

## 'Abdu'l-Bahá's Love for The Sick

By Susan Gammage <sup>1</sup>

'Abdu'l-Bahá's kind heart went out to those who were ill, if He could alleviate a pain or discomfort, He set about to do so. Calling on the feeble and sick was a daily occurrence and many dingy abodes were brightened by His presence:

Almost any morning, early, He may be seen making the round of the city, calling upon the feeble and the sick; many dingy abodes are brightened by His presence.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition. p. 70, #46)

He never asked others to do something He wasn't willing to do:

As I [Howard Colby Ives] write there is brought to memory a story told by Lua Getsinger, she who then sat in the audience before me. In the very early days of the knowledge of the Cause of Bahá'u'lláh in America Mrs. Getsinger was in `Akká having made the pilgrimage to the prison city to see the Master. She was with Him one day when he said to her, that He was too busy today to call upon a friend of His who was very ill and poor and He wished her to go in His place. Take him food and care for him as I have been doing. He concluded. He told her where this man was to be found and she went gladly, proud that Abdu'l-Bahá should trust her with this mission.

She returned quickly. "Master," she exclaimed, "surely you cannot realize to what a terrible place you sent me. I almost fainted from the awful stench, the filthy rooms, the degrading condition of that man and his house. I fled lest I contract some terrible disease."

Sadly and sternly Abdu'l-Bahá regarded her. "Dost thou desire to serve God," He said, "serve thy fellow man for in him dost thou see the image and likeness of God." He told her to go back to this man's house. If it is filthy she should clean it; if this brother of yours is dirty, bathe him; if he is hungry, feed him. Do not return until this is done. Many times had He done this for him and cannot she serve him once? (Howard Colby Ives, Portals to Freedom, Chapter 6)

That is how 'Abdu'l-Bahá taught Lua to serve her fellow man.

One time 'Abdu'l-Bahá cancelled a meeting because one person was ill and could not go:

On pilgrimage May Maxwell came to realize that every word and every act of the Master's had meaning and purpose. The pilgrim party was invited to meet 'Abdu'l-

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Bahá under the cedar trees on Mount Carmel where He had been in the habit of sitting with Baha'u'llah. She recalled that 'on Sunday morning we awakened with the joy and hope of the meeting on Mount Carmel. The Master arrived quite early and after looking at me, touching my head and counting my pulse, still holding my hand He said to the believers present: "There will be no meeting on Mount Carmel to-day...we could not go and leave one of the beloved of God alone and sick. We could none of us be happy unless all the beloved were happy." We were astonished. That anything so important as this meeting in that blessed spot should be cancelled because one person was ill and could not go seemed incredible. It was so contrary to all ordinary habits of thought and action, so different from the life of the world where daily events and material circumstances are supreme in importance that it gave us a genuine shock of surprise, and in that shock the foundations of the old order began to totter and fall. The Master's words had opened wide the door of God's Kingdom and given us a vision of that infinite world whose only law is love. This was but one of many times that we saw 'Abdu'l-Bahá place above every other consideration the love and kindness, the sympathy and compassion due to every soul. Indeed, as we look back upon that blessed time spent in His presence we understand that the object of our pilgrimage was to learn for the first time on earth what love is, to witness its light in every face, to feel its burning heat in every heart and to become ourselves enkindled with this divine flame from the Sun of Truth, the Essence of whose being is love.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 76)

People came to understand the wisdom of their sicknesses:

I was a child in Tehran when at the age of seven I contracted tuberculosis. There was no hope of recovery. The wisdom of this sickness became clear later. If I had not been ill, I would have been obliged to go to Mazindaran but because of this sickness I stayed in Tehran.....This was when the Blessed Beauty was in prison in Tehran. Therefore, I was afforded the honor of being in His company during His journey to Iraq. When the right time arrived, I suddenly became well, after the doctors had given up all hope of recovery. (Stories Told by 'Abdu'l-Bahá, p. 104)

There are many stories of Lua Getsinger. This one was told me by Grace Ober, who heard it from Lua herself. It happened on one of Lua's several visits to Acca and Haifa when she and 'Abdu'l-Bahá were walking together on the beach. Lua dropped behind slightly and began fitting her small feet, into His much larger foot prints. After a few moments the Master turned to ask what she was doing. "I am following in your footsteps," said Lua. He, turned away and they walked on. A few moments later, He turned again, "Do you wish to follow in my footsteps?" He asked. "Oh, yes," said Lua. They walked on - and 'Abdu'l-Bahá turned again, "Lua! Do you wish to follow in my footsteps?" His tone was louder and stern. "Oh, yes," said Lua again. Then, the third time he stopped and faced her. "Lua!" it was almost a shout, "Do you wish to follow in My footsteps?" "Oh, yes!" said Lua for the third time - and with that, a great tarantula jumped out from a hillock of sand and bit her ankle. 'Abdu'l-Bahá saw this and paid no attention, turning away and again walking. Lua

followed, still fitting her footsteps into His. Her ankle swelled, the pain became excruciating, till, finally, she sank down with the agony of it. Then 'Abdu'l-Bahá picked her up and carried her to the ladies quarters, where the Greatest Holy Leaf put her to bed. The agony increased. Lua's temperature flamed; delirium set in. Finally, the Greatest Holy Leaf could stand it no longer and she implored Abdu'l-Bahá to heal her. He examined her carefully then laid His hands gently on her forehead. The temperature drained away, her head cleared she was healed. And it was only later that it was explained to her that she had been suffering from a strange and virulent condition of her blood which the bite of the tarantula had cured. (Reginald Grant Barrow, *Mother's Stories: Stories of Abdu'l-Bahá and Early Believers* told by Muriel Ives Barrow Newhall to her son. [https://bahai-library.com/ives\\_mothers\\_stories\\_abdul-baha](https://bahai-library.com/ives_mothers_stories_abdul-baha))

He visited people in their homes, even when uninvited:

Harry Randall, the brother of Louie Mathews, was a man of wealth and affairs. He had been a classmate of Harlan Ober at Harvard and so, when Harlan learned of the Faith and became a Baha'i, he very soon gave the Message to Harry, only to discover that, busy and occupied as he was with his manifold affairs, Harry Randall's interest went no farther than a polite and courteous response, which was far from satisfactory to Harlan. He persisted in trying to interest Harry further and when Abdu'l-Bahá was to come to Boston, Harlan grew more and more pressing: Harry must go to hear Abdu'l-Bahá speak; Harry must meet Him; Harry really owed it to himself not to miss this wonderful opportunity. Finally, Harry still uninterested, but courteously anxious to please this eager friend of his, agreed to go with Harlan to hear Abdu'l-Bahá.

Ruth - Harry's wife would not be able to go with him since she was a semi invalid, in and out of sanitariums for tuberculosis a great part of the time. Just then she had come home from one of these hospitals but she was far too frail to do anything but rest quietly at home.

Harlan and Harry Randall went to the meeting together and after it was over, Harlan insisted upon taking Harry to meet Abdu'l-Bahá. Harry, still uninterested but always courteous, did as Harlan wished, and what was his astonishment when Abdu'l-Bahá warmly accepted an invitation to have tea the following afternoon at Harry's home! An invitation Harry had in no way extended.

Appalled, Harry asked Harlan what on earth he should do about it? Harlan said. "Give a tea for Him what else can you do?" "But how can I? Ruth is ill. I'm busy. How on earth - ?"

Harlan laughed, "You don't know Abdu'l-Bahá or you'd know there's some sort of reason for this, and it'll get done. You have a houseful of servants - let them brew a cup of tea for the Master and invite a few friends in to share it." So this is what Harry did and the next afternoon when Abdu'l-Bahá arrived at the lovely suburban home he found quite a group of people assembled on a wide veranda to receive Him.

Ruth Randall, delicate and lovely, was also there, seated in a far corner where she might be safe from any draft. And it was to her, ignoring all the others, that

Abdu'l-Bahá strode, His white aba billowing with the swiftness of His tread; His beautiful eyes filled with light and love. Reaching her He bent above her, murmuring "My daughter My dear daughter" and lovingly He rested His hands on her shoulders Then He turned and, smilingly, met all the other guests.

The following day, Ruth had an appointment with her doctor, who had examined her the previous week and had said that it might be necessary for her to return to the sanitarium for further treatment. He would be sure after he had seen her again. Ruth went to this appointment fearfully she was so longing to remain at home, so very reluctant to be sent again to the hospital. The doctor examined her - and was amazed. What had she been doing? What could have happened to her? She was healed. There was not the least trace left of the tuberculosis. Of course, this was an experience that neither Harry nor Ruth could ignore, so it was the beginning of their long and glorious life-time of teaching and serving the Cause they came to love so well. (Reginald Grant Barrow, *Mother's Stories: Stories of Abdu'l-Bahá and Early Believers* told by Muriel Ives Barrow Newhall to her son. [https://bahai-library.com/ives\\_mothers\\_stories\\_abdul-baha](https://bahai-library.com/ives_mothers_stories_abdul-baha))

He spent time with the sick:

His kind heart went out to those who were ill. If He could alleviate a pain or discomfort, He set about to do so. We are told that one old couple who were ill in bed for a month had twenty visits from the Master during that time. (Annamarie Honnold, *Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá*, 1982 edition, p. 37, #3)

A man, ill with tuberculosis, was avoided by his friends -- even his family was fearful and hardly dared enter his room. The Master needed only to hear of it and 'thereafter went daily to the sick man, took him delicacies, read and discoursed to him, and was alone with him when he died.' (Annamarie Honnold, *Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá*, 1982 edition, p. 37, #4)

A dear friend of the family, Jináb-í-Muníb, was taken seriously ill. When the boat stopped at Smyrna, Sárkár-i-Aqá ('Abdu'l-Bahá) and Mírzá Músá carried him ashore, and took him to a hospital. The Master brought a melon and some grapes; returning with the refreshing fruit for him - He found that he had died. Arrangements were made with the director of the hospital for a simple funeral. The Master chanted some prayers, then, heartsore, came back to the boat. (Lady Blomfield, *The Chosen Highway*, p. 65)

He gave them the necessities of life:

When a poor and crippled woman was shunned on contracting measles, the Master, on being informed, 'immediately engaged a woman to care for her; took a room, put comfortable bedding (His own) into it, called the doctor, sent food and everything she needed. He went to see that she had every attention, and when she died in peace and comfort, He it was Who arranged her simple funeral, paying

all charges.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 37, #3)

He would feed them with His own hands:

Bahíyyih Randall was only thirteen years old when she went to Haifa to see the Master. She recalled that 'there was a perfectly wonderful person who always sat on the right of 'Abdu'l-Bahá at dinner. His name was Haydar-'Alí and he had been a follower of Bahá'u'lláh and was so meek and so beautiful. His hands would shake so that he could not eat. He was such an old, old man, and 'Abdu'l-Bahá would feed him with such tenderness. (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 82, #66)

He would cheer their hearts, saying:

Joy is the best cure for your illness. Joy is better than a hundred thousand medicines for a sick person. If there is a sick person and one wishes to cure him, let one cause joy and happiness in his heart. (1906 Pilgrim's notes by Ali- Kuli Khan, [https://bahai-library.com/ali-khan\\_pilgrim-notes\\_1906](https://bahai-library.com/ali-khan_pilgrim-notes_1906))

Here's how He did it:

While in San Francisco, 'Abdu'l-Bahá visited a black believer, Mr Charles Tinsley, who had been confined to bed for a long time with a broken leg. The Master said to him: 'You must not be sad. This affliction will make you spiritually stronger. Do not be sad. Cheer up! Praise be to God, you are dear to me.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 38, #5)

One day 'Abdu'l-Bahá asked about the health of Mr Haney. He told the Master quite frankly, 'My body is always well, but I am receiving so much Spiritual Food while here that I fear I shall have Spiritual indigestion.' But his Host assured him: 'No, you are going to digest it, for He who gives you the Spiritual Food is going to give you digestive power.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 126, #20)

To Mrs Smith, a new Baha'i, who belonged to a distinguished Philadelphia family and who was suffering with a headache, the Master said, 'You must be happy always. You must be counted among the people of joy and happiness and must be adorned with divine morals. In a large measure happiness keeps our health while depression of spirit begets diseases. The substance of eternal happiness is spirituality and divine morality, which has no sorrow to follow it.' (Annamarie Honnold, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, 1982 edition, p. 112, #4)

He showered love on people:

On the day I arrived at Haifa I was ill with a dysentery which I had picked up in the course of my travels. 'Abdu'l-Bahá sent His own physician to me, and visited me Himself. He said, "I would that I could take your illness upon Myself." I have never forgotten this. I felt, I knew, that in making this remark 'Abdu'l-Bahá was not speaking in mere terms of sympathy. He meant just what He said.

Such is the great love of the Kingdom, of which 'Abdu'l-Bahá spoke so often and so much. This is a love that is difficult, almost impossible, for us to acquire -- though we may seek to approximate its perfection. It is more than sympathy, more than empathy. It is sacrificial love. (Some Warm Memories of 'Abdu'l-Bahá -- by Stanwood Cobb <http://bahaitalks.blogspot.ca/2012/06/some-warm-memories-of-abdul-baha-by.html#more>)

He never judged:

I remember as though it were yesterday another illustration of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's divine technique. I was not at all well that summer. A relapse was threatening a return of a condition which had necessitated a major operation the year before. My nervous condition made me consider breaking the habit of smoking which had been with me all my adult life. I had always prided myself on the ability to break the habit at any time. In fact I had several times cut off the use of tobacco for a period of many months. But this time to my surprise and chagrin I found my nerves and will in such a condition that after two or three days the craving became too much for me.

Finally it occurred to me to ask the assistance of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. I had read His beautiful Tablet beginning: "O ye pure friends of God!" in which He glorified personal cleanliness and urged the avoidance of anything tending towards habits of self-indulgence. "Surely," I said to myself, "He will tell me how to overcome this habit."

So, when I next saw Him I told Him all about it. It was like a child confessing to His mother, and my voice trailed away to embarrassed silence after only the fewest of words. But He understood, indeed much better than I did. Again I was conscious of an embracing, understanding love as He regarded me. After a moment He asked quietly, how much I smoked.

I told him.

He said He did not think that would hurt me, that the men in the Orient smoked all the time, that their hair and beards and clothing became saturated, and often very offensive. But that I did not do this, and at my age and having been accustomed to it for so many years He did not think that I should let it trouble me at all. His gentle eyes and smile seemed to hold a twinkle that recalled my impression of His enjoyment of a divine joke

I was somewhat overwhelmed. Not a dissertation on the evils of habit; not an explanation of the bad effects on health; not a summoning of my will power to overcome desire, rather a Charter of Freedom did He present to me. I did not understand but it was a great relief for somehow I knew that this was wise advice. So immediately that inner conflict was stilled and I enjoyed my smoke with no smittings of conscience. But two days after this conversation I found the desire for

tobacco had entirely left me and I did not smoke again for seven years. (Howard Colby Ives, Portals to Freedom, pp. 44-45)

He encouraged the care givers: Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, poet, and her husband, Dr T. K. Cheyne, esteemed critic, lived in Oxford, England, when 'Abdu'l-Bahá visited them. Dr Cheyne's health and strength were waning.

The beautiful loving care of the devoted wife for her gifted, invalid husband touched the heart of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. With tears in His kind eyes He spoke of them' to Mrs. Thornburgh-Cropper and myself on our way back to London:

"She is an angelic woman, an example to all in her unselfish love. Yes, she is a perfect woman. An angel.'" (Lady Blomfield, The Chosen Highway, p. 169)

He educated people on spiritual and material healing:

Mrs Parsons was at the luncheon. Before she became a Bahá'í she had been a Christian Scientist, and now she brought up the question of mental suggestion as a cure for physical disease. The Master replied that some illnesses, such as consumption and insanity, developed from spiritual causes -- grief, for example -- and that these could be healed by the spirit. But Mrs Parsons persisted. Could not extreme physical cases, like broken bones, also be healed by the spirit?

A large bowl of salad had been placed before the Master, Who sat at the head of the table, Florence Khánum on His right.

"If all the spirits in the air," He laughed, "were to congregate together, they could not create a salad! Nevertheless, the spirit of man is powerful. For the spirit of man can soar in the firmament of knowledge, can discover realities, can confer life, can receive the Divine Glad-Tidings. Is not this greater," and He laughed again, "than making a salad?" (The Diary of Juliet Thompson, pp. 269-270)

He made sure people had medical attention, hiring doctors and paying for them Himself:

As there was no hospital in Akká, He hired a doctor by the name of Nikolaki Bey. He gave the doctor a regular salary to look after the very poor, and He asked the doctor not to tell who paid for the service. (Lady Blomfield, The Chosen Highway, p. 101)

But always, the poor turned to 'Abdu'l-Bahá for help.

For instance, there was a poor, crippled woman named Na'um who used to come to 'Abdu'l-Bahá every week for a gift of money.

One day, a man came running; "Oh Master!" he said, "Poor Na'um has the measles, and everybody is keeping away from her. What can be done?" Abdu'l-Baha immediately sent a woman to take care of her; He rented a room, put His own bedding in it, called the doctor, sent food and everything she needed. He went to see that she had every attention. And when she died in peace and comfort, He

arranged a simple funeral and paid all the expenses Himself." (Lady Blomfield, *The Chosen Highway*, p. 101)

When a Turkish man, living in Haifa, lost his position, he, his wife and children were in desperate need. They went to 'Abdu'l-Bahá for help and were naturally greatly aided. When the poor man became ill, again the Master stood ready to help. He provided a doctor, medicine and provisions to make him comfortable. When this man felt he was to die, he asked for 'Abdu'l-Bahá ...

...

The Master arranged for the funeral and provided food, clothing and travel-tickets for the family to go to Turkey. His sympathetic heart was as wide as the universe. (Annamarie Honnold, *Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá*, 1982 edition, pp. 55-56, #29)

He cured some:

... Lua was so traumatized by the idea of leaving him that in an attempt to delay, she deliberately went into the woods and walked through poison ivy. Later, in bed with her feet terribly swollen:

"Look at me, Julie," she said. "Look at my feet. Oh, please go right back to the Master and tell Him about them and say: how can Lua travel now?"

I did it, returned to the Master's house, found Him in His room and put Lua's question to Him. He laughed, then crossed the room to a table on which stood a bowl of fruit, and, selecting an apple and a pomegranate, gave them to me.

"Take these to Lua," He said. "Tell her to eat them, and she will be cured. Spend the day with her, Julie."

O precious Lua – strange mixture of disobedience and obedience – and all from love! I shall never forget her, seizing first the apple, then the pomegranate and gravely chewing them all the way through till Not even a pomegranate seed was left: thoroughly eating her cure, which was certain to send her to California.

In the late afternoon we were happily surprised by a visit from the Master Himself. He drew back the sheet and looked at Lua's feet, which by that time were beautifully slim. Then He burst out laughing.

"See," He said, "I have cured Lua with an apple and a pomegranate."

...

So poor Lua had to go to California. There was no way out for her. (Earl Redman, *Abdul-Bahá in Their Midst*, pp. 120-121)

Muhammad-Hádí ... was from Isfahan, and as a binder and illuminator of books he had no peer. When he gave himself up to the love of God he was alert on the path and fearless. He abandoned his home and began a dreadful journey, passing with extreme hardship from one country to another until he reached the Holy Land and became a prisoner. He stationed himself by the Holy Threshold, carefully sweeping it and keeping watch. Through his constant efforts, the square in front of Bahá'u'lláh's house was at all times swept, sprinkled and immaculate.

...



When his sweeping, sprinkling and tidying was done, he would set to work illuminating and binding the various books and Tablets. So his days went by, his heart happy in the presence of the Beloved of mankind. He was an excellent soul, righteous, true, worthy of the bounty of being united with his Lord, and free of the world's contagion.

One day he came to me and complained of a chronic ailment. "I have suffered from chills and fever for two years," he said, "The doctors have prescribed a purgative, and quinine. The fever stops a few days; then it returns. They give me more quinine, but still the fever returns. I am weary of this life, and can no longer do my work. Save me!"

"What food would you most enjoy?" I asked him. "What would you eat with great appetite?"

"I don't know," he said.

Jokingly, I named off the different dishes. When I came to barley soup with whey (*ásh-i-kashk*), he said, "Very good! But on condition there is braised garlic in it."

I directed them to prepare this for him, and I left. The next day he presented himself and told me: "I ate a whole bowlful of the soup. Then I laid my head on my pillow and slept peacefully till morning." In short, from then on he was perfectly well for about two years. (Abdu'l-Bahá, *Memorials of the Faithful*, pp. 68-69)

He couldn't save everyone though:

One day a believer came to me and said: "Muhammad-Hadí is burning up with fever." I hurried to his bedside and found him with a fever of 42 Centigrade. He was barely conscious. "What has he done?" I asked. "When he became feverish," was the reply, "he said that he knew from experience what he should do. Then he ate his fill of barley soup with whey and braised garlic; and this was the result.

"I was astounded at the workings of fate. I told them: "Because, two years ago, he had been thoroughly purged and his system was clear; because he had a hearty appetite for it, and his ailment was fever and chills, I prescribed the barley soup. But this time, with the different foods he has had, with no appetite, and especially with a high fever, there was no reason to diagnose the previous chronic condition. How could he have eaten the soup!"...Things had gone too far; Muhammad-Hadi was past saving. (Abdu'l-Bahá, *Memorials of the Faithful*, p. 69)

Sometimes He gave people a choice about whether to be healed or not:

One brief incident that made a lasting impression on Leroy illustrates this power of the Master. It occurred one evening when 'Abdu'l-Bahá spoke at the Masonic Temple [in Chicago]. More than a thousand people were present. The Ioas and Dealy families were very close, as it was through Paul Dealy that they had become Bahá'ís. The Ioases had brought Mrs. Dealy to the meeting, as she to her great distress was going blind. Following the Master's talk, as hundreds milled around Him, she told her son he should have an interpreter ask 'Abdu'l-Bahá to speak to her. Leroy, who was sitting next to her, remembers the son saying that would be

impossible with all the people present. But she insisted and he went to pass on her request. The interpreter indicated she should sit on the aisle where 'Abdu'l-Bahá would leave. As the Master went up the aisle He stopped and greeted her lovingly. She reached for His hand and said, "'Abdu'l-Bahá, please put your hand on my forehead, and I know that I will see.'" "Yes, my daughter," He answered, "you will see. But you will have to choose. You may have your spiritual sight or your physical sight—which do you desire?" She said with emotion, "'Abdu'l-Bahá, that is no choice! I would be blind a thousand years before I would give up my spiritual sight!" "Well said, my daughter, well said," replied the Master as He touched her shoulder and continued on His way out. Sitting next to her on that bench, Leroy realized with a chill how in that moment she had decided on her destiny. She was steadfast. (Leroy Ioas, *Hand of the Cause of God* by Anita Ioas Chapman, pp. 25-26)

Thomas [Breakwell] wrote to the Master, happily saying that, if he were Persian, he would have chosen to be a martyr. He had been admitted to hospital, and was in the tuberculosis ward. But news from the young man continued to reach 'Akká, conveying an ever-increasing joy, despite his suffering.

Sometimes, when Dr. Khan read Thomas's letters to 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the Master would remain silent. Dr. Khan knew that the 'mysterious communion between the lover and the Beloved had no need of the spoken word.' At other times, the Master would ask his secretary simply to convey His greetings. Although Thomas could have asked for healing, he never did, but prayed always for greater suffering. The more his illness consumed him, the greater his joy became.

Hippolyte Dreyfus, who was able to visit Thomas in hospital, relates how the young Englishman spoke to the other patients enthusiastically about the Bahá'í Faith. Some of his listeners were upset by his message, others criticized it. But Thomas, unperturbed, maintained his tranquility and told them that he was not going to die, but was merely departing for the Kingdom of God, and that he would pray for them in heaven.

Writing of his pain, he said: "Suffering is a heady wine; I am prepared to receive that bounty which is the greatest of all; torments of the flesh have enabled me to draw much nearer to my Lord. All agony notwithstanding, I wish life to endure longer, so that I may taste more of pain. That which I desire is the good-pleasure of my Lord; mention me in His presence." (Lakshiman-Lepain, *The Life of Thomas Breakwell*. [https://bahai-library.com/lakshiman-lepain\\_life\\_thomas\\_breakwell](https://bahai-library.com/lakshiman-lepain_life_thomas_breakwell))

Finally, He gave them to God:

At one time Juliet Thompson asked the Master about His daughter, Rúhá Khánum, who had been very ill. 'Abdu'l-Bahá replied:

I have put her in the hands of the Blessed Perfection, and now I don't worry at all. (The Diary of Juliet Thompson, p. 243)