

Bahai Inst. Mount Carmel
Haifa Syria
July 29th 1914

Dear friends!

Grandmother Phelps of Washington D. C. was a real Grandmother, gentle, kind, loving, hospitable and a Bahai. She loved this Cause and served it to the best of her ability. Her face was illumined with the light of the Love of God and her daily life was an example of goodness and charity for all mankind. In Washington everybody loved Grandmother Phelps. Through her association the wavering heart was made firm and the despondent cheerful. Her environment spelled sunshine, happiness and serenity. During my years of sojourn in Washington I grew to love Grandmother Phelps and all the younger members of her family. They are all Bahais. From the very beginning Mr Phelps has been an active worker in the Cause in every sense of the word. For more than 3 weeks I was a guest in their lovely home and their kindness and genuine hospitality are engraved upon the tablet of my heart. In short a few months ago our beloved Grandmother Phelps departed to the Kingdom of Abha and

her sweet spirit soared toward the rose-garden of the Merciful. All this time I was watching the opportunity to beg the Master to reveal for her a Visiting Tablet and this opportunity was offered me the other day. Now I would like to share its contents with you:-

"A supplication begging God's Grace in behalf of the departed maid servant of God Mrs Phelps. Wash. D.C.

Upon her be Baha-O-llah El Abba!

He is God!

"O Thou Almighty! O Thou Forgiver! Endear this believing, assured maid servant of Thine in Thy Kingdom! Submerge her in the Sea of Thy Bestowal! Illumine her face in the Kingdom of Abha! O Thou Almighty! This believing soul heard the Call of the Kingdom of Abha, was awakened from the sleep of negligence and turned her face toward the Kingdom of Mysteries, so that she may be immersed in the Sea of Lights! O God! Bestow on her the desire of her heart and through Thy inexhaustible Favors illumine and endear her in Thy Kingdom. Verily Thou art the Generous, the Pardoner and the Kind!

(Signed) Abdu'l Baha Abbas.

Then a supplication imploring God's Confirmation in behalf of the Chicago believers is followed:-

"O Thou Kind Lord! Grant to this believing, sincere souls heavenly Confirmation! Suffer each one of them to soar like unto the birds toward the lofty Apex and cause them to become familiar like unto the nightingales with the melodies of sanctification and praise. Set them aglow like unto the lamps. Allow them to become the adornments of the orchard and the garden like unto the fruitful trees. Make the hearts the shells containing the pearls of significances and quicken the spirits with Thy merciful Breath;— in order that each one of them may become engaged in the diffusion of the Fragrances of God and embrace large multitude with the Light of Guidance! Verily Thou art the Powerful, the Mighty, the Clement and the Compassionate! (Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas."

Miss Beatrix Irwin from London wrote this line to the Beloved:-

"Amidst the whirling of the waters
There is the mystery of Light."

The Tablet of the Master giving an interpretation

to this verse is not without interest. It is as follows:—

"Thy brief letter was received. Although it was short yet it contained detailed significances. That water is the Water of Eternal Life. Amidst it, heavenly Baptism is obtained. That whirling of the waters is the whirling of the Waters of Divine Teachings which grant the Spirit of Life. Unquestionably out of the whirling of Divine Teachings the Mystery of the Light of Guidance shines forth. Pledge of God that that Water may gush and flow copiously out of the Centre of thy being. Upon thee be Baha El Abha (Sig) A.B. A.

The contents of another Tablet may comfort the one who feels "lonely":—

"O thou believer in God! Thy letter was received. Thou hast complained on account of loneliness. Be thou not sad. Thou art not alone, because God is Thy Companion and intimate associate. That soul is alone who is negligent of God, but if he knows God, although he may live in an interminable desert without water and vegetation, yet he is not alone. God is with him. The sky of this terrestrial globe is always obscure and misty and covered with black, inky clouds. Now

the thunder rolls and anon the lightning flashes. Now the hails fall and again the snow descends. Now there is a wild hurricane and then a tempestuous torrent rushing down from the Mountain-side. Therefore do not think for one moment that these trials and ordeals are confined in thee. In reality all the people are surrounded with sufferings;— so that they may not attach their hearts to this world, seek for Composure and rest in the Divine World and beg for the Bestowal of the Kingdom. Consequently, be thou glad from the bottom of thy heart and be rejoiced through the Divine Glad-tidings. Upon the behest of Allah.

(Signed), Abdul Baha Abbas.

To a number of believers in Chelsea, England, he writes the following Tablet:—

O ye blessed souls! Thank ye God that the Morn of Guidance hath arisen from the Supreme Horizon and the Splendor of the Sun of Reality hath illumined the hearts. He opened the Doors of the Kingdom and ye entered therein with the utmost joy and happiness. Strive ye, therefore, with all your heart and soul — so that the rays

of the oneness of the world of humanity and Universal Love may illumine that region; all mankind may blend together and Divine Unity may be revealed in the human world. Upon ye be Baha El Ahha (sg) a. B. A."

This morning the Beloved was walking in the garden. He was well and evidently very happy. Mullah Abou Taleb, the St. Claus of Mount Carmel ^{was there}. The Master walked to him and tapping on his shoulder he said gently: "For many a year thou didst labor for the Cause of God in Bakou. Thou didst serve the believers of the Blessed Perfection and therefore thou art a blessed soul. Now, praise be to God, thy sons are carrying along thy work." Then he started to joke with him whether he is able to wrestle with Ibrahim who was standing by. He was ready to do it but it was better to postpone it to the indefinite future.

Last night a pilgrim arrived from Antab, Syria. His name is Haji Shams. He said to me: "Love has a most drawing quality. It makes one the willing slave of another. All these restless people are searching after love. They do not want anything else. They know that that the light of their hearts is love. They ask each other eagerly: 'Where is the fountain of love?'"