

Home of Baha-Allah Acca
 Syria. February 22^d 1915

Dear friends!

Neither you, nor anybody else nor myself ^{ever} expected that we will be back in Acca after two days. I guessed that our present stay in Abou ^{Senaw} will be at least one week but as you see I was wrong in my calculation and I beg your pardon in even presuming such a thing. I was innocent of all knowledge about our sudden departure and had promised myself a busy day, copying a ^{number} of interesting long Tablets from the Supreme Pen of Baha-Allah. Then when I heard the news I had to give up my plan. I must tell you that our friend Badi Effendi is getting along excellently with the work of the Bahai school. The friends realizing how inconvenient it was to have a clinic, a ^{school}, a living quarter, a reception parlor and a Mosafir Kanah all in one room have rented a large, commodious room for the school and thus ^{better} ^{mental} work is accomplished by our dear Bahai boys and girls. You ^{must} know also that ours is a co-educational institution. Owing to the virulent hostilities shown towards the English and French, they have deemed ^{it} advisable to discontinue ^{for the time being} their courses in these two languages and for the present Persian, Arabic and Turkish are taught. Mrs Waite's hymns are being memorized by all the students and they sing them with spiritual fervor and earnestness. Nobody would have thought that during these troublous days the organization of such a fine ^{Bahai} school would be possible in Abou Senaw but nothing can approach the divine thoughtfulness and extreme solicitude of Abdul Baha. Up to this moment he has protected ~~all~~ the friends and the future will be like the past and the present.

Doctor Habiballah also has performed many delicate operations in all of which he has been entirely successful. Mrs Getsinger has been playing the part of a nurse in a number of these operations. An ^{operation} which has made our Doctor somewhat famous amongst the ^{simple} peasants of the outlying villages has ~~been~~ ^{been the} cutting of a piece of flesh from the lower lip of a woman and sewing it to the inside of her upper eye lid in a case of trachoma. "What goodness gracious!"

everybody has been shaking his head and exclaiming "Who has ever heard such a thing! Cutting from one's lip and sewing it to the eye! We are certainly living in a miraculous age! This Doctor of Abbas Effendi must be a wizard!"

Well, when I entered the room wherein all the believers had gathered to meet the Beloved I heard him giving ^{them} these last exhortations:- "While I am away pray day and night from the depth of your hearts, so that God through His Bounty may extinguish this world-consuming fire, that this ^{Constantinople} and war may be brought to an end; that the basis of real brotherhood be established and the foundation of a lasting universal Peace be laid! I must return to Acca today. I have some work there, which I must attend to as quickly as possible. Besides this I have received word that a young Egyptian, travelling by way of Constantinople and Smyrna has arrived in Acca and has inquired about me. I must go and see him and find out what he wants." Then he left the room and went upstairs to stay the last few hours with the Holy Family.

At 3 P. M. he came down and bidding the friends farewell, he descended the mountain on a fine horse belonging to Sheikh Saleh. Although the believers were desirous to follow him to the carriage yet he did not let them do it. Mirza Fazlollah Khan and Haji Sayad Javad also accompanied us. On the way he spoke about a little incident which happened when he was 4 or five years old. The beautiful 'verdancy' of the plain of Acca reminded him of this story. "It is very strange indeed" he said "how many particulars of my ^{early} childhood always stick to my memory. I remember when I was 4 or 5 years old there was a ^{very} poor old man in our street whose name was "Insouciant". When the season of poppies came around he filled his tray with them and brought around to sell them to the little boys. As he walked from one end of the street to another end he sang ^{aloud} these lines:-

Green and verdant are my poppies,
Aha! Ahey, Come out, O boys!
'Insouciant' is here with joys."

Hearing his voice I would run out of the house and buy his poppies. This "Insauciant" often gathered us children around himself and related to us many funny stories."

Then he asked Mirza Fazlollah Khan about the Zoroastrians in Shiraz and how many believers are amongst them. "During his life" he said "Baha' Allah turned His spiritual Graces to this Community and revealed to them a number of divine Tablets. As a result of this they made great progress in a short space of time. When they observed this extraordinary advancement they thought that this was owing to their own knowledge and acumen. Therefore I had wanted to show them through their recent difficulties and reverses in Persia that their sudden rise owed its origin to spiritual confirmations and not to worldly wisdom."

On the way we met two of the believers going to Abou Senan. They were rather surprised to see the Master returning. He told them he hoped to come back again as soon as he has finished his work. We stopped at Bahajee^{and}, visited the Holy Tomb, then we drove to the garden of Rizwan and Abul Qasem was made very happy to welcome the Beloved. He stayed there about 15 minutes, visited the Room of the Blessed Beauty, walked around the garden and directed the gardener to do a few things. It was after sunset when we entered the house and the Master a little fatigued went to his room to rest.

In the evening the young Egyptian, whose name was Ahmad Mahamad called on him. He is a graduate from the Egyptian Schools and speaks English quite well. He has been travelling in Europe and he is now trying to go back to his people by any possible way. He was with the Beloved for an hour half and the topic of his talk with him was America and his tour through that country. He took his supper with us and then left for his lodging. He is quite a curiosity in Acca^{because} for the last few months almost no foreigner has crossed its threshold. Everybody has been curious to know who is this stranger.