the royal tour was for the Princess and Prince to follow a trail into the jungle and like any other tourist, spend the night in a giant treehouse over looking a watering hole where all kind of animals came to drink under the protection of night. There were plenty of white hunters with guns present to protect them; also many trees had steps nailed onto them for getting out of the way if attacked. That night, as they were watching the animals under floodlights (which the animals ignored for some reason), a message arrived from England: King George V, her father, had died suddenly. Princess Elizabeth was now Queen of England.

Everyone was shocked at the unexpected passing of the King, but were somewhat awestruck to realise that Kenya was now entertaining the Queen herself. As she made her way back to Nairobi airport and England, the photographers with one accord agreed not to take any photographs of her. This was out of consideration for her personal loss.

The sudden succession to the throne caused considerable interest all over the British Empire. Rightly assessing this, our editor now produced two large booklets of all our pictures of her taken in Kenya. One was published in London and one in Kenya. They were sold widely all over the Empire, for people wanted to know all about their new Queen.

With the departure of the Queen, life returned to normal in Kenya. I began making friends with the Africans I met in the city and also on the trips I made up country, 300 miles to the north and west where life was much more simple. The newspaper had loaned me the money to buy a car because I often had to travel quickly to news-making events. On one occasion I was sent by air to Dar-es-Salam (Arabic for "the abode of peace,"), to Mombasa and to the island of Zanzibar. The purpose was to get a good stock of photographs for future use. A government agent, who was my local guide and translator,

Photo

Photo 1 even arranged for me to take a photograph of the Sultan of Zanzibar with his wife. We met on the palace steps at 10 a.m. Looking at them from close up, I gasped inwardly with surprise. The Sultana, his wife, had taken this occasion to be photographed without a veil; no doubt a praiseworthy effort for women's rights. But she had replaced the veil with a thick layer of white powder, except for the eyes. She looked like a hollow-eyed ghost standing smilingly beside the richly apparelled Sultan. I took the picture and, bowing in respect for their distinguished persons, stepped back before leaving. A few years later The Sultan lost his throne as an African government took over the island.

Photo 2 Zanzibar was a Moslem country, as was much of the coastal part
 Photo 3 of Kenya. Yearly the Arab dhows would sail south to Mombasa for
 Photo 4 their loads of wood which Arabia needed for many purposes. The
 Photo 5 radio station broadcast in Arabic and a Moslem mulla gave talks on
 Photo 6 their faith. At the radio station I was introduced to the chief Mulla. He was waiting to give his daily live broadcast. Over a cup of tea, we conversed through an interpreter. Since he was reputed to be very influential and popular, I opened a religious discussion with him and introduced the Bahá'i Faith. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss. He listened attentatively while I gave a brief account. When I invited questions he smilingly declined. After a while I said "You cannot possibly be agreeing with everything I have said!" He courtesly replied: "No, but I am waiting for a later occasion when we have more time and one of us can convert the other." I then realised I had made little progress and was gald when he excused himself to make his usual daily broadcast. This was my first and only attempt to discuss religion with a Mullah. Later the beloved Guardian told the pioneers to avoid discussions with Moslem authorities because their ideas were so fixed and it might even arouse opposition.

Back in Nairobi, I found life very interesting and wrote regularly to my parents in England about my experiences. They were not Bahá'is at that time, but ^{they were} happy I had found a spiritually motivated path of service. However, they were worried about their only son being in such a strange land. In those days, Africa was looked upon by Europeans as the land of wild animals, dangerous things and mystery. While growing up in England, I had seen a horror film entitled "West of Zanzibar". I remembered this now and realised ruefully, that here

I was now living in Nairobi, west of Zanzibar! I dismissed the thought with a chuckle. Everything looked fine, I had a good job in a partly modern city in an interesting country. Little did I know that soon I was to become involved in some very real horrors, the photographing of the Mau Mau revolution from a front line position.

The dramatic change from English life where a black face was almost never encountered, to the African scene was greatly stimulating. So many things were different; it is hard to know where to start describing them. Being young, 34, and single, I had few worries about life and was constantly running into totally new situations. First, the sky was always sunny with fluffy white clouds, winter and summer. Nairobi was only 100 miles south of the equator and it should have been unbearable, but located at 5000 feet above sea-level, it was very pleasant. The early white settlers had chosen the site well. Next, I became aware that white faces were definitely a minority, especially outside the city. The Africans lived in poverty, yet seemed happy in general, though of course they were gradually awakening to the luxuries of the Europeans. Occasionally I ran into a situation of anger against the whites, but mostly there was a happy cooperation, with the Africans doing all the menial jobs in the city, and usually leaving their wives and families in the reservation to look after their shambas. These were small plots of land which grew smaller each time a man died and his shamba was divided between his many ^{male} children. It was really an explosive situation because there were very large estates owned by whites, many of whom never came near them. An obvious one was owned by Lord Delamere, about 20 miles outside Nairobi and its 20,000 acres extended literally over the horizon, with nothing on it but a few grazing cattle and a volcano name Longonot. It extended right down the rift valley for about 50 miles.

I rented a bed-sitter in the home of a nice old Jewish lady, about a mile from the city center. I was advised not to go out at night because people had been attacked and robbed. So I always used my nice new Ford Consul which the newspaper had financed for me. The main street of the city was lined with rows of jackaranda trees, and ^{in falling} their lovely blue flowers glorified ^{and blanketed} everything. There were many other brilliant flowers like bourganvillia bushes lining streets and gardens, lending a relaxed

and happy atmosphere to the European areas. In the large African suburbs it was quite different, for people lived in mud and tin huts with few facilities. Yet city life was always attracting people in from the reserves.

Kenya only has one port, Mombasa. Since it is at sea level, everything is very tropical, and so the early settlers went inland ^{from there} where the altitude made life more comfortable; but this necessitated building a railroad 350 miles long. They brought in large numbers of Indians from India to do this; when it was completed, most of these Asians stayed on and became shop keepers and the like. In fact they completely took over all the shops in the towns ^{and cities}. When I arrived there were three distinct cultures- Whites, Asians and Africans. Their salaries declined dramatically with each step. Outside the towns, the only road which was tarmac led from Nairobi to Nakuru, 100 miles to the north where most of the European farms were located. All the other roads were dirt, but well kept. Nevertheless it was quite an adventure to travel up into the northern part of the country, and people often had their windscreens shattered by a stone shot up by an approaching car.

Although about half of Kenya is desert, yet the rest is very fertile and almost tropical. This meant that the most common vegetation is the banana plant, which grows everywhere. Large areas are suitable for all kinds of wild game and hence it is a favorite tourist center for people from abroad. In fact only 15 miles outside Nairobi is a game park with nearly every kind of animal. And there are no fences. Good dirt roads allow tourists cars to travel all over this park. Frequent notices tell tourists to stay in their cars and keep the windows up. Apparently animals have no fear of cars and do not even associate them with life, so it is a haven for photographers. ~~However, one road goes right across the park to an area where the animals for some reason do not go. A large notice says: "You may get out of your car here." When we saw this I said to my friends: "I hope the lions can read English!"~~

In the course of my job I mixed with some very friendly staff members and got drawn into some social life. I even joined the local mens hockey team. Only the fit can survive ^{sport} that for, at 5,000 ft the air is too thin to sustain heavy exercise for long. When the ^{Bah'i} fast arrived at the time of a critical match it was a real challenge to play the whole game without a drink of water.

Perhaps this is the time to note that, apart from Egypt and Sudan where the Master Himself and some early Bahá'is had spread the Faith, there existed in all of Africa but three known Bahá'is; two lived in South Africa, Agnes Carey and Reg Turvey, and Marguerite Preston in Kenya. The first two were elderly and Marguerite, as mentioned earlier, had died in an aircrash. Now there were two groups of new pioneers, one in Kampala Uganda, and one in Dar-es-Salam in Tanganyika. It was not surprising then that being alone in Kenya, I felt close to Bahá'u'lláh.

This was a very real and precious experience for me but as the coming Christmas 1952 approached, I realised that I had no real human friends nearer than Kampala, 440 miles away; and I had only met one of these. Although I was now a three year Bahá'í I fully committed to celebrating Bahá'í Holy days instead of the Christian ones, *yet the latter* were obviously the ones to be marked socially. Yet some impulse led me to write to the Banani family in Kampala and invite myself over there for the Xmas holiday period. I did not even know ^vwether I would be an imposition on them. The warmth of their reply galvanised me into action. I put the idea to my editor and he agreed, asking me only to take some stock pictures for the newspaper wherever I went.

If I had known the rigours of such a journey on dirt roads, with few towns, washed out roads and unknown conditions, doubtless I would have spent Xmas in Nairobi. Most fortunately, I did not, for the love and kindness I received from those wonderful people in Kampala were to leave a permanent joy in my life. But let me return to the journey itself.

Photos

1

2

3

In my brand new shining Ford Consul car, loaded with all the provisions I could think of, and all my photographic equipment, I set off to Nakuru, 100 miles away. This was the only part of the trip done on tarmac. Twenty miles outside Nairobi it wound down the 2,000 ft escarpment into the rift valley, signs of this gigantic geological fault stretch north thousands of miles, even into Egypt. ^{I recalled} My journey would take about 12 hours, I calculated, and could be done in one day with luck.

No serious difficulty appeared until nightfall, when a giant of a thunder storm seemed to deposit its entire contents on my road. Even the wind-screen wipers and headlights could not give me a clear view, but I soon realised that a few other vehicals were also trying to navigate a dirt

road which had been washed away. I need hardly say - African roads do not have the foundations we are used to in Europe.

To go back would have been as impossible as going forward, so I chose the latter. My new car bumped and groaned as we moved from one hard rocky place to another. Finally we came to a large expanse of water of unknown depth. Logic suggested I stop and take off the fan belt which is usually to blame for lifting water up from deep water and spraying it over the spark plugs - bringing one to a dead halt in the middle of the hazard; but with torrents of rain descending, to open the hood would have drenched the engine anyway - so I cautiously urged the car on, declining the third alternative of trying to get to the side of the road where I could be sure there was enough mud to stall any car. Soon the other side of the water appeared and the car scrambled out *antõ tena fima*. After this episode, nothing ahead seemed to daunt me and soon the town of Kisumu was reached. It was on the border of Uganda and also on the shores of Lake Kisumu itself. Here I found a hotel for the night.

Next day the skies were a clear innocent blue with hardly a cloud to be seen. By midday I had arrived at the home of the Bannani family in Kampala and was given a very warm welcome and a large meal. For the next few days there was a lot of lively discussion as I recounted my recent experiences on the road and told them about my life in Nairobi. There was also much talk about the teaching work which was going on steadily and each day some African friends came in to hear about the Faith.

Others living there included Mrs Banani and Violette, the Banani's daughter. Violette was married to Ali Nakhjavani, who was doing full time travel teaching, deputised by Mr Banani. (who could not speak either English or any African language.) There was also Ali and Violette's very young baby, Bahiyih. This reminds me of an amusing incident. Since there was much poverty in Kampala, there was also considerable crime. The night before my arrival, Bahiyih had been robbed of all her bed-clothes with out being awakened. The bed, being under the open but barred window, had been an easy target and the thief had slowly pulled all the blankets & sheets through it. Baby Bahiyih was discovered next morning, still sleeping peacefully on a bare mattress.

Claire Gung, as mentioned earlier, had been the first Bahá'i pioneer to arrive in Africa. The Banani family were next. To my knowledge, no Bahá'i had any experience at all in teaching the Faith to the dear African people, so we all had to start from scratch. For the Banani's this meant prayer, more prayer and yet more prayer. The Guardian said later to a pilgrim, that Musa Banani's prayers were the cause of all the highly successful teaching done in Africa. Aziz Yazdi once told me that Musa Banani had always been a fierce business man in Tehran, but when the Guardian had appealed for volunteers to open up the African continent, Musa Banani became a changed man and a spiritual giant. Musa Banani, his devoted wife, their daughter Violet her husband, Ali Nakhjavani dropped everything and set out for Africa. Arriving in Kampala, they bought a house and settled down. Ali obtained a job teaching in a local school, but after six months Mr Banani appealed to him to become his permanent deputy. Ali confided in me that it was a strange feeling to give up his career and accepted this full time service in the Faith; a service which was to be of indefinite length. How were we to know then, that here was a future member of the first Universal House of Justice, which would be elected in 1963.

Ali started making long teaching trips "up-country" and contacting friends of the African people they knew in Kampala. We will never know the full details, I suspect, but there must have been some remarkable experiences and there were certainly very great results. Ali was so devoted to awakening the spirit of the people that he accepted all difficulties with a humourous serenity. For example, when he developed an allergy against curry, an African dish served to special visitors, he continued to eat it and take the tablets later to cure the allergy. He became much loved by the people and it was not surprising that these efforts of Ali and the help of later pioneers awakened the hearts of the people. There started at first a trickle and then a flood of declarations. The Guardian was delighted and announced the victory to the Bahá'i world.

Photo

But let us return to Christmas 1952. At the time of my arrival in Kampala, the pioneers and Africans had reach nine in number. Two of these were away teaching, but it was my privilage to photograph seven of the first Local Spiritual Assembly of Kampala and send the picture to the beloved Guardian in Haifa. He hung it over his bed at Bahji, so dear was this victory to his heart.

When it was time for me to return to Nairobi, I asked if there was a different route than the one which had been so perilous coming to Kampala, Ali told me of a detour further north and I set off full of hope and followed, of course, by Banani prayers for my deliverance from the floods. This road seemed much better, but soon I came to a about 100 yards which was thinly flooded. I charged it at a good speed, but soon became stuck. While wondering what to do next, I became aware that there were people nearby. It was obvious that they would be glad to give me a push through the mud for a small consideration. With signs I asked for this and offered them ten shillings. They were all in high spirits and I secured a fine photo through my windscreen, showing them leaning all over the hood discussing the offer. It was agreed, and soon the car was sliding through the mud to the tune of melodious chanting. In fact the mud was so thick that I did not even have to ^esteer, so I got out, locked the door as we went along and stayed back to take a photo of my new car sliding through the mud. These photographs are now cherished additions to my album. When we ^ereached dry ground I thanked them heartily and added a bonus payment. The rest of the journey was uneventful, thanks to daylight and a bright sun. When I went to the newspaper office next morning and told some of the reporters about this incident, they laughed heartily. Apparently it was a custom for the people living in the reservation to dam up a stream and divert it down a road, in order to catch motorists and earn a little cash. I could not help but chuckle at their simple logic.

Photo

A few weeks later I was joined by a most welcome pioneer, Aziz Yazdi. When the Guardian had announced the Africa Campaign, Aziz, then a business man living in Tehran, had set up a small office to collect information about Africa and encourage people to pioneer there. He had become so interested in such a prospect that he pioneered to Africa himself; leaving his wife and four young children in the new house they had saved up for over many years. He arrived in Nairobi, filled with devotion and eagerness to start teaching; but this would have to wait. First he must set up an import, export business to earn a living. Meanwhile, in order to earn a little cash, he answered an advertisement for actors to work on a movie which was soon to be made. They dressed him up as a fierce Arab and took photos; but he did not get the job.

Aziz family would join him when he had secured work of some kind. Meanwhile we rented a house together and set out to find interested Africans

with whom we could discuss the higher meaning of life.

Making friends was easy, for they responded gladly when we offered them a lift on the road. As we took them to their destination, we quickly became friends and were able to show how the Message of Bahá'u'lláh could solve all problems. We then went back and picked up others. Soon we were able to invite several to our house. We found that language was no real problem for many spoke English. They were interested in the Faith, especially as our lack of racial prejudice was new to them; but even after two months we were no nearer finding deep interest. Finally, Aziz suggested we get up for dawn prayer every morning and implore help from Bahá'u'lláh. We chose a little summer-house in the public park as our meeting place and called it our Bahá'i temple ^{and began daily prayers}. Dawn was at 5.30 a.m. and after two weeks, my work began to suffer through lack of sleep, so we prayed at home instead.

Photo

One day another Bahá'i arrived in Nairobi. Richard St. Barbe Baker, who with two friends, had just driven across the Sahara desert from west to east, planting dates stones in the oasis they came across. He had just parted with his two friends, and I found him by accident, parked on the main street. Of course, here lies a tale, for no normal person would do such a thing without a definite purpose. St. Barbe had one. Forty years before the present widespread concern over the environment, he was saving whole forests of trees all round the world. He had founded a "Men of the trees organisation" and single handedly had interviewed governors, presidents and the like to suggest saving their precious trees. Being very distinguished looking and powerfully motivated from hidden sources, he would look these world leaders in the eye from a position of equality and they listened carefully to his philosophy. He had been instrumental in saving a redwood forest near San Francisco, and other forests in Africa and Europe. He had spoken with the president of *India* on the merit of planting trees and it was done. He had spoken earnestly with the President of Israel himself and persuaded him to order the planting of massive amounts of trees for the good of the nation. He had visited Kenya many years before my own arrival there and suggested to the Governor how great a deed it would be if he encouraged the Kikuyu tribe to plant gum trees in their reservation. This very month he had been invited by Chief Njonjo to attend a ceremony in his honour, for those trees were now 50 feet high and were greatly treasured by the Kikuyu people.

Before I had left England for Africa, I had met him by chance in Trafalgar Square, London. He and his friends had parked their Land-rover next to a handcart whose owner was selling dates in the street. Through his amplifier Baker was encouraging the crowds to buy dates for their lunch, eat them and put the stones in his barrels, so that he could plant them in the Sahara. They had gone to with a will and filled his barrels with date-stones, much to the delight of the astonished salesman. Now he had fulfilled his promise to the London lunch crowd and planted the date seeds in oasis after oasis, all the way across the desert. I hardly need to say that Baker was not contented with saving or raising forests in many countries. His real goal was to energise many governments, and especially those on the edge of the Sahara, to reclaim the Sahara desert itself.

This vision may have been before its time, but he was determined mankind should get the idea. He had done research and found there was evidence of underground rivers there. He had spoken with Prime Ministers, Heads of States, and he had cajoled, pleaded and written books about it; now he had demonstrated its feasibility. If an old man of 68 could diagonally cross that desert and plant seeds, so could others, if they wished.

It fell on me to be the news photographer who recorded his arrival in Nairobi and brought him to the news-editor. For a day, he was front page news; then he was off again on another project. He did not slacken his efforts to improve the planet until he died in his early nineties. The beloved Guardian had greatly encouraged him and had become the first life member of "The Men of the Trees" an international organisation which St. Barbe Baker had founded many years before.

Here I should also mention Marguerite Preston who had moved to Kenya some years earlier when marrying a Kenya farmer. They now had two fine boys about 5 and 7 years of age. Marguerite was a Bahá'i of some experience but had found it difficult to teach the Faith in Kenya while living "Up-country" and with a non-Bahá'i husband. However, she was very eager to help us in whatever way possible. I remember having lunch with her as she was preparing to visit her relatives in England. Her main worry was that she was flying the next day and had not made a will directing that her two boys be raised with a good knowledge

of the Faith, if she should die on the flight. Next day, the radio gave the news of her plane flying into a mountain in Sicily, on its way to England. There were no survivors. We grieved with her family in their sore loss. I told them of Marguerite's last wish, expressed to me verbally and asked if they would like us to help the children know about the Faith, but they wished to raise them in their church. We could do nothing.

Life went on as usual, but one day our milkman, who delivered on a bicycle with a large carrier, ran into a tree with an awful crash. We rushed outside to help. He was unharmed but surrounded by smashed bottles and spilt milk. Figuring that he would have to pay for it, we each gave him some money and he went off singing cheerfully. We looked at each other in surprise. "Did he do it deliberately?" Aziz asked me. We never found out.

Meanwhile, a few weeks later, the Banani family returned from their pilgrimage. They again passed through Nairobi on their way back to Kampala and I was greatly privileged to listen to their experiences and drink in the divine fragrances of those holy places. I had sent a message by the Bananis to Ruhyyih Khanum, saying that I was saving up to go on pilgrimage. They now gave me her reply: "You have enough money, come now!" At first I was dumbfounded, for my bank account was about empty. Also I had only been in my new job a few months; how could I ask for annual leave? Yet, emboldened by Ruhyyih Khanum's reply, I felt motivated to give it a try. After all, the editor was very pleased with my work, and I did have a pay check due.

Sure enough, he was glad to give me a reward for good work well done. I had 9 days for pilgrimage and sent a cable asking the Guardian for permission. He gladly accepted. I began trying to understand the spiritual significance of a pilgrimage. Additionally it occurred to me that no professional photographer had, to my knowledge, yet recorded those holy places. I ^{think} all the Bahá'í world had were the amateur photos taken by Effie Baker; I had seen these printed in the "Dawn-breakers". But how could I do justice to such an historic project in only nine days, and also make a pilgrimage?

Pilgrimage

It seemed to me that the only solution was to ask the Guardian for an extension of 10 days. Before asking his permission I went down to the travel office and booked the extended reservation to make sure of it. I thought this could be changed if the extension was not granted. Then I wrote to the Guardian himself, asking for the extension. I was hard for me to believe that my editor would grant a further ten days, but when I explained my problem he willingly agreed. A few days later came the Guardian's reply: "Do not advise more than 9 days."

I went back to the travel office and tried, unsuccessfully, to change the booking back to the original 9 days. I could only hope that it would come before the day of take-off, but it did not. What was far worse, I now received a further cable from Haifa: "Postpone pilgrimage - Shoghi." Five days later, on April 13th 1952 came yet another: "Obstacle removed welcome - Shoghi. The reason for recording all this detail will be seen later, in the light of what happened in Haifa. All these cable originals are still among my treasured possessions. The cause of the temporary postponement, I learned later, had been some serious trouble with the covenant breakers who lived in the house next to the Guardian.

When the day of my departure arrived, I presented myself at Nairobi airport with three cameras, more equipment and a large suitcase containing tinned food and a fresh African paw-paw; for I had heard there were food shortages in Haifa. Knowing that I was far over weight, I carried in my pocket £50 in cash to pay for it. As my baggage was weighed, I prepared to pay, but the sympathetic lady in charge smilingly ignore the weighing machine and waved me through. I gasped in relief, but then realise that I would be breaking the law by taking £50 cash out of the country. I reached into my bag and, taking out a plain envelop, pushed the surplus notes into it, addressed it to myself, put a stamp on it and, leaning over the barrier, mailed it in a providential mail box. Another miracle! When I finally returned to Nairobi, I found that money waiting for me at my address!

Landing at Lydia airport in Israel, I was passing through customs

customs, wondering if I had any forbidden things. The official asked me for the purpose of my visit: "Bahá'i pilgrimage." I replied. "Without inspection, he passed me through with the cheery word: "Please give my regards to Shoghi Effendi!" Even then, when there had been few Bahá'i pilgrims, all government officers had learned to trust and honour Bahá'is. This was due, no doubt, to the exemplary lives of both Abdu'l Bahá and Shoghi Effendi and their frequently expressed concern in word and deed for the state of Israel. We read how Abdu'l Bahá was knighted for his real contributions to alleviate the sufferings of the people when they were in desperate need. Shoghi Effendi continued this relationship by such acts as sending greetings to the Prime Minister on the State anniversaries and by sending a check to help alleviate suffering when disasters occurred.

Following the instructions of the Bananis, I took a bus to Tel Aviv, ten miles away, and spent the night at a hotel. Enquiring in the morning about transport to Haifa, 100 miles to the north, it appeared that the cheapest way was a sharing taxi called a "sheroot." After a cramped two hour journey with many locals, we rounded the spur of Mt. Carmel and caught the first glimpse of the Bab's Shrine. At that time there was no golden dome, ^{yet} but I had the feeling that great spiritual bounty awaited here for those who could accept it. Though pictures of this holy mountain and its sacred Shrine were not often seen in those days, yet the regular letters from Shoghi Effendi to believers and Assemblies around the world had built in us a deep awareness of its spiritual significance for mankind. I was to find that life there ~~was~~ was redolent with the loving kindness which we had read about in accounts of the days when Abdu'l Bahá had lived there.

I was dropped off at number 10 Harparsim Street at a building then known as the "Western Pilgrim House," later to become the first seat of the Universal House of Justice. Ugo Giachery, whom I had last met in Rome on my way to Kenya, hosted my initial tour of the building and explained the custom that each evening, all the friends gathered in the main lounge awaiting the arrival of Shoghi Effendi from his house across the road.

That same evening, there were about ten of us waiting to refresh our eyes with the sight of his blessed face, the "Sign of God" on earth. Most of the members of the International council were present (a body which the Guardian had appointed the previous year to precede the election of the Universal House of Justice) also Ethyl and Jessie Revel who had been doing secretarial work here for some years, and Ugo Giachery who was supervising the erection of the crown and dome on the Bab's Shrine in accordance with Sutherland Maxwell's designs. Mr Maxwell, the Guardian's father-in-law, had been invited by him to spend the remaining years of his life living in the Guardian's home, and to help him with the design and construction of the Shrine. The stone cutters in the Italian quarries were, it was said, astonished at the perfection of Mr Maxwell's designs, and it was unnecessary to make working drawings before cutting the stones.

At 7 p.m. a maid-servant came up the circular stairs from below and announced: "Shoghi Effendi is waiting for you." Naturally, I hung back to ^{let} all these esteemed people to go down the stairs first, but for some reason they were all waiting for me. "The beloved Guardian is waiting to hear about Africa, Ted!" Said Ugo. In some confusion, I headed for the stairs and descended. At the bottom stood Shoghi Effendi; ^{arms extended} "Welcome, Welcome" he said: "We have been expecting you for a long time." He embraced me and it seemed that Abdu'l Bahá himself had spoken. "Marhaba! Marhaba!" he would have said. The Guardian was short in stature, but an air of calm, loving and strong purpose emanated from him. He was wearing a black taj and long black jacket. I remember noting that there was a small threadbare place on it just where the coat would brush against the desk through many long hours of writing to friends everywhere and also in translating the holy Texts. We went into the dining room and he seated me just across the table from himself, with Ruhiiyyih Khanum at his right. The others took their chairs without saying anything, but taking in every word. The very great respect and their instant obedience to his every request, spoke volumes to this very new Bahá'i. I was instantly impelled to conform my own attitude to their own.

The Guardian asked me about the journey, Nairobi, my job and how was the Faith progressing? ^{in Kenya} "So far there are no declarations Shoghi

Effendi." I said. "But we are persevering in prayer and in finding ways to talk with the African people. It is a beautiful country and they are all friendly." He smiled and said: "You will soon have an Assembly in Nairobi." His words were full of assurance. Silently, I wondered how it would come about. He was not put off by the lack of visible results. I felt that, since his prayers must have been regularly surrounding our every effort, matters were falling into place with certainty, the chosen ones were being steadily consummated; and so it turned out.

As dinner proceeded, I remained silent, content to wait for the Guardian to speak. He did not eat for some time, but questioned me further about Africa, ^{to} which he was giving high priority at that time. He carefully considered my replies, then said: "It is very important to get the Faith established in Africa before materialism and politics get a hold on the masses." I said: "It has already got a hold on the people in the city" He replied: "Yes, I understand, but you will find the people in the villages much more receptive to the Faith." The way he discussed matters gave me increased confidence because it was spoken as between equals and I felt no pressure from him, just consultation on what was to be accomplished. This kind of caring, helpful attitude typified all his words during the time I was at his table.

Later, he talked about the British believers, how they were ingenious in rerouting many Iranians to goal areas as they arrived in our country. He mentioned also that the British probably had the highest percentage in the Bahá'í world, for believers pioneering on the home front to fill the goals, each year. From memory, it was about 48%. He mentioned what a big loss it had been to us when the Hofman's had been forced to reduce their Bahá'í activities to devote more time to their own publishing business. I had been present at convention in England last year when, just before election, David Hofman had spoken to the delegates in words such as these:- "Dear friends, I am not allowed to try to influence your vote, but I feel I must read to you from a letter we have just received from Shoghi Effendi. Quote: "I feel you should consider withdrawing from the considerable services you have been giving to the administration, in order to allow you to devote much more

time to your business, until it is stronger." David and Marion Hofman had both been on the National Spiritual Assembly of England for some years and this took much of their time from the business which was in difficulties. In this example, the common sense approach of Shoghi Effendi is seen balancing worldly duties with service to the Faith. The Hofmans were not elected to the National Assembly that year and for several years thereafter. Their business improved. What we did not know then was that in 1963 David Hofman would be one of nine to be elected to the first Universal house of Justice.

Bahá'í temples were next discussed and the Guardian listed the possible sites for the next one: Cairo, Haifa, Tehran or Kampala were all mentioned. As we ^{now} know, Kampala was built soon after that time. It became a magnet and an inspiration for over 20,000 Bahá'ís who would soon come into the Faith in Uganda alone! When that tremendous growth took place, we heard that India had enrolled over 100,000 believers. Some one said: "They are far ahead of us!" "Not so!" exclaimed Hasan Sabri. "We only took five years to do this and India took 100 years to get their 100,000!" We read that the Faith was taken to India during the lifetime of Bahá'u'lláh.

To return to Haifa in 1952, Shoghi Effendi explained that pilgrimage is not for the purpose of seeing the Guardian, nor for obtaining information about the Faith, but to experience the spirit of the holy Shrines and the holy places associated with the Revelation. Here I should mention that all pilgrims were gently told not to take notes at the Guardian's dinner table. He wanted their full attention to be centered on the spiritual experience of the pilgrimage.

However, each night after supper, when the Guardian had returned to his home across the road, we would gather in the lounge to compare notes and write down what we agreed had been said. I filled a notebook and am now trying to relate those memories as clearly as possible. Of course these pilgrim notes have no authority, but the Guardian encouraged all pilgrims to share their experiences and notes, as long as it was made clear that ^{they} are just personal impressions and nothing more. Re-reading them now 38 years later I can still clearly visualise those surroundings and the Guardian as he talked with all of us .

in that blessed Spot.

I asked if the Africans had ever had a Prophet. He said: "Yes, but not in Africa." "Could it have been the Sabeian Prophet?" "Possibly"

"In each Revelation there is one mystery which is not explained; in Christianity it is the virgin birth, and in the Bahá'i revelation it is the station of the Master.

He spoke of the 9 stages of the evolution of the Faith. 1.) Ignored. 2.) Persecution. 3.) Recognition. "In most countries we are still in 1 & 2, but the Egyptian court had already declared Bahá'i a separate religion from Islam. This is a victory!" Regarding the other six steps, the Guardian asked us not to talk about them to the public, lest it aroused unnecessary opposition. Stage 2 is not likely to be completed in this century, but all nine would be achieved before the Golden Age.

"America will be purged in the crucible of war to prepare her for her mission."

One evening Rúhiyyih Kahnum asked the Guardian why no women would serve on the Universal House of Justice. Perhaps she was asking this for my sake, for she must have been fully conversant with the Guardian's thoughts on this matter. The Guardian's reply contained some things which I had heard before, such as , "it is a difference of function, not of women's rights, and the wisdom of it will appear in the future." He went on: "It is not women's function to run armies or be a Prophet. The greatest work in the Cause today is teaching, and in this the women will excel more than men; they are more courageous, bolder and have more talent in this than men. Men and women are complimentary in their functions."

"God's way is not men's way. What price glory? The white race in Africa learned great lessons - to be free from prejudice, establish equal opportunity and give precedence to minorities."

The East has given inspiration to the West and the East must now learn practical lessons from the West."

One evening, after Shoghi Effendi had left us and returned to his house, we all sat consulting together in the upper lounge and writing down what we could remember. The discussion turned to a court case involving the Guardian and the Covenant-breakers. It concerned ^{the Guardian's} ~~the~~ demolition of a small house close to the Shrine at Bahji, ^{undowned partly by the Covenant-breakers and partly by the Guardian}. It was of great importance to Shoghi Effendi to beautify a large area around the most Holy Shrine. This inferior building stood in the way. No one knew what the court would decide. Ugo Giachery commented: "How much Shoghi Effendi was suffering tonight." From this remark, it was clear to me that although Shoghi Effendi was the "Sign of God on earth" with all the protection and guidance that implied, yet continual watchfulness and a great deal of mental and ethical effort, as well as much prayer, was required of him at all times.

The unrelenting opposition by the Covenant-breakers to every project the Guardian embarked upon in the Holy Land must have taken a great toll of his strength and constantly delayed progress. It is illuminating to look back on the steps by which he steadily eliminated them from the Bahá'í properties and reduced them to impotence, even while working on many other projects for the Faith. This can especially be seen in the stages by which he removed them from Bahji and its surroundings. It was my bounty to hear the details from others in these late night discussions.

It may come as a shock to many Bahá'ís to hear that Bahji Mansion, where Bahá'u'lláh passed away in 1892, continued to be occupied by the Covenant-breakers for 40 years, until 1932. Even after that time they were still occupying the outbuildings until 1957, the year of Shoghi Effendi's passing. To return to 1927, they had allowed the Mansion to fall into a terrible state of delapidation. They asked Shoghi Effendi to repair the roof for them. He replied that he would not start until they evacuated the building, which they did. Before ^{the repairs} were finished, he persuaded the British High Commissioner (Israel was then

a British Protectorate) to declare the Mansion a Holy Place. This excluded it from all private occupation permanently. The Covenant-breakers were thus excluded from reoccupying it ever again. When we look back on the exemplary life of Abdu'l Bahá, we can see that ^{he} had won the admiration of the authorities. He was eventually knighted by the British Government for services to the people and the British army. This was obviously of great help to Shoghi Effendi in his communication with all the authorities in Palestine.

Shoghi Effendi now started refurnishing the Mansion after the style of Bahá'u'lláh's time and added display and archival material. He had a simple bed put in one of the bedrooms for himself, so that he could stay over night on this task of great love. When I eventually sent him a photograph of the first Assembly in East Africa, the one elected in Kampala, he put it over his bed in that room.

Another evening Shoghi Effendi spoke long and in detail about the attempts made by the Covenant-breakers to cause trouble for the Master when he was buying the land surrounding the Shrine of the Éáb. When he had erected the first simple building, they reported to the Sultan of Turkey that it was a fortress for starting a revolutionary movement, but Abdu'l Bahá was able to prove their accusations false. After the 1950 war, when many thousands of Arabs fled and the State of Israel was founded, we were able to acquire several properties ^{on Mt. Carmel} which had belonged to the Covenant-Breakers. In the more recent times, Shoghi Effendi pointed out that Hitler was an enemy of the Bahá'is and if he had captured all of north Africa, he would have gone into Egypt and Palestine and he would have exterminated the Bahá'is as had happened in Germany and Russia. But he was preordained to fail.

The Mufti of Jerusalem would also have been a big danger to the Bahá'is in these circumstances.

Another topic touched on by the Guardian was prayer. He said very clearly that it is not enough to pray about a problem; one needs also to think about it and then to act.

The next evening started with a severe test for me. As we entered the dining room, I was directed to the far end of the table and two newly arrived pilgrims took my place opposite Shoghi Effendi. I had become so magnetised by his presence that it had never occurred to me such a thing could happen. As the Guardian talked to the new arrivals, I began remonstrating with myself for being unhappy; the Guardian was still there, but I found myself perforce, relegated to listening only, as did the members of the International Council. My mind had wandered from the Guardian's words. As at a great distance I heard him say: "Tomorrow a delegation from the Bahá'í International Council will present a letter of felicitation to the Governor of Haifa on the occasion of the 15th annual celebration of the founding of the State of Israel. I want you to go with the delegation." I looked up, and the whole table were looking at me, as was the Guardian. "Yes Shoghi Effendi" I managed to say. "It will help them to realise how widespread the Faith is, because you are from Africa." I was uplifted and joyful to be given a task like this, but nothing could replace being able to look across the table into his warm, steady eyes. Ugo Giachery Mason Remey and I performed this mission the next day; we were received with much warmth.

Jessie Revel reported that locusts were devastating trees in Tel Aviv, only 100 miles away. "What shall we do if they start destroying our shrine gardens? "We shall replant them" Was the Guardian's reply. He then turned to me and said: "Your next job is helping to found the institutions of the Cause in Kenya." Such was his caring nature, that he had sensed my mood and reached out to me.

Two days later, the Guardian's Buick, with his chauffer, Carlo driving, took Ruhyyih Khanum, Nellie French (another new pilgrim) and myself 20 miles around the bay to Acca to visit the "Most great prison" where the Blessed Beauty and many of His followers and family had spent over two years under the most terrible conditions. As we entered this massive, bleak building, we tried to imagine the arrival of the Holy family. We ascended by an open stairs to the third floor and entered a large area surrounded

by a number of cells. To our left, the first cell had a brass plate above the door stating "Bahá'i Holy Place". It was explained to us that the Israeli Government had made a law that all the Holy places of every religion in the country should become the property of that religion and be marked in this way. Through the iron bars we could see a cell with three windows and a raised portion of the floor where Bahá'u'lláh usually laid out His mat to sleep. Bars covered the windows also. We entered and sat on the rush mats to pray and visualise those incredible times, less than 100 years ago. Afterwards we saw the skylight high up in the ceiling of the central hall where the Purest Branch had fallen to his death. We recalled his request to His father that his life be a sacrifice for the world and especially that pilgrims should be allowed to visit the Blessed Beauty.

Leaving the prison we went along the road behind the massive sea battlements for about 200 yards to the House Aboud. For seven years the Holy family had lived here, after the prison. Yet the whole city was a prison for them and Bahá'u'lláh Himself was confined to a few rooms. His own bedroom has a verandah on three sides, and we were told that pacing this narrow path, looking out to sea, was His only permitted exercise. On the end of a long divan rested a taj which He had worn. It was reverently covered by a delicate embroidered cloth. Again we prayed and tried to visualise those days, ^{and His Presence} Another room had been Abdu'l Bahá's and in this room Bahá'u'lláh had written much of the Aqdas, as well as letters to the Kings of Europe.

Then, leaving the city, our car took us two miles into the country-

north-east of Acca. The whole valley was very fertile and luxuriant. Our dirt road led us to an imposing stone archway, the entrance to an oasis. We entered and crossed a wooden bridge over a stream and were greeted by a gardener. He had set out a table and chairs under the shade of some ^{very old} mulberry trees to welcome us. An ornamental garden seat had been built under these trees on one side of this small retreat. On this seat, Bah'u'lláh had often rested and talked to His followers in the later years of His life. The gardener, who was also the custodian and lived nearby, brought a horse and invited us to watch while he harnesed it to a beam, centered on some ancient machinery atop a well.

As the horse circled the well, water was drawn up by a chain of cups and spilled into a pipe which carried it to a fountain in the center of the garden. The peaceful clank of the harness, the songs of birds and the splash of the fountain as it rose from a pedistal produced an air of magic in that fragrant spot. The water overflowed and ran down a channel past Bahá'u'lláh's seat and into what used to be another stream ^{at the back of the garden}. This stream bed was now dried up because ^{some years ago} the British army had blocked it to reduced the incidence of mosquitoes and malaria.

We saw in imagination the Blessed Beauty sitting talking with His followers and wondered what He had said to them there. Rúhiyyih Khanum had brought a picnic lunch which she now laid out. We sat eating and listening to the fountain and the birds, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Afterwards we were shown a small dwelling where Bahá'u'lláh had sometimes slept. Some of His blankets and personal possess-

Photo

-ions had been arranged in this bedroom, no doubt by the beloved Guardian or Ruhiyyih Khanum. Bahá'u'lláh had named this small island "The Ridván Garden" in memory of that other Ridvan garden in Baghdad.

After this, we went further north a few miles to visit the house of Masra'ih where Baha'u'llah had lived for two years after leaving the prison. There were orchards and fields surrounding the house and the air was fragrant^{with blossoms}. We came upon the ruins of an ancient aqueduct which Bahá'u'lláh had been instrumental in getting repaired. Now with mains water everywhere, it was once more silent. We entered the mansion and ascended the stone stairs which had known the feet of the Blessed Beauty. His bedroom looked out over the beautiful scenery. It was, we read, a deep joy to Him, after 9 years in Acca, without the sight of a blade of grass. *I returned to Haifa much uplifted.*

At dinner that evening the Guardian talked about^{various} forms of Government. He said that the British triple stage elections were nearest to Bahá'i and is a government of the people, by the best of the people. America should learn this method. In the future, Local^{Assemblies} in large towns may have double stage elections.

Back to Africa, Shoghi Effendi praised the teaching work of Ali Nakhjavani. "I am very proud of what they have done so far." Ali and his brother were raised in Haifa by the Guardian when their parents had died.

one of my fellow pilgrims Shoghi Effendi said that Nellie French had, in a way, done the same work as Martha Root (who ^{did} it at an earlier time, when there were few institutions.) The blessings of the Master had enabled her to give the Message far and wide, especially in Italy. The thought occurs to me that, at this present time, years later, many isolated Bahá'is are still doing this in places far from the cities.

In those days, all pilgrims were the guests of Shoghi Efendi. Western pilgrims lived in the house across the street from the Master's house and the Oriental pilgrims lived at the house near the Shrine of the Báb, much higher up the mountain. It was the beloved Guardian's custom to have dinner each night with the Western pilgrims, so that they could talk informally with him. In the afternoons, he would walk round the Shrine gardens with the Oriental pilgrims and talk as they went. Of course, each group felt it had a priceless privilege in this arrangement and felt sorry for the other group, so everyone was happy!

The next day, being the 9th of Ridván, we were ^{all} invited to the Oriental pilgrim house where the Guardian gave a talk on the meaning of this Holy Day. He spoke entirely in Persian, because I was the only westerner present. However, much to my embarrassment, he stopped in the middle and gave me a shortened account of what he had been saying. I felt touched by his consideration. Looking back, it was clear that he was making sure a minority did not feel left out.

Afterwards, we all went to the Shrine of the Báb. Surprisingly

W. R. H.

the ladies entered a door on the north side of the shrine and the men into a door on the south side with the Guardian.

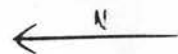
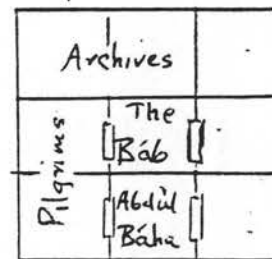


Photo
sketch

I should explain, there are 9 rooms inside the shrine of the Báb, all about equal in size and arranged in three rows. The center room of the middle group is the holy spot where the Bab's remain are enshrined; each side there is a room for the pilgrims who approach a low step and offer their prayers, the men on one side and the ladies on the other. Each can see into the center chamber from opposite sides, through a wide mesh curtain. Later, Rúhiyyih Khanum explained to us that in future, it would be changed, but now it was too much of a break with tradition for Oriental men and ladies to pray together. She herself, of course, properly led the ladies. But to return to the 9th Day of Ridván; Shoghi Effendi stood just inside the door as the men entered, and anointed them with attar of roses as each stepped in. The first two Persians tried to kiss his feet, but he raised them up and moved them along. When we were all gathered, Shoghi Effendi came to the threshold and recited the prayer of Visitation in Persian; it hangs, framed, on the wall just to one side. He then ~~knealt~~ ^{then} at the threshold for a few moments and backed out to the door, keeping his face to the threshold. We all followed his example. The Guardian led us ~~next~~ into the front section of the building where lies our beloved Master. Similar devotions were followed there.



Both center rooms were covered with masses of flowers, arranged with great care. All present must have been much uplifted in spirit as we spent some time walking round the beautiful gardens afterwards.

A few days earlier, Shoghi Effendi had requested me to take photographs of the inside of the Shrine of the Báb, now that it was specially decorated for Ridván. He said he would advise me when this should be done.

While we were waiting in the Pilgrim House ^{one evening} for the Guardian to arrive for dinner, Rúhiyyih Khanum suddenly appeared alone and said, "Ted, the Guardian says that now is the time to photograph the Shrine of the Báb. Dr Hakim will come with you and the Guardian's car is waiting to take you up to the Shrine.

If you hurry, you will be back in time for at least the last half of the Guardian's dinner."

Shoghi Effendi had told me I was to feel free to take the photographs in any manner I wished. He had then remarked, "Have you noticed that with colour photos, if you slightly under-expose, the colors will be more brilliant?" It was the early days of color photography and I was amazed that he was so knowledgeable about it. He continued, "If you place the camera centrally, the picture will be perfectly symmetrical, as you look through to the inner shrine." This I took careful note of and made sure of taking before anything else. However I also took one slightly off center, for I felt this gave more depth. With three cameras, I took many pictures and we finally arrived back at the Pilgrim House about 11 p.m. The Guardian had long finished his dinner and gone back to his home across the street. Rúhiyyih Khanum was waiting for us with a plate of sandwiches and must have noticed my exhaustion and disappointment at missing dinner with the Guardian. We said good-night and everyone retired.

Next morning, Rúhiyyih Khanum came across to the house after breakfast and said, "Ted, the Guardian says that, if you feel it wise, you may cable your editor in Nairobi to ask for a ten day extension of pilgrimage." As mentioned earlier, due to my own fumbling and miscalculations I had plagued my editor with a number of different schedules and felt most embarrassed, about it. Now I was considering upsetting my editor's affairs even more, and by a simple cable which would not allow me to explain or apologise. "It is too late Rúhiyyih Khanum," I said

"I dare not take the risk of upsetting my editor." "Well, think about it Ted, and whatever you decide is alright with the Guardian. He feels there will be a lot to photograph, more than you can do in nine days."

After much thought, I discussed the matter with Ugo Giachery and decided to *senđ a cāblē*. Anything was worth an extra ten days. Together we walked down to the main postoffice in town, a half hour's walk; and since it was then nearly midnight, we went round to the rear entrance and found a way in, sent off the cable and came back to the pilgrim house. We said goodnight and went to our rooms. As I was getting into bed, I suddenly remembered I had put the wrong return date on the cable. There was no option but to get dressed, go down town and send off a corrected cable. Once more I was getting into bed and realised that again --- I had made a mistake. I dressed and returned to the post-office. And yes, a third time I saw a mistake and had to send off a third cable. Now my editor would surely lose his patience, but curiously I did not in the least worry about it. Sufficient that the Guardian had given me a chance to spend ten more days in the Holyland, taking photographs for him. It did not occur to me that there was very much more in this matter than I was aware of, but subsequent events amply repaid all my worries. For two years I felt too ashamed to tell anyone about it, but one day Aziz and I were chatting about the Will of God and many things, so I recounted my bungling ~~experience~~. "Hmm!" he remarked "maybe God was trying to tell you something?", "What could that be?" I enquired, "Perhaps that if an event is the Will of God, then whatever mistakes we make, it is ^{still} going to happen." "That is curious", I said "The last thing the Guardian said to me as I departed was, "We are very glad you were able to stay the extra ten days, it was evidently the Will of God." As you will have guessed, two days after sending off the three conflicting cables I received a reply, "Extension permitted."

On another occasion, the Guardian discussed the rescue of the Báb's body which was thrown outside the moat of the city after the execution. There is a tradition that the remains of the Imam would be preserved. The Mullahs thought that wild dogs would devour the remains and thus prove to the public that the Báb was not the promised Imam. However, some of the believers bribed the soldiers to turn their backs while the Holy remains were spirited away and hidden in a silk factory. The son of this factory owner had just arrived on pilgrimage and the Guardian welcomed him warmly.

The Guardian spoke of the great significance of this Day, saying, "Adam and all the other Prophets were preparing the world for Bah'u'lláh Who would cast His shadow over the next 500,000 centuries. Six thousand years of preparation to be followed by 500 centuries of fulfillment. There will be other Manifestations Who will repeal the Aqdas (if They wish) and there will even be minor Prophets after the Thousand or more years. We must distinguish between the Bahá'i cycle and the Spiritual cycle of 500,000 centuries." "No" he replied in answer to a question, "The Guardians are not minor Prophets."

There had been 200 pioneers from Persian to Arabia. No other such efflux had occurred except to Africa.

Photos

One morning Rúhiyyih Khanum arrived as Ugo and I were having breakfast in the pilgrim house. The Guardian wanted photographs taken of many of the holy relics in the archives room. These were at present kept in the back section of the Shrine. She would come with me and bring them out into the sun to be photographed. So, on Thursday, May 1st 1952, the Guardian's car took us up to the Shrine where began the difficult task of finding a suitable background for laying out these precious relics. Here, in the brilliant sunshine we photographed many of these personal possessions of the Holy Ones - the Báb's copy of the Koran and His own Bayan and ring. As I was arranging these to photograph Rúhiyyih Khanum came out of the Shrine saying: "Hold out your arms Ted." I did so, and she laid the Báb's green robe upon them. I stood speechless. Later we photographed the personal effects of Bahá'u'lláh, His seals, His pens and pen case, His rings and taj.

The following day, I was sent to Bahji in the Guardian's car. Here Salah, the custodian, took charge of me. He was an Arab who had great devotion for the Guardian. To him, looking after the holiest place on earth was a most great responsibility, one to which he devoted body and soul without restraint. He lived very simply. He showed me into Abdu'l Bahá's tea-room, as it is known. Here, while the sparrows flew in and out of the door, busily building their nests in the big rafters, we ate from a picnic basket which Rúhíyyih Khanum had thoughtfully provided. He told me stories of the early believers and of the history of Bahji. As we talked, the chirping of the sparrows gave the place an air of peace and upliftment. After a prayer, he led me to the Shrine and opening the door, showed me the threshold of the room where Bah'u'lláh's earthly remains rest. I stood as one in a trance, hardly daring to believe that I had at last arrived at this most sacred spot. What does one do in such circumstances?

Sala must have been a bit shocked that I just stood there; he said in a quiet voice "Ted we generally kneel and pray here." His remark was meant with the best intentions, but it struck me as an intrusion between Bah'u'lláh and me. I knelt at the raised threshold and prayed a while and meditated some more and then looked around me. I was in a kind of conservatory garden with tall plants filling the center, and in one corner the door to a room where the holy casket lay under a large embossed brass plate in the floor. Beautiful flower filled vases stood at each corner and on the threshold were sprinkled rose petals, some of which I guiltily swept into my prayer book, not realising that they had been put there for just this purpose. *Small* Ornamental lamps glowed in many places, giving a warm feeling. They were antiques, made of pewter. The heat of the plain of Acca had made them droop under their own weight. Another prayer, and we both backed out, to reclaim shoes and cameras outside the door.

Next we visited the mansion itself. The ground floor was all service areas, and we mounted to the main living part, up a long flight of stone stairs. It did not escape me that my feet

were literally following in the footsteps of the Blessed Beauty. Upstairs, I entered a large central hall with various rooms opening from it. They were partly furnished according to those custom of those times and partly used to display Bahá'í books and documents from many countries.

A curtain covered the door of a large corner room. Sala pulled it aside and motioned me in. Leaving shoes & camera outside, I entered Bahá'u'lláh's bedroom. His bed and slippers lay on a lovely Persian carpet which covered the whole floor. His taj, covered by lace, rested on one end of a long divan which graced the far wall; mute but powerful reminders of the holy Presence Who had lived here for twelve years. I imagined Professor Brown coming in as I had done and hearing a mild, dignified voice saying "Praise be to God that thou hast attained. . .

Photo

The next day Salah and I walked the two miles to Acca and as we wandered through its ancient byways he told me that all the streets of Acca had touched the feet of Bahá'u'lláh or the Master. I tried to imagine Them also sitting in a cafe in one of those streets, drinking coffee and talking with the people there. The Master, Salah told me, had made many secret visits of charity in Acca, usually while the city slept.

I had asked Rūhíyyih Khanum, when I arrived, how was it possible for me to make a pilgrimage and also take photographs? The ^{two} _^ did not seem compatible. She sympathised and suggested that one idea would be to leave the cameras in my bedroom on alternate days. Sometimes I did this, for every day was a king of days; how could I be concerned with photography? And how could I not have a camera with me at all times to record those holy places and the inspiring moments spent there? Now, as we followed the winding alleys carrying my large camera bag between us, I was able to get many pictures which will in future enable those who will never manage to make the pilgrimage, at least to glean some of the atmosphere of that holy city and its august Prisoner.

Back at Bahji for one more night and day, I was forced once again to unite pilgrimage and photography. The beloved Guardian had asked me to photograph all of the inside of the shrine of Bahá'u'llah. Sala left me quite alone during this and the deep silence and fragrant atmosphere

kept me as in a spell while I went about considering composition and exposures. That night, as on the two previous nights, I slept in the mansion of Bahji. My room was the nearest one to the Shrine and for a long time I paced the verandah which circles three sides of the Mansion. It was a clear night and I could see Mt. Carmel and the floodlit shrine of the Báb across the bay, about 15 miles away. The wind blew softly through the gum strees surrounding Bahji while I prayed for spiritual guidance. I could look down on the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh only 50 feet away and meditate on the inconceivable significance of this Revelation and its import for mankind.

The next day was spent visiting the prison in Acca and later, the house of Aboud where Bahá'u'lláh had been incarcerated for over seven years. While there, He had, I believe, written again to the Kings of Europe. He had also composed much of the Aqdas. Abdu'l Bahá had been married there. I wandered along the battlements of the sea wall and pondered on the Muslim tradition. "Blessed is he that counts 40 waves in Acca.

My stay in Acca had come to an end; I had missed about four dinner times with the Guardian and hurried back to Haifa by public bus. The friends there were busy preparing a special dinner to entertain some of their Jewish friends from the city. Rúhíyyih Khanum said, "I am determined to have friends that I like and have a good time with them. The International Council members and the Hands present were all joining in with the festivities, but I could only think that I would be missing another dinner with Shoghi Effendi, a steep price to pay for such a party.

The next night at dinner, the Guardian asked me about my experiences at Bahji. and I tried, stumbingly to put some of them into words. Although none of the extensive gardens at Bahji one sees today had even been created then, yet the whole area had seemed most holy and far beyond mortal understanding. Coming back to the inner Shrine itself, the Guardian asked my impression. I felt it was a most fitting and unusual Shrine whose items had been assembled with great care and devotion. I mentioned the lights held up by sagging light brackets and wondered if they could be straightened? He said "They are antiques and would probably crack off if we tried it." This reminded me of his other remarks on my second day of pilgrimage. He had sent Millie Collins with me to the Shrine of the Báb. Over all the great beauty there, I had noticed

a marble pillar on which stood metal tulips, painted gold. When he had asked for my impressions, naturally I ^{had} praised the most wonderful Shrine and the extensive gardens, so expertly laid out; but I also expressed surprise at the metal flowers. The answer was very simple. "In the hot summer, no other flowers survive!"

The Guardian went on to emphasise the great need for developing the World Center in Haifa, together with the administration all over the world. It will be the world nervous system. He spoke with great love of those who had done so much towards this - Marth Root, May Maxwell, Keith Ranson Keller, Dr. Susan Moody and the Dunns in Australia. "They are now buried all over the world according to the Master's instructions. 'Go ye into all the world.' "We must always think in terms of "World Crusade, World Order, World Plan and World concepts in everything."

He spoke of the coming World Plan 1953-1963 which would take the Faith to every part of the Globe. He will send instructions to each of the coming Inter-continental Conferences.

Here I must pay tribute to the efforts of all the friends who sat at the Guardian's dinner table and afterwards, as we sat in the upstairs lounge, helped each other record all the remarks the beloved Guardian had made that evening. As I have mentioned, the Guardian did not wish any notes to be taken at the table. "Pilgrims come to experience the Spirit of the Holy Shrines, not ^{to} receive information." He is reported to have said. It goes without saying that all these records I have are just ~~pilgrim~~ pilgrim notes and nothing more. There is no authenticity in them. They are notes of wonderful hours spent with the Guardian; I pass them on with the hope that they may help the reader to glean just some of the spiritual food that was offered to us during those soul stirring days.

He touched on the subject of the coming world calamity mentioned by Bah'u'lláh in Gleanings: (p.119;1) ". . . there shall suddenly appear that which will cause the limbs of mankind to quake. Then, and only then, will the Divine Standard be unfurled . . ." He emphasised that this refers to a literal catastrophe, world-wide. There would be no escape for anyone, the Bahá'is would suffer with the rest of mankind. All we can do is to get on with the teaching and help to alleviate it. This disaster would affect every part of the world systems and would awaken

mankind. There would be mass conversion after it. In Africa, this mass conversion may come before the calamity. It depends on the qualities of the Bahá'is!

At that time, the Covenant-breakers were still active and the Guardian mentioned that their machinations had prevented him for three months from considering the coming Inter-continental Conferences. He said that the covenant breakers are now few and desperate.

He went on to talk about the materialistic civilisation so rampant in the world and reminded us of Bahá'u'lláh's statement that in excess it leads to turmoil and burning of cities. "Divorced from the spiritual it will lead to a breakdown. It should be complimentary. Moral stimulus comes from the Prophets." He affirmed.

The Guardian went on to say: "The impulse of the colonial people for independence is good. We should encourage it but guard against its extremes." Little did I know that I was soon to be involved in the British Government's handing over of Kenya to independence. When that happened in 1963 I was a Government servant and had to help train the local people to do my job. All "whites" were to be replaced by Kenyans. We all wondered if they would be able to do the work, but for many years they made a very good job of it under President Jomo Kenyatta.

The Guardian described the misuse of the Press media in U.S.A. They influence the masses and this is not democracy. On the confrontation between the U.S.A. and Russia he said that we should side with neither for both are wrong, one is extremely materialistic and the other atheistic. The Bahá'i administration is not democratic but embodies the best parts of all systems, with much more besides.

"Palestine has acquired spiritual potency due to the Prophets. It is also the junction of the three continents. The Holy Land is now becoming the world spiritual center as well as the world administrative center under Bahá'u'lláh's dispensation. They will never be separated again, as in past dispensations." We now own 50 acres on Mt. Carmel and all of it is exempted from taxes. Five acres are for the coming temple. To buy land here now is strategic, spiritually."

Continuing the matters touched upon by the Guardian, he said that Turkey now has three Local Spiritual Assemblies and wanted a National Assembly, but it was premature. He followed with; "It has taken twenty years to build the institutions so that the Holy Spirit can function through them." He had just received a postcard from the Pacific, telling of the declaration of the first among the brown races. "Now we have all the races." He said. "The Báb's relatives took the Faith to China."

At this time the Guardian was gathering the members of the newly appointed International Council, which was to precede the election of the Universal House of Justice. Rúhíyyih Khanum asked him if Ted should take a photograph of them, but he said that it was too early.

Shoghi Effendi asked Mason Remy if he had modified part of the drawing for the Haifa temple, as requested. Mason went out and brought in the design for the cupolas which will cap the pillars and laid it before the Guardian. He considered it for a while and he said: "Yes that is better." From this I inferred, that although Mason was designing the temple, yet the Guardian was supervising every little detail and Mason was merely his pen. How could we have known that on the Guardian's passing, only six years hence, Mason Remy would become a Covenant-breaker by claiming to be the next Guardian, against all the conditions laid down by Abdu'l Bahá.

The Guardian was asked the meaning of "Gog and Magog" as mentioned in the Bible. He said that perhaps they symbolise good and evil, but as long as the teachings throw no light on the matter, we must be liberal and follow the scholars or those who are expert in these matters. Other interesting remarks were that each Prophet in the past had appointed a successor, but none of them had written it down on paper as an explicit authority. Paul usurped Peter and started the first schism in Christianity. The Califs usurped Ali. But in this Faith it was explicit.

Someone asked what are the things we should emphasise in teaching today. His reply was that we should tell of the existence of God; the immortality of the soul; the necessity for religion; the oneness of humanity; the coming of age of humanity. We should concentrate on the main teachings of the Master, not on tradition or prophecies. Appeal to the reason of the individual, not to his feelings. Teach the necessity for true religion, as separate from creeds.

The Guardian continued: "What is the purpose of God's creation? It is the purpose of all the Prophets - to prepare mankind for the recognition of the station of Bahá'u'lláh. "Some Answered Questions" and the "Iqan" are the most important for teachers. We must both spread the seed and try to make converts. . . Later, "The Guardian will be above all the leaders of mankind. The Hands will each be the center of a star-cluster."

There was an interesting sequel years later to my question to the Guardian, about the antiques lamp holders in the outer court of the shrine of Bahá'u'lláh. Earlier I have reported that he had said they might break if we tried to straighten them. In 1973 I was again visiting the Shrine. After prayers I once more looked at the drooping lamps in the outer court and wondered what would be the penalty in eternity for breaking one of them. I took hold of the nearest one and straightened it up. It did not break! I did the next and still no disaster. I resolved to stop if any broke, but I was able to straighten all the rest without a break and was overjoyed at the improvement. The Guardian had long since passed to the Abha Kingdom of course (in 1957). The Universal House of Justice was now in charge. I told Amos Gibson what I had done and he looked pleased. Five years later I was again on pilgrimage as a delegate. When I entered the shrine I saw that every one of the lamps had sagged back to its original position! The summer heat on the plain of Acca had been too much for the soft metal.

To return to the beloved Guardian's dinner table in 1952, one evening he was in a light hearted mood. He looked at me with a loving twinkle in his eye: "The English teaching effort is like its weather, a steady drizzle. Oh but a much appreciated drizzle! Now the American teaching effort is also like its weather. When they receive a letter from me they rush off and do thing with great energy, like their stormy weather. After a few weeks it dries up and I have to send them another letter!" I saw him really laugh for the first time. It was clear that he had great love for both communities and was trying to urge them on.

"The world is now like the Roman empire was, prior to its collapse. There are few leaders left in England and the U.S.A. There is poverty in art and finance. General Eisenhower president - what a pity!!"

"Christianity did not have the institutions that we have at this stage. Now the question is, do we have the courage and the spirit? The Popes were the true citadel and had great courage.

The Guardian said: "Recently, Musa Bahá'í, a Covenant-breaker, had invited the British Consul to a party to spread lies about the Faith. We took counter-measures to inform the authorities of the difference between ourselves and the Covenant-breakers."

"We should not observe uniformity in prayer and worship at the Shrines. But we all stand for the Prayers of Visitation."

"The soul is much more important than the body, and the body is more important than a member. The soul uses the body to progress higher. The soul is the revelation of Bahá'u'lláh. Each part of the body must play its part. It is the same in the Faith. Some Persian Bahá'ís feel the Cause is to advance Persia, but they must sacrifice everything to the purpose of Bahá'u'lláh and then have loyalty to their country."

Bahá'u'lláh said: "If the Cause had appeared first in Europe, it would have attained ascendancy over the thought of mankind because of the freedom of intelligence in the background culture. The culture of Europe was due to Socrates who studied with the Jews, a result of Moses efforts with a decadent, thieving race in Egypt.

"America is desperately in need of material help against Communism. America is the citadel of the Faith, but their materialism is based on the negation of justice. The Outer citadel will crumble but the inner will survive. There is a fear creeping over the Americans, greater than the fear of any other nation ever. (This was in 1952)

On the last day of my pilgrimage, I was privileged to meet the beloved Guardian in his reception room with only Rúhíyyih Khanum present in addition. The notes I made afterwards while waiting for my plane at the airport were as follows: "Please tell the British believers how much I admire their organising ability, their devotion and their many services to the Faith."

"Please send me the proofs of all the photographs you have taken and I will indicate which I would appreciate having enlargements of and how many of each. When you send them, I will send you a check."

I was much disturbed at the idea of accepting any money for this and hastened to assure Shoghi Effendi: "O, no, Guardian, this is my contribution. I do not wish to charge you anything." I said. He looked at me very directly and said quite firmly: "You must allow me to have an interest in this." "Yes Shoghi Effendi." I said obediently.

He then said: "All the photographs you took inside the Shrines of the Báb and Bahá'u'lláh, please send to me; but all of the others, you must feel free to sell to the friends. David Hofman sells his books to the friends, and you can sell the photographs."

Inwardly, at this moment, my deepest concern was that I was now leaving Haifa where the very air seemed heavenly, and where the human relationships must surely be a foretaste of the Kingdom of Heaven Itself. Some of this must have shown itself in my face for the Guardian said "Do not be sad; you will come back, you will come back!" I wondered how this could ever be, since I now had nothing left in the bank at all and an uncertain job. (Later note in 199 . I have now been back 8 times.)

The Guardian went on: "We hope you will have a Local Spiritual Assembly in Nairobi by the time of the Africa Conference in Kampala next year. (1953) We live for the day when the first African believers will arrive in Haifa. Perhaps you will bring them." We did achieve our Assembly within a year. What is more, in 1963, only eleven years later, the entire National Spiritual Assembly of Central and East Africa came to Haifa as delegates to ^{help} elect the first Universal House of Justice. There were five African members and four pioneers in that Assembly, including myself. But the beloved Guardian was no longer there to receive them.

Shoghi Effendi's last words to me in this world were: "We are glad you were able to stay the extra ten days. God meant it to be. Now that you have been here, you can come any time you want in spirit." He embraced me firmly on each shoulder, and left.

Back in Nairobi, Aziz and I continued our efforts to make friends with the African people and of course our prayers were much inspired by Shoghi Effendi's encouraging remarks. One Saturday afternoon some friends turned up at our house for a fireside. I shall never forget the rapt attention with which they listened to Aziz talking about Bahá'u'lláh. One of these was an old woman from the Kikuyu tribe; she seemed especially interested. She had suffered much but still had faith in her Creator. She urged us to go and introduce ourselves to some adult students at the medical school. I remember two of their names, Jacob Kisombe and Joseph. When the friends had gone home, Aziz was still uplifted by the apparent deep nature of the proceedings. "You know Ted," he said "their enthusiasm was so heart warming, that if I were not already a Bahá'i, I would have declared myself!

How mysterious and unaccountable are the ways of God! We pray and then go out and do what seems the right thing, then God turns it in the direction he desires. We never saw any of those lovely people again, but this day was the key to the opening of the Faith in Kenya. The six medical students received us warmly, almost as if they had been expecting us. They started coming regularly to public meetings which we began holding in the United Kenya Club building; soon, all of them declared their faith in Bahá'u'llah. We learned later how deep was their conviction, for Jacob went home to Mombasa for the holidays and while there he told his father and other leaders of the community about his new discovery. They sat up all night trying to get him to give it up and go back to the church. Their arguments and pleading had no affect at all on Jacob who staunchly held to his conviction. As the dawn came up, his father put his arm around Jacob and said "My son, if it means that much to you, you stick to it!"

Photo

More declarations followed and I remember Francis Jumba and others who became alight with the Faith and took it back to the reservation in Maragoli district, near the Uganda boarder. Soon Aziz and I were invited to go with him on trips to Maragoli district and spend weekends teaching the people in their own villages. At last we were able to meet the people in their own homes, to eat with them sing songs together and sleep in their huts.

Photo

Meanwhile, several new pioneers began to arrive in Kenya. Claire Gung moved up from Rhodesia and found a job in the hospital, Tahereh Vatamparast arrived from Iran and found a nursing job, and Ursula Samandari arrived from England. Ursula tried hard to get a job in Nairobi, but was unsuccessful. In desperation she accepted a job at an isolated farm. She became the "nanny", looking after the farmers children.

Ursula had recently married Mehdi Samandari, son of the Hand of the Cause and now set about trying to get her new husband accepted by the Kenya immigration. Since she was English, they agreed, but when they found out that Mehdi was Asiatic, they refused, because the Government was not allowing any further Asians into the country.

The Mau mau rebellion was just starting up and demanding independence for Kenya. To make their point, they had started murdering isolated farmers out in the country and Ursula knew this but had no option but to accept the nanny's job if she wanted to stay in the country. One night, Ursula was alone with the children at the farm and hearing sounds of forced entry in the back of the house she assumed she was to be the next victim. She put on her burial ring and started praying - the noise stopped. She continued praying all night. She and her husband eventually found a job in West Africa and spent many devoted years building the Faith up to National Assembly status there.

Next to arrive in Kenya were Tahereh and Ainee Alai, a very devoted couple of Persian pioneers. I remember going up country on a teaching trip with them. We were entertained most hospitably by the African villagers, who felt much honoured by the visit of two foreigners who were obviously used to very much higher living conditions and now fitted in naturally with this very simple life. We shared their food and slept in a room of their house. This became a frequent practice for all the pioneers, for the teaching work was 300 miles from Nairobi over dirt roads.

Not long after this three pioneers from the U.S.A. arrived. Fred and Beth Laws and Fred Schecter. They described how their ship had called at a port called Walvis Bay, on the west coast of Africa. It was the only port for the large British territory of S.W.Africa, a most desolate country. The 800 mile coast was all true desert, and it extended 100

miles inland. A single railway line and a dirt road led inland to the isolated town of Windhoek. In that desolate country they raised sheep for the karakul pelts of the unborn lambs. There was also a diamond mine, and a uranium mine. In the far north there was some jungles and wild animals but not enough to attract tourists. There were no Bahá'is living there, so the three pioneers joked with each other about, who would be the lucky person to one day bring the Faith to this territory. More about this later.

Let us turn back to Kenya. In 1952 the whiteman still ruled everything. Although there was very friendly relations between black and white, the old servile customs still held. Each whiteman had a modern house. He employed three native servants at the tiny wage of 30/- (about \$3) a month plus primitive native quarters. These three men each had their clearly defined duties which they kept to as rigidly as any trade union. One was cook, under madam's supervision, another was house-boy and the third looked after the garden. In the country it was worse; when the whiteman travelled over the long dirt roads, his wheels raised clouds of dust a mile long. If any African was walking along that road he would stand and doff his hat while the car went by, thus being completely enveloped in the dust cloud for about 15 minutes.

Another strange situation existed. Between the white man and the African worlds there was an Asian culture. A hundred years ago, large numbers of Indians (from India) had been brought in to build the railway which started at Mombasa, on the coast, and would its way inland 400 miles to the city of Nairobi which, since it was at 5,000 feet, was quite pleasant to live in, although only 100 miles from the equator. Later, the rail was extended another 440 miles to the inland city of Kampala, the capital of Uganda. When it had all been built, the Indians did not return to India but settled down as shop keepers and artisans at a wage intermediate between the white and black populations. They did so well at it that by 1952 they had a complete monopoly of these occupations and would not allow Africans to enter them. They even built their own Hindu temple and founded an elaborate culture of their own. It was a tidy arrangement in many ways, at least for those on top of others, but it must have been a major factor in driving the African population, (by far the majority), to raise in later years a fierce call for becoming an independent African nation.

Although the teaching work in Kenya was still in its infancy, yet in Uganda it was forging ahead into large numbers of declarations. The beloved Guardian had told us that we should not insist on full knowledge of the Faith before accepting a declaration. "The African people", he said, "are more atuned to feelings of the heart and if you feel that the heart of a person has been touched by the Faith, then you may accept his declaration and everything else would come in time.

When Musa Banani had arrived in Kampala with his family, Ali Nakhjavani his son-in-law had at first taken a job as school teacher, but this did not allow him much time for travelling two or three hundred mmiles "upcountry" where the Message of Bahá'u'lláh was now taking root. Mr Banani could only speak Iranian and therefore appeared to be unable to help physically. He appealed to Ali therefore, to become his full-time deputy and accept his financial support for doing so. Ali gladly agreed and soon the numbers of declarations increased dramatically. The Guardian was, of course, greatly delighted and must have been backing up the pioneers efforts closely with prayers at the holy shrines. He soon felt that it was time to call for a major Bahá'i conference in Kampala and announcing this to the Bahá'i world, asked the Local Spiritual Assembly of Kampal to arrange the details. Donations from many countries had already provided the funds to purchase a special house in Kampala which became the Bahá'i Center, and the large garden was to be the scene of that gathering.

Shoghi Effendi was determined to make it a real success and was well aware that the main bulk of the new declarations came from people living far from Kampala and that it was doubtful if they would make that long trip unaided. He therefore sent a message to the Kampala Assembly that all these new wonderful Bahá'is were to be his guests at the conference. He sent funds to hire a whole fleet of buses to bring them to town and also ordered the renting of living quarters for them in Kampala for the four days. He provided food also.

Photo

When the time came, the conference was a great success and well attend-
ed. At the Guardian's request, all eleven Hands of the Cause attended. At his urging, many Bahá'is from all over the world attended. I asked my editor for a few days holiday and he gladly agreed, suggesting that

I take the opportunity to photograph the city and its people for later use in the newspaper.

The overseas visitors filled all the hotels in town and the few cars owned by the pioneers were kept busy ferrying the people between them and the conference site. I well remember one occasion when I had three Hands of the Cause and Mildred Motahedeh in my car. She was crammed on the back seat with a Hand on either side and delightedly announced that this was the first time she had been squeezed between two hands.

Matthew Bullock representing the N.S.A. of America and gave a stirring talk about the African people being able to hold their heads up with any other country. Dorothy Baker continued on the same theme of helping them to be proud of their race. Unfortunately this was still a British Colony where whitemen were superior. A government secret service man who had been invited to attend was very upset at these remarks. It took a lot of explanation of Bahá'i principles to explain to him that there was no revolutionary intent in these remarks.

Photo 1
2
3

I had been to large Bahá'i conferences in England and Europe, but this one seemed to have unusual power and inspiration. Everyone knew that something historical was happening during those few days in the middle of Africa. The Guardian had sent the portrait of Bahá'u'lláh to be shown and it made a big impression on us all as we queued up to see that wonderful face and look into His eyes where the whole universe seemed to rest in perfect serenity. When the four days were over, we could hardly believe it was time to get back into the old world again.

Soon after my return to Nairobi my newspaper, the East African Standard informed me that they had to make economical moves and that my photographic department was to be closed down. This was a big shock for me. But on discussing it with a friend who owned a pharmacy nearby, he offered to open up a small commercial photo department for me and split the profits between us. The result was that I was then able to offer my services as before to the newspaper and also start building a commercial business with Robby, my friend.

Life went on as before and now we would soon be able to elect the first Local Spiritual Assembly of Nairobi. My photo business began to expand and I was able to continue radioing photographs of the Mau Mau rebellion to London newspapers as I had done in my previous job. Next I was able to secure a government contract to make identity photos of the entire Kikuyu tribe, one by one for identity cards. A rival photographer photographed me doing this and got it published on the front page of the Daily Telegraph newspaper. My parents sent me a cutting.

One day I was working in my darkroom when I was told that a lady wanted to see me. I went out into the shop and met Irene Benette, just arrived from England. Her relatives had told her about the Faith and to contact me if she wanted to know more. We had some discussion, but she suddenly remembered her bicycle. Going outside, we found it had been stolen, so we toured the town looking for the thief, but to no avail. But the Baha'i discussion went on unabated. I took her to meet the other pioneers and she became a regular attendee to all our ~~meetings~~ meetings. Soon she recognised Baha'u'llah's station and progressed speedily in knowledge of the Faith. We were now able to elect Photo 1 the L.S.A. of Nairobi. Irene eventually pioneered to central Africa and was appointed a Board Member.

Loving Persian Baha'is gave us the money to build our own Baha'i Center in Nairobi. Land was secured and the entire Baha'i community enthusiastically rolled up their sleeves and cleared the site.

Photo 2 Providentially Ruhiyyih Khanum herself came and turned the first sod. When the building was finished, it became an ideal training

center for groups of 20 travel teachers to live there and complete a deepening course before going out all over Kenya.

Photo 1 The Faith grew steadily in Uganda Kenya and Tanganyika. The Guardian
 Photo 2 showed his joy by announcing the election of an Area National Spiritual
 Photo 3 Assembly to administer these territories. In Kenya the N.S.A.
 Photo 4 appointed five District Teaching Committees to supervise all the
 Photo 5 teaching work and make sure new declarations were real. This was in
 Photo 6 accordance with the Guardian's advice that we should train the most reliable African Baha'is to carry the Faith to their people, for they would know better than we how to do it. The pioneers were now released to concentrate more on deepening the friends, but such were the numbers of new Baha'is and so great the distance of their homes from Nairobi that it was an almost impossible task.

To further these aims, Hand of the Cause Millie Collins donated \$40 to buy each roof for any village up country which first built the walls ^{of a Baha'i center} with wood and mud. Eight of these Centers were soon in operation and became a big attraction. There was only one small snag, since the roofs were of corrugated tin., it was almost impossible to hear any speaking inside them when there was a tropical down pour hammering on the roof.

One day Aziz and I arrived up-country on a Feast Day and called a large gathering to celebrate it. We had previously distributed many simple prayer books in Swahili, but none could be found on this day. However Wilfred Masinde came to the rescue. He said he had memorised a prayer. He recited it with much fervour, but in the middle we heard our own names. Afterwards, Aziz turned to me and said "That's funny, I dont remember being mentioned in any of Baha'u'llah's prayers.!" We rounded off

One day, Aziz had a brilliant idea. On one of his teaching trips up country he bought about 100 eggs from the African friends to give them some income. He had brought a lot of cardboard separators and ^{he} piled the eggs safely between them on the back seat. On the long ride home all went well until he was about to pass a cyclist who at that moment wobbled across the road in front of the car. Aziz stamped hard on the brakes and received the whole batch of eggs in the back of his neck. He had to stop and clean the car out whilst the cyclist went on wobbling down the road quite unaware of the catastrophe he had caused.

Aziz was a highly devoted pioneer and yet he seemed to run into more trouble than most. On a following trip his windscreen was smashed by a stone thrown up by an approaching car. There was a three hundred mile journey to do, so he and his friends wrapped themselves up well and drove home. "How was the journey?" "How was the journey?" I asked him. "Well it was fine until we ran into a big cloud of gnats at 60 m.p.h. Can you imagine it? Gnats in your eyes, hair ears and nose at high speed!"

We wanted to do some social service for the African people, so one weekend some of the lady pioneers from Kampala and some from Nairobi met in the reservation and gave cooking classes to a whole village. It was a great success and they were really appreciated. ~~We~~ had heard that there was a taboo against women eating eggs. Men however were immune from harm. Trying to overcome this ^{African} unfounded tradition the ladies gave lessons on cooking omelettes. The aroma was so attractive that several women were persuaded to eat them. However Violette recalls the memory of one native women holding a baby on one arm and an omelette in the other hand and trying to choose between them. She was determined to eat the omelette but wailed sorrowfully: "But who is going to look after my baby when I die!"

Wilfred Masinde was one of our best teachers. He had been a teacher for the Christian missionaries. As an experience Baha'i

he knew the Guardian's instructions that however many wives a person has on becoming a Baha'i, justice dictates that he keep them, but no more were allowed. Wilfred knew that now he was a believer he could only have the wife he ^{had} already married; but one day he told Aziz that African custom now required that he take a second wife and he wanted to do so. We were all very surprised by this and told him definitely "No." There was silence for some weeks, then we received a letter from Wilfred saying he was no longer a Baha'i. He also enclosed a new declaration card dated two weeks ahead, asking us to use it on that date. We all had a good chuckle at his ingenuity but told him "No dice".

Which brings me to the time when I was entertained by Crispin Simba, a rich man with eight wives. I asked him how he became a Baha'i. He replied: "Well I used to be a Jehovah's Witness and they told me I was wicked to have eight wives, I should give up seven of them now I was a Christian." "What did you say?" "I said that the Bible tells how Solomon had 95 wives, so why could I not have eight? They could not answer me, so I became a Baha'i." Although there were quite a number of declarants who did not understand the Faith, yet great numbers truly had their hearts touched by it. And this, the Guardian said, was acceptable.

On one trip Aziz and I made to Malava a rather bizare event happened. We arrived at Festo Mukalama's house one evening and slept comfortably. In the morning Aziz visited the little house in the garden. It was built over a very deep pit and was quite servicable. When he came back he discovered that his wallet was missing from his hip pocket! It had in it about \$300 for the travelling teachers expenses. (There were a lot of travel teachers and we paid them bus fare and food). I knew what had happened, so took a flashlight and shone it down the deep pit - there was the wallet floating on the mud! How to get it up? I called for a bamboo stalk and lashed a coat hanger to one end, hook down and lowered it down. I had to lash two more bamboos to reach the wallet. I got it at first swing and hauled it up in triumph!. The budget was saved!

35. This seems an appropriate time to tell more about Claire Gung. When Shoghi Effendi announced the Ten year Crusade 1953-63, Claire immediately started answering job adverts in the national newspapers.. One was for a Matron's post in a boys school in Rhodesia. Claire

..... was amazed to find herself accepted and due to fly there shortly. She had been pioneering for many years on the home front, always with her sewing machine. That morning when we sat in a café together ^{before she left England} she was quite at a loss to visualise herself setting out for unknown Africa in a few days time. To make it worse, she had just received the necessary injections and was aching all over. Soon, I was photographing her boarding a train to the airport as ~~she~~ waved goodbye to about twelve loving but jealous, unsuccessful would-be African pioneers and friends. I sent the picture to Shoghi Effendi and it must have warmed his heart to see such prompt and unquestioning obedience to his call for pioneers.

About 38 years later she passed on to the Abha Kingdom with great glory, having made Africa her permanent home. When on pilgrimage the Guardian delightedly told her she was the Mother of Africa. At that time she had only her long devoted service to show and had not been able to do much teaching because of the restricted nature of her work in the school. Her response to his statement was: "But Guardian, I have never converted a single Bahá'í!" "Never mind" he said; "You went and the others stayed at home." From this we learned how the beloved Guardian valued those who immediately responded to his call with action.

Later, she moved to Nairobi and became a member of its first Assembly. Following this period she moved to Kampala where she found her destiny. Claire built the first inter-racial nursery and kindergarten school for the African children she loved so dearly. Uganda had achieved national independence while she was there. Government officials all wanted their children to learn English as well as get an education. They discovered that Auntie Claire's school was the door to these goals. Soon she had over 100 pupils and a waiting list to get in. She made enrollment conditional upon school fees being paid in advance. After a while, she had enough money to build a whole school premises to her own design, instead of using a rented house. For many years she taught there, and you can be sure that a full knowledge of the Bahá'í Faith and God's plan for mankind was in the curriculum. The children were all ^{to} became fully conversant with its teachings and must have taken much of it home. Claire was to survive two violent revolutions in Uganda. The first time the fighting

broke out around her house, since it was just outside the Kabaka's palace. The second time Amin brought a real blood bath; so bad were the conditions that the Universal House of Justice had to disband the National Assembly of Uganda and all the European pioneers had to leave the country except Claire. Even the temple on Kilolo Hill was left without anyone to look after it. Fortunately Claire's school was only half a mile away, at the foot of the hill.

All businesses were nationalised and when Claire received a notice that her school would be taken over, she went to the ministry office concerned and, waving the paper angrily at the official asked him if he knew what he was doing. Suddenly she recognised him as one of her former pupils. "Hello Auntie Claire!" he said. She greeted him joyfully and then said; "Don't you know you cannot Africanise my school? A controlling interest already belongs to Africans!" Some years ago she had legally given 51% of it to three African National Assembly members. The school was saved, not only then but for when Claire passed on.

But dear Claire was not to escape completely from the horrors of revolution. One day, Hand of the Cause Enoch Olinga his wife and several of his children, then living in Kampla, were brutally murdered in their home by terrorists. The perpetrators then took the bodies 7 miles to Claire's school and left them outside her door. One can hardly imagine the great shock Claire underwent the next morning when she found them. She tried to phone the Universal House of Justice and the National Spiritual Assembly in London, but could not get through to either; in desperation she phoned our house where she related everything to Alicia. Alicia then passed on the information to the National Assembly.

No one knows really what the motive was, for this terrible crime. The most likely thing is that the revolutionaries wanted to show that the government was not able to control the country, so they chose to martyr the Olinga family because they were widely respected. Taking them to Claire's school was also bound to make their point abroad. Great was the loss to the world and deep the anguish we all went through, but we had to realise that all things have a place somewhere in God's eternal plan. Perhaps this martyrdom spurred on the lovers of Bahá'u'lláh everywhere to make yet more strenuous efforts to compensate for such a greivous loss.

To return to Kenya, the Mau Mau rebellion now began to become serious business and the army was called out to protect lives and to hunt down the revolutionaries in the jungle areas. When that failed to control the situation, all white males of service age were conscripted to swell the army. My conscription papers came in with the rest. Here I was, coming to Kenya to bring the healing message to the African people and ^{it} ^{seemed that} ^{now} ^I ^{was} ^{going} ^{to} ^{find} myself killing some of them. I wrote to the Africa committee in England to see if I could apply for exemption from military service on Baha'i grounds and they asked the Guardian. He indicated that Mau Mau was an internal revolution and not war, so it was more like a police action which would not come under Baha'i exemption.

On talking this over with ^{my friend} Robby, he became angry at the sweeping powers of the army and submitted to them that Mr Cardell is a one man business and if he was conscripted, the business would fail. To our amazement, it succeeded and I was excused military service.

About this time, Irene Bennett returned from pilgrimage and brought with her a world map from Shoghi Effendi. It was inscribed with all the goals of the Ten Year Crusade, which was to start shortly. I remember well how we 9 pioneers spread the map on the floor and started discussing it. The beloved Guardian had told Irene that there were now too many pioneers in Nairobi and surely some of them could fill goals on the map. There were only 12 N.S.A's in the world then and the Guardian had divided the unconquered countries between them in proportion to their resources and Baha'i population. England had only been given 6 territories and when Aziz saw this he traced each blue line from England to goal countries and specially drew my attention to the one line leading to S.W. Africa. "Look Ted"

S.W.Africa has one port, Walvis Bay. This was the country which the three new pioneers from U.S.A. to Kenya had joked about- that some pioneer would one day come ^{here} to bring the Message of Baha'u'llah . It was mostly desert or scrub. "I am not going!" I announced very firmly indeed. Everyone laughed, but I knew then that I was going to pioneer to S.W.Africa. I remembered that Shoghi Effendi had told me that one goes on pilgrimage to get ones ^{spiritual} batteries charged, so that he could do great things for the Faith. I felt confident I could do it, and what was more, I was probably the only single English Baha'i with African experience. I wrote to Leroy Ioas of my intention and wondered whether I should first visit my non-Baha'i parents in England. The beloved Guardian had specially appealed for pioneers to go immediately, and definitely before the birthday of Baha'u'llah. I told Leroy not to worry the Guardian about the matter, but I would go first to England. Would he let me know himself if it was the right course of action.

I did not have the funds for all the journey but wrote my parents and they paid my passage back to England. I was their only son. and they were longing to see me. I had not been back in England a week when a cable came from the Guardian "Approve visit England prior pioneer new post." This event begins to show the personal caring nature of the Guardian, and how he closely considered all aspects of a person's pioneering and his family life, and with no delay. I felt very close to him because of this. With much enthusiasm I took a ship to Capetown and then the three day rail journey north to the small capital city of S.W.Africa, Windhoek, arriving just before Baha'u'llah's birthday. I sent off a cable to the beloved Guardian saying I had arrived during the centenary of the Holy year.(1953)

The Guardian considered the arrival of a pioneer at his post to be of historical significance and a great victory. Later pilgrims tell of how he had the world map on the wall in his dining room and at dinner, he joyfully marked on it each victory of the Ten Year crusade as it occurred. Yet it is obvious that the teaching now had to start in that territory. For South Africa and its League of Nations Trust territory, South West Africa there was an added problem, the apartheid regime. The Guardian had warned all pioneers who went there to be extremely careful to avoid being thrown out of the country for showing friendship to the local Africans. He mentioned that this would not hurt the pioneer, but it would set back the Faith there for many years. As I write this in 1991, the South African government has at last been forced to repeal the apartheid laws. Thus any confrontation with the authorities would ^{probably have} set back the Faith 38 years. Yet because all pioneers followed the Guardian's advice, there is today a National Spiritual Assembly in both South Africa and S.W. Africa. In fact the N.S.A. of South Africa was able to offer the government a series of recommendations to help them adjust to joint black and white government. The government greatly appreciated it and stated that the Bahá'is were the only ones to offer them a spiritual solution.

But let us get back to the arrival of this lone pioneer in the city of Windhoek in 1953. Finding a job was clearly the first order of business and since the two main languages were Afrikaans and German, ^{though many spoke English} it was not going to be easy. Further it was only a small city with little industry. After two weeks of effort had turned out fruitless I was offered a low paid job at a local photography shop if I would start to learn German.

A simple apartment turned up on a hill overlooking the town and this became a site of frequent prayer for guidance. It is a precious experience for any Bahá'í to journey to and live alone in a country thousands of miles from home, for one's life motive become really clarified. One has not come here to make a fortune, for fame or for any normal reason. It is only to bring the healing Message of Bahá'u'lláh and nothing else. Further, there is no one else to turn to but God. This then becomes the focus of one's whole life.

After a few month, I was informed that business was bad and the job ended. This seemed at the time to be quite a disaster, but it may have been an answer to my prayers, for the job did not offer any chances of meeting the Africans of Windhoek. I soon found another job, working in a wholesale warehouse where there were five African workers, but this did not last long for after one month the manager called me into his office and told me he had to let me go. I asked him why and he said "I cannot tell you that." I replied, "Well may I tell you the reason why? The police have told you I am a communist" He was taken aback and said "You are correct, and since you have been frank with me I will tell you what happened. From your very first day, the police have been watching you from my office window and they saw you speak in a friendly way to an African worker. They told me to sack you. I can help you get a job in the post office if you like, for there you will not meet any Africans." This man was not an Africaaner but a Jew. As such he had no opinion about the apartheid policy, but obviously had to conform.

I thanked him for the information and the offer but said I would try selling life insurance, for a dutch friend had been suggesting this to me. For the next year I had a lot of freedom as my own master as an insurance agent and one day invited one of my African workers from the wholesale shop for a ride in the country. Whitemen often had African servants with them on a journey, so it was not too dangerous. We came to a crossroads and an old African was in need of a lift, so we picked him up and chatted along the way. As I left him at his home, he said "Thankyou boss." I replied "I am not your boss, I am your brother."

Next day my landlord, a friendly person came to me and said "The police came to enquire from me today, "Do you think Mr Cardell is a communist?" I said "What did you tell them?" "I told them you may be a bit crazy but not a communist. By the way I advise you not to use the word brother." This was a real shock to me for the only occasion I had used that word was the previous day to the old man. This meant that the other African whom I had befriended had reported our conversation to the police. Fortunately my landlord's good words had been effective and I heard no more of the matter, but I resolved to learn a lesson from this event.

My insurance business was making enough money to live from, but it I had been in Windhoek nearly two years and made no progress at all in teaching the Faith, only a few blunders. What was more, the Guardian's plan called for the translation of a Bahá'i pamphlet into the Kunyama language. I had not even found a Kunyama yet and no one seemed to know about them. Most of the Africans in Windhoek were from the Ovambo tribe. I wrote to the British Africa committee and suggested they write the Guardian and recommend he change the language to Ovambo. They declined.

Photo

Every day I would walk along the hill top near my house and recite the Tablet of Ahmad for guidance. One morning after the prayer, my eyes rested on a church in the town below. I wondered if they had a Kunyama Bible. I descended the hill and entered the church. On enquiring about Kuan-yama the priest replied, "Yes, the language has just been put into writing for the first time and we have now been able to publish the New Testament in Kunyama." I bought a copy and also a simple grammar booklet which they offered. I had the idea that I could compare it with the English Bible and perhaps draw out a vocabulary. So it turned out. I composed a single page pamphlet about the Faith and began to translate. Obviously it would be a very bad translation, but I could think of no other way ahead.

Next came another piece of luck. My landlord took on a new garden boy who was from a neighbouring tribe to the Kunyama. Each day he also had to sweep my room, so when he came in, I got him to read a few sentences of the new pamphlet and make corrections. Bit by bit it was finished and I was elated.

I tried many ways to get talking with the African people but it was slow going and I was extra careful now. One day I was visiting the Methodist minister and his wife. As we alked round their garden we came to an African garden boy. The minister's wife introduced me, "This is Joseph, he is a Kunyama." My heart leaps a beat and I tried to keep the enthusiasm out of my greeting. "Hello Joseph." He smiled and responded and we walked on. That evening after dark I wandered past the garden and got talking with Joseph. He spoke quite a lot of English, so I told him about my pamphlet and asked him to look it over. The following night we met again and he told me the pamph'et was confused, but that he had a friend who was an official translator for the police, he would show it to him. I firmly declined [?]

I had now been working for the Old Mutual, a South African insurance company, for a year and had completed the amount of business required. It would be good to take two weeks leave and tour Southern Africa, visiting the Bahá'is in each country. I wrote them all and received warm invitations. Claire, who was now in Nyasaland added, "Shorten your visits and spend extra time at Bill Sears farm near Johannesburg, there is a wonderful spirit there, just like Haifa." My company agreed and I was off. First I visited Eric Manton and his son in Southern Rhodesia. They really loved Africa and the son invited me to spend a night in a tent in the bush near the house. I was doubtful of the safety angle but not willing to show it. I slept fitfully and every rustle in the undergrowth woke me up. In the morning we were back in the house having breakfast listening to the radio news. Item. Only ten miles from us lions had broken into a shamba and killed a man! I thanked God we had been overlooked. The friends were able to teach the Faith openly there & I joined in with enthusiasm.

Next stop was Clair Gung in Nyasaland. It was a warm reunion of the times we had pioneered together in Brighton, England. She was full of enthusiasm as usual. Then on to Durban and East London. In each place it was a great uplift for me to be amongst devoted Bahá'í pioneers for a few days, after being isolated for so long. Finally arriving in Johannesburg where Marguerite and Bill Sears picked me up and drove to their small--holding 15 miles out of town. The warmth of their hospitality was indescribable.

Bill and Marguerite had recently been on pilgrimage. At dinner, the Guardian had told them to pioneer. "Where, beloved Guardian?" "Africa." "Which part of Africa, beloved?" "South Africa." "What part?" "Johannesburg!" And so here they were. Bill was at that time one of the most well-known radio and TV sports commentators in the U.S.A. and I think his salary was over \$50,000 a year. Near the top level in those days. (1952). He was now working in the same occupation in Johannesburg for about \$3,000 a year and really struggling to make ends meet financially. But they were greatly thankful to be able to help bring the Faith to Africa, and also to please the beloved Guardian.

The teaching work had already begun in much secrecy, in deference to the apartheid laws which strictly limited any such friendliness to the local natives. However several enthusiastic seekers came regularly to the farm and listened with much interest to the teachings of Bahá'u'lláh.

Next stop was Mafeking, where John and Audrey Robarts from Canada had moved in to pioneer Becuannaland. I had known them from my Canadian days and attended their firesides in Toronto regularly. It was good to see how effective they were in teaching the Faith in Africa.. They had already brought a few into the Faith even though the apartheid policy was in force. Much prayer had been their constant practice. John often rose at midnight to say his daily prayer because it was easier to concentrate then. They were also very long time Bahá'is. I should mention here that both Bill Sears and John Robarts were later named Hands of the Cause by Shoghi Effendi. John was now working in life insurance like me, but for an English company, the Prudential. I was able to learn a lot from him about this business since he had been a company manager in Toronto. Now, living in Mafeking they were my nearest Bahá'i neighbours, about 600 miles from Windhoek. John later visited me there for a few days and left me feeling much uplifted by his inspiration.

On to Capetown where I stayed with Lowell Johnson and his wife; Lowell was also in radio announcing. The teaching there was spreading sucessfully among both Africans and coloureds and so interesting was it that I over stayed my two weeks leave to join in.

Arriving back at Windhoek I was amazed to find my company angry at my overstayed leave; they gave me the sack. I was amazed, since I had served them well. I wrote to John Robarts about this and he recommended me as an agent for his company. The general manager came up from Capetown to interview me. He asked my old manager why he had sacked me. On hearing that it was because of my over stayed leave he said: "You are crazy to loose this agent, I will be delighted to offer him a job. Now I became the first full time representative for the Prudential in S.W.Africa!

One morning, soon after my arrival back in Windhoek I received a phone message from the police. "Mr Cardell, we understand you are a Bahá'i. We would like to know more about it. Could you come in for an interview tomorrow?" Although the tone of his voice was mild I realised this was very serious. What had I done now to break the tight secrecy I had been keeping about the Faith? The next morning the officer in a friendly way

asked me to tell about Bahá'í. I did this briefly, being careful to avoid anything which might upset him. Then, to my surprise he pulled out a Bahá'í pamphlet and read from it the twelve principles. He asked if this was correct and I agreed with it. Wondering if I should elaborate I realised that the less I said the better. Remembering that I had a printed statement on "Relations of Bahá'ís to government prepared by the National Assembly of the U.S.A. I told him about it and offered to bring him a copy the next day. He was pleased. I asked him how he had heard that I was a Bahá'í and to my astonishment he replied: "The Rhodesian police told us about it." After I delivered the statement the police never worried me again. It was obviously clear to them that Bahá'í was no real threat at present and that since there was some international anger about apartheid at that time, it was probably best not to go into it further unless the Bahá'í started doing something more obvious. Little did they know that the spiritual springtime had arrived and that within 20 years they would have to grant independence to the country and apartheid would be abolished for ever in both S.W.Africa and South Africa itself.

Spiritual

told him not to do so, lest it get to the police, but the following evening he introduced me to Hilifa, the police translator. Hilifa and I drove out into the country^{each night} and by flashlight started going over the script. I took it home and retyped the new part and met him the next night for more. This went on for many nights, for he kept improving his own translation. Finally we had a good edition. I was elated, and Hilifa felt very pleased to help. In my mind I can still see the wonderful smile on his face. He was also learning a lot about Bahá'í.

Page
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I had made friends with two young ^Dutchmen named Harry and Bill and told them about the Faith in confidence. They suggested we all go for a holiday together at Swapukmund on the coast and arrange to have Hilifa visit his friends down there at the same period. And so it happened, we rented a small holiday cottage and moved in. Each night we covered the windows with blankets and Hilifa came in and sat talking with us. I told him a lot about Shoghi Effendi and said he would be delighted to receive a letter from the first Kuniyama. He immediately started writing with enthusiasm. We could not mail the letter as censors often opened them. I was going on leave to England soon and would mail the letter from there. Next day Hilifa and I drove along ^{the} desert coast, far from civilization, laid out a rug and sitting near the ocean began studying the book Bahá'u'lláh and the New Era. We had been doing this for some time when, on looking up I saw two whitemen had driven up, stopped their car and were gazing in astonishment at a black and white man relaxing on the rug reading and talking together as equals. They got out their fishing tackle as a cover and started walking towards us. I made a plan, I would walk along the coast and draw them away so that Hilifa could make for the car. It worked well, they followed me. Hilifa headed for the car and I then turned back quickly, jumped in the car and we drove off. The two men were left gazing helplessly after us without even having taken the number of the car. We laughed long and loud.

The next day Hilifa brought his friend David to meet us and this time we drove inland into the desert. We sat talking about the Faith and since it was a feast day we actually celebrated it together. I stood my camera on the tripod and took a historic photo of the three of us.. *David later became a Bahá'í*

Back in Windhoek, in order to keep in touch with Hilifa I started teaching him to drive my car. He showed good skill and we enjoyed each others company.

The time for me to go on leave to England arrived and Hilifa was still not ready to become a Bahá'i. I gave him a copy of Bahá'u'lláh and the New Era, embraced him and promised to return. Flying first to Johannesburg I attended the election on the Sears farm, of the first National Spiritual Assembly of South and West Africa. The previous year when they had elected the L.S.A. of Johannesburg, the Guardian had instructed the Bahá'is to obey the law in S.Africa forbidding committees of mixed races and it had been an all black Assembly. Now he told us that the National Spiritual Assembly must be of mixed races, also that he was looking forward eagerly to see what the proportions would be. The event proceeded without a hitch. The membership of the new N.S.A. was found to be about equally black and white. Paul Haney was the Guardian's representative and a big inspiration. Reg Turvey, an old time white resident and a Bahá'i of many years, was assigned to watch at the gate to the farm in case the police came to investigate. He had a telephone on a long line to warn us. Reg actually fell asleep on the job!

Back in England I often thought about Hilifa and S.W.Africa. One day a letter arrived from Hilifa. He was so glad I had left him the book. He had been reading the chapter about how to distinguish between a true Prophet and a false one. Now he knew that Bahá'u'lláh was a true Prophet. There was much more and with great joy I sent this letter, together with the one he had written to Shoghi Effendi, off to the Guardian. Within a week a reply came. Ruhyyih Khanum's phrase put it clearly. We are so glad that your chick has at last come through the shell! Please give Hilifa our love and the enclosed letter when you return. At the bottom was a prayerful encouragement from Shoghi Effendi.

After some time I returned to Africa, stopping first in Kenya for a few days teaching in the Maragoli district. On arriving back at the Sears farm near Johannesburg I became very ill. Dr Alice Kidder, a Bahá'i friend tried to treat me by wholistic massage. It failed completely. As I lost consciousness I pleaded with Marguerite to take me to hospital. I woke up three days later having been through a severe bout of malaria, probably caught while in Kenya. Soon I was back at the farm recuperating. During this time I became friends with the Sears two sons, Mike and Billy, a connection which was to have interesting results. Finally, back in good health I bought a good second hand car and drove the long trip to Windhoek.

One day I received a letter from Mike Sears who was living with his parents near Johannesburg. Mike wanted to come and work in Windhoek. He had been offered an apprentice position with an architect there. I was joyful. At last another Bahá'í to talk with and celebrate feasts. He arrived and settled in. Hilifa introduced us both to his friend Nicodemus who then joined us often in our clandestine meetings. Soon he became the second Kunyama to recognise his Lord. We were now four!

I was now forty-two years ^{old} and still single. Looking in the mirror one day I decided I had better think seriously about finding a wife. I was also the only male member of the Cardells to carry on the family name. My non-Bahá'í parents had been very patient and supportive of my move to Africa, but longed to see me. I wrote saying I would visit them if they bought me a return ticket and they accepted gladly.

Photo
SE grave

It was now October 1957. Early one morning I received a cable. "Shoghi Effendi seriously ill, need everyone's prayers. Ruhíyyih." Next day a second telegram came - "Grieve inform Bahá'í world Shoghi Effendi passed away, London. Earnest prayers entreated Guardian and security Faith Ruhíyyih."

Mike and I were shocked and stunned. Slowly the situation regarding a future Guardian came to our attention. ~~We did not know if he had any children.~~ Had he left a will? Did he have any children? If not, had he appointed another? I arrived in England to find the whole Bahá'í world asking the same questions. The funeral had taken place before I got there and I could only kneel at his graveside and pray for understanding.

I spent some unsettled weeks with my parents and then decided to go to the U.S.A. and see what they thought about the matter. Maybe I might even find a wife over there. It also occurred to me that since I was from Africa, the National Teaching committee might like me to spend a few weeks travel teaching and talking about Africa. I received an enthusiastic reply to my enquiry and sailed for America aboard the Queen Mary. Arriving in New York, the local Bahá'ís gave me a warm welcome and then I started on a journey visiting the cities the N.T.C. had suggested and funded. So, by bus and train I covered a lot of the U.S.A., arriving in Chicago just in time for convention.

Convention was a big uplift after being away from Bahá'í events like this for some years. In the middle of it I was introduced to Alicia Ward and her mother. Alicia told me later, that she knew right away we would be married. My analytical mind was still open on that subject but we shared the whole convention together in a spirit of ever growing oneness. I took her to the plane for Phoenix making sure I had an invitation to visit her soon. However the N.T.C. secretary wanted me to do another tour of cities, talking about Africa. I turned it down, saying I had a date in Tempe, near Phoenix. She suggested a tour through various places and ending up at Tempe. I accepted.

Arriving at Tempe by Trailways bus some weeks later I stepped out into heat greater than I had ever experienced, even in Africa. I thought I must be standing in the exhaust of the bus, so moved away. To my astonishment, the heat was still there and the truth dawned on me. This was normal Arizona weather! When Alicia came to fetch me from the bus station I knew for sure this was my future wife, for here was a lady I could love and trust. She had arrived at the age of thirty unmarried because she had not been satisfied with any of the young men so far. Her spiritual character showed in her actions and speech and her family were long time Bahá'ís. Unseen forces drew us ever closer together in a joy inexplicable. She was delighted to go back to Africa with me. After about three months living with her family, we were married. On Aug 9th 1958 we had a Bahá'í wedding. After a honeymoon we drove Alicia's Volkswagon across ^{the U.S.A.} to New York, sold it, and sailed to England on the Queen Elizabeth. Since we were short of funds, we asked for their cheapest cabin and found ourselves in the bow of the ship. We could hear the swish of the water rushing past and the occasional clank of the anchor chain against the side of the ship as we went to sleep..

In England, my family were delighted to meet Alicia and all the relatives gathered for a second wedding celebration. We had brought the top layer of the wedding cake with us, but the ocean journey had been too much for it; inside, it was green with mould, but the spirit of the occasion was not dampened. After a few weeks we found a cheap charter plane back to Windhoek via Nigeria. Alicia explained to the company that she was a one time stewardess on United airlines; she wondered if they could give her a cheap fare. They gave her the navigator's spare seat just behind the pilot at half price. We rejoiced at the economy, but soon found that the chair was a simple stool, not even bolted to the floor! We worried about

it for obvious reasons, but soon a teenager pleaded to be allowed to exchange seats with her so that he could watch the pilot. We were happy to oblige.

The flight was uneventful until we reached Kano in Nigeria where we were allowed time to go into the city. Here, for the first time we found ourselves in a majority Moslem country and were much attracted to the way people lived there. The next leg of our flight took us to Windhoek in S.W.Africa. Mike Sears had already spent his one year there and had now gone back to his parents home near Johannesburg. He had left the car I had lent him, with friends and the key was hidden in a prearranged place. We found *the key* and were now able to search for a small apartment in the town. Then I went back to work for a British company, the Prudential Insurance company selling life insurance to Africaaners who were often prejudiced against *what* to them ^{was a} foreign company. It was hard work, but I managed to make a living this way and *got* a lot of freedom to meet with Hilifa, Nicodemus and their friends. They were delighted to see us of course.

Now began a whole new chapter in our lives, living no longer as single people but as a happily married couple, far from our native homes in the service of Bahá'u'lláh. Life was peaceful and ordered and we even had time to play card games and see the latest movies, which for some reason often came here from America before going to England.

We were most excited with the arrival of a letter from a Bahá'i family in Germany, and here lies a wonderful story, true in every part. Their names were Gerda and Martin Aiff; they owned a small duplicating business and had five small children. By some miracle they had managed to get their relatives to look after the children while they went on pilgrimage. Dinner with the Guardian was to them an unexpressible joy. One evening the Guardian said "Martin, I want you and Gerda to lead the German youth to Africa." Martin, in a logical frame of mind replied "But beloved Guardian, I have no money, no job in Africa and five children!" It speaks volumes for the Guardian's reliance at all times (and for all people) on the unfailing assistance of the unseen world when I record that the Guardian did not even deign to answer this problem at all. To him it was the will of God that this family would go to Africa so he answered with a disdainful humph! and then moved on to the next topic. The affect on Martin and Gerda was dramatic. They got the message loud and clear and from that moment

on they began planning their move to Africa. They felt that the best country for them would be S.W.Africa where Alicia and I lived. It used to be a German territory before the first world war and was given to England as reparations ^{under the League of Nations} and England asked South Africa to look after it for them. Hence the main business language there was German, and there was a good German school for their children. It took them two years to get everything in order and they finally arrived by ship at Walvis Bay. Alicia and I met them at the dock and I have a lovely picture of Gerda and Martin leading six children off the boat. Alicia and I had rented a large old house which could be divided in two, so that they had at least a home to come to. We started having firesides there for Hilifa, Nicodemus and their friends. We were now started in earnest on the teaching work. But Martin scoured the town for a job and got nowhere. We all prayed frequently, for all their small capital was gone.

Photo

They started unpacking but found that nearly all of their precious crockery had been smashed due to insufficient packing in the crate. Finally a business offered him work at half the salary he would need to live on; he could start at the end of the month. All relaxed but at the end of the month the job offer was cancelled. The next few weeks were tense, but finally he was offered a job as a travelling salesman selling goods in the distant villages all over ^{the} vast territory. This meant that he would be away from his family for many weeks at a time. He accepted and Gerda was left, with our help, to look after the family.

This was difficult enough but one day one son got hit by a car. Amazingly, it was Hilifa who got to the scene first, picked up the injured boy and got him to hospital. Martin continued his travelling and employed a Herera man to go with him. Long drives and much discussion resulted in this man being ready to recognise Bahá'u'lláh. One day they stopped near the sea and went in for a bathe. The Herera man was carried out to sea and drowned. Poor Martin was desolate, but to the police it was just a statistic.

Later on, with another Herera he was travelling between settlements and his truck with its clothing samples caught fire. Everything was lost. One more adventure for Martin must be told. This time it was a victory. He heard one day that the police were suspecting him of friendship with the Africans and that he was a Bahá'i. He decided it was the time for all or nothing. He went straight to the police headquarters and asked for

an interview with the chief officer. He asked him "Why are you following me?" The reply was "Because we hear you are a Bahá'is and are being too friendly to the Africans." "Is there a law against this?" Martin queried. The officer had to say there was no such law. (in practice it was an unwritten part of the apartheid policy.) "Then may I have your permission to hold weekly Bahá'i meetings in the African township?" Strangely, they accepted. From then on the teaching was open and ^{it} progressed. Perhaps it was an advantage for the police to hear for themselves whether Bahá'i is subversive or not, for they could send their own representative to the meetings to watch. Further, they had my own written document stating the non-political nature of Bahá'i.

About a year after the Aiff family arrived, we discovered that we were to become parents. This caused us to think in more real terms about our future income. My insurance business was failing because I could not keep up the hard sell technique which was required and in any case it was not my chosen career. We decided to move back to Kenya where I would be able to restart my profession as a photographer.

Most of the above adventures of the Aiff family occurred after we had boarded a small steamer and travelled round the Cape of Good Hope to Kenya. On the way we stopped for a few days at Capetown and stayed with the Bahá'is. Then we caught another ship to Durban and stayed with the friends there arriving finally at Mombasa, the main port of Kenya. We were met by a lovely Italian family, the Rupps, who were friends of Aziz. They helped us get our things from the ship to the station and with ~~a~~ warm goodbye from our new friends, we began our long winding journey inland and climbing up to 5,000 feet in 400 miles. *to Nairobi.*

We had written to the Yazdi family beforehand and they had ^a ~~an~~ arranged for us to live in the guest house in their garden. It was a real warm home coming and a welcome haven for Alicia especially, for the Yazdis acted like true parents towards us, helping wherever they could. But our plans were all to be changed. The British Government had announced they were going to give independence to Kenya in 4 years. It would be impossible for us to set up a viable photo business, for most of the white people would be leaving Kenya, and there would not even be good schools for our expected children. We began searching for jobs once again, realising that our time in Africa was now very limited, for I was not trained for anything but

farming (English style) and photography. It made more sense to go back to England soon and train to be a school teacher or secretary then we could pioneer again to many places in the world. But for now we needed an income. My job search in Nairobi produced no results and at last Aziz offered me a position as travelling salesman for the medicines he was importing.

A few weeks later Aziz took me on an extended sales trip into northern Uganda, to open up new customers. All went well until I phoned home from Uganda and Alicia told me our firstborn would soon be arriving. We headed back immediately. Baby Catherine was born soon after and I shall never forget the excitement we experienced at realising that we now had our very own family. *Our first born Catherine was born on Oct 18/59.*

I now felt impelled to look for a job more to my liking, for I was not a salesman type. On answering an advertisement for a Cotton Officer in the Department of Agriculture, I found myself accepted with almost indecent haste, even though I told them I had no idea what a cotton plant looked like. Maybe it was my previous farming experience in England, but after all the hard job searching we had done we saw it as a great bounty. They planned to send us down to the coast where the climate was suitable for cotton growing. We would live in a small settlement named Malindi where the climate was tropical and the living conditions primitive. We gladly accepted, though we did not realise just how primitive it would be.

It was just at this time that my parents, who had only once before left the shores of England, now decided to come and visit us in Africa. They were able to spend a few days with us in Nairobi before my new job started and this enabled them to get to know the new baby and also Alicia whom they had only met briefly in England when we were on our way back to Africa. They were also very pleased to see that at last their son was settling down to a reliable government job. Little did we know how short that would be.

It may be of interest to parents now raising children and anxiously trying to get them to take up some reliable profession, if there is such a thing these days, to hear that at the age of 18 I had no idea what career to follow. I stayed on the farm another eleven years and then immigrated to Canada in search of a profession and a meaning to life. Over the next 23 years I held 17 different jobs. True, many of these happened in Africa where I had to take almost any kind of a work that came along. After leaving Africa in 1963 we finally settled down running the family farm for 20 years. That is where our four wonderful children grew up.

But to return to Africa and my parents arrival there in 1959. We first introduced them to the wild animal park just ten miles outside Nairobi. There are no fences to keep the animals in, but they stay in the natural habitat which has been left for them. As one enters and buys tickets there is a large notice "STAY IN YOUR CAR AND CLOSE ALL WINDOWS." Strangely enough, the animals do not associate motor vehicles with humans. Perhaps it is the smell of gasoline, but they continue in their normal behavior. I shall never forget the intense surprise on my mother's face when a male lion walked up to our car, cocked his leg up and weed on our bumper. After driving for an hour we came to a clearing in the bush to find a notice which said "You may get out of your car here, it is safe." My father said apprehensively as we got out, ^{to stretch our legs} "I hope the lions can read!"

Their next adventure was to drive with us down to Malindi through similar wild animal country. It was a happy though dusty journey and at one point we stopped to change the baby's nappies. We threw the dirty one into the bush, much to the delight of a troupe of baboons who came out en masse to receive their gift and carry it off in triumph into the jungle. We did not stop laughing for a long time!

We arrived at Mombassa port which being at sea level was much hotter than Nairobi. Also, for the first time we noted a large proportion of the population was Arabs, especially at the docks where picturesque Arab dhows were loading cargoes of trees to take back to Arabia. After a night at a hotel pervaded by all kinds of unaccustomed noises; we set off, next day on the journey north.

a hotel,

50 miles along the coast to Malindi which consisted of a block of flats surrounded by many native huts and a cotton ginning mill. I found the office of the local senior cotton officer and was given the occupancy of one of the flats. Our windows looked out on probably the most perfect and enormous sandy beach I had ever seen. It stretched perhaps for 20 miles in each direction and we had it all to ourselves. Happily a strong wind blew in from the Indian ocean. We later found that it never seemed to cease blowing; what is more, it was heavily moisture laden and within two weeks, all our precious books would develop a strong mould.

My parents put up at the hotel and found it comfortable. The next day I was shown my job. It was to walk to all the small shambas (plots of ground) and talk with their owners, describing to them the big advantages of growing pure stand cotton instead of interplanting it with maize. This would increase their income and also make the owner of the ginning mill more happy. The mill had machinery for teasing the cotton buds into bales for shipping.

There were no roads and few paths between the shambas and I was forced to walk through the long grass. This was not too bad, except that it was said to be the most snake infested part of Africa; a claim which I was soon to substantiate when on the first day I came upon a clearing on the bank of a creek where a most bizare fight was going on. Some natives had come upon a very large snake (18ft long) which was in the act of swallowing a smaller one and had therefore decided to kill both snakes. ^{Some men} while they were struggling. The large snake, still with its victim half swallowed had sought an escape in the water. An African with a large two foot knife called a panga, had followed it in. As I watched, he cut off its head to loud cheers and ribald shouts from his friends. Back at the office, I sought advice on

avoiding snakes during my tours. I was advised to carry a snake-bite kit and then hope for the best. For my whole term I did this and found years later that the kit would have been not only useless but dangerous if I had used it. Meanwhile I walked happily through the long grass daily to talk with the native women about cotton raising.

One day I was helping a woman plant the new cotton seeds in rows, the best way to get them to follow my advice, when the woman beside me gave a strangled exclamation. I looked up to see advancing towards us about ten yards away, a snake even bigger than the one I had previously encountered. Its head was raised two feet above the ground while its tongue tasted the air around. Grasping the adage that 'snakes are more scared^{than} humans' I threw a lump of dirt at it, but to no avail - it still kept coming towards us! Desperately I threw more dirt and it suddenly made off. I recalled that snakes have very poor eye-sight, so probably it had not meant to attack at all, but we both had a real scare, wondering how we would have fought the thing off.

The season had now arrived for planting the new crop and I was on duty at the seed store, handing out free seed to all comers. A long line of Africans waited patiently as I filled each shopping bag presented to me. Suddenly I became aware that the young girl next in line was staring at me with wide eyes. Obviously she had never seen a whiteman before, a not uncommon thing in that wild area. I looked at her and, before she could ask the question on her lips I said "How did you get so black?" To which she replied "How did you get so white? Then everyone collapsed in laughter.

That evening Alicia, baby Cathy and I went shopping for the weekend supplies. We were directed to the meat market which consisted of ^a butcher working behind a high wooden wall in which there was a foot square hole serving as a counter top. When we gave our order, it arrived through this hole partly wrapped in newspaper and grasped in a bloody hand. Such was the hygiene! For some reason we accepted the meat and suffered no ills, but a gradual accumulation of such incidents made us think of other employment nearer to civilisation.

Since we^y were living on the equator at sea-level and in primitive conditions, it may come as no surprise to hear that all the women went topless the whole time; Alicia often joked about her husband being fully educated on the matter of women's breasts of all ages.

We had been six months on this job and learning to understand the native life and devise the best ways to teach the Faith. We had made a number of friends and got on well with the people, but we began to see that conditions were too primitive for the health of the new baby, so soon after my parents went back to England I answered an advertisement for an executive officer in the Department of Trade and supplies. I was successful and we went back to live and work in Nairobi. Much as I loved the country, it was a relief to be back in the city, working at a desk job.

I was now put in charge of making cash loans to small businesses to help them expand and develop. It was my task to sort out the applicatⁿs which could be trusted to make their monthly repayments. The U.S.A. had kindly donated half a million pounds to this worthy project.

The original 9 pioneers who had lived in Kenya when the Ten Year Plan started had now been reduced considerably. Fred Schecter had pioneered to Somalia, Claire had gone to Uganda and started her infant classes. Others went elsewhere and there was only Aziz, Claudio Rupp, Aziz and myself able to travel up country in the teaching work. Our wives sometimes were able to come, but mostly were raising their children. Ainee and Teheren^{Alai} devoted Persian pioneers helped where they could and I shall never forget one trip I made with them upcountry when this highly cultured couple lived for a few days in the African's huts, eating with them and clearly revelling in their company. *Alicia & I also made such trip.*

Ph Susy, our second baby soon joined us and life became more complicated but challenging. However, on one occasion Alicia was able to come with me on an upcountry teaching trip and I treasure my photo of her sitting in the shade of a hut teaching a large class about the life of Baha'u'llah. We even managed to buy a small slide projector which, powered by long leads from our car battery, projected pictures onto the white-washed wall of a hut. By this method we were able to show them the lives of Baha'is round the world and also some^{pictures} of themselves taken on previous trips. One man kept requesting a repeated viewing of a certain slide. When asked why, he proudly revealed that this picture was of himself addressing the meeting. In another picture, someone's rooster had got into the picture and this made it a favorite slide for everyone.

On another occasion we were able to borrow the use of a backroom of a beer-hall in a small village. The highly spiritual discussion was frequently interrupted by the din of customers in the beerhall, but the Message^{was} clearly and convincingly explained.

Christianity had come to this country over 100 years ago. Infact we were told ^{by African people} that it had arrived in 1844 and ^{that} this fulfilled the Biblical prophecy ". . . and this Gospel shall be preached unto all the world, and then shall the end come." Kenya may have been the last country to receive the Christian Message. By 1951 there were many missionaries in Kenya, and from different groups, but their disunity over interpretation had confused the Africans. When the Baha'is had applied to the District Commissioner for permission to build a Baha'i Center at the village of Kabras, it was refused. I visited the Commissioner to discover why and was told ^{me} that there were various fanatical Christian sects there already and their arguments had caused unrest in the area; he did not want any more to make the situation worse. When I explained the unifying and peaceful teachings of Baha'u'llah he happily gave us permission. Devoted Persian contributions had already provided the funds and we soon had a new and very adequate meeting hall which the local Baha'is began to use regularly. I have photos of Hand of the Cause Olinga addressing a large meeting there.

One of the earliest believers in that area was Festo Mukalama. He spoke good English and was also quite musical in the African way. Soon he had composed many songs telling the story of Baha'u'llah and also His teachings. These became a great favourite among the people and a most excellent way of ~~spreading~~ spreading the Faith. At this time Bob and Keith Quigley from America visited us and donated a portable battery tape recorder on which I captured these songs and sent copies to the U.S.A. and to South American Baha'is. In later years Festo was appointed a Board Member and to this day continues to serve Baha'u'llah in an exemplary manner, simply bubbling over with joy and devotion every time pioneers visit his area.

Photo
Alicia
+ Tee
1

When Alicia and I had returned to Kenya, we found that the temple in Kampala had been completed while we were in Windhoek.

Soon after our return Ruhiiyyih Khanum came to perform the

Photo-
Ali & Muhajir
+ temple
2

dedication of this beautiful building which had drawn interest over a very wide area. Bearing in mind the Guardian's guidance, the National Spiritual Assembly spared no efforts to make this a big occasion. Full publicity in the press and liason with the Government of Uganda was only the start. The news was carried all over Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika and also to overseas news syndicates. The ruler of Uganda, the Kabaka, sent his son to attend the ceremony and the Governor's representative sat in a place of honour between Ruhiiyyih Khanum and our Chairman, Ali Nakhjavani. Many Baha'is from overseas were present, including five from South Africa.

Photo
3

That evening there was a big public meeting at Makerere college in the city. Here David Hofman who had flown specially from England to represent that National Spiritual Assembly, made a presentation of one of the Guardian's letters to our N.S.A. Ruhiiyyih Kahnum was presented with a native spear to take back to Haifa. Once again ^{as in 1953} the streets and hotels of Uganda rang with the comings and goings of a multitude of Baha'is of many races and countries.

Some time later Nairobi received a rather special guest, Dr Niederreiter from Abbysinia. He was on his way to the Belgian Congo to investigate reports of extraordinary Baha'i developments there. Some months previously Rex and Mary Collison had pioneered from Kampala to the territory of Ruand Urundi. They had taken with them a devoted Ugandan believer. The Faith had been

established strongly and the Collisons had returned to Kampala, leaving their companion to carry on the work. Some of the new believers had then taken the Faith to a neighboring territory, the Belgian Congo; there it had spread rapidly until whole villages had entered the Faith - so the rumours indicated. The good doctor was on his way to investigate and help. About two months later he returned to Nairobi highly elated. The rumours were not only true but in some places the local Baha'is had built Baha'i Centers for their activities and also built their own houses around the Center, as was the custom of the Christians who often made their churches their village center.

Dr Niederreiter had mostly travelled between villages on foot, accompanied by a group of Baha'is. This was done without preplanning and they arrived unannounced in one village to find the Ninteen Day Feast in full swing. They were able to join in.

An interesting situation occurred during the early days of the Faith in Kenya when I reported to the Local Spiritual Assembly of Nairobi that in my country journeys covering the Mau Mau revolution for the ~~newspapers~~ Newspapers, I had often been exposed to the risk of being attacked. As a pioneer I obviously did not want to get involved in the fighting but I asked the advice of the Assembly whether I should carry a gun for self-protection. The Assembly decided that I should be free to do so, but I never did feel inclined to do it; rather I chose to retire away from the biggest dangers even if it meant missing important news photos. The result was that I missed covering one very important development when an entire village was massacred by the Mau Mau for collaborating with the Europeans. My London newspaper sent an urgent message for

pictures of the gruesome event. I was unable to supply these, so they cut off my picture privileges at the radio station. (They had been paying the costs of transmitting photos by radio to London.)

I had, in the words of the trade, "Let them down", but I had also probably saved my own life and the life of some African.

There was such a demand from all the London newspapers that I had little difficulty in getting picture privileges from a competitor. I continued sending them pictures at their expense and both sides were satisfied. One day my old newspaper ^{agency} wrote reinstating my privileges and sending a cutting of the trial of Jomo Kenyatta, the leader of the Mau Mau as an example of the kind of pictures they would like! I recognised my own picture sent to the new firm!

~~Do~~ The reason why I record so much detail is that an interesting sequel transpired when Ruhyyih Khanum next visited us and I told her the decision of the Assembly allowing me to carry a gun. She spontaneously replied "I don't know about you Ted, but if I had come out to Africa to teach the Message of Baha'u'llah to the African people, I would rather die than kill one."

I had recently been appointed secretary of the Kenya teaching committee under the N.S.A. of Central and East Africa. (Kenya did not yet have its own N.S.A.) and as such was in correspondence with a lot of the friends. My office was in the newly built Baha'i Center in Nairobi and Charles Mungonye, a very devoted Baha'i was my full time assistant and typist. We got various projects going, such as a song sheet in two languages, so that everyone could join in.

We also encouraged people from different language areas of Kenya to translate a basic pamphlet, even though they were all rather similar to Swahili, the official language.

My job at the Department of Trade was now developing and one day I found myself at the desk which ordered shiploads of sugar from abroad to supplement production from our own two sugar factories. I had no experience of this work but there was a very efficient staff of ^{clerks} Hindus, who did all the calculations and brought me the papers to sign. One morning in discussing their religion with them I found they had received permission to be absent on their religious holidays. Since we now had Baha'is working in various government departments I made an official application for them also to have their Holy days recognised and this was granted. This was one more step on the way towards official recognition of the Faith.

The following April, much to my surprise I found myself elected to the N.S.A. of Central and East Africa and had to make monthly journeys to Kampala, a ten hour night trip by bus or a one hour plane trip. The first time, since there was only limited time free from my office, I took the plane. The National Treasurer, Hasan Sabri gently suggested that in future it would save the fund a lot of money if I took ^a bus, even though it was very primitive. It was quite an experience be crammed tightly into such a bus overnight with all kinds of tribesmen, but I certainly found myself more able to appreciate their kind of life and although the driving was quite macho, we never had any accidents. Later I found that both Clair Gung and Hasan Sabri much more exciting rides, one bus had its fuel tank drop off and the other ran off

the road and they had to wait all night to be towed out in the morning.

As mentioned earlier, the Mau Mau terrorists sometimes attacked isolated Europeans. One day I was driving the 300 miles to meet the Baha'is up country when I rounded a bend in the road and found a row of 8 inch boulders strung across the road. The idea was obvious, I would stop to remove them and be open to attack. It is amazing how fast one thinks in such situations and without slowing, I aimed one front wheel at a small gap and prayed hard that the other wheels would find a way. By some miracle all wheels passed through and I continued without incident.

Another weekend, four pioneers drove up country and found some of the main roads had been re-routed. We got thoroughly lost and as darkness fell it began to pour with rain. We were unable to find the Baha'is houses and had nowhere to spend the night. Happily, after wandering around we came upon a European mission. We knocked and were received warmly by the missionaries. They gave us real hospitality, a hot meal and beds. In the morning they fed us again and set us on the right road. We were most grateful. No religious discussion took place, surprisingly. Before ^{coming} to Africa the Guardian had indicated that we should concentrate completely on teaching the African people and not the whitepeople.

Perhaps this is an appropriate place to try to give some idea of the beloved Guardian's relationship with the friends everywhere. Almost no one had met him, as pilgrimages had been closed for many years, due to the machinations of the Covenant Breakers.

All we had were his steady flow of letters and cables, yet this alone produced a magical effect upon the hearts of the believers.. In England we were luckier than most countries, for the Guardian had sent Hasan Baluzi and Dr. Hakim to live in our country. Both had met the Master frequently and his spirit seemed to come to us through them. In later years Hasan was named 'Hand of the Cause' and Dr Hakim became a member of the first Universal House of Justice. Since we also had quite a number of the Writings of Baha'u'llah in English it served to galvanise us to move towards a spiritual awakening. At Summer Schools, Conventions and other occasions there was a spirit quite different from our normal working lives. It was not surprising that when in 1951 the Guardian gave us a Two Year Plan to establish three groups in East and West Africa, there was a concerted move to fulfill his wishes, even though only one couple had ever been there and the British community was probably no more than 600 souls.

Many years later, in 1982, Alicia and I met Helen Bishop in Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. Helen was quite old but had a very clear memory of her meetings with Abdu'l Baha and with Shoghi Effendi. She told us how she had once visited Oxford in England and found herself invited to a banquet and was sitting next to the Principal of Baliol College where Shoghi Effendi had studied. She asked him his impression of the young Shoghi Effendi. His reply was "He was an excellent student, hard working and full of enthusiasm, but what a pity, in the end they made him the head of some queer religion." Helen in her next letter to Shoghi Effendi described the conversation, but omitted the last sentence, only to receive a letter in return saying "Now tell me the rest." We all had a good laugh.

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Another most unusual event took place one Sunday in the village of Givogi. I had arrived one weekend in Givogi where Mr Asalache had extended warm hospitality for a deepening course. It was Sunday afternoon and I was preparing to finish up and start the 5 hour journey back to Nairobi before dark when a young lad came puffing into the circle from the next village. "Please Bwana" he said "Come to our village and tell us about this new religion." "Bless you" I said, "but it is not possible, I have just enough time to drive back to Nairobi." "Well then just come and spend 15 minutes with us. I will wait and take you there." How could I refuse! He waited while we finished the course and then he took me over the hill. There I found a group of about a dozen people and a headman waiting under the trees. They welcomed me warmly and I gave them a brief account of Bahá'u'lláh's Mission. Then the headman rose and thanked me also saying that now the 15 minutes was up and I should start my journey. I left with much joy. The sequel came 15 years later when I had left Kenya and was on a teaching trip in N.Ireland where I met Francis Beard. She had pioneered to Kenya long after I had left and become very energetic in serving the African people. She had become much loved. Many other pioneers had also gone to Kenya and the work had expanded greatly too; I think ^{to} over 300 Assemblies. Francis asked me "Do you remember that village near Givogi?" I said "Yes". "Well the people there still remember the fair-haired young man who first brought the Faith to them in a few minutes before he had to rush off to Nairobi. And now the whole valley is inhabited with Bahá'is."

About ten years later Alicia and I returned to Kenya just for a visit and to attend the Nairobi Bahá'i Conference. Francis was not forgotten by them. One man enquired very eagerly after her. She must have been a wonderful person.

It is sometimes ^{difficult} to remember the exact time-order of event; but about two years after the passing of the Guardian Ruhíyyih Khanum having somewhat recovered from the great shock, began making long teaching trips all over the world. This besides giving the friends everywhere much consolation, gave a fine example for travel teachers to follow. She first made a trip through the mass declaration parts of Uganda and then came to Kenya where a group of Bahá'is took her on a trip to our most useful areas. I tried to join them but could not get permission from my job. About 2 months later she returned to Kenya again for more teaching and this time I was privileged to accompany her for three whole days as her driver. Another car followed behind with Aziz and Sue Yazdi and one or two Kenya Bahá'is.

Of course I had met Ruhyyih Khanum while on pilgrimage but just imagine, I now had her to talk with for the most part of three whole days as we drove across the plains of Kenya. Looking back on it, it seems that we talked the whole time with little respite. She told me that it had been 25 years since she had been on a teaching trip of any kind, because the Guardian could not spare her from the work in Haifa where she was almost his sole helper in the massive correspondence he kept up with thousands of Bahá'is all over the world. He was also writing to all National Assemblies regularly and I believe received all of the minutes of their meetings which he read carefully and suggested new ideas for them to consider. Also he wrote "God Passes By" and many other works. How he ever managed to do all of this and still meet with pilgrims is surely more than one can understand. However talking with Ruhyyih Khanum I was able to glean some idea. I had already ^{in Haifa} asked her why the Guardian did not ask for volunteers from overseas to help, because I was sure very many would willingly come. I even asked her to tell the Guardian I would do so at any moment he wished. She ^{had} replied that "It is no small matter to ask someone to serve so close to the light. It is a spiritual experience which might be too intense and ^{therefore} perhaps dangerous. I heard but have kept hoping someday I could attain such a bounty, regardless of the risk. Also the Covenant breakers who lived just next door to the Guardian had caused him all manner of deep troubles by trying to defame the Faith and himself and would be waiting to trick any unsuspecting Bahá'i who came there to work. I understand that since those days they have been greatly reduced in power and numbers.

To return to what must have been about the most wonderful 3 days I ever had, ^{in Kenya} our little group visited many Bahá'i communities in Maragoli. At each place the friends gathered ^{eagerly} while she talked to them for hours in a manner they well understood, using simple analogies from their daily life to illustrate the spiritual wisdom she was giving them. One evening we stayed at a government rest camp and on another when we had driven up into the Nandi hills, a district not yet reached by the Faith. We stayed talking long after

Photo sunset talking round a wood fire before she retired to one of the local huts which had been readied for her arrival. She and the ladies slept in the one room and Aziz and I in the back of his car. It was a clear cloudless night, which was just as well, since we discovered in the morning a large hole in the roof over the bed and she found it a huge joke. We all had breakfast round a

small table set up outside the hut. On another occasion we bought some fish at the market in Kisumu and drove up into the Maragoli hills. Here we found a stream where we relaxed, built a fire and cooked the fish for lunch. Our guest greatly enjoyed the experience and we were much uplifted to see her recovering from the passing of Shoghi Effendi.

Photo 1 On our three day trip Rhuiyyih Khanum showed much interest in how the teaching work was going. I told her we had a great many declarations but because the area was so far from Nairobi city where all the pioneers lived and because there were only about 5 of us, it was impossible to do any real deepening; obviously they all needed repeated visits to really understand the wonder of the Message. It looked as though we were forced to choose between expansion or deepening. We discussed the matter at great length but could find no answer. Looking back it now seems that it would have been impossible to separate the two activities for at each meeting there was always a lot of new faces. I heard months later that when she was in India on a similar trip, Ruhiyyih Khanum found the simple answer. "Nowhere in the Writings does it give you permission to cease from teaching."

I can hardly believe that for much of those three days I was alone in the car, talking with Ruhiyyih Kahnum. Her enthusiasm was uplifting and this was also because as she said, "I have been living in Haifa for 25 years helping the Guardian and this is the first teaching trip I have done in all that time. There was usually a large group of African children sitting up front at all her meetings and she was amazed to see how quiet and obedient they were. They seemed to sense that this was perhaps the greatest moment of their lives.

After the departure of Ruhiiyyih Khanum from Africa, the Faith grew more rapidly than ever before, but my own job once more came to an end. The British Government had decided that the time had come for Kenya to be give independance and govern herself. My offical task now was to train an African clerk to do my job and ^{then} leave. There would be no other jobs open to Europeans, for everything as given to Africans, no matter how untrained they were. Alicia and I and the two children began preparing to leave Africa and go back to England where I hoped to go to college and train as a school teacher. As such there should be many openings in under-developed countries, which though of short duration, would enable us to pioneer again somewhere on the planet. Also the schools would not be developed enough for our children and they could get better schooling in England.

It was just at this fortuitious time that the Ten Year Crusade was coming to a victorious conclusion and what is more, the Hands of the Cause, as "Custodians of the Faith," appointed by Shoghi Effendi in his last letter to the Baha'i world, had called for the election of the very first Universal House of Justice. As a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of Central and East Africa, I was one of the delegates called to Haifa to take part in the election. The Hands had also written and asked me to be the official photographer at that very great ceremony and also at the first World Baha'i Congress in London which was to follow in May 1963.

One of the arresting statements made to me by Shoghi Effendi when I was on pilgrimage in 1952 ^{and there were no African Bahais in Kenya then} was that perhaps one day I would accompany a member of the African race to Haifa. I was astonished to find myself only 11 years later, accompanying no less than five African believers to Haifa, not only on pilgrimage but as full

members of the National Spiritual Assembly of Central and East Africa, come there as delegates to elect the first Universal House of Justice! All nine of us arrived by plane and gathered with about 125 delegates from many countries of the world, some of them dressed in their national costumes. It was a breath-taking experience to be gathered all together in the Master's house on Harparsim Street in Haifa to cast our votes. At the back of the room were seated all the Hands of the Cause as witnesses. They had asked that they should not be voted for because their function as Hands made it inappropriate. My own thoughts on this are that as the twin pillars of the Faith are the Guardianship together with the Hands who served him were one pillar, and the entire Administration, including the Universal House of Justice, comprised the other, one could not expect a person to serve on both institutions.

As the House of Justice stated later in one of its letters to the world, it was an absolutely unique event in the world's religious history for those who were the appointed custodians of the Faith after the passing of the Prophet, to ask not to be elected to the governing body of His followers.

Photo 3 Like all the other delegates, I had been giving a lot of prayerful thought on which nine names to put on the ballot paper but I could not think of any Baha'i who I knew, who could possibly have the esteemed qualities for such a divine body. After further thought I realised that the beloved Guardian had given us some help in this matter. For he had himself appointed the International Council two years previously and they had aided him in an exemplary manner.

I happily entered the names of the male members of the International council but then realised that the other four were women and therefore ineligible. There was a temptation to leave four blank spaces, but that would make the ballot disqualified. I reasoned that the Hands could be voted for, even though they had asked for us not to do so. Therefore I completed the ballot with the names of four Hands.

It should be mentioned that before the election took place all the delegates were sent by bus to visit the shrine of Baha'u'llah and all the other holy places one visits on pilgrimage, and this was added bounty. It also reminded me of the Guardian's last words to me on leaving Haifa, "Do not be sad, you will come back."

For three days after the election, the delegates attended consultations in a large hall about half a mile away from the shrine on Mt. Carmel. Each day was to me equal to a thousand ordinary ones, so fragrant was that experience. There was also the task of photographing every aspect of this occasion, so spiritually significant for all mankind.

As history records, the following week, all of these delegates, together with about 6,000 other Baha'is from all over the world, gathered for a week-long congress at the Albert Hall in London.

Alicia, who had flown directly to England with our first two children, Cathy and Susy, was able to be at this congress and join in spiritual inspiration. On one morning Ruhyyih Khanum talked to us about the beloved Guardian and his passing. In the middle she was overcome by the memory of that heart rending event and could not go on. After a while the African Baha'is started singing softly and continuously "Alla'u'Abha - Alla'u'Abha - Alla'u'Abha " and all the audience

joined in and swelled that holy refrain till the very rafters vibrated with power. How high must all the heavenly concourse have raised that acclamation, to the very gates of heaven surely.

Another notable happening was the address by Hand of the Cause Samandari, who as a boy had actually been in the presence of the Blessed Beauty and served Him. His Persian words rang clearly through the giant hall as he recounted that place and those surroundings. His words were most beautifully translated by Marzia Gale and at one point she added extra words of explanation, at which Samandari raised a wave of delighted laughter from the audience by commenting "Did I say all that?" which Marzia also translated for us all.

A leading London newspaper produced a special edition filled with four pages of photographs and comments. Vendors outside the hall did a brisk business selling to the delegates an historical record of that ^{great} day. And as the Baha'is emerged from the building in a flood of joy I noted that even the famous double decker London buses unwittingly proclaimed this great occasion by sending ~~their~~ their route number 9 to bus stops outside the hall. Which tribute I did not fail to photograph for posterity.

This congress was clearly the first time many of the friends had met all of the Hands of the Cause and their presence added special uplift. Which reminds me of a delightful happening regarding Hand Samandari. For many years after this he travelled all over the world filling hearts with memories of the Blessed Beauty. In these travels he came again to England and since he was now 95 years old and very precious to all of us, we persuaded him

to go to a doctor for an overall health check up. He came out with flying colors. This amazed the doctor, in view of his age. He asked Samandari for his secret.

"I cannot tell you." Was the reply. "Why not?" enquired the doctor. "Because it is rude." "Come on, I'm your doctor, you can tell me anything." "Well, if you must know, my secret is that I stay away from doctors!"

To return to the Albert Hall Conference in London, the first "World Cogress" of the Faith. I had a privilaged position. As the official photographer I could go anywhere in the hall and get right close up to the speakers and any other event. Taking photos did not prevent me from listening to all the very excellent talks which were given during those six days. On the final day about 60 Bahá'i attended in their national costumes and sat together, a most impressive sight! The Universal House of Justice members, were of course, the main focus at all sessions. It was a breath taking experience for eveyone present to see before our very eyes, day after day, the supreme Bahá'i institution, just created, at last.

Between session the 6,000 Bahá'is milled around inside and outside the giant hall. The police had been expecting problems and were amazed to find the most obedient and well behaved crowd they had ever seen.

After the conference, many visitors spent time visiting friends in England. We were specially blessed and were able to invite to our farm two American Indian believers Annie and Chester Khan. We were able to get them to record some of their inner experiences and views on life on our tape machine. They in turn were fascinated by such a close up view of life on the farm. My parents were specially impressed at meeting real Indians at last, after all the wild west stories they had read about and seen on the movies. When it came time for them to return to the U.S.A. we drove them to London and they asked to be allowed to spend a few hours wandering alone in that vast city. We were afraid they might get hopelessly lost but Chester smiled at our doubts and promised to meet us at a predetermined spot in four hours. They did just that.

I set about trying to get into college and be trained for school teaching. Thus we would be able after about four years, to return to the pioneering field; but this was not to be. Financial problems interveened and prevented it. The only

other career I was trained for properly was farming. Now I recalled the time when 26 years ago, after living the first 29 years of my life on the farm, I had told my parents I loved them but I was going out into the world to find a career different from farming and also a philosophy for life. I had sold my motor bicycle for £50 and bought a ticket on the Queen Mary liner to Canada and sailed westwards. Now like the prodigal son in the parable, I came back to my father and offered to return to the farm if he would have us, family and all. My parents were delighted to accept us, though ^{Father} as jokingly said: "We don't really need you on the farm." (He employed 22 workers and all was working very smoothly). The 16 intervening years had been very fruitful, I had found my Faith, my wife, a family and also my profession, photography.

After two years Father retired to Bedford city, fifteen miles away and gave us the farm. Now, far from being bored with farming, I began to enjoy it greatly. Must have been something to do with being my own boss at last! Soon babies James and Julia were added to our family, inspite of some peoples view that no family should have more than 1.4 children because there would not be enough food on the planet for more than that! During the next 17 years our four children grew up on the farm and attended the local government school. Each Sunday Alicia would talk to them about God and His Manifestations while they practised caligraphy round the kitchen table.

Photo

We also had youth weekends ~~when~~ the house was literally full of Bahá'is. We found that the very large farm house could easily accomodate about 60 youth if they slept on the floors in all the rooms. The girls had the top two floors and the boys the ground floor. Everything went very smoothly and for the youth ~~it~~ it was like going to camp in the country. There were plenty of fields to roam in between sessions. One weekend I noticed a long line of girls quing up outside the bathroom. Ten minutes later it had not moved. I took a chance; I knocked on the door and went in. There was our five year old James sailing his boats *in the bath* while the que waited patiently outside! We often chuckle about that.

Every summer we had Sunday picnics lasting all day in our big garden. It became quite an institution and people came from far and wide to enjoy the country scenery and the relaxed atmosphere. Usually 100-200 people brought their own food, pets, friends and relatives. We supplied gallons of tea and coffee all day. My father had always been very careful to prevent people walking in the standing wheat crop, because they would knock down the grain. However I found that few of these visitors had ever been on a farm so at one picnic, just as the grain

was ripening for harvest, I led a line of about 50 people on a walk through the standing grain. They loved the experience and there was little damage to the crop. In memory I can see today the long winding straggly line of people as they followed me through the fields, marvelling at the profundity of nature and how man is able to control it for his own purposes. The next year, picnic was held during harvest and grain was pouring into the store near our house. I was able to take about 20 kids up onto the overhead walk where they could jump into a literal sea of loose grain and romp around in the 500 ton heap.

Ph *Childrens class at Mary Hardy's in Henley.*

Another popular feature of the farm picnics^W as tractor rides round the farm. I prepared a four wheeled trailer with safety rails and straw bales to seat about thirty kids and adults and towed them around the farm, stopping at times to show them things. At one point I drove through a low tunnel under the railway line and sometimes explained that Abdu'l Bahá must have travelled this line on his way to Edinburgh in Scotland. The line ran through the middle of our farm. Many a trailer load demanded to go on this trip and I did not have time to organise the tea making which was needing constant attention. Alicia was busy hosting. Finally the visitors took over the whole process.

As the children grew, they entered the local elementary school, and I recall the time when Susan, at the age of about seven, had her first day there. Unlike the U.S.A, where it is forbidden to teach religion in government schools, in England it is the law that religion must be taught. On Susan's first day, the head master was addressing the entire school and ended up with the Lord's prayer. As they all went out to their various classes, Susan headed to the Principle's office and knocked on the door. "Yes Susan?" he enquired. "Please sir, you should not say that." "What Susan?" "The Lord's prayer." "Why not?" "Because He has already come!" "Oh, come in and tell me about it." For half an hour he sat listening to Susan's account of Bahá'u'lláh and His Mission. Thanking her, he sent to class. Then he telephone me on the farm. "Mr Cardell, you will never guess what I have been doing for the last half hour!"

He was a kind and well adjusted man and very devoted to Christ. This was the begining of a real friendship and later, at his invitation I addressed the entire school, including all the staff, on the teachings of Bahá'u'llah. He once said to me that although it is the law that Christianity must be taught in his school, yet none of his staff wanted to do it. He had found that the staff did not feel sure enough on the subject. They always wandered off into social problems and the like. The young people in this age are taught to search for information and

the teachers were unable to answer their queries where metaphorical stories like Adam and Eve appeared to contradict what they were learning in their science classes.

Photo Cambridge city was only about 20 miles from our farm and we often joined in their Bahá'í activities. Soon Bahá'ís and their friends from surrounding towns began to go there also for Bahá'í Sunday Childrens' classes. Eventually the classes were transferred to our farm where there was more room and also recreation facilities. Alicia was a member of the national Child Education Committee and was full of enthusiasm and ideas. For two years we had classes for five age groups and one for adults, studying there every Sunday.

Alicia did a lot of research on the Master's visits to the British Isles and we made several trips to the London area to track down the sites where he had spoken and took slides for the archives. I did the same in Edinburgh when on a visit. This came to its climax when the Sunday classes hired an 80 seater bus and took all the kids and families on a trip to London, only 60 miles away. We toured a lot of the sights associated with the Master's visits and told stories about him over the bus's amplifier. These sites included the City Temple church where the Master gave his first talk in the west and Westminster Abbey where, in the deanery Abdu'l Bahá had dined with Arch Deacon Wilberforce. Here the wife of the present Dean took us to the nearby church of St. John where the Master spoken. She had never met him, but was his fervent admirer and referred to him "Abdu'l. In the church she gathered us all for a long account of his visit. During her talk a crying child interrupted her words. She took it into her arms and comforted it. Nor would she go on until it was happy again. We received the impression that she was spontaneously reacting the way the Master would have done in that situation.

At the school we made official application for our children to be absent on Bahá'í holy days. Soon their fellow students began to ask why they were absent and were told about the Faith. Because of the general atmosphere of religious scepticism so common in those days, it was not long before class mates began to ridicule this religion with a strange sounding name, but our children learned a useful lesson in patience while explaining it to them. One day a child said to Cathy: "I wish I had a religion like yours!"

On two summers we had Youth camps at the farm. Every one lived in tents

The tractor house was emptied of machinery and straw bales set up in rows for seating. Meals were provided by a whole army of cooks. It was called "Action Camp."

On another occasion fifty of us hired a coach and went to a Teaching Conference in Switzerland. In 1979 Alicia and I attended a large Baha'i conference in London and at this even met the now grown up children of Martin and Gerda Aiff, the family who had pioneered with us in Windhoek in S.W.A. 21 years ago.

Photo 1.

A most historical series of events which happened to our whole family was appointment of Alicia's parents as custodians to the most holy shrine of Baha'u'llah near Acca, Israel. For ten years they fulfilled this blessed service and on three separate summers they invited our whole family to stay with them at Bahji. They put beds for us all in Abdu'l Baha's tea room and we stayed in those holy precincts for two month each year. I well remember Janet, my mother-in-law, showing me where the key to the Shrine hung. "You can take this key any time of day or night and go in by yourself." She said. It seemed far too great a bounty. Several times I went into the Shrine, once in the middle of the night, and prayed with no sound to break the magical silence. During the day time our four children, then aged about 8-11, walked round the gardens and absorbed a spirit which will stay with them for eternity.

In those days we also visited many historical places of ancient Palestine.

P.1, 2

Much more bounty was to follow. In 1970 Janet and Forsyth took a three week holiday from their job at Bahji and came to stay with us on the farm. They offered to look after the four children and the farm while we went to Iran to visit all the holy places connected with the Faith. We were dumbfounded and further it ~~seemed~~ impossible to arrange all the details for such a trip in that short time. However we set about it and everything worked out well. Then we happened to mention our plans to Marion Hofman who said: "Well, why don't you arrange to visit Baha'u'llah's house in Edirne, Turkey, on your way there and then ask for permission from the House of Justice to make a three day visit to Haifa, on the way back. Amazingly, everything fell into place without a flaw. We took this as a sign that it was the wish of God.

Soon we were in Constantinople where the local Baha'is were delighted to look after us. They showed us where Baha'u'llah had lived in that city and also the site which had been purchased for the temple ground; a beautiful spot on a high hill overlooking the Bosphorus (a strip of sea joining the Caspian sea with the mediteranean) with the city in the background. Next we were put on a bus for Edirne (Adrianople)

This 150 mile journey had been made by the holy family,

Photo
House of
Bahá

under great hardship in heavy snow and on horseback. We felt embarrassed to do it by modern bus in just a few hours.

The house of Bahá'u'lláh is kept in good repair, and as we walked through it and round the garden, we tried to visualise the holy family living there. They had lived in several other house before this one, but from here the letters to the Kings had gone out. At an earlier house Bahá'u'lláh had been poisoned by Mirza Yahya. The doctor who attended Him pronounced the case hopeless. He had offered his own life in exchange. It was accepted, for soon he died and Bahá'u'lláh recovered. But for the rest of His life, Bahá'u'lláh suffered serious after-effects.

We also visited a second garden nearby. This had been used often by Bahá'u'lláh and even today it is well kept. There was a big mulberry tree, full of delicious ripe fruit. The custodians spread a blanket underneath and then gave the tree a good shake, this produced a heavy shower of white mulberries. We all carried the blanket back to a large table in triumph and had a feast.

Returning to Constantinople, now renamed Adrianople, we flew on to Tehran. At this time the Shah was still in power and persecution of the Bahá'is had abated, but there was a feeling that it would take little to cause its recurrence.

As our plane landed at Tehran airport we found ourselves in quite another world. We were overwhelmed at our good fortune in visiting the land where Bahá'u'lláh had lived. Some Bahá'i friends had been alerted to watch for us and we soon located their waving arms. They took us and our bags out to a waiting limousine which, we found out later, belonged to a Bahá'i army general (national service is obligatory) and were whisked away into the craziest traffic I have ever seen. It seemed to have one major principle, "Do what you can while you can!" Ordinary policemen do not have authority to ticket cars, and drivers take all the liberties they wish. It is regarded as normal there!.

We registered at our hotel and then went to the National Bahá'i Office to request permission to visit the holy Bahá'i places. We were greeted warmly by the National Secretary who asked us which of the holy places we wished to see. I held out my copy of the Dawnbreakers and said "All of these!" He was quite at a loss for words because there are so many and time was short, but also fanatics were always ready to abuse Bahá'is, especially visiting ones.

2.

Universal House of Justice had instructed the National Spiritual Assembly to severely limit all such visits. They had already put all of these places off limits to Bahá'is living in Iran and wanted to restrict visiting Bahá'is considerably.

He said that the committee responsible would have to guide us. Could we come back in two days time. He introduced us to Atto, another visiting pilgrim from America, who spoke good Iranian and was looking for companions to share the pilgrimage with. This was evidently another intervention of Providence. How could we have possibly found our way round Iran without an interpreter? The next two days we spent investigating the very modern city center and often came upon unusual sights. Imagine a mother and three teenaged daughters shopping in a store, she wore the ancient traditional dress complete with yachmack veil over the lower half of her face - the daughters all wore modern, western clothes and no veils. To us this showed clearly that the ancient and the modern cultures exist here side by side. In fact we found out later that the Shah was trying to encourage western ideas and the Mullahs were trying to retain the ancient Moslem ways. At this time the Shah was winning easily, but some years later he lost his throne and Ayatullah Khomeini led the country.

When we returned to the National office, the National Secretary suggested we start off by visiting the House of the Báb in Shiraz, 600 miles to the south. He must have felt that would keep us busy much of our allotted time. Of course we accepted gladly. It was a most logical place to start our pilgrimage.

Soon we were aboard a long distance bus for the first leg of our journey, Isphan, 300 miles away. As we wound our way through the massed rows of traffic in the city, Atto told us of a recent American visitor who had brought his own car over here and in seven days had six accidents. Feeling he had too much to learn about driving in Tehran, he took a taxi which immediately shot off at speed into the chaos. He went through no less than three red lights, but coming to a green, stopped. His passenger enquired why he stopped and was told that certainly some crazy fool would be coming through from the other direction!

Looking around at the occupants of the bus we saw people of every class and occupation, all talking animatedly in Iranian. We prevailed upon Atto to translate some of it and began to relate to life around us. At the back of the bus sat an attendant with large jugs of water and two glasses to refresh any passenger who called him.

3.

They all used the same glasses with a bare rinse. Since there had been a warning about a cholera epidemic on the road, we decided to contain our thirst until a rest stop.

Soon we were speeding over rough tarmac into the countryside. On our map we saw that the road skirted an enormous desert which stretched over most of the center of Iran. Atto recalled that Iran, the old Persia, had for several thousand years been the site of great battles between competing tyrants. It had been the custom of whoever won, to burn and destroy the whole countryside. Thus this desert had all been beautiful country at one time.

We covered many featureless miles and passed through a few hamlets until, five hours later the bus drew up at an eating place. We wondered whether it was safe for tourists to go in and if the food was clean. Atto assured us and we entered a barren room, full of crude tables and chairs where true peasants sat smoking their hubble-bubble pipes and eagerly watched a TV screen showing the Olympic games straight from Moscow. We found Pepsi-Cola to drink and the food was simple but adequate and reboarded our bus refreshed. But the next hours of bumpy, dusty travel brought only one real change in the scenery. We came to a place where an underground river surfaced and the people were drawing pure water from it. Our bus stopped while we all filled our containers.

On all this journey we were mindful that the blessed Báb had traversed this same road on horse back over a hundred years ago, under much different conditions. It had taken Him many days, not 10 hours sitting in a comfortable bus. By evening we came to the famous and beautiful city of Isfahan, the mid-point of our journey. To say that the whole city is a treasure-house of entrancing architecture only partly describes this jewel of a city. Everywhere there was evidence of thoughtfully created beauty in the buildings, the streets and the people. It was a sudden change from the bleak countryside. We put up at a hotel which was more like an art museum.

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The next morning some local Bahá'is came and took us to the house of the Beloved of Martyrs and the King of Martyrs. When they had been killed by the mob, all the contents of this house had been ransacked and the families were destitute. A maid, however, found a few coins in the wreckage and brought them to the wife. With great disdain she threw the coins into the mob with the words: "What God has taken, I will not take back!"

4.

The present custodians of the house told us this story and also reminded us that when the Báb, on his journey north, had visited this home, these two martyrs were then only about ten and twelve years old. They were helping to serve the visitors and became so uplifted by the words of the Báb that they asked Him for Martyrdom. The Bab accepted. It was years later when they were grown up and had devoted their lives to Bahá'u'lláh, that they attained martyrdom.

Our guides next took us to see their extensive archive building which had somehow survived the years of persecution. Many historical Bahá'í relics were on display, but perhaps the most breathtaking were two full front pages of an ancient Russian newspaper, yellow with age, but still clearly depicting dramatic and earth shaking events. The first was a drawing of the execution of the Bab, showing the firing squad, the smoke from their guns and the two Victims fixed to the wall. The other was a life-like drawing of God's most great Manifestation, Bahá'u'lláh on a white horse, entering Bahji with His servants and family. The detail was so good that we could see the expression on the face of Bahá'u'lláh as he looked with power and authority towards the artist. So real was the drawing that we stood gazing at it with awe for some time. Naturally, I photographed both exhibits and later sent copies to the Universal House of Justice, asking if we may keep them. The reply was that the House did not know of their authenticity, but that we may keep them. However, we should not show them to the friends. Now, as I look at them, those photographs seem to speak of worlds beyond this world.

The next morning we boarded another bus and set off, only to come to a halt at the city boundary. The driver parked the bus and disappeared for an hour. Then we were told that by law a driver is not allowed to drive more than eight hours. He had driven all night to arrive at Ispahan and now had to be replaced. Two or three hours later another driver arrived and we continued our journey.

There was little of significance during the next day's journey, but as dusk began to fall on that desolate landscape we saw in the distance our road winding across a valley and entering a gaint stone gate. As we came up to it, we saw that it was covered in Arabic lettering. "Look Ted and Alicia, the Koran Gate." Exclaimed Atto. We passed through and entered the city of Shiráz, the birthplace of the Báb.

5

We found a hotel, got a hot bath and a real night's sleep. Next morning we phoned the number of a local Bahá'í which the National Secretary had supplied and he came to guide us around the city and to the Báb's house. We went first to see the very impressive and beautiful shrine to the famous poet Saadí. Walking round the ornamental pools and into the cool shrine we were told of Saadí's prophecying the arrival of the Báb. Next we saw the equally beautiful monument to another poet who had prophecied this great Day, Haafiz. Our guide then had to return to his business and suggested that the following day we might like to visit the ancient ruins of Persepolis about 50 miles to the north. He would then return to us. We wandered for a while in the street and were suddenly hailed joyfully by a young man. We recognised him as one of the Persian Bahá'ís who live in England now and had actual-ly visited us on our farm last year. His name was Baghram. "What on earth are you doing here?" We exclaimed in astonishment. "I live here, this is my home town which I have come to visit." We told him of our own visit and shared many memories together.

Early next morning we took a taxi to the ruins of Persepolis, the ancient seat of King Darius. The road from Shiraz was through a more cultivated part of Iran and varied crops could be seen on all sides. Once more we were struck by the strange contrasts in this land. We saw a farmer harvesting wheat as they had done in Biblical times, spreading wheat sheaves on the ground and driving oxen over them to trample out the grain; another man was throwing the grain and chaff up in the wind to separate them. Arriving at Persepolis we wandered thoughtfully among the ruins. After the reign of Darius his kingdom had been conquered and the the whole city and palace destroyed. Only few giant stone pillars and some carved statues remained. All was kept in excellent order for the tourists. Later we retired to a lovely tea house and in the cool of the evening sat eating a large water melon before returning to Shiráz.

← heard
a modern
combine
was working

Photo
Shiraz
gate

The next morning our guide took us first to the gate in the south of the city where on that historic day, May 23rd 1884, the Báb greeted Mullah Husayn. The gate had been demolished, but we were shown two large trees at the entrance to a market where it had stood. I descended from the taxi and set up my tripod and large camera, determined to do this in a professional way, only to have a heavy hand take me by the shoulder. Looking up I found myself confronted by a policemen giving a stern message in Iranian. I had visions of us languishing in a primitive foreign jail but Atto turned up and translated. He says that this is forbidden

6.

because these people are very backward and hate all foreigners. You are likely to cause a riot. Hastily packing up, we departed without a picture, but vowing to come back the next morning and shoot through the taxi window. Those pictures turned out well.

Next came our actual visit to the House of the Báb. Our guide again impressed on us the importance of protecting the House. He explained that once before the mob had ransacked the House and smashed the precious windows. Fortunately the Bahá'is had anticipated the attack and replaced the original windows with duplicates before the attack. Iranian clothes were loaned to my wife, complete with a yashmack to cover the lower part of her face. My european cloths were common to the Iranians and required no disguise. How great had been the need for such precautions we can now appreciate, twenty years later; today there is no trace of this sacred house. The mob and the government have razed it to the ground. But to return to our visit.

We proceeded on foot, along various pathways between the houses, but as we passed a small boy sitting in a doorway, he looked up and smilingly greeted us in English- "Hallo!" So much for our disguise! We had no alternative but to pass on with a chuckle. Soon we came to a heavy wooden door on which our guide knocked. It was opened and we passed into a small garden. Here we were led to the opening of an underground tunnel which connected with the garden next door. As we emerged from the tunnel, I remember nothing of the garden, for in front of us was an archway through a tall brick wall. Through this archway could see into the courtyard of the Báb's house. In the center was a small clear pool of water and beside it an orange tree, a descendant of one the Báb had planted there over a hundred years ago. We advanced into the courtyard and looked around us. To the left was the well from which must have been drawn the water which was brought to wash the feet of Mulla Husayn. Looking up, we gazed upon a large ornate window on the next floor. It had five vertical sections featuring designs in colored glass. To our right was the main entrance from the street. Through this door the Báb had led Mulla Husayn with the words: "Enter in peace secure." But now it was permanently secured and never used. Near it was the foot of a red carpeted stairs leading to that upper room. Reverently we ascended the stairs and found ourselves on a small landing with an open doorway on our left. We stood looking through that door over a high step which also functioned as a threshold for prayer. As we kneeled at that threshold we gazed upon a scene we will long remember.

Photo 109

Ph

7.

Rich Persian carpets covered the whole floor; in the far corner, next to the large window stood an old fashioned oil lamp; perhaps the spot where the blessed Báb had been seated when He spoke with Mulla Husayn... Let the reader pause here and take up his copy of the Dawnbreakers. On page 65 are shown photographs of the main street entrance and also the stairs up which we had just climbed. Then let him turn to page 59 which gives three views of the room at the top of the stairs.

As we gazed across to that corner by the window, the words from the Dawnbreakers came to our minds: "Now is the time to reveal the Surih of Joseph." We seemed to hear Mulla Husayn describe his state: "I sat spellbound by His utterance, oblivious of time and those who awaited me." And again: "The entire chamber seemed to have been vitalised by that celestial potency which emanated from His inspired utterance. Everything in that room seemed to be vibrating with this testimony: "Verily, verily, the dawn of a new Day has broken. The Promised One is enthroned in the hearts of men..."

All the colors in that room were harmonious. They seemed to speak to us of an ineffable glory. The lower panels on each wall were light green with white trims. Above this there were several alcoves along each wall, recessing about 6 inches into the walls. Patterns in brown, picked out in white covered these alcoves and everything up to the ceiling. The morning sun was streaming in through the delicate window panes, causing patterns of colored light to fall upon walls and carpet. The ceiling was a delightful sight, a continuous pattern of crosses inside circles, colored light brown and on a cream background.

Across the room we saw another pair of double doors, leading perhaps to other parts of the house. We knelt at the raised step at our own doorway and prayed each in his own way. After some time we arose and took photographs. I did not have a wide angle lense, so took 13 overlapping pictures to cover the entire room. These were later put together to make a breath-taking view of that sacred spot.

Downstairs we moved from room to room trying to visualise its occupants going about their daily tasks. Finally we went out into the courtyard and gathered a few of the oranges which had fallen from the tree. These we treasure today in our own small family archives. Atto then called us into the small garden by which we had entered and there tea was served by an elderly lady

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8.

dressed in clothes of a century ago. She was one of the custodians. Atto talked with her for a while in Persian; suddenly he burst into delighted laughter. We pressed him to explain; here is his account. "You see this old lady, dressed in the fashion of the old days? Recently, on a Holy Day, she had bathed and put on her best clothes. She was passing along the street near by when a teen-aged youth from next door, spat upon her as she passed by. With one sweep of the back of her hand she knocked him to the ground. A man saw this and shouted "Hey, old woman, why did you do that?" "He spat upon me!" She replied. "So he should, you are a Báb!" He said. She drew herself up and looked him in the eye with a power which belied her age and forcefully replied: "I am ready, you do it too!" The man retreated, abashed at such faith.

As we retraced our steps to the main streets, our hearts and minds were trying to adjust to all these inspiring events. But there was one more to come. We were taken next to the Masjid-i-Vakil mosque to see the pulpit from which the Báb had addressed the congregation.

We read how the Shah summoned the Báb to Tehran for a full investigation, but after the Báb had left Isfahan, the chief Vazir had persuaded the Shah it might be dangerous for him to meet the Báb, who seemed to have a magic power to change people. The Shah had then ordered the Báb to turn away from Tehran and go to the prison of Mahku to await his pleasure. On the way, the Báb had spent some time in Tabriz, being imprisoned in the fort named "The Citadel". It seems that we were now destined to follow the same route, for the next day we flew back to Tehran and once again consulted with the National Secretary and he suggested we go to Tabriz. We spent that night in a hotel in Tehran and were amazed to see on the hotel register the names of Hand of the Cause Bill Sears and his wife Marguerite. From our room, we rang them and pretended to be phoning from England, but when we disclosed that we were in the same building they invited us over and we were able to have a long talk with them about their own travels round Iran, performed at the request of the Universal House of Justice. They had just returned from Máhkú, where we were hoping to go, but since they had been surrounded by a mob and forced to leave town, they advised us not to go there. However they felt it would be in order to go to Tabriz. That afternoon we attended a giant Bahá'i meeting for women in Tehran. It was addressed by the Hand of the Cause.

The next morning we flew to Tabriz. Looking at a map, we saw

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that our plane would pass over Zanzan, where many Báb'is had been besieged in a fort and later martyred. We followed our flight on the map and found ourselves over Zanzan at a great height, but unable to see it because it was direct-ly underneath us. However, soon the plane varied its course and we were able to get a photograph of the whole city.

In Tabriz we found a lively Bahá'i community and attended a large fireside. As we left, they pointed out some men nearby who, they said, always waited outside Bahá'i meetings to persuade enquirers 't was wicked to go there. We were all very amused at the time. Little did we know that in a few years, massive persecutions would rear its ugly head again and cost many lives.

Ph 1 The friends later took us to the Citadel, a massive ruin of a fort. The window of the room where the Báb had been incarcerated was still visible at the top right hand side of this building. We found a way to climb up to that room and looked out over the city from a great height. What had been the Bab's thoughts as He had stood here?

We read how He was subsequently taken to the prisons of Máh-kú and then Chihriq, finally being brought back to Tabriz to face the leading Mullas. In answer to their question "Who are you?" He had replied: "I am, I am, I am the Promised One!" *and walked out.*

One of my companions pointed out a large white building, ^{visible from the Citadel} about a mile away. "This building" he said: "now covers the actual site of the Báb's martyrdom on May 23rd 1844."

Photo 3 Back in Tehran, we visit another holy place, the house where Baha'u'lláh was born,

So ended our historic and inspiring visit to Iran. We boarded our plane to Haifa. We had to take a circular route to avoid flying over Syria. This meant once more flying over Tabriz, Máhkú and then Mt. Ararat in Turkey where it is said Noah's Ark came to rest after the flood. We meditated on that great catastrophe which had descended upon the world because of ~~its~~ wickedness and for rejecting the Prophet of God. What, we wondered, would be the fate of this generation before it would recognise God's Promised One? ^{Arriving} In the Holy Land we were able to visit the Shrines of both Bahá'u'lláh and the Báb and pray that mankind would soon open its spiritual eyes and realise that the Day of God Himself has dawned.

END OF IRAN VISIT

When my father retired and left me the farm, ^{in England} he often came over to help with advice. We had several very good years, but Father warned me that until I had been farming for ten years I could not call myself successful. It was a time when farmers were being forced to be economical and I gradually changed the farm from mixed cropping and raising animals, into a wheat only farm. I was able to reduce the labour force from 22 to one and use big machinery to handle the wheat crop much more efficiently. Fortunately all of the men turned off were able to get good jobs elsewhere and Bertie Vout, who had been with the farm for 20 years, was able to do all the ploughing and harvesting with odd help in harvest time.

Of course there was danger in going into one crop continuously and people reminded us of the American dust bowl which had destroyed thousands of acres by that method. However we had heavy clay land which was more stable. Also we had plenty of good advice from the local Ministry of Agriculture and crop yields did not fall, but even increased.

Soon another farming revolution arrived. We found that we no longer needed the plough! By using heavy tynes behind a big tractor it was possible to create a much finer tilt. The traditional plough left us with slabs of clay which became hard and were very

difficult to break down into a fine tilth for planting next year's seeds.

Further revolution came with crop fertilisation.

We had always kept many animals to the land. The reason why I ~~now gave up~~ keeping animals was that the 2,000 bacon pigs we produced each year had only given us enough manure for 10% of our 400 acre farm. Now I had the land analysed and found that it was in good heart and further, it did not need all the regular dressing of Nitrogen, phosphate and potash which tradition said it should have. In fact the autumn wheat needed nothing until spring. Further, the land only needed potash every third year. All this meant a great saving in costs. Results from harvest after these new innovations proved that yield was not falling. In fact, together with the new types of wheat being developed every year our average yield increased over 10 years from about 24 cwt per acre to 40 cwt.

Father had left me one bagging combine machine and one bulk machine. The first left 30 tons of grain in bags, scattered all over the field each day. This had to be loaded onto trailers by hard work. We therefore sold it and did the harvest quicker by the bulk machine which poured the grain into a holding tank. From there it was transferred by

truck to the barn, where newly installed machinery transported it to a bulk heap 7 feet deep all over a giant floor. Underground air ducts then dried the grain down to 14% moisture.

We finally broke all of the traditional rules of farming by giving up the plough altogether and forcing the new seed into the ground with an extra heavy drill. From all of this it is clear that great savings were made and also it was possible to run the farm on a part time basis. Now there was much more free time to help spread the healing Message of Baha'u'llah.

In 1972 Alicia and I found time to fly back to Nairobi for a big Baha'i conference there. Then we hired a car and spent some days upcountry visiting Baha'is in different villages.

As mentioned,
 From 1971 I served on the National Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is of the United Kingdom. Life was much more interesting serving on a body directly under the Universal House of Justice. In 1973 and ⁱⁿ 1978 N.S.A. members from all over the world gathered in Haifa to elect a new Universal House of Justice. It was a great bounty for us all and it was my 7th and 8th time of visiting the Holy Shrines. I remembered that when in 1952, Shoghi Efendi was sending me back to Africa after a 19 day pilgrimage

he said to me: "Do not be sad, you will come back."
 At that moment I was almost penniless and had wondered how this could ever come about. In 1978 I had become a prosperous farmer, the Faith itself had expanded to cover the whole earth and my comprehension of it had considerably developed.

1 Photo delegates
 2 Photo "

^{Native dress}
 The Haifa convention of 1978 also marked a giant step forward, for the building of the House of Justice now stood in its skeletal form on the slopes of Mt. Carmel, awaiting the dedication ceremony. In front of over 500 delegates prayers were read. Then Hand of the Cause Ruhiiyyih Khanum spoke to us about how the beloved Guardian had prayed so earnestly for this great day, had laboured for it over a lifetime and how, from the Abha Kingdom, he must be witnessing this occasion with great joy. Next she mounted a temporary staircase which had been erected at the front of the main entrance, which faced Bahji. She placed a box containing soil from the resting places of the Bab and Baha'u'llah in a specially prepared nich. (Later this was sealed forever). Afterwards Hand of the Cause Faizey speaking to us about the significance of this solemn occasion said: "A Hadith in Islam tells that when, thousands of years ago, the Prophet Noah had completed the building of the Ark, he placed in it soil from the graves of Adam and Eve. Now "He said, "We are performing a similar ceremony with the Arc of the Cause of God on Mt. Carmel,

from which the Law of God will go out to all the world, as prophecied in the Bible.

Back at the pilgrim house, many rows of chairs had been arranged in the open for Ruiyyih Kahanum to address the delagates further. I was filming the faces of the audience when suddenly the proceedings were halted for a special announcement. Ruhiyyih Khanum read it out and my movie camera recorded a wave of joy as it swept across the faces of the delegates. Some wept openly: "His royal Highness the King of Samoa had just decalared his belief in Baha'u'llah." This was first King to declare his acceptance of the Faith." Much rejoicing followed.

Photo, A few years later the N.S.A. of the United Kingdom received a message from the Universal House of Justice "His royal highness Talifi Kumalita of the Samoan Islands will be arriving in London to visit the resting place of Shoghi Effendi, please announce to the friends and appoint photographers." I was both a memeber of the N.S.A. and one of the photographers.

There was a large crowd of Baha'is waiting when the King arrived at the Gt.Northern Cemetary. We all went with him to the grave site and prayed together. The House of Justice had asked that the King be

given due respect by photographers when praying. However, when his Majesty stood at the graveside with three Hands of the Cause I felt impelled to take a picture from a distance and leave it for Haifa to decide whether it was inappropriate. Out of all the pictures, sent to Haifa, this was the one they chose.

Photo

There were other useful experiences in those days. As mentioned earlier, from 1971 to 1980 I was a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of the United Kingdom and spent frequent long weekends in London at their meetings. It was a most refreshing experience seeing the affairs of the Cause from a national point of view. I was to discover a lot more about the art of Baha'i consultation. I remember on one occasion I had expressed my view on a matter under consideration by the Assembly; the next speaker showed I had not given due consideration to the whole picture and I said aloud "Oh dear, I did put my foot into it, didn't I!" A voice from the other end of the table replied: 'Confucious said 'He who does not open mouth cannot put in big foot.'" The laughter did a lot to relax us all.

On another occasion we were all getting too tense in the discussion, each impatient to speak. George Bowers, who could usually be relied upon to get us back to normal, also leaned forward and said in a quiet voice: "Kiss me!"

Not all situations had a satisfactory outcome, however, at one meeting I felt that some members were doing too much talking and the rest were not being allowed to speak much; finding it difficult to make a contribution myself I got more and more upset. Realising that this was not the way ahead I relaxed somewhat. Soon I heard myself saying: "Mr Chairman, may we have a round of opinion please." This we did and I was happy to see that no one had been hurt by my interjection. But soon we seemed to have returned to the old situation. Once more I raised my hand and asked for a round of opinion. This happened several times and the situation eventually became more normal. In fact, it began to go the other way. Now everyone, finding they could easily claim their right to speak, began to do so at great length. The chairman's efforts to get members to shorten their contributions failed and we were unable to get through the agenda in the days available to us.

While on N.S.A. matters, it may be appropriate to record an interesting situation which Hand of the Cause Hasan Balyusi told me once. A certain believer in his enthusiasm, had over-stepped the orders of the N.S.A. and had said publicly some things which though true, were not wise. He was interviewed by the Assembly; ^{he} humbly apologised and the incident was dismissed. Later however, he did it again and

was once more reprimanded. This happened more times and the Assembly was discussing taking away his voting rights. One member suddenly realised something: "He has again apologised, we cannot take away his rights!" No doubt he was however advised that if he did it again he would lose his rights.

*Photo parents
& grand-ch.*

My parents were good Methodists and took their three children to Sunday school frequently. I therefore grew up with a great love of the Bible. At the age of 29, as mentioned, I set off for Canada to find a new career and also a philosophy. I eventually became a Baha'i and on returning to England two years later I had tried to explain the Faith to my parents, but the time for their recognition of it had not arrived. However we often discussed it and such items as the state of the world. One evening my father had been to a Baha'i public meeting in a hired hall. He was feeling very happy about it and reached for his check book saying "I want to pay for the cost of the hall, how much was it?" I replied: "You know you cannot do that, only Baha'is can contribute." "I am a Baha'i!" he responded. I was breathless. "Do you accept Baha'u'llah as the Manifestation of God for this age?" "Of course I do he announced." I was delighted and brought out a declaration card for him to sign. These were the last few days of his life and he always listened intently as, on some evenings I read to him from the holy Writings. Not long after that he passed to the next world. I missed his lovely person deeply but did not grieve, he was far happier now.

MY mother outlived Father by many years and we often discussed the needs of mankind and the Baha'i teachings. Her favourite comment was: "What is in Baha'i that is not in the Bible?" I explained the fulfillment of the Covenant of God, the Administrative Order and new principles like equality of men and women, but she somehow felt that these were all implied in the message of Christ. I agreed, but tried to show her that today we have all the divine guidance and instructions to unite all races and nations and set up world government. One day, as I came into the house she greeted me with. "I have been trying to find out where Christ said

we are only allowed one wife and I cannot find it." "Got you I replied. "Does Baha'u'llah?" she enquired." He sure does." I responded. On another occasion we were in the middle of comparing ideas when she exclaimed; "Yes I know Baha'u'llah is a Prophet of God, but why did he say . . ." "Mother, what did you just say?" I exclaimed! "Oh you know what I mean." She replied. I did not feel I should follow this up at that time, but am convinced that she had recognised her Lord.

Ph
 One day we were visited by Mr & Mrs Gandhi, from India. They came to thank us deeply for helping their four children to settle down in England and complete their schooling. They extended an invitation for us to visit India and stay with them. They owned 5 large girls schools in India and these were run on Baha'i lines, though they accepted students of all religions. Cathy, our eldest was about 18, studying teaching and keen to go to other countries. By some miracle it became possible for Alicia and Cathy to visit India. Though I could not get away from the farm, I felt the Gandhis and the other Baha'is would look after them and sent them off.

They arrived at the Gandhis in time for student graduation. It was the custom there to honour the parents as well as the graduating children and they did this by weighing the mother in flowers, a beautiful ceremony indeed. Cathy was asked to address a school of 500 students about the Faith and afterwards they surrounded her and asked all kinds of questions. They also felt it an honour to be visited by people from overseas.

Alicia and Cathy did some travel teaching and travelled by bus with a male Baha'i escort. On one such journey they were surrounded by people of all kinds and the air was filled with much excited chatter. One man was talking excitedly with the driver, and the Baha'i escort turned pale. He translated for Alicia and Cathy. "He demands that the driver stop the bus so that he can rape the white women." They were wondering frantically what to do when suddenly the bus ran into a tractor on the road

The ensuing chaos had saved the day!

They had many wonderful experiences, ^{also} in India, certainly a great step forward in their spiritual education. What is more, they were highly appreciated and must have caused many people to take new heart in the spiritual meaning of life. Of course, a lot of it came through difficulties and even tribulation, such as there being no safe water to drink and also discovering at first hand the great poverty in that land. When I asked Alicia to sum up their month in India she said: "It is more terrible and more wonderful than you can imagine!" Although several young Baha'i ladies went from Europe to teach in India unaccompanied, yet it does seem that travelling in small groups is best.

We had now been back on the farm 17 years since leaving Africa in 1963. The children were all in their teens and attended a variety of private and government schools and Cathy was in college but James had some learning difficulties. We had always planned to retire early and go back into overseas pioneering. In consultation we decided that we should leave the farm for good and go to the U.S.A. to complete the children's schooling and then perhaps pioneer in South America or wherever was most suitable.

Since Alicia was born in California we would be able to use the newest methods of education there, so we moved to Portland, Oregon, bought a house near the Community college and put the children into high school. Soon James had caught up well in his education and even appeared on the Principle's commendation list. This was a great joy to us, for the English education system had classified his problem as being more serious.

1. Photo - fence - Portland

2. Photo - pets

3. Photo - Baha'i School.

I found a useful way of spreading the Faith. Each morning I walked over to the nearby college and sat in the giant cafeteria, studying things like quantum mechanics and the Faith and getting into conversation with the students. There were many from overseas and life was very interesting. I was able to get 20 signatures asking the college to set up a Baha'i Club to discuss the Faith and its relation to current world problems. Unfortunately most

students, though much interested in this kind of discussion, possessed limited finances and had to restrict their college time to their main studies. However I continued getting to know people and developing an interest in their affairs; in this way I could help them to find solutions for their problems and get a higher view of their objectives in life. Thus they felt that I cared about them and we became friends. When I then introduced the Faith they were much more appreciative and often asked for literature. I had been developing this kind of approach with strangers in cafes in England and continued it in the U.S.A.

I felt that if my I was consciously trying to get a declaration, it would seem insincere in their eyes, and they would rightly resist; so I put effort into getting to know them as real friends and helping them along their own chosen way. I did not worry if I was not always able to introduced them to the Faith but I hoped that our conversation had perhaps helped them along their chosen path. I knew that path would eventually connect with the Faith somewhere. In this way I was free from an intellectual urge to make new Bahais.

Since spiritual progress cannot be imposed on people, but must come from their own hearts, it seemed illogical to try and convert them.. It is however our duty to offer them information and encourage them to work out its implications. I discussed it with some of the Portland Baha'is and most appreciated it, but one Board member felt that this method would not bring in lots of declarations. However, I still try to follow Abdu'l Baha's advice to make friends with new people first, so that they would trust me, even if it takes a long time. Never the less I always tried to raise their interest in the Faith so that they would want a pamphlet. In this way I gave out many pamphlets, very often at the rate of one per day. This amounted to giving out about 260 per year and I felt that this was seed corn well worth sowing, even though actual declarations were few. There is no doubt that a few spiritually awake people *can* recognise Baha'u'llah immediately, but that the masses like me wish to take their time over it.

Like all good parents, Alicia and I were concerned about helping our now grown children ^{to} find spiritually orientated marriage partners. Alicia was looking through a Baha'i news sheet *one day and* came up with a bright idea. "Look, there is a Baha'i youth conference in Alaska next month, let's go." "There are plenty of such conferences much closer" I observed. "It is a very long way to go for a 3 day event!" "But our children need to *meet spiritually orientated young men*!" She replied. "How on earth will they do that up there. It will take us all a day to recover from the journey and the conference time will fill up all the rest."

My logic was flawless, but I allowed it to be over ruled by a mother who, I suspected, was more open to higher guidance; Also I had been invited to be one of the speakers at the conference. So, off to Alaska we went, all six of us. It goes without saying that the scenery and the warm hospitality were outstanding; however, the unexpected happened. Cathy stayed a week longer and went travel teaching with a group. One of that group was Ramin Yavrom, a young man from a distinguished Persian family. A few months later they were married and pioneered to Carjamaca, a small city high up in the Andes. Their two daughters Camilia and Claudette were born there.

Susy now went to college to study apparel design and also took an apartment with a friend, Julia entered training as a hairdresser and went to live with friends near her college. James was in art college and this all added up to our being free to do full time travel teaching. We gave up our house and bought a big recreation vehical. This was to be our home for several months. We wrote to the National Teaching committee in Wilmette offering to spend several weeks visiting Baha'i communities all over the U.S.A. They arranged an excellent 10,000 mile tour for us and in 83 days we gave firesides in 51 towns. During this trip we arrived in S. Carolina to take part in the official opening of the Baha'i radio station WLGI. It was rather fascinating because we were late arriving and were following the ceremony on our own radio. When we finally arrived, we were able to take part in the event we were listening to. This trip also enabled

*Photo
teaching*

in Wilmette

us to spend 7 days at the temple where we attended a course for overseas pioneers. We were able to talk to and study with these 30 dedicated and enthusiastic ^{would be} pioneers. Also it was useful, for us because we were soon to pioneer to Peru.

Following this big trip we made another one through western Canada where we gave 52 firesides in 73 days. This took us up north to Lake Louise and into Indian country. At one small village we stayed with a couple who had become much loved by the Indians. They told us a typical true story of how they never locked up their house and after a trip came home to find a whole family of Indians had come to visit. Finding them away, they had felt enough at home to sleep and eat there till their hosts came back. One Indian had not been there before and felt uncomfortable about taking over the house while its owners were away, but his friends told him: "Oh, don't worry, these people are real Baha'is!

On this trip we travelled to communities all the way up Vancouver Is. and also attended a big Indian Pow Wow at Neah Bay. The Trail of Light, was a group of 7 tribal Indian Baha'is who had come from South America and were touring the U.S.A. This Pow Wow was held in an Indian community center and over 200 of the local Indians joined in. Everyone was much impressed by Kevin Lock's display of hoop dancing. I was able to get some excellent photographs of all these people, black, red and white, dancing together to the drums.

Photo drums
Photo Indian

The action was inspiring and I went outside and brought in a tall step ladder to get a high view point of the action. As I was about to ascend, a video cameraman pushed me aside and went up to take his pictures from the top. I decided to be a good Baha'i and not complain and we both got good pictures. Two years later I discovered the man to be Charles Nolley, the audion-visual manager at the Temple and we became great friends. Over the previous 10 years I had been making slide shows on the Faith and Charles ordered 12 sets of these for use at the temple.

The time had come for us to investigate pioneering in Peru *on the spot*. Alicia and I flew to Lima, the capital and then took a bus 300 miles inland up into the Andes. Our destination was Carjamarca, a busy little town at 9,000 ft where our eldest daughter Catherine and her family had been living for two years with Ramin's elder sister, Shafligeh. They had received very few visitors from the U.S.A. and were delighted to see us but had recently suffered a major loss. All their Baha'i books had been stored in a disused shower bath. (don't ask me why!) Unknown to anyone a back pressure on the water system had flood all the books. They were trying desperately to dry them out before mould appeared, it was almost hopeless. Fortunately they were in the process of moving into their own house nearby and we went with them and help spread the sodden books on the floor.

Since they were starting up a small fast food cafe in town, they had to be economical in all things. This house was cheap - just mud walls, unfinished. A primitive bathroom out in the yard and a water and electric supply which often disappeared altogether, but it was home and they were pioneering in a very needy place.

there
In town, was a plentiful supply of hot water from underground sources. For 5 cents each the whole family were able to bathe together in a bricked hole in the ground. We were told that these baths "Los banyos" were using the same water supply that the Inca kings used thousands of years ago. It was most refreshing. The water came to each bath through long open air channels. It was too hot and we mixed it to our liking by moving a brick. *and letting in some cold water.*

The teaching work was going on steadily and everyone except us could speak fluent Spanish. Ramin's favorite activity was sitting in the park and chatting with the local people. *paragraf/ll* There were large numbers of Campasinos (country folk) doing their shopping in town and their attire was very picturesq; the women wore voluminous colored skirts and black round hats, All were

in town to do shopping or seeing relatives. One morning I awoke to the sound of chanting and the tone of a wierd horn. Grabbing my camera, I went outside and tracked it down to a group of workers planting potatoes in a field. An old man had a horn about ten feet long. When he blew, the workers responded with a chant and then planted more potatoes until the next blast came. They greeted me cheerfully and did not mind being photographed. I then went on to a neighbours hut to collect our daily jug of rather dubious looking milk; this we always boiled. After breakfast I set about putting several sodden books out in the sun to dry. In each case I had to gently open every page. Some of the books, like Dawnbreakers took a long time but the sun was strong and soon I was making real progress. After several days I had dried them all out and then had to glue some of them back to their bindings. Eventually nearly all were brought back to a usable condition.

here

Shaflicheh's son Moojan was married and he found a living, in a unique way. He painted ^{colored} designs on glass and sold them in varying sizes. Some of his big ones were put up in churches (with appropriate designs) and they looked much like real leaded glass windows. Although most of the population was very poor indeed, there were still a lot of rich people who gave high prices for Moojan's work. For some years he has been making a good living out of it. He was also excellent at teaching the Faith because he had a sunny disposition and many people in town knew him because he used to work in the tax office.

Ramin and Cathy now decided to move down to the coast where there was more business and he could earn his living better. *Returning to Cargamaica he noticed that big trucks regularly brought food up from the coast and returned empty. He walked around town until he found one and offered the man money to take all his furniture to Trujillo. a big town down on the coast. Alicia, Cathy and her baby took a plane and Ramin and I went with the truck. There was no room in the cab for me so I crawled in under the kitchen table and lay down on a mat. We set off as it grew dark. Soon we ^{re} stopped patrol who asked about our business. We were* *He visited Trujillo & rented an apartment.*

apparently breaking the law in some way but suddenly the policeman recognised us as the relatives of Moojan's little girl and waved us through. The truck then churned its way up another thousand feet to go over a mountain pass. Here we stopped at a very primitive hut ^{at 11,000 ft} which was an eating house for travellers. I woke up and scrambled out from under the kitchen table. We entered a dingy room lit by candles and an oil lamp. Ramin ordered a dish of rice and meat which was eventually produced. I had noticed a giant dog in the corner as we came in, and he had given us a friendly wag of his tail. On biting into the meat in the semi darkness, I realised why; the meat was uneatable; the dog received it with enthusiasm as I flung it into his corner. Back on the dirt road again, all night long we wound our way down to sealevel and along the coast. Much of this coastal road crept along a sheer precipice with little passing room. Illogically I was glad to be under the kitchen table where I could not see it. Strangely I must have slept for the whole eight hour journey. Perhaps it was because I realised things were out of my control and I was entirely in the hand of God.

In Trujillo, Ramin began setting up a soft drink and snack shop near the market and this was to sustain them for some years until giant inflation of 3,000 per cent gripped the country. We stayed with the family for a few weeks and then went to Lima city to look into educational and job facilities for our now grown children. Then we flew back to the U.S.A. to pack up all our portable belongings for a real move to Peru. I had the big job of selling our recreation vehical and crating up all our things into six giant packing cases. Alicia and Julia flew back to Lima, stayed with some Baha'is and started looking for accomodation.

It was lonley being without family, but there was much for me to do but one day I received a phone call from Alicia. She had contracted serious asthma in the very dusty city of Lima, where it never did rain. Her case was so dangerous that I told them both to come back to the U.S.A. immediately for treatment.

Alicia and Julia had made good friends with a lot of people in Lima. They had both spent much time helping run the Baha'i center there and Julia had become quite friendly with a fine young Peruvian named Ramiro who was a bit older than herself. She asked permission to remain in Lima. The family of her friend offered to look after her while Alicia came back to the U.S.A. so she stayed on and gradually fell in love with Ramiro. He was a very active Baha'i. Among his services was the giving out of the Promise of World Peace booklet. He and another lady had visited 63 foreign embassies in Lima (after applying for an interview each time) and successfully delivered a booklet to each. They were treated with real respect.

On one of these missions, the Ambassador of a Moslem state was the recipient. After receiving the Message he asked the Baha'is a question: "Why are they persecuting the Baha'is in Iran?" Since they had decided beforehand that they should not speak to the Ambassador about the Faith, Ramiro replied: "May I have your honour's permission to reply with a question?" "Certainly." "Does your honour accept Muhammad as the Prophet of God?" "Of course." "Do you accept Muhammad as the Seal of the Prophets?" "Certainly". The questions continued on all the basic Moslem beliefs until Ramiro offered. "Your honour, this is what Baha'is believe!" The ambassador was deeply impressed.

I have included these details not only to suggest that Ramiro is a good Baha'i actively serving the Faith, but also to show that we had very good reason to consider him a trustworthy son-in-law, for within a few weeks he had proposed to Julia and been accepted. We could not afford to go to Peru for the wedding and we gave our parental permission on what we knew about him. They were married in the home of his parents and a few months later they immigrated to the U.S.A. Although neither of them could speak the other's language at first, yet now they were both fluent in both. Soon each had a good job in the U.S.A. and a year later Tommy was born. Ramiro's parents write to us very warmly from time to time, through an interpreter, showing their love and great respect for Julia and her parents. Now,

some years later it has turned out to be a very good marriage. We hope that one day we will all be able to meet these lovely relatives of Ramiro and rejoice together in this link between our two nations.

To return to our own plans, for the next three years we tried every kind of treatment for dear Alicia. Sometimes we thought we had found something useful for her ailment, but nothing offered a lasting cure. However, with care she was able to lead a normal life. She decided to get trained as a travel agent, so we went to live at San Carlos, California, where there was a suitable college. However, the prospects of her making a useful career in this way did not turn out well, so we moved to Capitola ^{near Santa Cruz} by the sea because we had been told that the ozone released by the ocean was beneficial for asthma.

Photo - Santa Cruz
religion day
1982

It was about this time that Susan, our second eldest found the right young man. Although not a Baha'i he was much inclined to its teachings. Within a few months he became an active Baha'i and soon they were married. Susan's health was not always good and George turned out to be a most understanding and helpful husband.

Cathy and Ramin now visited from Peru and then went on to a pilgrimage in the Holy Land. They returned to their pioneer post in Peru much uplifted. Another big influence in our lives was the fact that Bosch Baha'i Summer School was quite near by and each year we were able to spend some days there. The peaceful serenity coupled with meeting so many dedicated people from far and wide seemed to bring a blessing which was accentuated by the beautiful forests all around.

Finding that the ocean air had not improved Alicia's health after a year, we moved to the dry desert conditions of Las Cruces in New Mexico. Here we found a happy, lively Baha'i community and soon Alicia was setting up a weekly Baha'i class for the children of the whole area. She had developed such schools twice before, at the farm in England and in Portland, Oregon. She first gathered together about 12 concerned mothers.

→
far east
trip
see appendix
1987
goes in here

and formed them into a School Board. The Board then worked out all the practical details of the proposed school, including the choice of venue and curriculum. When all was ready the School Board submitted themselves to the Local Spiritual Assembly of Las Cruces as their parent authority who were delighted with the project. They started training the teachers several months before starting the *classes*.

When the classes began, parents and children from other assembly areas, even El Paso, 50 miles away joined in. Difficulties came up of course, but everyone was determined the school should thrive and give their children the steady spiritual sustenance that Bahá'u'lláh has stipulated. Three years later (1992) it is still flourishing and growing.

Photo:

James, Michele, Matt

In 1990 our son James married a lovely Chinese lady from Taiwan. They had met at the California College of Art in Oakland, where they were both students together. Michele Tu had been educated in the Bay area but she was not a Bahá'í when they were courting. James used a lot of gentleness in showing her the Faith and after a long time she recognised Bahá'u'lláh. Now, after two years of marriage they are both keen active Bahá'is and both serving on the Local Spiritual Assembly as well as on the School Board.

To return to Alicia and myself. After one year in the dry conditions of Las Cruces, we had to leave, because the electric storms seemed to adversely affect Alicia's asthma. We packed up and drove our rented U-Haul van with all our furniture in it, westwards to look for a small town without polluted air and where we could buy a cheap house on mortgage. After investigating several towns we found our ideal home in Red Bluff Judicial district. Well it was nearly ideal, it did have short spells of high temperature in summer, but we had a good air conditioner and our house looked out onto green country.

Here we settled in very happily with warm encouragement from the local Bahá'í group. Soon there were two new declarations, Lisa and Kurt Harms. Then two other Bahá'is, Jan Marina and Sheila Granger moved into Red Bluff town group. Our good fortune continued, for a few months later Jacqueline and Gene Wildhirt from San Jose moved up to our area and we now have a strong community.

Alicia had for many years been working on a curriculum for Bahá'í schools and she continued to research this project steadily. I started working on the fruit tree and building a green house. I also dug the ground and Alicia did all the planning and planting. We began building what is called "Square foot gardening." Six foot square boxes filled with correct soil mixture and planted with vegetables

We felt that we needed income to serve the Faith more fully, Alicia tried continually to find an occupation. Her main effort, spending two years learning to be a travel agent had not matured. She tried many other avenues without success. Sometimes she found part time work and threw herself whole heartedly into it, but thereby making new friends to whom she gave the Faith. But one day she was feeling frustrated at her inability to find a job, she said to me "I wonder if the world really needs me and whether my life has been a success." I replied "Oh really! Well then can you show me any Bahá'i family in the whole world which has raised four active, devoted Bahá'i children, who have married four active Bahá'i partners of four different races, Iranian, Peruvian, American and Chinese? You their mother did most of this by your unselfish, hard-working efforts in raising those children while I, their father, was usually out working on the farm. On top of that, you have been the driving force and inspiration which has started Bahá'i Sunday classes for children first our farm, for the whole area and then in the U.S.A at Portland Oregon, Las Cruces and now Red Bluff."

Truely this is a devoted, loving, persevering servant of Bahá'u'lláh who in spite of being restricted by her ailments, persevered in the way of loving service to mankind. Even today occasionally a grown up Bahá'i would greet her with "Hullo Auntie Alicia, do you remember me?" In our 18 years in England she had for years been secretary of the Child Education Committee; one her duties was to send out birthday greetings every year to each of the 800 odd Bahá'i children on her rolls. She became well known by the new generation in many countries. How many souls did she save for the new race of men, like those who many years later, as active Bahá'is greeted her with "Hullo Auntie Alicia!"

We did not know it when we came to Red Bluff, but Alicia's duties in the physical world were slowly drawing to a close. Her asthma and other problems increased, but she kept working hard as secretary of the Assembly and organiser of the childrens classes and a hundred other things to make those around her happy. We kept closely in touch with our four children and occasionally had big family gatherings at our home. These gatherings included three grand-children, Camilia, Claudette and Tommy and great were the celebrations at those times we had together.

One day her heart just stopped and her immortal soul took its flight to the real world beyond our earthly vision. There she is continuing her journey through all the worlds of God. On her worldly resting place are engraved these words:-
 "These souls are responsible for the progress of the world and the advancement of its people." Bahá'u'lláh

All four children and their families came to the funeral and then stayed a week longer; we shared our deep grief together and started planning for the future. During that week Alicia *appeared to several* individuals in various ways. Typical was Julia who, sleeping in her mother's bed, woke up in the middle of the night and rushed into my room. "Dad, Mum has just told me to go and comfort you and say "I did not have much spare energy while I had a sick body, but now I have all the energy I want!" Julia went on "Dad, you must not think of that room as a sad place, it is filled with power!"

*Photo -
prayer-Bosch*

When the families had all gone I went up to Bosch Summer School and worked for my keep the whole summer. In that time I was surrounded with many people who know Alicia and myself and their support was greatly warming. I got a lot of work done in the gardens and attended all the session I chose. After the summer I spent 2 or 3 weeks living with each of my children. They all wanted me to stay permanently of course, but I had heard of the great progress of the Faith in Romania and began planning to go there. It just happened that recently the N.S.A. of the United Kingdom had received a suggestion from the Universal House of Justice, that it could be useful if they invited overseas British Bahá'í to come back for a teaching trip in England; they sent me an invitation. I also received an invitation from the new N.S.A. of Romania to help with the teaching there. And above all an invitation came from Haifa to be present there for the 100th year celebrations of Bahá'u'lláh's passing and placing the scroll containing the names of the Knights of Bahá'u'lláh at His the threshold of His shrine. I am therefore embarking on a five month trip, visiting the three countries and returning to California. It seems to me that if I find the needs of the Faith in Romania as urgent as I have heard, that it will be hard to resist going back there for a long time.

I have just been told that seven Persian Bahá'í families are wanting to buy a building for a Bahá'í Center in Romania and are looking for a caretaker. Who knows what will happen! "Verily we are all from God, and to Him shall we return."

THE END FOR NOW!