

“Remembering the Master”

Stories about Abdu’l-Baha

by Rhonda Palmer

followed by

**Talk on the Day of Departure
On Board Steamship Celtic, New York**

by Abdu'l-Baha

from *Promulgation of Universal Peace*

2012

Introduction by Emcee: In 2012 Bahá’ís celebrated the 100th anniversary of the visit of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá to America. As the Son of Prophet-Founder Bahá’u’lláh, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá was given many names and titles—the Perfect Exemplar, the Center of the Covenant, the Mystery of God. The Bahá’ís themselves often lovingly refer to Him as “The Master.” His impact on people—rich and poor, old and young, famous and ordinary, Bahá’í and non-Bahá’í, was extraordinary. Here to tell us some stories of His time in America and how he changed the lives of various individuals is a fictitious character and monologue created by Rhonda Palmer. Let us now welcome, Miss Emmaline White.

Dear friends, I’ve come to tell some stories about The Beloved Master. I guess you are wondering who I am. *[If visuals are used (see a PowerPoint version at bahai-library.com/palmer_perry_remembering_master): **Picture of group standing around the Master.** (239 days page 100) Point to someone with an obscured face.]*[optional: That’s me. The person with the face you can’t see.]

My name is Miss Emmeline White. I was 28 in 1912, and I taught English to ninth grade girls in Brooklyn. That makes me 122 years old now! So if I have to refer to these notes now and then you will surely understand.

There were so many of us who were touched by the Master's presence when he came to the United States. I went to one of the meetings in New York with a friend, Miss Emma Melick, who said, "My dear, you must see this wonderful Man!" We went to the Church of the Ascension at Fifth and Tenth in New York City and heard him speak about Jesus and then we followed Him up to West 57th street to hear him speak again at the Carnegie Lyceum. Can you imagine such a small old man with such strength and power that he could speak so often and in so many places? Well, I just simply fell in love with Him. We all did, really.

We talked about Him incessantly. We loved to hear stories about Him and to tell others the stories we had heard. We dreamed of Him, and longed to see Him just for a moment. Dear Juliet Thompson told me that when the Master arrived in New York, He asked Mr. Kinney to escort Him to the Kinney home where He would meet the Bahá'ís in the afternoon. Juliet couldn't wait to just look at Him, so she talked Rhoda Nichols and Marjorie Morton into hiding on the pier with her. They tried to make themselves as small as possible so as not to be noticed, and were actually hiding in a doorway, but just before the Master got in Mr. Kinney's automobile, He turned, looked at them and smiled. It was a smile from heaven itself, Juliet said.

Here is how one newspaper described Him: (*The Independent* July 18, Ward, *239 Days* p . 112)

“He is an aged man now, with a long white beard and a saintly face, worn but peaceful. His bearing is simple and dignified, unembarrassed by unaccustomed surroundings, giving his message from a Christian pulpit to a strange audience in a foreign land with the same earnestness and naturalness as though he were addressing his disciples in Acre. To say “from a pulpit” is hardly correct, since he dislikes to occupy such an exalted position, preferring to put himself upon a level with his audience. Standing upon the floor or walking to and fro, he speaks quietly in Persian, which, sentence by sentence, is translated, tho at times his expressive features and gestures make the services of an interpreter superfluous. He wears a small white turban and a black robe over a white girdled garment. He greets the audience by touching his forehead repeatedly with the palm of the right hand and closes his sermon with a half-chanted prayer, standing and holding his hands upward and open, as though ready to receive the blessing he beseeches.”

He was so kind to each of us, and though there was often a crowd of followers and well-wishers around Him, He would still make each of us feel as though He had come to America for the sole purpose of enlightening us. My good friend Bertha Clark wrote to me about her meeting with the Master, and said (Oh, here is her letter right here.) that, “At the Kinney home there were between three and four hundred souls waiting to receive His blessing. He came to each one of us and took our hands in His with a loving greeting and a few words I did not understand. However I felt an electric shock that went from my head to my feet. This was a day I am sure that no one that was present will ever forget. Whenever the Master spoke, in homes or churches, hall or societies, I went almost at the cost of my position which I had held for many years.” [page 206 236 Days.] I thought I might lose my job also, as I told them I must have a week off. Now this was just unheard of in my school, but I didn’t care if I lost my job, as long as I could see His face again.

How can I begin to explain the kind of light that He brought into our darkness? So many things we had no way of understanding until He arrived, and then He didn't merely tell us, Oh NO, He patiently showed us how God truly worked in our lives, how much He loved us, and how little we knew of the little we knew. I heard a story that one of the Friends in England spoke of, a Lady Blomfield who traveled much with the Master during his time there. She wrote of The Master's last morning in England and of His last lesson for them all.

(read letter)

"The last morning came. The secretaries and several friends were ready to start for the train. 'Abdu'l-Baha sat calmly writing. We reminded Him that the hour to leave for the train was at hand. He looked up, saying: "There are things of more importance than trains," and He continued to write.

Suddenly in breathless haste a man came in, carrying in his hand a beautiful garland of fragrant white flowers. Bowing low before the Master, he said: "In the name of the disciples of Zoroaster, The Pure One, I hail Thee as the 'Promised Shah Bahram'!"

Then the man, for a sign, garlanded 'Abdu'l-Baha, and proceeded to anoint each and all of the amazed friends who were present with precious oil, which had the odor of fresh roses. This brief but impressive ceremony concluded, 'Abdu'l-Baha, having carefully divested Himself of the garland, departed for the train. We had witnessed a solemn act in the Mysterious Sacred Drama of the World. [Blomfield, *The Chosen Highway*, p. 174.

He really turned our world upside down. Things we thought of as having the greatest importance He showed us were as insignificant as dust. Little things we never noticed were given great glory and honor. How could we ever take it all in?

Can you imagine how the Friends wanted to please the Master? They would do anything for him, and tried to give Him money and cars and clothing. He always refused and said that these things should be used to help the poor. But I heard of one gift that He accepted and this story just thrilled me to my soul. You see, He had been invited to a very lavish dinner, and the table was full of delicious food and everyone sat down to enjoy a great feast. ‘Abdu’l-Baha was there, passing around the plates piled high with good things to eat. Then one of the friends gave ‘Abdu’l-Baha a present. It had been sent by a very poor man who lived far away, who gave the only thing he could give—his dinner. It was wrapped up in a clean cotton handkerchief. Inside was a shriveled apple and a piece of dry, black bread. ‘Abdu’l-Baha looked at the present and was very happy. He pushed His plate of food away and ate the old apple and the hard bread. He even broke bits off to share with the friends. Think of it friends! He accepted the only gift this poor man had to offer. Surely He would then accept the poor gifts of my own foolish heart!

The Master loved laughter. He loved to hear it among the friends, and he would often laugh loudly and beautifully. If I listen carefully enough there are still bits of His laughter lingering in my heart like church bells. . . Be happy, He would tell us. Be happy, be full of joy. He would tell funny stories all the time. I heard that at one very important dinner with a lot of important Americans He spent the evening telling one humorous story after another until the whole dinner party rang with laughter. After the meal, He softly asked His hostess if she was pleased with Him.

One story I thought amusing was the time He met with the executive committee of the New York Spiritual Assembly. ‘Abdu’l-Baha had been asked to be present. After listening to their deliberations for a half-hour or so He calmly arose to leave.

At the door He paused a moment and surveyed the faces turned towards Him. After a moment of silence He said, that He had been told that this was a meeting of the executive committee. “Yes, Master,” said the Chairman. “Then why do you not execute?” You see, even His humor taught us valuable lessons about ourselves. Everything He did was a lesson, and He wanted OUR lives to be like His. Could we ever change enough?

Now, friends, I need to tell you that we were not always comfortable with what the Master told us. Each of us had our own hard burdens to bear and it seemed that He knew each of us better than we knew ourselves. What was my burden? Well, I had never really seen a coloured person before He came, you know, to really see him as a person. There were coloreds around all the time, you know, but they were just cleaning or cooking or something. I never really thought much about them. The Master said that “Color is Nothing.” and I wanted to believe Him, but really, Color is often something, isn’t it? And you know, every time I went to see Him speak, I would end up standing next to a coloured person. The first few times it happened my skin just crawled, but by and by the beauty of His face would take over my soul and I would forget about everything else.

[Glenwood Springs]

I want to change the subject just a little, but let’s not forget that I’m still talking about how hard it is to become a better person, even when someone like the dear Master is right in front of you. After all, how many people heard Jesus Christ speak in His day and yet did not understand what He was talking about? Well, now I want to tell you a story about Glenwood Springs and The Hotel Colorado. I wasn’t able to travel with Him so far west, and so can only repeat stories that I have heard. On September 26, He got on a train in Denver. At 2am He got off of the train at Glenwood Springs and took rooms at the Hotel Colorado. After morning prayers and tea, ‘Abdu’l-Baha and His companions strolled around the beautiful grounds,

surrounded by these towering mountains. Then they went to the bath houses and bathed in the hot spring water. The Master said, “We have been in many places during this journey but we had no time to see the sights. We had not even a moment’s rest. Today, however, we have had a little respite.” As they came out and looked at the river and mountains, ‘Abdu’l-Baha said, “May God have mercy on the tyrants who kept the Blessed Beauty in prison for forty years. Such scenes were loved by Him.” How happy you all must be to see these sights and know that Bahá'u'lláh would have been happy seeing them!

The Master indicated that it would be well to have lunch in the central garden of the Hotel. The manager came just then and, without being asked, ordered the waiters to set up tables and serve lunch to them in the garden. As they ate, they could be seen from all areas. People began to speak to them and recognize them from the pictures and articles that had appeared in the Denver newspapers.

They started coming to Him by groups to talk with Him. Among the many telegrams He received that day was one indicating that Thornton Chase was ill in a hospital in Los Angeles.

That was a special day also, as it was the day that Louisa Mathews and Louis Gregory were married in New York City. . . .

I still can’t believe how I reacted when I first got news of the upcoming wedding of Louisa Mathews and Louis Gregory. It was like telling me that I could walk on the moon, or that the president was a woman, it was that impossible. I kept asking my friend Bertha if she was absolutely sure. Yes, she was sure. But where will they live? I asked. Who will talk with them? Where will they sleep? What if they get arrested? Did they know that in 25 of these United States it was ILLEGAL for them to be married? She was a little calmer than I was, and more sure of the

Master's command. She told me that He had actually instructed them to marry, and that he said, "I wish the white and the colored people to marry."

Now, Mr. Gregory was very intelligent for a colored, I mean he was a lawyer and all and a real credit to his race, and Miss Mathews was English and you know how they are, but still. Well it just shook me through and through. And most of the Bahá'ís were stunned. I mean it is one thing to SAY that color doesn't matter, but to expect me to see some people as my equal well, I just didn't know what to do.

One evening I was sitting at the Kinney home, hoping for just a glimpse of His face, or perhaps a word or two. Mr. Howard Colby Ives was there also, as were many others. Suddenly a large group of street urchins came in the door and do you know? They had been invited by Mrs. Kinney, to see the Master! They all smelled pretty bad, I can tell you, and probably hadn't seen the inside of a bath in their lives, but Mrs. Kinney invited them in as though they were little princes from the Orient. And the Master! Well, He hugged them for all they were worth, and held their hands, and smiled and laughed so you could almost think he was a boy himself! The last of these urchins to come in the door was a colored lad, and he hung back a little. When the Master saw him you would have thought the King of England had come in! He raised His hand and said that "Here was a black rose." The smile and the tears on that boy's face almost broke my heart. Suddenly I saw how much suffering that child had endured just because of the color of his skin, and I saw the joy in his little heart at being seen, really seen. That joy was enough to light up a whole city. The Master then began giving the boys some expensive chocolates that had been placed in His room. They were pretty happy to have sweets, you can be sure. But suddenly He took a very black chocolate and laid it on the cheek of the little black boy. Then he looked around the room at all of us with such a look of good will and love . . .and humor! All of us, the boys and His followers, we all saw what He meant, without a word being spoken. Here was the sweet in the room, He was telling us, and if we tasted this sweetness we would find it good. That boy's eyes never left the Master. That's when

I decided that I would just ignore all of my bad thoughts and feelings about the colored race and just DO what the Master said to do. It wasn't easy, as even the Bahá'ís had a hard time with it and had separate meetings for a long time after His visit to the United States. But I found a colored friend, and she and I became like sisters after a while, and she even came to my apartment for tea sometimes, although my landlady threatened to send me packing. I was so thrilled to be able to suffer just a little and know that it was for my Beloved.

I want to say one more word about The Master and Mr. Gregory. I don't think I ever fully appreciated Mr. Gregory's plight as a colored man who was a Bahá'í. But I did see his great love for the Master and it was a pure and steady love, a love that would work hard and endure much. And the Master had great love for this rare man. He compared him to pure gold. In one of the tablets we received from the Master's own hand, he suggested the kind of welcome Mr. Gregory should receive when he returned from his pilgrimage. The Master said, "Mr. Gregory is at present in great happiness. . . .He will return to America very soon, and you, the white people, should then honor and welcome this shining colored man in such a way that all the people will be astonished." (TMTW p. 48) Alas. I fear we did not astonish anyone greatly. But perhaps some of you will do so with some of your actions.

Everyone who saw the Master was transformed in one way or another by his very presence. Some of the transformations were small, like my own, others were earth shattering. There was one young man named was Fred Mortenson and he had had one of the roughest of lives. He was, to put it bluntly, a rascal and a thief. He ended up.....IN JAIL.....although I would not mention it if he himself did not tell the story so movingly. While there, he had a lawyer named Mr. Hall, who tried very hard to help poor Fred. Mr. Hall visited with him and told him stories of The Master. Fred listened, and thought he would like to meet 'Abdu'l-Baha, so Mr. Hall told him where to go and Fred set off for Green Acre—a long ways away, in

Eliot, Maine. Fred did not have any money, so he climbed on top of trains, and sometimes underneath, and traveled like that for many miles. He was a hobo! When he arrived he was dirty and tired. There were a lot of people there to meet ‘Abdu’l-Baha, many of them fashionable society people, and Fred was told to sit down and wait. Fred sat down and thought that it would be a long time before The Master would want to see him. But soon someone came to announce that ‘Abdu’l-Baha was waiting for *him*. Fred had a funny feeling inside him as he went up the stairs—he had been very bad, and he wondered if ‘Abdu’l-Baha would be harsh with him. The door opened and The Master smiled at Fred. He took his hands and said, “Welcome! Welcome! You are very welcome!” He asked Fred about his journey, and though Fred wished to avoid answering the question, he told Him with his eyes on the floor that he had been traveling on the top and underneath of trains. Then he looked up. ‘Abdu’l-Baha’s eyes shone, and He kissed Fred on both cheeks and gave him some fruit. Then he picked up Fred’s dirty hat and kissed that too! Fred stayed with the Master for a whole week, and you can be sure that he never did anything dreadful again! (Mehrabi,p 40)

And speaking of Green Acre, there was the most marvelous relationship between its founder, Miss Sarah Farmer, and ‘Abdu’l-Bahá. “I first met Sarah Farmer upon her return from Akka in 1901. She stood on the platform in Mrs. Phoebe Heart’s little theater – in a dove gray dress and a gray veil on her head. Her face was a blaze of light. That is the way I always remember her – in that nun-like costume, her face like an incandescent lamp – strength and joy radiating from her.” Somehow she heard about ‘Abdu’l-Bahá when she was on a boat going to Egypt and cabled Him to see if she could come to see Him, and of course He said yes. When she got to Akka, she had a whole list of questions to ask Him, but she left them in her room. Would you believe that He answered all of them without even being asked? And then she wrote in her diary that night: “Heart too full for speech. Received by my Lord.”

Oh, Miss Farmer. “I cannot recall anyone who was comparable to her in her own . . . whole-souled manner of serving others... the mark of distinction was upon her. There was something different... perhaps it was because the Holy Spirit was surrounding her always.”

She suffered terribly when she came back. Everyone thought she was betraying Green Acre when she embraced the Bahá'í Revelation—by choosing one religion instead of anything and everything—but she understood that this one religion encompassed all. Well, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá knew her sufferings and wrote 28 tablets to her. Can you imagine? He confirmed her vision for Green Acre and even said: “The Lord has blessed it and blessed its founder and . . . Far-reaching consequences shall result . . . from that spot. May the spirit of her Honor Miss Farmer rejoice and rest in peace!” Every time she had terrible tests—you know people stole money from her and even took the plumbing from the Inn to try to cease operations and said she was insane, when the Master Himself said what she had was not insanity but exaltation—and Abdu’l-Baha wrote to her: “Thy heart is connected with the callings of the Kingdom of El-Abha, so that thou hast dispensed with the wires of the world, because the terminal of the spiritual wire reached the center of thy heart and the other is placed in the Spiritual Center, vibrating information constantly through the power of the Spirit.” Can you imagine being in that close of contact? And when she felt alone, He wrote “O Maid-servant of God! Thou art always in my memory and before my eyes. I am aware of thy services in the Kingdom of Abha, and I day by day seek and beg for more confirmations in thy behalf; and I am assured that thou shalt be enabled to render great services....” “Know verily I was with you in spirit during your assemblage in the meeting of the commemoration of God . . . under the Standard of Peace”—that was her peace flag, the first one in the world—36 feet long and visible from every direction--, “and I perceived ye with my spirit on the Mount of Salvation and shared with ye in celebrating the praise of my Lord.” And then He CAME to Green Acre and drove around with her and told her many things. Why the only photograph we have of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá kissing anyone is Sarah Farmer! Margaret Klebs wrote: “Never to be forgotten is the picture when the Beloved One held her

in His arms driving slowly around the Greenacre fields. Blessed are we who could witness it.” And the last day they went up to Monsalvat, where Sarah visualized a university. ‘Abdu’l-Bahá pointed out to her where the buildings would be and the House of Worship—the second in America—in its midst. He said these things were ordained matters, but a little patience is needed. And he told her the ground was consecrated because of her vision and sacrifice. Then He turned to Miss Farmer and said, “You will be revered above all American women one fine day, you will see.” So I suppose many things will come true the Master predicted and I hope we will live to see them.

When it was time for the Master to depart from these shores we were heart-broken. The light was leaving our eyes, and never more would most of us see that beautiful face alive in this world. As Mr. Ives has so movingly written, “I saw in Him the perfect man, and I would gladly have sacrificed all that I had, or ever could have, to approach that perfectness.” Because Mr. Ives had such a way with words, let me read you his recollection of that sorrowful day: “He said His last words to us and then He requested all present to come to Him that He might take their hands in a parting expression of His love. . . . We slowly passed in front of Him. To each He gave a handful of the flowers massed near Him—. . .—and to each He spoke a few words of love and encouragement. When my own turn came . . . I impulsively dropped to a knee, raised His hand with mine and placed it upon my head. Never shall I forget the relaxation of that arm and hand. It made no move of itself. It was a dead weight in my clasp. But His face was illumined with transcendent light. Here was my final, indelible impression of that supreme humility, evanescence, servitude and love which ever characterized His slightest act, and which NEVER failed.”

Juliet was heartbroken, of course, and said it was death to leave the ship and to have to wave goodbye to the Master.

Now I was never a Juliet or a Lua. You know those names and have learned of the fire they kindled in hearts long after the Master left our shores. You've never heard of poor Emmeline before now, and there were many others whose lives were changed forever because of just one glimpse of 'Abdu'l-Baha. We were like you are now, struggling with the changes that seemed to be required of us. We wanted to be like the Master, to love more and sacrifice more and be more in the Heavenly Realm. He told us how, He SHOWED us how, and still, it was hard. Oh friends, these stories really happened, even though I am fictional. Imagine with me now all of us crowded into the drawing room of the Kinney home in New York City. It is a cold December day, but we are aflame with love for the Master and the message he has brought us. We are all trying to memorize his face, his voice and his words. He will be leaving us in three days and our hearts are broken. This talk is real and it is the heart of the Master speaking to you, today: (music begins?)

“You must manifest complete love and affection towards all mankind. Do not exalt yourselves above others but consider all as your equals, recognizing them as the servants of the one God. . . . be filled with love for every race and be kind towards the people of all nationalities. Never speak disparagingly of others but praise without distinction. Pollute not your tongues by speaking evil of another. Recognize your enemies as your friends and consider those who wish you evil as the wishers of good. . . . Let not your heart be offended with any one. If some one commits an error and wrong toward you, you must instantly forgive him. . . . Turn all your thoughts towards bringing joy to hearts. “Beware! Beware! Lest ye offend any heart. Assist the world of humanity as much as possible. Be the source of consolation to every sad one, assist every weak one, be helpful to every indigent one, be the cause of glorification to every lowly one and shelter those who are over-shadowed with fear. In brief, let each of you be as a lamp shining forth with the virtues of the world of humanity. Be trustworthy, affectionate and replete with

chastity. Be illumined, be spiritual, be divine, be glorious, be quickened of God. Be a Bahá'í." (P170 PTF)

(fade music and lights as she leaves the stage)

5 December 1912
Talk on the Day of Departure
On Board Steamship Celtic, New York

'Abdu'l-Bahá

from notes taken by Mariam Haney

from *The Promulgation of Universal Peace*
pages 468-470

This is my last meeting with you, for I am on the ship ready to sail away. These are my final words of exhortation. I have repeatedly summoned you to the cause of the unity of the world of humanity, announcing that all mankind are the servants of the same God, that God is the creator of all; He is the Provider and Life-Giver; all are equally beloved by Him and are His servants upon whom His mercy and compassion descend. Therefore, you must manifest the greatest kindness and love toward the nations of the world, setting aside fanaticism, abandoning religious, national and racial prejudice.

The earth is one native land, one home; and all mankind are the children of one Father. God has created them, and they are the recipients of His compassion. Therefore, if anyone offends another, he offends God. It is the wish of our heavenly Father that every heart should rejoice and be filled with happiness, that we should live together in felicity and joy. The obstacle

to human happiness is racial or religious prejudice, the competitive struggle for existence and inhumanity toward each other.

Your eyes have been illumined; your ears are attentive, your hearts knowing. You must be free from prejudice and fanaticism, beholding no differences between the races and religions. You must look to God, for He is the real Shepherd, and all humanity are His sheep. He loves them and loves them equally. As this is true, should the sheep quarrel among themselves? They should manifest gratitude and thankfulness to God, and the best way to thank God is to love one another.

Beware lest ye offend any heart, lest ye speak against anyone in his absence, lest ye estrange yourselves from the servants of God. You must consider all His servants as your own family and relations. Direct your whole effort toward the happiness of those who are despondent, bestow food upon the hungry, clothe the needy, and glorify the humble. Be a helper to every helpless one, and manifest kindness to your fellow creatures in order that ye may attain the good pleasure of God. This is conducive to the illumination of the world of humanity and eternal felicity for yourselves. I seek from God everlasting glory in your behalf; therefore, this is my prayer and exhortation.

Consider what is happening in the Balkans. Human blood is being shed, properties are destroyed, possessions pillaged, cities and villages devastated. A world-enkindling fire is astir in the Balkans. God has created men to love each other; but instead, they kill each other with cruelty and bloodshed. God has created them that they may cooperate and mingle in accord; but instead, they ravage, plunder and destroy in the carnage of battle. God has created them to be the cause of mutual felicity and peace; but instead, discord, lamentation and anguish rise from the hearts of the innocent and afflicted.

As to you: Your efforts must be lofty. Exert yourselves with heart and soul so that, perchance, through your efforts the light of universal peace may shine and the darkness of estrangement and enmity may be dispelled from amongst men, that all men may become as one family and consort together in love and kindness, that the East may assist the West and the West give help to the East, for all are the inhabitants of one planet, the people of one original native land and the flocks of one Shepherd.

Consider how the Prophets Who have been sent, the great souls who have appeared and the sages who have arisen in the world have exhorted mankind to unity and love. This has been the essence of their mission and teaching. This has been the goal of their guidance and message. The Prophets, saints, seers and philosophers have sacrificed their lives in order to establish these principles and teachings amongst men. Consider the heedlessness of the world, for notwithstanding the efforts and sufferings of the Prophets of God, the nations and peoples are still engaged in hostility and fighting. Notwithstanding the heavenly commandments to love one another, they are still shedding each other's blood. How heedless and ignorant are the people of the world! How gross the darkness which envelops them! Although they are the children of a compassionate God, they continue to live and act in opposition to His will and good pleasure. God is loving and kind to all men, and yet they show the utmost enmity and hatred toward each other. God is the Giver of life to them, and yet they constantly seek to destroy life. God blesses and protects their homes; they rage, sack and destroy each other's homes. Consider their ignorance and heedlessness!

Your duty is of another kind, for you are informed of the mysteries of God. Your eyes are illumined; your ears are quickened with hearing. You must, therefore,

look toward each other and then toward mankind with the utmost love and kindness. You have no excuse to bring before God if you fail to live according to His command, for you are informed of that which constitutes the good pleasure of God. You have heard His commandments and precepts. You must, therefore, be kind to all men; you must even treat your enemies as your friends. You must consider your evil-wishers as your well-wishers. Those who are not agreeable toward you must be regarded as those who are congenial and pleasant so that, perchance, this darkness of disagreement and conflict may disappear from amongst men and the light of the divine may shine forth, so that the Orient may be illumined and the Occident filled with fragrance, nay, so that the East and West may embrace each other in love and deal with one another in sympathy and affection. Until man reaches this high station, the world of humanity shall not find rest, and eternal felicity shall not be attained. But if man lives up to these divine commandments, this world of earth shall be transformed into the world of heaven, and this material sphere shall be converted into a paradise of glory. It is my hope that you may become successful in this high calling so that like brilliant lamps you may cast light upon the world of humanity and quicken and stir the body of existence like unto a spirit of life. This is eternal glory. This is everlasting felicity. This is immortal life. This is heavenly attainment. This is being created in the image and likeness of God. And unto this I call you, praying to God to strengthen and bless you.