

Letters of THE GREATEST HOLY LEAF

Bahiyih Kkanum

Translated from Persian



That supreme affliction, the passing of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, was the direst of ordeals; it was an anguish of mourning. The parting with mankind's Beloved set fire to the hearts of all His lovers, and the souls of the believers dissolved in its burning. Even the beauteous dwellers in the Abhá Paradise cried out and wept, and in their empyrean abode the Maids of Heaven moaned and lamented. The gems of holiness fell a prey to crushing grief, the essences of sanctity bowed down in sorrow.

That One whom the world has wronged could rest neither day nor night. From moment to moment, at the hands of every betrayer, yet another cruel arrow was shot into His heart, and ever and again, from one or another assailant, He was calumny's target. In the dark of the night, out of the depths of His bosom, could be heard His burning sighs, and when the day broke, the wondrous music of His prayers would rise up to the denizens of the realm on high.

That Prisoner, grievously wronged, would hide His pain, and keep His wounds from view. In the depths of calamity He would smile, and even when enduring the direst of afflictions He would comfort the hearts. Although He was hemmed about with disasters, and living at the whirlwind's core of grief, He would still proclaim the Cause of God, and protect the Holy Faith, and He brought God's Word to the ears of those in East and West. He trained and nurtured friends of such a kind that whensoever their names were on His lips or spoken in His presence, His blessed face would glow and His whole being would radiate with joy. Many and many a time He would express His trust and confidence. In the gatherings held toward the close of His days, He would repeatedly tell of the apostles of Jesus. Among other things He would say that when the Spirit left this nether world and hastened away to the glorious Kingdom, He had but twelve disciples, and even of these, one was cast off; and that this small number, because they sacrificed all they had for Jesus, and immersed themselves in the radiance of that sweet and comely Being, and lost themselves in Christ, they lit the world. 'Now when I depart,' He would say, 'I have loyal loved ones that number 50,000 or more, and each one of these is a mighty fortress to guard the edifice of God, each one, for the Ark of the Faith, is strong as armour-plate. They are rooted firm as the high mountains, they are bright and rising stars, they are jewels, they are pearls.' Today, God be thanked, these qualities are radiating from the faces of the righteous, and shining upon their brows.

That blessed Being perfected His bounties for the people of Bahá, and His grace and favour were extended to those of all degrees. In the best of ways, he manifested at the end what had been shown forth at the beginning, crowning all His gifts with His Will and Testament, in which He clearly made known the obligations devolving upon every stratum of the believers, in language most consummate, comprehensive and sound, setting down with His own pen the name of Shoghi Effendi, as Guardian of the Cause and interpreter of the Holy Writ. The first of His



TRANSLATION

bounties was the light He shed, the last of His gifts was that He unravelled the secrets by lifting the veil.

God be praised, all the beloved of God's Beauty are immersed in an ocean of bounty and grace, all are receiving abundant bestowals from the lights that radiate from that Countenance of glory.

Notes:

Shavval 1340 A.H. (28 May-25 June 1922 A.D.), to a believer in Karachi