– LXXX – O Thou Whose remembrance is the delight of...

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated by Shoghi Effendi

– LXXX –

O Thou Whose remembrance is the delight of the souls of all them that yearn after Thee, Whose name is the exultation of the hearts of all who are wholly devoted to Thy will, Whose praise is cherished by such as have drawn nigh unto Thy court, Whose face is the ardent desire of all them that have recognized Thy truth, Whose trial is the healer of the sicknesses of them who have embraced Thy Cause, Whose calamity is the highest aspiration of such as are rid of all attachment to any one but Thyself!

Glorified, immeasurably glorified art Thou, in Whose hands is the empire of whatsoever is in the heavens and whatsoever is on earth, Thou, Who through but one word of Thy mouth, caused all things to expire and dissolve asunder, and Who, by yet another word, caused whatever had been separated to be combined and reunited! Magnified be Thy name, O Thou Who hast power over all that are in the heavens and all that are on earth, Whose dominion embraceth whatsoever is in the heaven of Thy Revelation and the kingdom of Thy creation. None can equal Thee in Thy created realms; none can compare with Thee in the universe Thou hast fashioned. The mind of no one hath comprehended Thee, and the aspiration of no soul hath reached Thee. I swear by Thy might! Were any one to soar, on whatever wings, as long as Thine own Being endureth, throughout the immensity of Thy knowledge, he would still be powerless to transgress the bounds which the contingent world hath set for him. How can, then, such a man aspire to wing his flight into the atmosphere of Thy most exalted presence?

He, indeed, is endued with understanding who acknowledgeth his powerlessness and confesseth his sinfulness, for should any created thing lay claim to any existence, when confronted with the infinite wonders of Thy Revelation, so blasphemous a pretension would be more heinous than any other crime in all the domains of Thine invention and creation. Who is there, O my Lord, that, when Thou revealest the first glimmerings of the signs of Thy transcendent sovereignty and might, hath the power to claim for himself any existence whatever? Existence itself is as nothing when brought face to face with the mighty and manifold wonders of Thine incomparable Self.

Far, immeasurably far, art Thou exalted above all things, O Thou Who art the King of Kings! I entreat Thee by Thy Self and by Them Who are the Manifestations of Thy Cause and the Daysprings of Thine authority to write down for us that which Thou hast written down for Thy chosen ones. Withhold not from us that which Thou didst ordain for Thy loved ones, who, as soon as Thy call reached them, hastened unto Thee, and when the splendors of the light of Thy

countenance were shed upon them, instantly prostrated themselves in adoration before Thy face.

We are Thy servants, O my Lord, and in the grasp of Thy power. If Thou chastisest us with the chastisement inflicted upon the former and the latter generations, Thy verdict would be assuredly just and Thine act praiseworthy. Powerful art Thou to do what pleaseth Thee. None other God is there beside Thee, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Help in Peril, the Self-Subsisting.