

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin
Abou Senan, Acca, Syria
November 1st 1914

Dear friends !

I call my present single room "Moonbeam Cabin", because it is built on the top of the Mountain, ~~is~~ at a stone's throw ~~distance~~ from the house of Abdul Baha and the holy Family, commands a sublime view of the plain and the sea, is bathed in the soft rays of the earthly satellite and as I sleep on the floor from the Western and Southern windows, the dwelling is flooded with the shimmering beams of the silvery ^{luminary} ~~moon~~. Then I open my eyes and my sight is charmed by her mystic flashes, darting constantly into the space and changing darkness into light. Then I began to think of my far-off friends in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South and on the swift wings of her white rays I ^{sent} send them my Bahai greeting and devotion. Do they receive these sincere messages of Love and affection? Are their souls sensitive enough to answer these ethereal vibrations? Are their ears quick enough to hear the contents of these unwritten, silent missives? I am sure they are. For are we not working in the same spiritual field? Are we not inspired with the same divine vision? Are we not devoted to the same Celestial Cause? Does not the one Sun of Reality shine upon us? Do we not obtain Grace from the one Source of all Good? Does not the same music of the spheres cheer all our hearts? Are we not all sitting around the one Table of the Lord's supper? Consequently let us ~~continue~~ ^{with one another} this ideal, spiritual communication, and, annihilating time and space speak with each other, although on account of the participation of Turkey in the present world war, the outward relations with the outside world are well-nigh brought to an end. No one knows how long I am going to stay in this pleasant, primitive village but as you can easily guess I am happy wherever the Beloved lives and long for no other emolument save his nearness and the privilege of serving him to the extent of my possibility.

Strictly speaking I must not use the word "my" in relation ^{to} the present abode because I have 3 roommates - Mirza Badi, Mirza Habibullah and Haji Mohamad Saughtari - Here, away from all the hate and rancour incident to the present war - we live in peace and serve the Servant of Peace.

When the Beloved awoke this morning in Behajee he intimated that he is going to day to Abou Senan, because the members of the Hely Family and the believers had been waiting for his return with something akin to impatience. It was about 9 A.M. that he called me into his room and commenced dictating Tablets for the friends in Persia and London till 12 o'clock. Khosro not arriving in time with lunch he drank a cup of milk and went into bed to take his nap. In half an hour he was awake ordering Isfandeyar to prepare the carriage and asked others to take his handbags out of his room. Because he did not tell me anything directly I thought he is going to leave me and others behind and go to Abou Senan all alone and return ^{ing} probably, in a few days. But just as he was going to ride in the carriage he turned his face to me and said: - "Are you ready?" I said: - "I ^{think} you are not taking us with you." He answered: "No, all of us will go to Abou Senan. Hurry ~~up~~ and pack up your things!" In three minutes we were ready but the carriage could not hold all of us, so he told Mirza Noureddin to get Sayad Ali Afnan's donkey, because he knew the way. Looking into ~~the~~ ^{our} happy faces ~~of~~ he exclaimed laughingly: - "My goodness! We have grown into a large family." Aga Mehdi brought two dozen of watermelons to be carried to Abou Senan. In the front seat were Isfandeyar, Khosro and Haji Mohammad, ⁱⁿ the second row, the Master and Mirza Sayad Kassem Afnan and in the third row my two room-fellows and myself. Behind the hill of Napoleon a regiment of soldiers have been camping for quite a long time and the Master asked Isfandeyar to drive ⁱⁿ towards that direction. When we reached the camp he asked the sentry to announce his name to the captain. In a minute the captain was out, approaching to welcome the Beloved and ^{my} he alighted from the carriage. All the soldiers were wondering at the commanding Presence of the Master and as though a higher power compelled them arose and saluted him as he passed by. The Captain and his adjutants conducted him to their tent and ^{he} disappeared from our views. He stayed with them for 45 minutes and when he returned he was again followed by the Captain and other officers who were thanking him for his gracious call. They came up to the steps of the carriage and stood there stock still till it drove away. We had covered a good distance when Abul Gaseem appeared on the road with a big basket of pomegranates. This is the

height of the season for this oriental fruit, some of them are as big as a good-sized melon. The carriage stopped, Khassro took the basket and the Master thanked ~~Abul~~ Gassim for his thoughtfulness. We had travelled half-way when the Beloved started to speak saying: - "The Blessed Perfection went to the village of 'Yerkeh' two or three times. (Yerkeh is a village a few miles further than Aben Senan) The first time he came out I walked on foot with Him half-way. Although through His Grace He insisted that I should ride with Him in the carriage ~~but~~ I did not do it. From this place I returned to Acca, and the carriage continued its journey. These were indeed spiritual days, days redolent with joy and fragrance. A Turkish poet says that there are certain days in the life of man that when they are passed and he thinks about them afterwards, each one of these days assumes the dimension of a universe with celestial bodies and bright orbs. Now such were the days of Baha-Allah. After nine years of close confinement behind the walls of Acca, I came out one day. The second time I left the town I took with me Aga Muhammad Gali, my uncle. Leaving behind the heavy iron gates we met a man, who is still living, but is quite old, who was acquainted with my uncle. He asked where the young man was going. He answered: - "This is the season of summer, the days are very hot and therefore I am going to stay a few days in the village of Kofre-yassif (one mile below Aben ^{Senan}) to escape the hot spell and enjoy the moonlight night." My uncle sighed from the depth of his heart and said: - "Well the day ever come when we ^{be} permitted to leave this town and breathe the fresh air of the country." I assured him that God willing that day will come real soon. Later on I went to Yerkeh, rented the house of the Sheik, repaired it and furnished it for the Blessed Perfection. My uncle went there also and on his return to the town I asked him jovially where ^{he had} he been? Remembering the day he was sighing for the sight of the country he cried out exultingly: - "I have been to Yerkeh." Freedom in this sense is imagination, an illusion of the brain. Its conceptual state is more valued and appreciated than its individual realization. For example one relishes more the poetical and pastoral description of a green field than the field itself; he enjoys more the ^{reference to the} illusive beauty and charm of a moonlight night than its physical presence."

As the carriage sped by we could see more clearly the circular range

of the mountains on the slopes and and summits of which were dotted small and large villages surrounded by fig and olive groves. For a time the Beloved was silent, and with traces of playful smiles on his face he started to speak: "The Captain of ^{the} regiment was telling me a long story about the flight of an army of seventy thousand Turkish soldiers during the last Balkan war. He said the army was in a state of complete degeneracy and they fled better-sketter. The most amusing part of this farce was that as they were flying away they pillaged each other."

By this time we reached the village of Kofri-Yaseef and its well. Many women with the big jars on their heads had gathered there to carry water to their homes. The Master ordered Isfandeyar to stop, because he was thirsty. Khosro jumped down from the carriage and asked one of the women to give water for the Effendi. Immediately she washed clean her jar, ran to a nearby hut and brought a glass. With what gladness and joy she served her Lord. Then the Beloved told Khosro to give her a big pomegranate to be divided ^{among} with the rest of the women. Almost all these Arab women paint their chins, cheeks and foreheads, ^{some} many of them are Christians, a few Mohamadians and many Druises.

Many of the friends surmising that the Master is coming today had descended the mountain to welcome him and we were glad to see them. There is no carriage road to the top of the Mountain and we had to ascend it with our bags and luggages in our hands. The Master rode on a donkey, because the path is stony and very difficult and fatiguing.

When we arrived at the village the Beloved entered his own room to rest. Passing by my present dwelling he said: "This will be thy room as long as thou art here."

In the evening he came down in the reception room and gave a long talk about the present critical conditions of Turkey, contrasting them ^{it} with the past and deploring the lack of efficient men who can wield the powers of state and guide the ship of the nation through this dreadful storm and tempest. He predicted the coming of better days and the establishment of a ^{better} system of order and justice.