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money from some others. His own house at Haifa (jokingly called the 3aha'i Hospital of Mount Carmel by some of the friends) was where some of that money went, it was supposed, but there was never any sign of any hospital on Mount Carmel!

When met Georgie with Emogene I found out that she had divorced her husband and that he had married the other woman in the case, furthermore he had gotten hold of her inheritance and that of it, little if anything remained and that now she was almost wholly dependent upon the all irony which the courts allowed her, and that of late these remittances had ceased to come and she was in very embarrassed circumstances.

Besides meeting Emogene and Georgie several times during the two days my ship was in port and having long talks with them the most outstanding circumstance of the visit now in my mind was a long talk which Emogene and I had the one evening of my stay. We were in one of the parlors of the hotel and there was music and dancing going on in an adjoining room; however, we were far away in spirit from this gaiety. We were talking about the spiritual condition of the Cause in America And considering the outlook of things there.

Emogene and I had been together during the fight in Chicago in 1917 when the issue was up as to whether the Bahá'í Cause in America would stand for the admixture of other teachings (the other teachings, then in question was the Harmon Heresy, brand of Theosophy with much added to it).

The old and firm Bahá'ís won the day in Chicago and after struggle in Washington also, but New York in particular and even Boston a little bit, still resented the affair. In fact many friends in New York resent the affair extremely and even to this day (1927) have not gotten straight on the matter.

However the whole matter was hushed over and as best it could be, on the

surface there was an armistice but underneath there were the former fixed complexes. Creating cross purposes, cliques and divisions, this condition was at the foundation of the unfortunate convention of 1920, when The Masters policies were so overthrown and the Temple went to Bourgeois and its many difficulties. This was fundamentally due to the underlying differences in the conception of the Center of the Covenant existing between the friends and which came to an issue from time to time in the relations between the New York and Chicago groups.

Emogene and I discussed this condition, that night at Parker's Hotel. We both saw that although the Chicago group with which we had worked and sympathized, had won out on the Struggle in the Bahá'í eye notwithstanding this apparent victory the New York attitude of laity and latitude in the spiritual matters of the Teaching was in reality gaining great ascendancy as we had all witnessed in the Bahá'í Convention of 1920. Although the outer struggle in that convention had been up on the grounds of the Architecture of the Temple, yet in reality the inner struggle of souls had been upon quite a different plain. It was a conflict of understanding of the Teachings.

As Emogene and I talked we seemed to see the spiritual down-d trend which the Cause in America was taking, for in this condition we saw a fatal blow given to the fervent fundamental faith of those who were firm in the understanding of all of the essentials of The Holy Cause.

As we spoke of this condition I recall tears came to my eyes, a most rare thing for me, for only a very few times, not more than five or six I should say, in my grown up life have I ever cried thus. Subsequent events in these seven years passed since then show me now that our vision was a true one for since that time there has been an ever increasing liberalism in the Cause which to date has been undermining the fundamental faith of many people in The Revelation.

The most recent development of which is The World Unity Movement founded and maintained by a ruling minority in the Cause which takes of its platform all of the popular principles and teachings of the Cause suppressing all mention of The Revelation and all name, and gives these teachings to the world under no name save that of the unknown World Unity.

Dear Emogene went with me down to the steamer the following afternoon and there on board to our surprise, we found Mrs. Morten, Mrs. Van Patten and her son a lad just out of school ready for college – pilgrims bound also for 'Abdu'l-Bahá and Holy land.

The company of passengers comprised people of the diverse nationalities, races and religions whom one usually meets going coming on those ships between Europe and the near Orient. Our party made the acquaintance of some of the people with whom we were able to speak of our mission to the Holy Land, and there.

All who knew the Master marvelled at His ability to work and to do this work in

the midst of all kinds of interruptions and cross currents of the thought of the many people who surrounded Him. Besides all the affairs of the Cause and its believers, He had many people from the Moslem and Christian worlds coming to Him to solve their problems; for instance, if two men were in business trouble or conflict they would often come to Him asking that He settle their differences – all of this was a great burden upon His shoulders. An incident was told me of how one day a group of several men came to the Master asking, Him to adjust some transaction between them, upon which they were unable to come to an agreement. For a long time they told Him their woes and troubles one with the others. Then He suggested a solution which was accepted some but rejected by the others. Then He offered another arrangement out of the trouble but this was likewise objected to, and so on the matter went along, for the better part of the morning. Finally the men left the house, still in dispute. The Master weary with it all turned to some of Bahá'ís who were dear, remarking, "Verily it is easier to please God than to please these people!"

For some time I had been in Haifa, seeing the Master several times each day together with the several other pilgrims, but about the opportunity of talking with Him in private. I had some solutions of mine own, as well as those of a few others in America elsewhere, to be presented to Him. One day I asked one of the secretaries if he could arrange such an interview for me. He spoke with the Master who was then talking in the garden adjacent to the house. The Master walked over to where I was standing, saying that the next morning He would arrange to see me.

After breakfast the following day I stayed about so as to be on hand when the Master was free. I watched Him go to the stable on the top of which was a terrace with a small room built of wad with windows, having to the North a view of the Sea, and to the South and East a view of the garden. By an outside staircase He mounted to the terrace and stood before the door of the room. Seeing me at some distance away near the house He beckoned to me to come. I hastened to the place and shortly was joined by one of the Interpreters. We entered into the room and the moment of my long anticipated interview had come.

I began by offering to the Master several small packages envelopes containing gifts and souvenirs from friends in Europe, together with messages from them. Scarcely had I commenced one of the duster's sons-In-law entered with a telegram in which he presented to the Master; then before he left the room there arrived a friend from Persia, who was formerly Mírzá Nabibollah Shírází of 'Akká, whom I had known in Paris some years before. Now he came to Haifa on his way to Damascus as Persian Consul General to Syria. He was then going by one of those long Persian titles which I can't remember. When this friend left, my conversation with the Master was resumed for a few minutes when a Turkish gentleman came to call. The Master made him welcome and ordered coffee and a nargele or water pipe. He sat sipping his coffee and puffing away at the pipe, the water in the vase of which made a gurgling sound which suggested

the name “bubble-bubble” by which this style of pipe is sometimes known. He talked with the Master intermittently in Turkish and as he didn’t understand Persian nor English the Master and I continued our conversation interruptedly for a short while.

It seems to me that during this time there were one or two minor interruptions, but the memory of these I somewhat hazy or mind compared with the final interruption which ended the interview. One of the older Persian believers – of a very humble and simple type came to the door of the room, his head tied up in handkerchiefs, moaning with the toothache. He was afraid to go alone to the dentist and had come to ask the Master to delegate of the friends in whom he had confidence to go with him to get treatment or to have the tooth pulled out. After disposing of his case the Master turned to me (His hands before him with up-turned palms as if to question) saying “Khaleh Mushkellas” (most difficult). Then He excused Himself, assuring me that He soon arranges for another time with me. And in due time I and a most satisfactory talk with His and all of my business was accomplished.

While in Germany the currency of the country was depreciation of the situation, He said: “By their coming to the Holy Land prophesy is fulfilled!”

Although we were enjoying Jerusalem we wanted to return to the Master who was in Haifa, so after a few days my brother and Fugita and I took an early morning train that brought us to Haifa in time for the midday meal.

A day or two before this we had parted from Arna True Perron, Jane Appel and Mrs. Hauser, who had gone by train from Jerusalem to Cairo on their way to Alexandria where they were aging ship for Europe on their way back to America.

One day not long after our return from Jerusalem the Master announced that the Bahá’í friends in the Colony down by the Sea of Galilee were in grave danger because of conditions arising from the political upset of the country and that it was necessary that He go to their help and assistance. The next afternoon He started with several of the friends in the big automobile - Arthur Redeen driving – their route being through Nazareth.

The roads were bad between Haifa and Nazareth – in one place not far from Haifa the ruts were so deep that the wheels of car suddenly went down so far as to let the bottom of the car (which was a very low-hung machine) down upon the roadbed with such force that the metal case covering the bearings was broken, all of the oil, dropping out, thus quite disabling the machine.

After some delay a carriage was found for the Master and his party returning to Haifa, reaching home at about dusk. The second day following, another start was made this time by a horse-drawn carriage. I went over to the Master’s house at about four A. M. The carriage was at the door and from the lights and the shadows in the house one could discern movements therein. Presently the Master came out into the darkness morning. One of the friends preceded Him with a lantern lighting His way down to the gate got into the carriage,

greeting the few of us who stood by the gate as He passed. Getting into the carriage, and seating Himself, He looked about, lifted His hand in salute, said “Ya’llah!” to the driver, and the carriage drove off just as the first rays of light were appearing in the East, before the sun rises.

A day or two after the Master and His party left to Tiberias, came the Bourgeois party, they having left America some time prior, having spent some time in Paris and other parts of France, then Italy, and finally Egypt on their way to the Holy Land. The Executive Board of Bahá’í Temple Unity furnished him with \$1,500 that he might make this trip in order to see some of great cathedrals and temples of the world, and to take his drawings to the Master.

We all went down to the station to meet the party. Bourgeois, Mme. Bourgeois and her friend Willard Ashton of Rockford, Illinois, and a Mr. Pemberton, an old friend, of Bourgeois’ who later wrote a book about the Cause. Bourgeois’ and I met in quite a friendly way, embracing one another. I have always liked him personally although we differ radically in our architectural ideals. One rather amusing incident I recall in connection with their arrival at the station in Haifa amid the usual crowd of howling natives. Bourgeois turned to one of us saying, “What is this Basshish that I hear all these people talk about? They talked about it all the time in Egypt, too!” We all burst out laughing and when the word was explained to him, he laughed too.

The party were lodged in the Pilgrim house where we were we were staying so we saw a great deal of them the next few days. Among their sundry pieces of luggage was a long roll containing the drawing of the Temple rendered in color by professional watercolorist, which later was hung in the Holy Tomb of the Master (This was reproduced in color on the post cards so much used by the friends).

That evening a group of many Bahá’ís came together in the hall of the house to meet these new-comers and to see the drawings. Mr. Pemberton told of how Bourgeois had been called of God to do this great work and that Bahá’u’lláh had chosen him as the instrument through which to reveal the new style of Bahá’í architecture for this new dispensation, and of the heroic sacrifices he and Mme. Bourgeois had made to accomplish this mission. I was a bit bored because I knew that Bourgeois had already been many times paid in money for this work. Then Bourgeois spoke, wringing that Bahá’u’lláh has inspired him to do this; words were, “It is Bahá’u’lláh’s Temple, not mine” going on to state that it came up on him as a revelation without preparation nor study nor thought.

In 1904-5 many architects entered into a world competition for the Carnegie Peace at the Hague. Bourgeois and Blumenstein (the erstwhile partner of Bourgeois) also submitted designs. That their design made then was the Bahá’í Temple. It was published in “Architecture”, a popular architectural publication of the day, and as one compares that published design with the Bahá’í Temple, though here and there details defer, in general mass, principle and composition they are identical – the difference being that their Peace Palace had eight sides,

whereas his temple has nine sides. It was years after this Temple was designed that Bourgeois first heard of the Bahá'í Cause!

The day after the Bourgeois party arrived, my brother Will and I went by appointment to Tiberias to join the Master. Muḥammad-‘Alí Bey, an Egyptian living in Haifa who had some governmental position on the railways of Palestine, accompanied us. We had seen much of Him in Haifa where he spent much time with the friends. We had pleasant run by rail from Haifa to a station on the south end of the Lake of Tiberias (Sea of Galilee). Here we took a rather rickety steamer for Tiberias. It seemed almost dangerous, that small boat drawing but little water and with two decks crowded with passengers. We felt that a squall might easily capsize her – but then on second thought we were going to see the Master! So what of danger!

There had been a certain persecution of His friends in Tiberias and the Master, for protection, told me not to let anyone know why we were there – to travel merely as tourists. In fact we were not even to appear to recognize our friends who were with the Master at the German Hotel, for it was there that we stopped also.

The Hotel was in view as we landed, but a few paces up the hill from the quay. There on the roof of the building was a sort of a penthouse or pavilion, one single room, where the friends had told me the Master lodged while in Tiberias.

We were soon settled in our rooms. In the lobby I saw Mountfort Mills with His wife; they had preceded us by a day or two from Haifa, but we exchanged no signs of recognition, strictly observing the Master's instructions. Later in the presence of some people lounging about the lobby, Mountfort casually asked me if I were making a tour of that country, whereupon I replied that I was, and we fell into a conversation which any two travellers of the same nationality might indulge in.

Having time on our hands before lunch, we strolled about the bazaars of the town. Suddenly the Master appeared in the distance with the group of the Persian Friends in attendance. We did not feel that we could possibly pass Him without recognizing Him, and by so doing we would not be adhering to the instructions; we were therefore turned down a side street and taking a roundabout way back to the hotel, we reached there just after He had entered.

After lunch we went to our rooms and shortly one of the Persian friends arrived to conduct us to the Master's room. We went down a corridor and up a narrow staircase into a low attic chamber under the roof which we crossed in order to reach the Master's quarters which as we entered we perceived to be a room of ample dimensions with a high ceiling; a long casement window gave access to a balcony from which one had a fine view of the Sea.

The Master greeted us with affection and explained to us that His mission there was an important one; it was to protect some of the Persian Bahá'í friends who lived on farm lands at ‘Abbásseyeh on the opposite side of the Lake. It seems

that when the partition of former Syria took place the line between modern Syria and modern Palestine was drawn so that this farm district was on the Syrian side of the line, while the village in which many of these Bahá'ís lived was on the Palestine side. There were British troops and order on the Palestine side, but not on the Syrian side, for with the French Government, away off in Damascus, it was impossible to have police protection at this distant point.

The Nomadic Arabs of the Mountains to the East of Galilee saw here their opportunity to harass the governments in retaliation, for this partition of old Syria was much resented by the. With this in view they fell upon the properties of the Bahá'ís, despoiling their crops, stealing their cattle and anything else they could get their hands upon, and terrorizing the people, who fled to the village on the side of the line where they were under British Protection. I was told that one of these friends had been killed, while the others were in great danger.

The Master had come down to Tiberias in order to arrange with the officials for the protection of these, His people. Here we spent a few memorable days, there by the Sea of Gheserath reminded hourly of the great Spiritual Presence of both the ancient and present "Manifestation" who had frequented these shores.

The second day, the Master being occupied and there being no opportunity of seeing Him, Will and I made a long hike afoot to Magdella and Capurnium; the towns – rather ruins of towns – were materially not very interesting, yet the association and sentiment which hangs over them makes a deep impression upon the thoughtful pilgrim. The day was beautiful and the views out over the Lake and distant mountains toward the Eastward was brilliant. The waters seemed the clearest I had ever seen; at places the roadway was cut high up in the hills which come down frequently to the water on the Western side, and from these heights we could see down through the clear water to the bottom of the Lake, covered with small rounded stones for some distance out.

We also climbed up on some old ramparts and fortifications on a height to the Northwest of the Town from where we had fine vies. Another day, we hiked off to the west and a bit southwest over the hills where we found numerous caves in the rocks caused by erosion in the hillsides of softer rocks than those remaining. These served as shelters for the flocks, and in some cases the openings were walled up with stones without mortar. In one place we saw a manger fashioned out in the living rock, and we wondered if this might not have been the type of manger in Bethlehem in which the Christ Child was laid.

I had heard 'Azíz'u'lláh Bahadur speak of the hot baths of Tiberias. Once when he had been suffering intensely for some time with sciatica the Master sent him there for the cure. After the second day he was relieved and suffered no more.

The walk to these baths I should say was less than a mile south from tie Town. I took it alone one afternoon. The bath houses are very crude and simple, the bath chambers covered with tin, rough concrete domes in the thickness of which had been set the ends of quart bottles of various shades of glass through which

light filtered. A Colony of Jews lived near there, curious types of the Orthodox School. They saluted me kindly as I passed.

On my way back to the Town I was walking near a deep ditch, perhaps twelve feet wide, in which a few inches of water stood or flowed. Suddenly I heard a woman scream, and looking ahead a few yards I saw a rough plank of wood spanning the ditch as a bridge, and on the middle of this plank a veiled woman, evidently a Moslem calling for help, standing terrified about to tumble into the water a few feet below. I rushed to her assistance, going out a step or two onto the plank and reaching out my hand which she sped as I led her across to the bank. Then she began to thank me loudly in the Name of Alláh and finished by kissing my hand. As her veil became a bit disarranged I saw that she was a very old woman. It was all over in a moment and I turned to go when I saw two turbaned Moslem men, possibly father and son from the evident discrepancy in their ages, running toward me. "Well, this is a pretty fix", I thought to myself, knowing how indignant Moslems get if any man approaches their women, but I did not worry long, for from their faces and gestures I saw that they had seen the old woman's predicament and my move, for they salaamed and smiled and bowed amid a torrent of voluble exclamations made by the old woman. I left the old couple there but the young man insisted on going with me until we reached the streets of the town, where he salaamed again before taking leave of me; the last I saw of him he was retracing his steps, walking along with that easy swing of the shoulders so characteristic of the Bedwins, his robes floating in the wind.

The Master having driven from Haifa down to Tiberias, retained his carriage the, a long wagon with three seats and a cover such as we in America call a mountain wagon. One evening just before sunset the Master and several of his sane of Oriental friends started out for a drive taking the shore road to the North. They could not have gone very far when something broke about the harness and the horses took fright; however Isphendier, the driver, hold them while the Master and the others descended. Shortly other carriage was procured and He returned to the hotel, remarking as He entered the house that God had been their fortress and sir protection.

The following day Will and I took leave of the Master. He called us to Him in that upper chamber of the German Hotel. Of the incident of the night before he spoke as follows:

"I could not see you last night on account of the accident. The Blessed Perfection protected me. We walked and it was very warm. My clothing became very damp and then it became cold. The wind was from the Sea. Bahá'u'lláh has always protected me."

The Master first said to me "Go to Germany for some days, then to Paris, and America."

"I want you to take the Glad Tidings of god from here to the German friends. Take with you to them a new spirit. The German friends are very pure, they are very spiritual. They have great capacity for spiritual development. The divine

fragrances will refresh Germany. The reason that they are so pure and spiritual is that the abominable smell of violation has not reached that land. Had not this wind of violation blown over America the number of the friends by this time would have been over a million, but that retarded the spread of the Cause.”

He was very serious indeed, as apropos of nothing at all in my mind He launched into a philippic against the violators who spread such disaster in the Cause in America. Ifrahim Hkierellah and Farid He mentioned by names, but none others did He mention. He said that the Cause said that the Cause had been blighted in America by violation. In America all of our troubles He said were due to violation; thus He discoursed for some time, finally exhorting the people to arise and to protect the Cause from such infection and thaw who spread it.

“In the day when Khierella violated”, said the Master, “several hundred souls turned away from the Clause.”

I said, “Whenever I think of the violation in America I become distressed and disheartened.” He said, “It is of no importance. These violations cannot achieve any results. They cannot attract nor hold any souls. They simply poison same souls and cause them to wither. But it is temporary. In a short time you will see no trace will be left of them. Observe the life of Ibrahim (Khierella), how he was, and how he is. They themselves and their damage to the Cause are like the foam of the surf of the sea – ephemeral.

I have adopted you as my son. You have to appreciate this favor very much indeed. One should see that you are living according to the requirements of this sonship. You should be aware of your responsibilities. My prayers will help you. I always pray for you. At present take a new spirit of the German friends, and through this cause a greater harmony. Then after Germany, go to France, England and America.”

The Master asked about the number of the friends in Germany. I explained to Him that there had been 325 at one Feast in Esslingen, Will I had been there, but that new there were even more.

“You are under God’s protection. If I am not with you in body, I am in Spirit. Convey my attachment to the friends. I pray for all.”

Then He embraced us, kissing us both upon either cheek and upon our foreheads. We knelt to receive His Blessing and He placed hands upon our heads as if drawing down a benediction from a High.

We left by the little boat which brought us. As she put out Ito the Lake we kept ourselves fastened that little chamber on the top of the German Hotel until it was loot to sight. Little did I think that that was the last time I was to see my Master in this life:

On the return railroad journey we stopped off at a way-station, the nearest to Nazareth. It was late in the afternoon when we started out on the nine mile walk to the Town up in the Hills where Jesus spent His boyhood. Along the

wayside we saw many young Jewish students in their latter 'teens and early twenties, boys and girls together working breaking stone to repair and to make the rows. We spoke with a group of these young people; they spoke English and French, and told us they were University students; without other means of a livelihood and were obliged to work thus. (At that time the Jews were returning to Palestine in such numbers that the entire economic plan of things was upset; the adjustment to the new condition had not yet been made.) They were happy and they sang and chatted and laughed as they worked; apparently their newly-born national spirit was strong with them and they revelled in its romance.

The nine miles seemed long. The road mounted high into the hills behind which nestled Nazareth. It was quite dark before we reached the Town, and an inky blackness it was, too, so dark that had the macadam road not been of an almost white stone we might not have been able to follow it. However, we finally reached the hotel which it turned out was kept by the German who had formerly owned the hotel in Haifa where I had frequently stayed in years gone by. He made us very welcome and comfortable amid plain but scrupulously clean surroundings, and after a good supper we went early to bed.

I had been to Nazareth years before but this was my brother's first visit there so we started forth early in the morning to see the few places of interest. First we visited the Church built over the house of the Blessed Virgin, kept by Franciscan Monks. One, Brother Sabastian, was formerly of the Franciscan Monastery at Brookland, District of Columbia; a picturesque, fat old Monk such as one sees in pictures, and an altogether delightful person. He sent some messages to his brother Monks in Brookland which I later delivered. (They asked me questions about him.) Then we visited St. Joseph's workshop, and finally an orphan asylum for boys, kept by French Order of Monks, high up on the Mountain back of the Town, where the brothers were building a Church in the Romanesque style, all in stone of attractive design. One of the Fathers took us up to a lookout point back of the Church, from whence we could see 'Akká, Haifa, Mount Carmel and the Sea in the distance. Coming down into the town I sighted the Moslem cemetery with the tomb of Shaykh Yousseff Ala though not a Bahá'í had befriended Bahá'u'lláh. On my first visit to Nazareth in 1908 I had met the son of the Shaykh who was the Governor of the Town. He had been extremely kind to me and had sent a servant with me about the Town, and one of the places I visited was this Mausoleum of his father, the late Sheikk. Now my brother and I entered the cemetery, and he took the accompanying photograph of the tomb.

Returning to the hotel after seeing the "Well of the Blessed Virgin" and other places of more or less question regarding their authenticity, we had lunch, after which a nap, previous to leaving for Haifa. We were about to leave hotel when we were surprised run into Curtis Kelsey, Fugita and Khusroe (of the Holy Household) who were on their way from Haifa, to Tiberias in the small automobile of the Master, called thither by the Master. We had but hurried visit with these

brothers before taking our stage down

the nine-mile distant station, on our way to Haifa where we arrived in time for the evening meal.

Haifa without the Master was indeed a dreary place, at least so it seemed to us on our return from Tiberias when we had a day or two to wait before taking our steamer for Italy. During our journey to Tiberias, Garibaldo Federici had been there for a few hours; his ship having made her round of Mediterranean Ports had touched again at Haifa. He had seen the friends, visited the "Magham" (Holy Shrine on Mount Carmel), and had left messages for me hoping to see me on my return to Italy on my way to America.

We were fortunate enough to get a ship from Haifa direct to Brindisi, one of the Lloyd Triestino vessels, a somewhat small but comfortable craft.

There was the usual affectionate goodbye of the friends in Haifa, and late in the afternoon we found ourselves on board with our luggage. We did not sail until about sunset and then under very slow speed. Our next Port was Jaffa, but a few hours away, where we arrived the next morning about sunrise.

We did not land at Jaffa. The sea was somewhat rough and it rained much of the day; in fact by five o'clock in the afternoon the wind was blowing a small gale from the West and the waves were as high as I had ever seen them along that coast. It was with considerable trouble that a British officer and his wife got out to the ship. They told us that they had difficulty in getting the boatmen to bring them out, so high was the sea, and these boatmen at Jaffa have the reputation of being the bravest of those of any Port.