

Tiberias Sea of Galilee
Syria

June 13th 1914

Dear friends!

You see I didn't know what to do. I was in my room, sitting behind my table, holding a letter in my hand. It was about 11 am and the Master was out. The door of my room was closed. The letter was from Doctor Rajah Ali Khan of Sabzevar, a Persian Bahai who was in Haifa about 3 months ago. It announced the sad news that on his return voyage to Persia he stopped at Ash-Kabad for a few days to refresh himself and meet the Bahais and while there he received a letter from his home that his fourteen years old daughter ^{was} dead. This news had robbed him of all joy as he was most attached to her. He was stunned. He could not understand why God had taken away such a sweet, innocent girl, leaving him bereft of all comfort. He wanted me to bring this misfortune of his life to the attention of Abdul Baha - ^{so that} ~~thus~~ he may honor him with His heavenly Words of cheer and consolation. I had the letter in my possession for 3 or four weeks and could not find the psychological

moment to present its contents to the Master. Now I was thinking that the time ^{had} come for his letter to be answered and I ^{had not} done what he had begged and pleaded ^{for} me probably in the saddest and darkest hour of his life. What could I do? I was going to write him that I ^{had} not yet found the opportunity to tell the Blessed One about his bereavement and that I ^{would} try to do my very best in the future - when suddenly the Door ^{was} flung wide open and I saw the Master standing there. Without any preliminary he ^{said:} "What is that letter in thy hand?" Well! just imagine how I felt and in a minute I explained to him its contents. A shadow of sadness swept over his face and he said immediately: "Bring paper and pen and I will dictate something for him." I was very happy for his sake and while he ^{the Beloved} walked ^{slowly} to and from in the long Hall ~~very slowly~~ he dictated the following Tablet which will be mailed to him in a day or two. ^{and which will} make his heart ^{with} rejoiced over the assurances of the Beloved: -

He is God!

"O thou my friend! The dreadful and calamitous news of the death of ~~thou~~ ^{your} loving daughter of that spiritual

friend caused intense sadness; for surely separation is "bitter to taste". But the people of effulgence are rejoiced in the Bestowals of the Beloved of the regions. The Lord of the Covenant has destined for His friends Eternal Union and Everlasting Fellowship. Hence although this temporary separation is the cause of pain, yet boundless Union and unending Fellowship, the consolation to the hearts of the grief-stricken ones. Although we are now dispersed and scattered, regretful and shelterless and homeless, yet in the end we will associate together beneath his shade, will be confident to each other, fellow-singers and of one voice. Therefore be thou not sad, be thou not unhappy. Be thou consoled in the Infinite Grace and the glad-tidings of Eternal Life!....."

In the afternoon he came out of his room with many, many letters in his ~~both~~ hands. "Come, come Mirza Ahmad. Relieve me from this burden" he said laughingly. "Come. Read to me these letters. Let me hear what is going on in the Bahi' world? What are the Western friends doing? What will be the nature and the magnitude of their services?"

He sat in his chair in the balcony and I was about
 ten feet away from him. The letters were piled on a chair
 before him. He would take the envelopes one by one,
 look at their stamps and writings, then open it
 with his own hand, passing it to me for trans-
 lation. Before translating the contents I must always
 tell him the name and the date, this in the nature
 of the things, brings to his face often a lovely smile
 and a few words of comment, especially those persons
 who have seen him, know him personally and are
 well-known in the Cause for their services. The
 letters were mainly from the United States; now from
 Los Angeles, Tropic, Pasadena, San Francisco,
 Denver, Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
 Yonkers, Jersey City, Racine, Muskegon, Malden
 etc etc. For two hours and half I was reading and
 he was listening patiently. Those that he desired
 to answer, he made a sign with his hand to be
 set aside. How different and ^{more} far-reaching was this
 scene ^{than} with the one 1900 yrs ago when the same
 spirit shining in another human temple ^{was} ministering
 to the need of humanity! At that time his cause

was not known outside of Palestine or Galilee, ^{and} his disciples were very few; but now the Cause of Baha-Ollah - which is the same in object - is known in all parts of the world and while the Servant of the Lord is amongst us, such earth-wide recognition and such signs of the promotion of the principles of the Kingdom are mailed to him from every country of the globe! What greater glory and majesty could one conceive of! What other manifestation of the power of God could one demand!

^{when} The evening steamer arrived from Es-Samach, ^{the} Beloved was watching the passengers getting off the boat. Suddenly he called Mirza Abdol-Raouf and pointed ^{to him} two persons - an old and a young man. "See, they are pilgrims. Go and fetch them. How is it that they ~~did~~ arrived this morning?" When they were brought up they were weeping hard and were going to prostrate ^{themselves} on the floor for ^{his} thankfulness, but the Master did not let them. He found out later that they were taken several stations beyond Es-Samach; then realizing their mistake, they had to ~~come down the train~~ ^{remain there} and wait for

113

the afternoon train. The older man's name is Mirza Hassein and he comes from Samarkand, almost the last confine of Russian Turkestan. He is a prototype of our dear brother Sayad Assadollah. In height, in look, in beard he looks exactly like him. The young man by the name of Mirza Abul Gasem is from Ordestan, one of the provinces of Persia. The Master gave them a hearty welcome and they were rewarded for all their troubles by just looking into His Divine Face. After words the Beloved went to the hotel to meet a number of Arabs and on his return it was mentioned to him that one of the believers in Acca has taken unto himself a wife. "Hurry up and bring paper and pen. I must write him a word of congratulation." And he was laughing. This is the Tablet of felicitation:-

"O thou illumined Houri! According to what is heard through the Bestowals of His Highness the Lord of Mystic Graces the banquet of marriage is spread with inexpressible joy and perfect

beauty. I am assured that great happiness and felicity are in store for you. Although outwardly I was not present in that festive scene yet with my heart and spirit I was the confident and associate of the merry-makers and in gladness and delight I was a partner with the steadfast friends. Therefore I send you from here my congratulation and felicitation. Praise be to God that such a blessed marriage has occurred. It is my hope from the Bounty of the Self-Subsistent, the Ancient Lord to ^{will} bless you with a holy family - so that through ^{glorious} the coming generations and cycles they may ^{become} the spreaders of the Lights of Truth.

Convey my greeting with the utmost longing to thy respected father and all the friends of God! (Sg) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Hence I went to bed with joy and happiness, praying to God that such wonderful days with the Master may never come to an end and that I may have the divine pleasure of staying with him always.