

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee
Syria

June 10th 1914

Dear friends!

As Mr Newman and his companions were going to leave for the old ruined city of Petra the Beloved left the house very early to pay them a visit. But he found them in the steamer which was going to take them in half an hour to Es-Samaeh, then by rail to Dara and then on horse-back for about 20³ days to Petera. They are going to have a mounted escort, securely pass the magnificent gorge of the Mojib (Arnon) and visit the remains of ^{the} once powerful Crusader's Castle of Kerak; pushing southward, they will cross the valley El Hassa and then enter the ancient land of Edom, camping within the precincts of its ancient capital. Petra, the "rock" city, was under the Edomites known as Sela or Sela, also meaning "rock," and under this name is mentioned in 2 Kings ch 14. v. 7, when it was captured by Amaziah. At a later period, when a Kingdom of the Nabateans was established here, Petra was the central point for Caravans from Arabia, Persia and India; it was the place of refuge amidst the dangers of the

desert; its wealth became enormous and a large proportion
 of its architectural beauties date from this time. Rome in the
 first century after Christ extended her sway over it, constructing
 great roads, extensive remains of which can be seen today, and
 adding to its buildings. The city perished with all the great
 Graeco-Roman civilization of these regions, and for a ^{one thousand} ~~whole~~
^{years} ~~millennium~~ its very site was unknown. The surviving ^{remains}
 of this once mighty city are today carved out of the solid sandstone
 rock enclosing the shut-in valley of Wady-Musa. They
 cover a great area. No more romantic spot can be found in
 the world. Here in the midst of an ancient waterless desert are
 the remains of early Semetic high places, of temples, theatres,
 tombs, etc, showing all the traces of high culture and civi-
 lization. The natural colouring of the sandstone red, purple,
 yellow, azur, black and white, blended in every hue and
 shade, gives these architectural works a beauty of quite a
 unique kind. Well, for goodness sake! Where am I going?
 What have you and I to do with the old ruins of Petra! I was
 going to tell you about the visit of the Master to Mr Newman
 and then I fell unaware into this ~~barid~~ digression. Please
 forgive and forget. There, you are a good, sweet patient
 friend and I hope you will get over this.

"I hope" the Beloved said "you will bring to an end this trip of yours with the utmost comfort and pleasure and without any ~~untoward~~ accidents. I supplicate God that when you return to America you may be enabled to render a great service to the world of humanity. I shall always remember you and will never forget this meeting of ours in Tiberias." From the ship he went to the hotel to inquire about the health of a friend, then passing through the bazaar he sat at the store of a merchant from Acca and started to speak with him about the old time.

At eleven o'clock Aga Sayad Yahya, the brother of the Beloved's Wife arrived from Haifa and brought us some letters and newspapers.

In the afternoon Abdul Baha came out of his room and sat near ^{the} balcony and wrote several short Tablets with his own hand. One was a beautiful short prayer for the friends in Yazd. Here is the translation:—

"O Lord! Save these servants and maid servants of Thine through the wonders of Thy Bestowals and the Graces of Thy Gift. Suffer each one of them to be submerged in the Sea of Thy Forgiveness, to obtain Thy Bounty and Favor, to attain to their greatest hope, to arrive

at the most eminent capacity and endowment in the beginning and the end, - so that the angels of inspiration may descend upon them in the morn and the eve. Verily, Thou art the Mighty, the Clement and the most Exalted!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Another is about the father of one of the 3 pilgrims who died last year: -

"O God! O God! Verily, Thy servant, the faithful Joseph hath hastened toward Thy Supreme Concurrence, hoping for Thy Bounties which are countless. O Lord! Save him through Thy Forgiveness and Pardon, O Thou my Lord, the Merciful! Enter him in the most delectable Paradise, Dilate his breast on his entrance into the center of Thy Rose-garden. Verily Thou art the Compassionate, the Clement and verily Thou art the Benevolent and the Forgiver! (Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Then an Arabian journalist called and because he ^{has} just returned from a long ^{trip} ~~throughout~~ Persia, India and China he related ~~to him~~ his thrilling ^{experiences} in those far away countries. The Master listened to him most attentively and asked him many questions about those countries.

Now It was about 9 pm when he returned from several visits. He sat on the balcony. The Lake was very calm ^{under} the rays of the lovely moon, translucent and beautiful and a cool breeze was wafting. The scene was mystical, its subtle influence, ^{stealing over one's mind and heart unheralded,} All around this blue Lake the outlines of the circling mountains were silhouetted against the begemmed sky. The atmosphere was throbbing with spirituality and generations of sacred and divine associations and in the core of my inmost heart the still small voice whispered to me. It is good and sweet to be here. The King of Kings is here. The Beloved of the world is sitting beside thee. The Searcher and Knower of hearts is close by. Let his ~~peace~~ take possession of thy heart. Let his light illumine thy soul. Let his power hold thee in its grasp. Let the Chalice of his Love intoxicate thee. Let the waters of his inspiration overflow the banks of thy life. Dedicate thy life to his service. What else matters. Everything for his sake is sweeter than honey and more welcomed than the fluttering wings of the angels. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the hidden and the manifest.

Then out of the silence of the night his clear voice rang out:-
 "This is the Lake around which His Holiness Christ often walked, over which he often sailed. The site wherein he called his apostles into active service is very near. While he was walking and thinking about the Kingdom of God he saw them fishing and realizing that they were endowed with receptive hearts he addressed them: Come and I will make ye the fishers of men and Baha-Allah addressing the people of the world said: Come and I will make ye the vivifiers of mankind. Strange that in the beginning of all the past dispensations only common, ordinary people embraced the Cause - those souls who ~~have~~ had no outward titles ^{or} stations in life. But one of the most distinctive features of this Revelation is that important people, from the world's standpoint, have accepted this religion. Hence the enemies of the Cause cannot contemptuously cry out: Oh! Only the fishermen and tax-gatherers and simple people have accepted it. This door of objection is ^{also} shut to them. Similarly people addressed Mohamad: We see only the low and ignorant members of the community are thy followers. Therefore we cannot believe in thy divine mission."

are we not looking at our own shortcomings? Why do we not let people alone? Why do we not search after our faults? "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eyes; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." Let us have Love and more Love, a love that melts all opposition, a love that conquers all foes, a love that sweeps away all barriers, a love that aboundeth in charity, large-heartedness, tolerance, and noble striving, a love that triumphs over all obstacles, a boundless, resistless, sweeping love. Ah me! Each one must be a sea of Love, a ^{Center} of Love, a Sign of Love, a sun of Love, a star of Love, a haven of Love, a pearl of Love, a palace of Love, a mountain of Love, a world of Love, a Universe of Love. Hast thou Love? Then thy power is irresistible. Hast thou sympathy? Then all the stars will sing thy praise."