

... description: 1954, Laura Davis
author: Laura Davis
title: WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS THIS? notes: ...

WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS THIS?

Laura Davis

1954, Laura Davis

He stood at the head of the table waiting to welcome his friends. With a quivering heart, I waited that welcome, as I stood at the end of the line which is led by the newly arrived pilgrim. How often through the passing years I had tried to imagine Beinh Herr, where I now stood. In a dream once I had found myself here. Now, at, long last, that dear dream had come true, the imagination has become a fact, the longing has become fulfilled.

Who is this man for whose “welcome” I have waited so long? This man who holds himself like a king, for king he is yet there is such profound humility, the humility of the true great.

He wears a black suit over his suit, a black fez or taj which shows dark hair slightly graying at the temples. He is not tall, yet stately, slight yet breathing strength. Eyes of hazel brown that can glow with hidden fire, with flashing light, with rich enthusiasm or lower in deep thoughtfulness.

The face is heart-shaped, delicately molded, the nose straight, the mouth beautiful, as though made more beautiful than is usual by beautiful words that have glowed from it through the years, the small mustache not hiding any of that beauty.

Who is this man and why have I yearned through the years to stand before him?

His lineage goes back through the centuries to Abraham, that Prophet who led His people from one of the chaldees to the Holy Land. Kings have been His forebears. Prophets have been ancestor to him, Muḥammad on his father’s side, and the Blessed Beauty, Bahá’u’lláh on his mother’s side.

His childhood and early youth was carefully guarded by Him, who is the way-shower of all mankind, the master, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá, or as the world knows Him, Sir Abba Effendi. He was born in the prison city of ‘Akká, to a family of prisoners, for these great ones of the Earth had been immured behind prison walls, by those who feared the New Message from God. The princes of the world feared, knowing that He who speaks with the power of God is given full dominion over all the Earth and they knew their time to be short.

The time has come to move forward, to enter that door that separates the world from “home”.. just a few steps now and I stand before him. His wife,

the beautiful Ruhhiyih Khánum, tells him who I am, that I come from Canada, the land of her birth. His rich voice welcomes me and in that welcome, I truly come home. It had been enough that I was granted permission to travel to this Holy Land, and to this moment – that alone would have been more than repayment for all that I have done or hoped to do in life – even if the journey had not actually been accomplished. But that I now stood before him was bounty added to bounty.

His name for the world is Shoghi Effendi Rabbání and so he was known until a dark day which fell on November 26, 1921. On that day a greater name became his. That night while still a student at Oxford University in England, he, all unknowingly became the Guardian of the Bahá'í World Faith. That night when passing from this earth to His celestial home, his beloved Grandfather, 'Abdu'l-Bahá placed over his youthful shoulders, though he was not to know it for many faithful days, the Robe of Guardianship.

In the prison city of 'Akká he stood with the other members of the Holy Family and some visiting pilgrims to read the "Great Will and Testament" which held within its pages the answer to the mystery the question so often asked in the past "Who will guide and guard this Infant Faith when the Master ascends?" it is incumbent ... to turn into Shoghi Effendi, the youthful branch.." His reading stopped, he could not read on for there were other words written, "Whose obeyed him not... hath not obeyed God"

The shock was too great! To him who had thought he was being prepared to be the secretary of his beloved Grandfather... and now, that Grandfather had left him! There had been the long, slow journey from London to Haifa, the homecoming where the light of that home had gone out! Days of sorrow, of loneliness of unbelievable change had dragged on. Then that eventful day when the Great Will and Testament had been placed in his hands to read to the assembled company.. to break that seal.. and read.

The document opened with the words, "All praise to Him Who by the shield of His Covenant hath guarded."

NOTES OF LAURA DAVIS' PILGRIMAGE

1. WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS THIS?
2. LEARNING TO LOVE THE GUARDIAN
3. THREE MYSTERIES
4. AMERICA AND RUSSIA; CANADA
5. EMBRYO OF WORLD CIVILIZATION
6. THE ARK AND THE ARC. TO KNOW. TO LOVE. AND TO OBEY. LAWS. ADMONITIONS. COUNSELS
7. HYMNS AT MEETINGS. THE INSTRUMENT IN THE EARTH

8. HANDS OF THE CAUSE
 9. MONUMENT OF G. H. L.: TELL OF MASTER FIRST THEN OF B. B. WE MUST NEVER COMPROMISE OUR FAITH
 10. Potention of GUARDIAN: LEROY THOUGHT HE KNEW. GUARDIAN DID. LETTER OF MANY pages. Self. So glad he had R. K. to talk to. Guardian knew so much about each one.
- NEVER HAVE PICTURE OF A. B. IN FRONT WHEN PRAYING.
11. NO SACRIFIC IF CONCIOUS PRIVILEGE
- ADVICE TO GRACE OBER ABOUT HURRY
12. return of 34, 000 pds do not belittle the standard
- MEANING OF “GUARDIAN”. V‘ALÍ IN PERSIAN MEANS MUCH MORE
13. MATERIAL & SPIRITUAL WORLDS: GOLDEN AGE: PACIFIC ISLANDS
 14. RACE PREJUDICE: STORY OF THOMAS/HUMILITY: THOU ART MY JEWEL
 15. VISIT TO SHRINE OF BAHÁ’U’LLÁH
 16. POEM: ‘AKKÁ
 17. THE SHRINE OF BAHÁ’U’LLÁH: THE CRITIC: MOUNTAIN TOPS
 18. MY BELOVED LIVED IN ‘AKKÁ
 19. MAN’S AWAKENING
 20. THE LAST GREAT RELIGIONS: 6 STAGES OF FAITH
 21. Dreams and Visions.
- Invincible. Evening meditation

THE MONUMENT GARDENS

It was raining when we visited this sacred spot, but the rain could not hide any of the beauty and wonder of that spot. We did not know that it was to be focal point for the Great Arc, which would one day hold the Universal House of Justice.

Dr. Luṭfu’lláh told us that the steps represent the local Spiritual Assemblies; the pillars, the National Spiritual Assemblies; the lovely Dome represented the Universal House of Justice and the little dome on top, he said the Guardian would not tell us of this. And that night at dinner, when the Guardian asked us if we had seen this garden, he explained all of it but the little dome. That he did not mention.

The other two monuments are for the mother and son of the Blessed Beauty. They are very lovely, and the story of how the Beloved Guardian and those bodies brought, and buried in this lovely place is a sad and beautiful story of his love for these dear ones who suffered more than we can know because of the enmity of those who tried to destroy this Faith.

Letter of Ruallah, lovely writing on exquisite paper 5 x 8 with lion on

A section of Báb's writing to Muḥammad Sháh in answer to questions.

Letter from Ṭáhirih with gold passé partout

Letter from Jirza Buzurg

Letter from sisiter of Mullá Ḥusayn

Letter in Varqá's writing

Letter from Prof. Brown to Luṭfu'lláh Ḥakím

Letter from the Sháh on the examination of Bábís.

MINOR ARCHIVES

1. Martha's pin from Queen Marie, bought by Willard Hatch and returned to Archives.
2. Lovely Persian letters from the friends to each other in the olden days of the Faith
3. Two cornelion seals of the Master
4. Gold and caramel coffee cup
5. Picture of Mírzá Buzurg in high pointed hat as Minister to Sháh.
6. Medals with likeness of Master

Dervish Poem of Bahá'u'lláh

"It is to be hoped of the fortune of thine enemy will turn. The fortunes of the two worlds may encompass thee. Thou art the shadow of Mercy. This seems strange that from shadow, the world becomes so illuminated"

Book of Letters from the Friends 12 x 5 x 2

Long palm leaf with writings by Bahá'u'lláh on both sides and framed so both sides may be see. About 12 x 40 inches.

Writings of Bahá'u'lláh illuminated and framed, in exquisite stationary, with small decorations of flowers, etc.

One with a Prayer, perforated in flowers.

Tablet of Prayer revealed by Bahá'u'lláh for the Purest Branch, after his passing.

Some clothing of the purest branch, stained with blood from his fall.

He was just 22 years old.

A little red tag with black tassels belonging to the Purest Branch.

Two night-caps of lovely quilted material of Purest Branch.

Several pages of his lovely writing. Other clothing.

DECLARATION OF THE BÁB. DEC. 29, 1954

Dinner at 7 P. M. with 31 ladies – we had palau, green onion, Turkish bread, tea, cha served fish with the most beautiful glasses and little plates. Rúḥííh Khánúm talked of American luxuries to the Persian ladies, told them of our wonderful gadgets and then, what we would do if we had no electricity. How they have knowledge of how to live without gadgets and to give service in peril.. a woman whoa was bitten by a deadly snake, and each one there knew just what part to play to dave life. What would an American woman have done? Cut, suck, clean.. at any tea party the man would have died.

The wonderful car that have been given to the Guardian _____ but
God knows what will happen when it needs repair. A donkey would have kept
going and would eat almost anything, but this car must have the right oil and
gas

SORAB

Sorab visited the Shrines and Holy Homes during the summer of 1954. He made the statement that he had attended the University of Beirut with Dr. L. Ḥakím, but this was not true as the doctor had never attended that university.

Sorab was secretary for ‘Abdu’l-Bahá for a number of years, this in answer by Dr. Ḥakím.

Sorab stayed only a few minutes in the Shrines and in the room of Bahá’u’lláh. He said that the gardens were spoiled by the ornamentation which was done by the Guardian, but Salah told him that he had better buy them in America, knowing that he would not do this.

THE FIRST VISIT TO THE SHRINE OF BAHÁ’U’LLÁH

We ach said a prayer then the Persian ladies chanted. The Tablet of Aḥmad was said by Olivia Kesley and Salah chanted the Tablet of visitation.

When we came out, the night had fallen and we walked back to the waiting room through gardens lighted with so many light standards. Dr. Luṭfu’lláh and I went hand in hand through a land forever near to His Shrine.

7.15. Sitting on the divan with the Persian ladies, before an electric fire and doing our best to talk to them, the men knew English helped us.

A story told by Dr. Luṭfu'lláh Ḥakím of the time of the Master's passing when He told both him and Curtis Kels to stay that they would be needed. "Stay here, you will be wanted." And they did not know why. So they were here at the time of the passing of the Master, Dr. Krug, Fujita, Luṭfu'lláh and Curtis.

Luṭfu'lláh had an album of pictures taken of 40 days before and following the death of the Master. It is now in Persia.

There is straw matting overall the floors which are of tile and very cold. Over the matting rugs are scattered. There is stone, marble and tile everywhere, some so beautifully decorated that it looks like carpet. There is a fortune in the rugs alone, the walls are white, blue trim, as blue as summer skies, on forget-me-nots. There is a lovely violet bed in the Riḍván garden.

During the Prayers at the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh, Dr. Luṭfu'lláh relived the 40 days of the Master's passing and a veil of sadness covered him. When he had to show us the accommodations at each new place, he said in such a quiet voice, "I am so sorry to be so rude," then he would be like a little boy and smile, "But I do not so want my friends to be comfortable, so must show you how to be comfortable." He always took me first and then I could show the others. He would say, "Yes, I am a naughty boy." And at times, "and you are a naughty girl" then he explained the difference between being naughty or being bad, such a difference! When you do not know you are doing wrong, you are naughty, but when you disobey, you know then you are bad.

The dining room is yellow, like sunlight and there are openings where the swallows fly in. the nest is in the rafters at the top of the room. This is at it was when the Master was here. And the guardian does not wish it changed.

The kitchen is outside and the food is carried and through a large door which enters into a courtyard where there are wire-screened chicken runs and a place with the dearest white rabbits.

The bounty of being with the Persian friends is one that I just do not understand. It was granted by our beloved Guardian. We sat at table — nine of us, four women, 5 men. Olivia Kesley and I from the West, two Persians, all five men were Persians.

STORY OF THE LAYING OF THE PLASTER FROM MAKU UNDER ONE OF THE TILES OF THE SHRINE OF THE BÁB

The Guardian climbed up the ladder to place the wrought silver box under the special tile. The workmen fell on their knees to beg him not to climb. Leroy had had the scaffold removed so the friends could see the work, then the Guardian told him of the plaster which had to be placed in the silver box and placed under the special tile. So the scaffolding had to be replaced. Leroy stayed right behind the Guardian as he climbed the ladder, and when he reached the place where the tile was, Leroy put his arms around the Guardian, held him till he

finished his task. The gardeners down below stopped work and prayed that the Guardian would not fall.

STORY of Leroy going the President of Israel, not to let Sorab see anything. Said that he was an enemy for the Cause and must not be allowed to see any of the Holy Places. The Guardian heard of this and said, "Let him go." So Sorab visited all the Holy Places in about 15 minutes. He did not chant one prayer. Leaving, he was asked, "Do you not wish to see the Shrine of the Master?" He said, "Well, yes." He entered, stayed only one minute, then left.

DOROTHY BAKER'S DREAM OF SORAB

Dorothy saw Sorab in her dream. Saw his arm wither and a great change come over him. She said, "How dare you! How dare you!" her husband said, "Why do you worry? Don't you see that his arm is withered already?"

UGO GIACHERIE

When special marble was needed for the Shrine, Ugo found that it was impossible to have the quarries opened – what to do? The marble must be found.

He searched until he found an opening. The man who owned the quarry was a stamp collector. Ugo talked stamps to him until he found that there was a stamp needed to complete a very valuable series. Ugo found where it was possible to obtain, this very rare and valuable stamp, and he bought it. Then presented it to the man who owned the quarries. They became friends. The quarries were opened because of this friendship and the stone was shipped to Haifa for the Shrine.

THE LITTELE ARAB MAIDS WHO CARED FOR US

BAHIRRIH THE OLDER ONE HOMA

SHADOO SO VERY PRETTY BANU

KORSHEED THE TALL ONE

MAZRA'IH

THE LITTLE HOME WHICH RECEIVED BAHÁ'U'LLÁH AFTER HE LEFT THE WALLS OF 'AKKÁ.

THERE ARE DOWNSTAIRS ROOMS WHERE THE KEEPER LIVES. AND ALONG A HALLWAY, A HIGH FLIGHT OF STAIRS LEADING TO THE UPPER ROOMS. THESE ARE THE ORIGINAL STAIRS USED BY BAHÁ'U'LLÁH. AT THE FOOT OF THEM, a hanging on the wall, IS A LIFE-SIZED PICTURE OF A GUARD WHO BECAME A BELIEVER IN

BAHÁ'U'LLÁH AND GUARDED HIM WELL. BECAUSE OF THIS, OUR GUARDIAN HAS HAD THE PICTURE MADE AND SAID, "HE GUARDED HIM SO WELL, IN LIFE, HE MUST STAND GUARD HERE." HE SERVED FOR FIFTY YEARS IN THE TURKISH ARMY AND HE BECAME A BAHÁ'Í.

The house is cared for by a young lawyer, who is the son of this guard.

The Guardian furnished the four upstairs room in one day with three or four helpers. He knew just what was to be placed there and where each article was to go. It is all very lovely.

The bed of Bahá'u'lláh has a green cover with golden flowers on it, over this, a white cloth is spread and this is covered with blossoms, fresh, fresh blossoms. His taj is placed on the pillow and His shoes are at the front of the bed. On the wall, there is a picture of 'Abdu'l-Bahá with General Allenby.

The guard was Aḥmad Jerrah, the son of "Abdu'l Ruhman Jarrah of Acre, Israel. In the downstairs sitting room, there is a most interesting Persian print of Moses carrying the Commandant stones down the mountain and below him, the people with Aaron setting up the golden calf for worship. The mountains are so typical at Israel, with the sharp points and deep valleys of this land.

The view from the windows of Mazra'ih toward the West lies the old Roma aqueduct, in a lovely valley to the south to the far distance are rolling hills.

The old keeper or Mazr'ih is 85 years old and he was in-charge of the garden when 'Abdu'l-Bahá was alive. He still cares for them, he wears an Arab headdress.

THE MANSION OF BAHJI

After one enters that lovely wrought iron gate and walks along the pathway to the North of the Mansion. And arrives at the leather-covered door with its metal studs, there is a flight of about 32 steps of wide white marble leading to the upper floor, where the living rooms are.

This home is built in the same design as the Western Pilgrim House, with its central room with pillars – the corridor from outside the pillars from which the living rooms, bedrooms and others open out, and around it all the outer corridor with its arched outer wall.

The main or central room has lovely rugs in the center with four tables scattered around the room. On these are models of the Temple in Wiomette, the Shrine of the bab in Mount Carmel, and the Temple that is to be built on Mount Carmel in the future. The fourth table has many of the Incorporations of Assemblies, National and local frame, so that one may realize the growth of this Cause.

The room in the north-east corner is that of which 'Abdu'l-Bahá ascended. It has a lovely rug and though not a bed-stead it has a large cushion bed on the floor as it was when He slept there. Beside the bed, a little white table with

an oil lamp on it. At the east of the room, a divan running the entire length of the room. It was here that He sat when interviewing Professor Brown and others. At the spot where He sat, His taj was placed. It is a high hat of brocade material, as seen in pictures. The windows of this room are kept closed and contained.

The spirit of this room is very powerful; prayer here brings great joy to the heart. It is almost as though He was speaking to the heart. And one answers with a realization of His dear nearness. In the night hours, one may rise from his bed and go to His room for a time of quiet communion with his Beloved.

In the corridor is hung a very large picture by Marion Jack. It is one of the scenes from the balcony showing the olive orchard with ‘Akká in the distance and the sea. It is beautifully painted.

One night, Dr. Luṭfu’lláh told me that, after all others had retired I might go to the room of Bahá’u’lláh by myself. That night, I did not sleep. The Mansion was quiet, so still. Quietly I arose, went to that door with the curtain embroidered with His name, gently pushed it aside and entered. The room will always remain my cost wonderful memory the moonlight glowed. There was a little light burning. On the floor, a glorious rug of soft colors in the center of that rug, the little white bed which had His slipper s at the bottom. I prostrated myself with my forehead on those slippers. At that hour, the old world ceased to be for me, and a new world opened. I begged for His protection that I might, however humbly, serve Him. Nothing else in life mattered now, but His love and assistance. For a long time, I lay there and knew that now, at long last, I had reached heave.

THE ONE HUNDRED YEAR OLD COVENANT-BREAKER

Almost beside the mansion, there is an old house, uncared for and sinister.

At one of its windows sits a very old man, he is paralyzed, even his tongue, so he cannot speak.

One wonders why he is forced to live in such a condition, by the loving God, for he has long passed his three score and ten. He is now more than 100 years old.

Years ago this man persecuted out ‘Abdu’l-Bahá. At every opportunity, he did those things that would be detrimental to the Faith of God, to its leaders. At last, seeing that he was not going to change his ways, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá went to him and told him that, for his enmity toward the Faith, he would be compelled to live to see its victory.

At that time, this man may have thought that long life would be a blessing. Many would like to know that a long life lay before them. But the years came and added and added to his span of life.

He became ill, then paralyzed and still he could not die. He prayed for death, but death passed him by, taking all that he had loved from him.

Now he sits, and looking out of his window, he sees lovely gardens rise, sees the great care taken at the home of Bahá'u'lláh, the sately mansion of Bahjí. He sees the success of the Faith.

Salah, the Arab keeper of the grounds, and of the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh and who loved the Guardian, who had once saved his life, and he could not stand to see the old man at the window, so one day he got his ladders and went up and nailed up that window. A servant of the old man pushed on the ladder and knocked Salah on the head with an old shoe. This quarrel ended in court. Salah was made to learn to leave such matters alone.

When the Guardian heard of all of this, he told Salah to leave this man to God. The victory was evident, that was what mattered.

This was in 1954. as soon as our Guardian obtained the victory and owned the house and its land, he had the house torn down and now a lovely garden erases the memory of one who made himself an enemy to the Faith of God, and a Covenant-Breaker.

THE MOST GREAT PRISON

The first glance of the prison was from an elevation on the wall of the city from which the Persian friends has gazed to see the Beloved, when he was behind those bars. The sea was crashing below us and we were standing on a short of rounded abutment looking over the walls of the Prison toward those two windows at the upper right hand corner. Over these windows are four or five kinds of bars and the thickness must be two inches or more. They were so anxious to hold him thinking that iron bars could do it! There was a stone seat or divan on one side of the prison cell, since taken away, and a lovely rug has been placed where He sat. The walls have been painted white. They were not painted when He sat there in this cold. Now there are men, old and young who are mentally unfit, and they are cared for here in this building, which was the Prison. The prison holds many of them, but not now as prisoners, but as patients. Them in old clothes, and look so confused and lost. It gives one some little idea for those olden days. The center of the fort, which was at that time open for drilling, has now been divided by many walls, giving smaller space for the poor men to sit in the sun. There are nurses, and the one who led us was a Spanish Jewess. After the visit to the sell, which had been occupied by Bahá'u'lláh, this nurse wanted us to go to the place where many Jews had been hung, a room with a floor which jack-knifed opened, which dropped away when a chain was pulled, and the victim would drop to the depths below, A drop of perhaps of 12 or 15 feet. The walls of this room were filled with plaques, with the names of those killed by the Lurks and the Christians after them. The entire Prison atmosphere made one's heart bleed and tears were on all of our cheeks. Dr.

Luṭfu'lláh took my hand and said, "You must not be sad. He is not here."

SHOGHI EFFENDI – GUARDIAN

It is difficult to describe our Guardian as he is all things to all to find in him who is the Center of the Faith.

Delicacy, utmost refinement, spiritual beyond our thinking. He is a small man in stature, with very fine hands, the hands of an artist. His eyes are filled with power and spirit, joy or paths, for he reflects the feeling of the world in its wonder, having the realization of its sorrow in his heart.

He changes continually, depending upon the subject he is speaking upon. All his gestures are graceful, his hands most expressive, so finely made. When you look the Guardian, Shoghi Effendi, you realize that he is the Channel through which the Power of the Spirit of God speaks to men in this day.

Perhaps the best description I can give you is that a bog reflecting mirror which reflects back in its fullest capacity all that comes in front of it. He points out to you to use to the utmost that capacity which God has given you, when he turns to a community of Bahá'ís anywhere, he sees their greatest capacity, and this is sent back to them for use.

When the Guardian looks at the Bahá'í world, he realizes its utmost capacity, and he gives back to it the full obligation for that time. He sees in each of us what we can and should do, and calls up to the highest possible accomplishment. She knows what our spiritual capacity is, while we do not.

Another quality of our beloved Guardian is his extreme humility. He is so humble, as a man that one might think he does not exist as an entity or an individual. To instance this—he never refers to the Ten Year Plan as 'his' plan, he refers to it as "the Bahá'í World Plan". He never says 'my' plan, my work.

Another phase of that mirror is that it is always turned to God. What is reflected when it is turned to God, he gives to the world and that is when he is 'infallible' and where that infallibility comes from. He never refers to his work as his work; two weeks ago he explained to Leroy Ioas some things about the Administrative Order, as applied to the Faith as its Center. Leroy thought to himself, "This will not work here, in certain circumstances, it just will not work." The Guardian looked intently at Leroy and said, "You may think it will not work here", and then he carefully explained just how it would work. He knew our deepest thoughts!

The Guardian was speaking of certain conditions in America with which Leroy was conversant. He asked, "What do you know about this Leroy?" Leroy explained what he understood as to the facts of the case. The Guardian said, "No, that is not it. I will tell you what it is." And he described the affair in such detail, the utmost detail, much more fully than Leroy could have done who had been there at the time, and who saw all the things happen.

One night, the Guardian was very upset by a letter from a prominent believer who had written a bitter complaint about another Bahá'í. The Guardian said,

“This man is man is lying, because he is the cause of the trouble.” He showed the letter to Leroy and said, “I have written to tell him, he will be put out of the Cause, for he is lying to me. Who does he think he is that he can lie to me? Who does he think I am?”

The pulse of the whole world is in his hand. So you can see the character of the instrument of the cause. He reflects success and failure. When new is good, he is very happy, when it is bad, he is very sad. The Will and Testament tells us that we must not let the dust of despondency fall upon him. I often used to wonder how the Bahá'ís could affect Shoghi Effendi, but you can see how victory or failure is reflected in his joy or sadness.

The personal aspect of the Guardian: He is the only person on earth who receives direct guidance from on high and who is infallibility. There is no associate whatever in this state of infallibility. In some way he is the most pathetic figure in the world this Guardian of the Cause of God. Whenever we have problems we can talk them over with our friends, but when he has problems, he cannot talk them over with anyone, not with his wife or the members of the Universal House of Justice, because they all are but servants to help him. So when he is too sad, he will go off by himself to conquer the sadness he has received from the Bahá'í world. His heart is a mirror reflecting the joy of the world, and also he reflects all the sadness that the world has to suffer, and when he suffers, he suffers alone. We can talk our problems over with friends and we get that help and assistance. Knowing this, you can imagine the International Bahá'í Council would do to lighten the burdens and make our Guardian happy.

He has such a deep sense of humor. During the Wilmette Conference, Rihyiyih Khánúm sent special cable telling him of the success of the conference. One evening, he came to dinner with pockets full of cables, smiling very happy. When dinner was served, he pushed it aside and wanted to talk and tell the good news. Five thousand Bahá'ís at the dedication of the Temple, so that three meetings were necessary as the building only seated 1200. A cable told how wonderful it all was with over 150 offers to pioneer.

GUARDIAN AT THE TABLE

You would not think that Egypt was in Africa at all.

They are doing nothing outside of their own area and very little within.

“Africa has 1,000 Bahá'ís in 4 years.

America has 5,000 in 50 years.”

“Canada has done well, but most now purchase its Hariza land, its Temple land. Hariza is very necessary. This is most important.”

1954

The mother of the Guardian died in 1952. His father is still living. There are two brothers and two sisters, all are out of the Cause.