

# Memorials of the Faithful, Shaykh Şádiq-i-Yazdí

'Abdu'l-Bahá

Translated. Original Persian



## Shaykh Şádiq-i-Yazdí – Memorials of the Faithful, 'Abdu'l-Bahá

Another of those who emigrated to Baghdád was Shaykh Şádiq of Yazd, a man esteemed, and righteous as his name, Şádiq. He was a towering palm in the groves of Heaven, a star flaming in the skies of the love of God.

It was during the 'Iráq period that he hastened to the presence of Bahá'u'lláh. His detachment from the things of this world and his attachment to the life of the spirit are indescribable. He was love embodied, tenderness personified. Day and night, he commemorated God. Utterly unconscious of this world and all that is therein, he dwelt continually on God, remaining submerged in supplications and prayers. Most of the time, tears poured from his eyes. The Blessed Beauty singled him out for special favor, and whenever He turned His attention toward Şádiq, His loving-kindness was clear to see.

On a certain day they brought word that Şádiq was at the point of death. I went to his bedside and found him breathing his last. He was suffering from ileus, an abdominal pain and swelling. I hurried to Bahá'u'lláh and described his condition. "Go," He said. "Place your hand on the distended area and speak the words: 'O Thou the Healer!'"

I went back. I saw that the affected part had swollen up to the size of an apple; it was hard as stone, in constant motion, twisting, and coiling about itself like a snake. I placed my hand upon it; I turned toward God and, humbly beseeching Him, I repeated the words, "O Thou the Healer!" Instantly the sick man rose up. The ileus vanished; the swelling was carried off.

This personified spirit lived contentedly in 'Iráq until the day when Bahá'u'lláh's convoy wended its way out of Baghdád. As bidden, Şádiq remained behind in that city. But his longing beat so passionately within him that after the arrival of Bahá'u'lláh at Mosul, he could endure the separation no more. Shoeless, hatless, he ran out alongside the courier going to Mosul; ran and ran until, on that barren plain, with mercy all about him, he fell to his rest.

May God give him to drink from "a wine cup tempered at the camphor fountain," and send down crystal waters on his grave; may God perfume his dust in that desert place with musk, and cause to descend there range on range of light.



TRANSLATION