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Home of Bahá'í.

Acca, Syria December 13th 1944

Dear friends!

While the rain was descending like a torrent we made our way from one house to another to the house of the Beloved. He was sitting on the Divan and looked the very picture of health and vigor. He bade us to be seated and asked Khurra to display a generous disposition in serving us with two cups of tea. Then for a few minutes he looked out of the window, enjoying the heavy down-pour of the rain. "Last night" he "it rained very hard and I could not sleep more than two hours. I saw many dreams but most of them were short little ones. As soon as I went to sleep I would see a dream and then awake. In one of the dreams I saw myself in Bagdad living in the same house that we used to live. With a number of believers we were standing in His holy Presence and He was in the course of delivering a talk on the spiritual station of the Manifestations of God. Meanwhile people came in, listened to His Words, were thrilled with joyousness and went out with the Light of God in their faces. Then I awoke and for a long time I was thinking of those unparalleled days, those happy, never to be forgotten days. I slept again and this time I dreamed I was on the steep slope of a lofty and craggy mountain. [Turning his sacred face to me he said: 'then rest with me.'] There were also a few believers but they were quite distant. Suddenly and unexpectedly a furious and raging torrent rushed down from the height of the mountain sweeping every thing before it. The waters fought their way down the rocks with great impetuosity. I remember well that I was teaching thee at that time how to stand firm in the torrent. I told thee to place thy back to the torrent and put thy feet firmly on the ground, plant thy feet firmly strongly on the rock and bend thy neck a little. Soon the torrent reached and circled us, and we found ourselves in the path of the most terrific storms. The noise and the voices of the waters were awful and almost everything was washed before it. We sat steadfastly in our places, sometimes the turbulent water reaching to our necks. We continued to watch thee looking, handling, and very calmly and then little by little the storm subsided and we arose from our seats and walked away together safely."

Then I asked him the interpretation of some of the verses in the Koran and he gave me
 a very lucid and clear explanation. When he gave me permission to retire from the
 room I looked at his table and lo! his comb contained many of his blessed hairs. I took
 them as a delightful souvenir of this morning and how my Beloved saved me in his
 dream from the clutch of the torrent. As long as he shields me with the armor
 of his divine protection I am not afraid of anything. Not only, with his con-
 firmation, am I able to stand before the fury of the storm but I will go
 serenely into the very jaws of the lion. In this world I have a poor soul and
 a few drops of blood. What greater privilege is it conceivable for me than to
 sacrifice these unworthy possessions in his way. O my Lord! I beg thee
 protect me from the storm of tests and temptations. I supplicate thee by thy
 Supreme Power to deliver me from the clutches of self and egotism. In this dark, silent
 night I beseech thee to envelop me with the gleams of thy Graces. O my Lord! I beg thee
 from the depth of my being to create in me a new heart, grant me a new ^{resolution},
 confer upon me a new aspiration, diffuse in my mind the altar of thy
 Love, teach me to walk in the rose-garden of thy good-pleasure. Rescue
 the mirror of my soul from the dust of all worldly desires, instruct
 me the mysterious wonders of thy precepts and let me be unhallo by thee.
 Accept me as the dust in the path of thy faithful ones, inspire me with
 thy celestial ideals and breathe in me the spirit of thy sanctity and purity.
 In the morn and eve, at noon and in mid night I turn my face towards
 thee and pray to thee for thy divine Outpourings. O my Lord! O my
 master! How can this poor creature ever thank thee for all thy Bounties!
 How this broken-winged bird ever hope to soar to the heaven of Thy Purity.
 The sea of thy wisdom is unfathomable, shower upon me a few drops;
 the sun of thy knowledge is all-comprehending, bestow upon me a few
 rays; the world of thy understanding is boundless, open before my
 expectant eyes, its diamond gates, the flowers of the field of thy
 mercy are very tender and fragrant, let me gather a few bouquets, the
 melody of thy Truth is very soft and musical, let me hear
 a few strains. O my Beloved! Thou alone art my protection, my
 guardian and my source of strength. Hourly I turn my face towards
 thee and ask of thee aid, assistance and power.

about 10 A.M. the Master came out in the 'Yakhour' and was walking in the sun. He was speaking with Aga Sayid Ali Afzali. Some one had seen again a messenger coming from the north and the people rushed to the shore. This time, however, they were not mistaken and the faces were palled with fear. The warship was far from the beach plying its way towards the south. For about 2 hours it manoeuvred before Orca and Kiofa and slowly disappeared behind Mount Kamil. This was enough to scare all the inhabitants out of their wits. They were awe-struck and every one felt that it will soon appear again. Although no one could exactly guess its nationality yet every one concurred in the opinion that it was an English Cruiser. During these hours of excitement the Master did not ^{much} change the course of his walking and it was about one P.M. that he entered the house to take his lunch. After a short nap, Safandiyar prepared the carriage and we drove through the green plain to Bahajes. On the way the Beloved was praying all the time. Having reached at Bahajes, we all stood in the outside garden and Aga Abder-Rasoul chanted two prayers. Then we entered the Hall of holies and sat on the floor and again the said person presented Tablets. After this ^{the} Master arose from his seat and chanted ^{about} most musically the Visiting Tablet, after which he distributed amongst us rose-water. Coming out of the Faah he walked for quite a long distance and then rode in the carriage, the paces of horses as though conscious ^{that} they were carrying the true Shekinah of ^{the} Divine Festivities. Again all along the way he was praying till he reached home. As he was ascending the stairs he said: "I feel now happier, my heart is expanded by this visit." In these days I see often the Master praying earnestly. The whole world is in sore need of his prayers and he is hourly communing with our Universal Father to let men see that love is better than hatred, peace is better than war.

He was in his room hardly half an hour that Master arrived and the Judges were announced and they were with him for over one hour. When they left the Master also went out to call on a friend and it was 11 o'clock when he came back very tired on account of much speaking with those whom he had met in the course of the evening.