

Pidar-Ján of Qazvín

The late Pidar-Ján was among those believers who emigrated to Baghdád. He was a godly old man, enamored of the Well-Beloved; in the garden of Divine love, he was like a rose full-blown. He arrived there, in Baghdád, and spent his days and nights communing with God and chanting prayers; and although he walked the earth, he traveled the heights of Heaven.

To obey the law of God, he took up a trade, for he had nothing. He would bundle a few pairs of socks under his arm and peddle them as he wandered through the streets and bázárs, and thieves would rob him of his merchandise. Finally he was obliged to lay the socks across his outstretched palms as he went along. But he would get to chanting a prayer, and one day he was surprised to find that they had stolen the socks, laid out on his two hands, from before his eyes. His awareness of this world was clouded, for he journeyed through another. He dwelt in ecstasy; he was a man drunken, bedazzled.

For some time, that is how he lived in ‘Iráq. Almost daily he was admitted to the presence of Bahá’u’lláh. His name was ‘Abdu’lláh but the friends bestowed on him the title of Pidar-Ján—Father Dear—for he was a loving father to them all. At last, under the sheltering care of Bahá’u’lláh, he took flight to the “seat of truth, in the presence of the potent king.”

May God make fragrant his sepulcher with the outpouring rains of His mercy and cast upon him the eye of Divine compassion. Salutations be unto him, and praise.