

Adassayah, Syria

May 16th 1914

Dear friends !

The camp was astir early morning; those ^{who} slept late were up, because our life in the desert had come to an end. ^{other} scenes of holiness and divine experiences were drawing us, filling our hearts with sweet, happy songs and dreamy thoughts of rapture and ecstasy. The Master came down as usual and he would have taken the morning train for Es-Samach ^{had} ~~we~~ Khosro ^{been} ready with his luggage. Our Commander, Laakhi Bay was preparing to leave in the company of the Beloveds. In my heart I bade farewell to all these hallowed grounds, hoping that in some future date I may be ^{enabled} ~~come~~ to come again and dream over the beauty and spirituality of these past days.

About 9 o'clock the Master entered my Areeshek and delivered into my hand his two hand bags containing precious Tablets and his own things. Then sitting on the floor he called the owner of ^{the} baths and paid him several English pounds; then money was distributed amongst all the Arab servants, each ^{person} going out of Areesk with joy in his heart, because aside from the monetary reward, they had received the Blessings of the King of Kings.

This was the last time my green bower was favored with the Presence of the Master. He joined the Commander, laughing and cheerful. Aside from the many believers who had come, many inhabitants of Acca and Haifa etc, hearing the Master ^{was} in Hamneh came to take the advantage of the time to see him according to their hearts' content. Hence there will be a general exodus for the next two, three days, because the life of the world has left the place. This picture will not be complete without mentioning the faithfulness and devotion of Mirza Abderra-ouf, Mirza Zekrollah and Mirza Moneer, the three sons of Aga Moussa, the brother of Baha-ollah; the daily replenishment of our supply by Bahram from Adasseyah; the constant service and untiring zeal of Khosro as well as Mahmud, Ahmad and Abdollah, our three Arab servants. Aga Ali, known amongst the Arab by the name Abou Hossein came often from Samreh and helped others in clearing the grounds and various other ways. Haji Mohammad as the "friend of the Master" always served, ~~served~~ and attended to the baths. His love for the Beloved and his explicit obedience for all that the Master said was one of the most touching scenes of Hamneh.

Having gathered all my belongings I came out and sat under
 the tent, looking over the lovely plain which will be left
 behind in two, three hours, when I saw an Arab entered
 and without much ceremony fell ^{at} on my feet, weeping and
 mumbling some unintelligible words. I got up from my
 seat and in vain I tried to calm him down. After several
 minutes through the assistance of a translator I found
 that somehow he ^{and his friend} had forfeited their tickets to Damascus
 and having been forced to get out ^{of the train} at Hamamah they
^{were} are stranded in this wild desert away from any habi-
 tation or friend. They had heard of Abbas Effendi;
 a "refuge and ^{an} asylum to all the people of the world"
 and wished me to intercede before him - so that he
^{would} may defray their expenses to Damascus. In their ^{case},
 or in the case of any one in distress, there is no need of
 intercession. As soon as the Master heard me relating
 their story he came out and as though they were his
 own sons went to them, inquired about their healths
 and business etc. Then he continued his walk
 toward the station and the ticket office. The station
 was full of people and everybody knew by this time
 the misfortune of these men, because in their

evident desperation they had appealed to every person without any result. Unconsciously and reverently they made a way and the Blessed One walked through the crowd. He took an English pound out of his pocket and bought two tickets for the men. Then he gave them some money for their food. A murmur of genuine applause and admiration ran through the people. These men being so overcome with the joy of unexpected relief that they fell on their faces and bowed themselves to the ground, thanking the Lord of heaven and invoking the blessings of the "good Shepherd" upon the head of Abbes Effendi. "Who would have helped us here! Who would have come to our succor ~~in~~ this desert save the Man of God, our father".

About 2.30 p.m. the train from Damascus arrived and bidding farewell to the assembled friends at the station and the ladies standing on the roof, we started for Es-Samach — the Master, the Commander, Khosro and this servant. After fifteen minutes we arrived at Es-Samach. Here about a dozen Zoroastrian believers had come from Adassayah to welcome the Beloved. He ordered the baggage he carried in advance, and stayed in the waiting room of the station

for an hour. They had brought many horses and altogether there were nearly 20 men riding in the company of the Beloved. I had a fine horse, Khosro had another and all the believers who had come with a number of the prominent heads of the village and their Sheik. The field as long as the eye could see was waving with the golden harvest of wheat and barley. The reapers - men and women, were in the field, and those who have read the beautiful, pastoral story of Ruth and how she went out to "glean the ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace" could see an exact prototype of it everywhere. In every field I saw girl gleaners after the reapers. Unquestionably since that inimitable story was written, through successive ages many Naomis and many Ruths and many Boazs have appeared in this holy land - of whose interesting lives we know nothing.

Ahead of this fine cavalcade the Master - the Commander of Peace, rode side by side with the Commander of War. The latter had his uniform on, with gilded epaulette, his sword hanging beside him, his military whip in his hand and his shining, black boots on his feet - the contrast with complete. With all these outward signs

he was a lamb beside the Lord and Teacher of Love. The road was fairly ^{good} ~~well~~ and smooth. One of the most peculiar things about these plains is that they are not divided by hedges such as ^{there} they are in other lands, so that each man may know the extent of his land, but are marked off with stones, so that when the grain is high, as to day, there is the appearance of one large field without any divisions, where each owner knows the extent of his cultivated land and a fellow must be a rogue if he dares to tamper with his neighbour's landmark. Many have been the quarrels and even bloodshed over the moving of a landmark, for to do so is to break one of the Mosaic Commands which has been faithfully observed through the centuries; viz.: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance. Deut xix. 14.

Here and there large ^{droves} flocks of cows and goats were grazing in those plains, ^{the wheats of which were now} already harvested. We rode for about 50 minutes before we reached the river Shoreeah. The banks of this river for miles and miles, as well as the river Jordan, are rich in varied foliage, Oleanders stand in thick masses, beautiful in this month of May with their rose-colored blossoms, the jujube tree, the

crimson flowered branthus and a variety of others. Having crossed the river we observed the arab villagers pouring out of their black tent houses to welcome home their Master. Then just as suddenly a number of Arabian horsemen came out from behind the thick brushwoods and started a lively race with drawn swords, one after another. It was a spectacular sight! For nearly 15 minutes they played and raced their horses till we reached the garden of Adassayeh. All the Zoroastrians were in front of the gate. The Master and the rest of us alighting from our horses, entered the court and each person ^{went} into his own room. After half an hour ^{the Master} he came out with the Commander, walked through the garden and sitting under the shade of ^{the} apricot trees in front of a flowing stream the tea was served to everyone.

A most delicious dinner consisting of two roast chickens, roast meat, rice and other fine dishes were served in the Master's own room. "Bravo, a hundred times bravo to the hand of the woman who has prepared such a dinner!" the Master exclaimed. Around the table were - beside the Master - the Commander, Mirza Zekrollah, Haji Ali and myself. Every one helped himself beautifully.

Of all the places in the world, here in this far off village of Syria, after many months of sojourn in this country I enjoyed the luxury of a regular iron bed. Fleas, bed bugs and vermin abound here but blessed and fortunate are those who have a mosquito net!