

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee  
 Syria

May 18th 1914

Dear friends!

This morning I was looking over the hotel book in which every one writes his name and a thought. I came across a lovely poem written therein by Chas Garrett of England, February 1903 which so much expresses the feeling of every pilgrim that I will incorporate it in this letter to be enjoyed by all:-

"Thou little blue sea of Galilee,  
 Thou long have I wished to see,  
 Oft very oft shall I think of thee  
 When over the greater sea.

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"I look at thee and I think of one,  
 Of the day of long ago;  
 Of one who sat in a little boat  
 And talked to the folk on shore.

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Of one who slept in a little ship  
 When thou wert wrathful, fierce

For the mighty winds from the sibut hills  
Have moved and sorely troubled thee.

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He rose from ship thy trouble saw  
He spake and thou wert calm.  
The Writer once heard that wondrous voice  
Where his wind was whirled with storm  
It acted to him as a wondrous charm  
For there came a glorious calm.

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Thou little sea, thou blue little sea,  
Tis pleasure to me to look at thee.  
For the Master who went to Calvary  
Was connected with thee, thou strange little sea.

Be sure that I was up very early, because I was longing to see the first sunrise in Galilee from the hotel Balemy. I stole there very quietly and found no one present. The sea was perfectly calm, not the least stir on its surface. The top of the hills with small villages on their slopes or closely nestled at their feet were not yet tinged with the first glow of sunrise. Surely the Master 1900 yrs ago has looked many, many times on a similar scene

I sat there for a long while looking always toward the East. The hills were mantled with a deep blue-gray, making the outlines of the circling hills around the sea a little indistinct. Quiet grandeur and a soul-satisfying beauty reeked over this unique landscape painted with the fingers of the Almighty. The eastern horizon was covered with thin, white clouds. Little by little the radiant herads of Appols from their unknown palaces of light marched forth and carrying in their hands the divin torches of the first morning rays penetrated through the rifts of the clouds and suffused the space with brilliancy. Here and there along the shore a few palm trees were made visible; the voice of the Moazzin from the minaret in the mosque and the sound of the church bell equally called the faithful to prayer. The mass of clouds covering the lower part of the horizon prevented the sun <sup>from</sup> to emerge <sup>from</sup> behind the hills and leap forth like a ball of fire to flood the world with its refulgent lights. Now the clouds formed themselves into serrated ridges of a vast range of mountains and the light shining through them silvered the lake, white, calm and ~~marmoreal~~ as

the nature and character of the Master. But lo and behold, now the Clouds are scattered and with the appearance of the full disk of the sun the lake has become a sea of gold. I raised my eyes to look into the sun, but they were dazzled with the intensity of its heat. Now the world is full of sunlight, because all the hindrances are removed.

In a similar manner is the dawn of the sun of Reality, dispersing the Clouds of dogmas and rising above the fogs and mists of superstitions. This train of thought <sup>had</sup> ~~having~~ carried me so far when suddenly the door of the balcony was opened and the Master <sup>came out</sup> ~~entered~~ clothed in his white garment. "What art thou doing here so early?" he asked smilingly. He did not wait for my answer. "This is the sea over which Christ sailed! These are the shores which were blessed with his holy feet! While he lived and taught around this lake very few people heeded his message! But now many associations are organized and financed to excavate the ancient ruins of the Holy Land and ascertain whether he has been there or not. Everything, supposed to be pertaining to him has assumed most great importance and

thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of the world to visit this hallowed spot."

Then I followed him downstairs. He walked for half an hour in front of the hotel and after receiving a number of strangers in the reception room on the second floor he and the Commander called <sup>on</sup> at the Governor in what we may call the "City Hall" of Tiberias which is quite close by. <sup>After</sup> On his return more people were received <sup>until</sup> till noon. For lunch we were invited to the house of Mofti, Sheikh Abdossalam. The old man was sick, lying on his bed, spread on the floor. The Master sat near his bed and assured him that he will soon recover. Then the governor, the judge, and other officers arrived and dinner was announced. Before entering the dining room every one must wash his hands with soap. A man holding in one hand the pitcher, in the other the <sup>basin</sup> ~~cup~~ and on his shoulder the towel, <sup>performs this service</sup> ~~performs this service~~. Aside from other dishes they had prepared a lamb stuffed with rice, pine nuts, etc. It was a most delicious dinner. While we were sitting around

the table the governor mentioned the names of a few <sup>also Turkish</sup> families in Bagdad and immediately the Master started to relate the particular history of each. This astonished them in the extreme, because these are the things which are known to very few save to well-informed Turks. Then he stirred and delighted their hearts with spiritual Teachings. After drinking coffee we left the house, because the Commander was going to leave for Haifa in the afternoon, to sail for Jaffa and Jerusalem. For the last few days his love for and attachment to the Master had become very evident. Before many people he said: "Alibas Effendi has made me a prisoner of love. The hardest thing for me is to leave his companionship, but I am obliged to leave him <sup>very</sup> soon. I have learned from him many things and he has instructed me in many problems of life. Eternally I am <sup>indebted to him</sup> under his debt."

When we came to the hotel the Beloved embraced and kissed him. He asked me to go with him to the pier which I did with great pleasure. On my return I met two of the Zoroastrian believers who had come on horseback from Adassayah, bringing with themselves two loads of eggplants and cucumbers.

In turn the Master sent them as gifts to several families. He talked with these friends and when they left others came and were refreshed with his talks on spiritual subjects. About 4 pm he took a walk through the streets of Tiberias and called on his friends. For supper he ate bread and cheese and drank a glass of hot milk.

While the Master was away a Jewish Rabbi in whose house he had lived <sup>on</sup> one of his former visits, called and as he was not here he stayed and I had a long talk with him about Christ and the validity of his mission. I found him very bitter against Christ because he broke the Sabbath. He thought that all these pilgrims coming to the Holy land are poor deluded fellows. I presented to him some of the teachings of Christ, his wonderful life and his heavenly doctrines and although he was outwardly silenced, I knew he was not convinced. Then we spoke about the Master. "Oh" he said "Abbas Effendi is our kind father! We love him very much. He is the only person who loves all the people and assists them irrespective of race or religion. I know him well; he lived in my house."