

احمد یزدی

Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE "YAZDI"
A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le 17th June 1913

پورت سعید فی

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Dear Harriet!

living for sometimes ^{hurried} the life of the West and ~~experiences~~ ^{enjoying it}, I am
 After ~~ten~~ years of Western life and experiences, I am
 actually ^{the calm life of} back in the East - the home of my spirit and my soul. Having
 lived already 3 years in Port Saïd before going to America, I am amongst
 old friends and acquaintances. The East, the East, what a volume in
 a word! Is not the East the Dawning-place of lights? the home
 of divine civilization? the birthplace of the prophets? the spring of
 the water of eternal life? the rose-garden of the flowers of idealism?
 the sea of the pearls of wisdom? the land of the heavenly Quest?
 the orchards of the fruits of spiritual knowledge and the
 mine of the jewels of guidance? In the Western world we
 live a life, constantly stirred by the waves of unrest, mental
 anguish, nervous activity, feverish thought and abnormal
 tension. We dash along, galloping, but we do not stop one ^{moment}
 to think, to reflect, whether by so doing we will reach our ^{destination}
 or be thrown headlong into a yawning chasm of despair; whether
 we will be permitted into the private garden of the Kings
 or we will be lost in the wilderness of ~~black~~
 hopelessness; whether we will be fortunate to unravel the
 mystery of mysteries or we will put an end to life by
 cowardly ^{an} act of suicide. Now if we sympathetically and
 intelligently ^{understand} ^{simplicity of the} interpret the everyday life of the East, we can
 find a solution for these problems which ^{disturb} have confused the
 life of the West. We will be enabled to ^{infiltrate it with} confer upon it
 the necessary equilibrium, the adequate calmness and

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This morning I ^{was up} got up more than usually early. Our steamer was ^{by the waves} rocked but I managed to get out of my berth. I was anxious to behold the rising of the Sun ⁱⁿ of the East. After a few moments, I found myself on the deck and as I was walking back and forth the Eastern horizon was little by little fainted by the brush of the ^{heavenly} spiritual Artist, the glimmering rays flushed upward and then suddenly, the Imperial Sovereign of the day appeared above the ocean, flooding ^{to} the gently waving surface with his refulgent beauty. It was a most ^{inspiring} beautiful scene, and no one was ^{around} on the deck to mar my ^{silence} enjoyment with common-place ^{expression}. I was so steeped in my thought that I hardly heard the ^{sound} noise of ^{steps} walking, but when I ~~heard~~ and turned my eyes, I saw the ather Sun of ^{the} East - ~~the Ided sun~~ who had also arisen to flood the horizon of the hearts and the minds with his spiritual rays.

3 All morning various persons who had become acquainted with the Master during our trip came up to talk with him ask his blessing and bid him farewell. It was more than wonderful to see the respect and honor ^{unconsciously} they paid to him ^{unconsciously}. He was the ^{spiritual} Captain of the ship and the Cynosure of all eyes. To each passenger he spoke with affection, gentleness and heaven-born courtesy. They marvelled at his knowledge, goodness, generosity and loftiness of his character. Each one of them will carry the love of the Beloved in his heart and the news of the Cause to his friends.

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About half-past twelve the outline of Port Saïd became visible and through ^{the} telescope we could see the harbor, the ~~finely~~ tall buildings and the ever-prominent statue of Des Lesseps. The Master ate his lunch in his cabin consisting of bread, cheese and Salad. It was half past one when the steamer anchored. Mirza Mohsen - son-in-law of ^{Abdul Baha} the Master, Ahmad Yazdi, Haji Mohamad Yazdi, Mohamad Taki Esphahani and about 12 other Persian Bahais were on the ship to ^{welcome him} greet the Master. He greeted them with "Marhaba, Marhaba" and everyone kissed his hand. What calm, spiritual influence he exercises over these wonderful souls who are ever ready to give up their lives at his slightest bid! As the steamer was going to stay ~~on shore~~ ^{over} tonight, the Master ~~he~~ invited Mohamad Yousoff of India to land and dine with him tonight. However ~~he~~ ^{told} ~~Commissioned~~ Mirza Moneer who had ^{arrived} ~~come~~ from Haïffa, to take ^{the guest and show him} ~~him~~ first around the town and bring him home toward the evening.

5 I don't think this account will ^{not} be complete without giving you a wee picture of the tall, swarthy, yelling and shrieking Arab boatmen who ^{climbed} ~~scaled~~ the wall of the steamer and half filled it long before the gangladder was ^{put out} ~~land down~~. They ^{were} ~~are~~ ready to grapple you and your baggage and dump you into their boats and drive you ^{to} the shore before you ^{were} ~~are~~ aware of ^{know} ~~think~~ what had happened. But thank to our

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brother Ahmad Yazdi and his position as ^{Persian} Consul we ^{did not} ^{see the sight} ~~asked~~ ^{importuned} by every Arab whether we wanted to go ashore in almost in as many languages as he can find time. ^{whisked to the} ⁱⁿ Especial motor-boat was ready and we were on the shore after a few minutes. The Master was taken by Ahmad Yazdi ⁱⁿ ~~in a fine carriage~~ to his home. We went to Custom house to ^{get} release our baggage and without any formalities they were released, although ^{the officials} usually they are very strict and would ^{inspect} ~~search~~ through every trunk and handbag. This ^{was} also due to the position and ~~influence~~ ^{now} influence of our brother Ahmad Yazdi. The Master is ^{now} living ^{and is there} with him, because his daughter has ~~also~~ just arrived. We are ^{staying} ~~living~~ in a hotel ^{not far away} near the Master's home, called Hotel Sultan. It belongs to a Persian whose picturesque name is El Haj Ali Hossein Esphahani. It is a cross between the East and the west, Right in front of us there is a wide avenue in which the ^{native} interesting life of the East ebbs and flows. Generally the ^{native} Arabs walk with ~~naked~~ ^{bare} feet; the women wear veils with a brass hook suspended ^{from} their noses and ^{while} one can see their black eyes and dark eyelashes. ^{are exposed} There are ^{on every turn these are so} ~~so~~ many beggars, dressed in ~~completely~~ tattered garments, mended over and over again ^{until} nothing is left of the original. Goats and donkeys ^{roam} ~~walk~~ freely in the streets. Pushcarts ^{driven} ~~filled~~ by asses ^{sell} ~~carry~~ jars of fresh water to every house.

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As I sit in the veranda, my eyes are feasted on a ^{wonderful} kaleidoscopic procession of Arabs in long, flowing ^{robes} ~~gowns~~, young natives with European ^{clothes} ~~clothes~~ and Turkish beggars, goats, Arab musicians, ^{snake-charmers, story-tellers, vendors of fruits, etc etc} etc etc

8. About half past five the Master came to our hotel to see whether we ~~are~~ ^{were} comfortably situated. He sat on the veranda for half an hour and casually remarked: -

"Indeed we have travelled much! Where is America and Europe and where is Port Saïd! What a contrast in the life of the East and the West! All their customs are different from each other, yet in this day ^{the divine} fiat is issued forth that they must become united." Then he went out followed by all the Persians. He walked toward the sea and on the way he dictated a uniform cablegram for New York, Washington, Chicago, San-Francisco and Montreal; that "With joy and fragrance safely arrived ⁱⁿ Port Saïd." In

9 the evening I took the cables to him. Our Indian gentleman was there, ~~to~~ after having a ^{very} enjoyable time with the ineffable and kind Mirza Moneer. Our Beloved talked with him a great deal about the present conditions of India and the demands of the Nationalist party. Then he took him on the large veranda, where the full moon was making the night bright.

