Port Said Egypt
Nov 9th 1913

Dear friends!

To tell you the truth - this is a secret - and you must not breathe it to a living soul, walking erect with two feet, I mean a biped — I love Port-Said and I love Ahmad yazdi and I would like to stay here as long as the Master is here - not one minute after his departure; because then, there is another place that I would love best. You see, beside this primary, all-sufficient reason I have another reason. Before I ever dreamed of America, before I dared to think that I have so many splendid brothers and sisters across the Atlantic, before I learned the A.B.C. of the language in which I am laboring to express and write the events surrounding the Beloved I actually lived and moved and had my being in this city of Port Said for more than 3 yrs. Here I met our dear teacher Mirza Abul-Fazl several months before his departure for America and the bee buzzed in my ears the first intimation of a faint possibility of my going to the New world. At the time it was too dear and too wonderful to believe it. "Who am I?" I addressed myself "that the Lord of mankind may send me to Mirza Abul Fazl to serve him in that far off mythical land of giants! I know there no one! I know but two or three words of their language! But when the Command came I left and crossed the seas all alone and in that strange, tumultuous New World I found all that my heart longed for years, — genuine hospitality, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, because my mother passed

away from this life when I was only 3 months old and I never knew what the love of a mother meant till I went to America. I did not have any brother and sister of my own so you can realize how great was my joy when I was surrounded by so many spiritual relations in a strange land. Often in the middle of night I would cry out "O Baha-ollah! O Baha-o-llah! What miracle thou hast wrought! What love thou hast created in these hearts! O Abdul Baha! O Abdul Baha! What magnificent palace of spiritual brotherhood thou hast raised! What marvellous unity thou hast brought between the East and the West! If I give up my life for these glorious bounties I have done nothing. I have offered no thanks-giving. Then let me be the dust of the feet of these friends. Aid me to serve them and if needs be sacrifice my life for them. I am ready to answer Thy call at any moment.

What was I doing during those three years in Port Said? I was working in Ahmad Yazdi's store. He was very good to me and that happy relation still exists between us. Whenever I go to his store familiar scenes come back to my memory. I want pull up my sleeves and pitch in to work but he laughs and prevents me from doing it. Well and faithfully has he served his Lord for the long years that are lieing in the past. He is a good, active soldier of Abdul Baha, you see, then. That I owe him a great spiritual debt because his love and kindness made it possible for me to stay in Port Said till the hospitable doors of America were opened before my face.

This morning when I opened my eyes it was half past four and by five o'clock I was on the deck. No life was stirring. The big sea was as calm as a pond, the ship had hardly any motion, a balmy, young breeze was blowing, the stars vied with each other in brilliancy and the whole scene was blissful and ecstatic. I passed several times by the half-opened window of the Beloved's window and peered in. He was sleeping yet, because last night when I left him he drew out an Arabic paper from his satchel and continued to read. The morning grew brighter and brighter and in the Eastern horizon faint traces of golden color, rosy hues and silver brightness all embroidered together by the hand of nature became visible. I turned to make a round of the deck and stopped on the opposite corner a minute or two, then returned, when lo and behold a great ball of livid fire had leapt so suddenly out of the briny deep as Minerva leaps out of the head of Jove, flushing the whole Eastern sky with wonderful, benign colors. Such is then the dawn of the Sun of Reality illumining the sky-line of the hearts and minds with its white lights of spiritual susceptibilities.

Little by little the Beloved — the Sun of Reality — rose resplendent and beautiful. He came out of his cabin and while he was walking on the deck I prepared tea for him. He found his friend of last night and asked him to drink a cup of Persian tea. They sat side by side and the Master talked and questioned him now and then. He spoke on the duties of the rulers of a nation and his relation to the inhabitants of the country.

"A Ruler ~~must~~ must consider himself the real father of all the people. Just as the father is solicitous about the education of his sons so a ruler must think about the progress of the inhabitants of the country over which he rules either by the law of heredity or by the choice of the nation. He must devise new plans of reforms. He must encourage the building of national highways, bridges, schools, railroads, expand the limits of commerce and insure the safety and security of the public. If he on the other hand devotes his time to luxury, self-gratification, indulgence in personal likes and dislikes, fosters favorites and laps in the lap of debauchery he is not a ruler but a hydra-headed public enemy. For the last six hundred years all the countries conquered by _____ have been deteriorating and even their ancient glories are ransacked. A country in this age cannot be ruled by the sword. It needs the magic touch of progress. The two Kings who did a great deal for Persia whose architectural endeavors are as yet scattered all over that land are Shah Abbas and Azadod-Doulet. On the other hand Sultan Suleyman has built only one masque in Damascus. Nothing else has been done to improve the country or expend the income of the state on those sources which rebuild advance the civilization, open the eyes of the people and let them avail themselves of all the technical knowledge and practical accomplishments. Then the people will be happy and contented And the country shall prosper by leaps and bounds."

By half past seven the outline of Port Said with its towering searchlight became visible. The Master asked me to bring him his marine glass which I did. He looked at the far off city for a few minutes and its buildings – not as tall as Newyork – interested him. All around us there were great ships with sea-worthiness leaving or arriving the Port. It is really a wonderful network of international communication these ships appearing in the far off horizon as though mysteriously leaping out of the depth of the sea, heading along steadily toward the Port and once anchored, load and unload their freight and human cargoes and filling their bunks with rich argosy just as mysteriously disappear as though they have never touched the port. This is of course a sign of that greater network of spiritual communication which is being established between the Orient and the Occident through the Celestial power of Abdul Baha. This outward manifestation of unity is the symbol of the compelling unseen forces of harmony working on and on to weave the whole earth with the weave of solidarity. Then travelling in itself gives always new sensations, new enthusiasm and imparts to him new knowledge No matter how many times you may have seen a place, or how many occasions you may have met a friend there are so many things that may have escaped your notice and you will be liable to see them again and appreciate them – if only your steps are traced to that direction a second time.

By nine o'clock the ship anchored quite far from the port and just at that time our brother Ahmad Yazdi and Aga Aziz were spied in "Folouké" on a boat. The ladder was lowered down and they came up. The Master welcomed them and as soon as our baggage was transferred to the boat, the Behais after thanking the Captain and the Russian Consul general descended. "This is the feast of Beirain" he said to Ahmad Yazdi "I have left it in Ramleh and came here." "This is then a real feast for us" answered Yazdi with reverence and a subdued voice. After landing the Master and Ahmad Yazdi drove in one carriage and we in another. The Master is going to live in his house (Ahmad Yazdi's) and strange to say I am in the same hotel Sultany and have been given the same room I occupied last time. The Master appointed the hour of four for the pilgrims to pay him their first visit. For lunch I was invited by Ebrahim Effandi, a native Bahai whose son Basheer was graduated as Doctor of Medecine this year in Chicago. He is trying to find some work in Cairo but he is now in Port Said for the holidays. For ten days people are feasting, the schools closed and the holiday spirit is abroad.

At three o'clock I thought I will call on Doctor and Mrs Getsinger who are staying in Hotel de la Poste but I met them just at the door of the Master's house. After 22 days of stay in Acca and Haifa they looked well and happy. We went up and the Master asked them many questions about the various people in the above two places they have been.

At four o'clock he came out of the antechamber where he was resting. He saw all the believers are waiting for him. They all rose from their seats many of them approaching him to kiss his hands and offer him the bouquets of roses they carried. The roses were put on each other on his right knee. He was sitting on a long divan. The son of Haji Mohamed about 8 or ten years old was standing. He beckoned to him to come and sit beside him. He is a lovely, intelligent boy. It was a lovely picture then to see the Master and the roses and the little child side by side a wonderful portrayal of the simplicity of the Kingdom and the poetry of the spiritual life. "Praise be to God that you are all gathered together You have brought me the loveliest gifts. (referring to the roses) you are welcome. I have come to see you.". He referred to the debts of a Babai who passed away awhile ago in Bombay. The believers must see to it that all his debts are paid. They may sell all the goods he has left behind. He inquired about the health of some of the old Bahais in Acca and Haifa and then he said:— "These old veterans of the Cause have been with Baha-o-llah in Bagdad, Constantinople, Adrianople and Acca. They have born the brunt of war. They have undergone the sufferings of exile and imprisonment. They have served the Cause. When we left Bagdad for Constantinople as there were a large number of us we had to divide our duties. Aga Mirza Mahmoud and Aga Reza were the cooks and I was the commissariat man. One cannot say how hard all of us worked. The former [illegible]

always walked on feet in front of the palanquet of the Blessed Perfection and when we arrived at a Caravanserai after a hard day of travelling these two went immediately to prepare a fire and cook the dinner. I went also after food supplies both for the men and the animals. What a hard time I had often till midnight going through villages and trying to persuade the farmers to sell us something. Especially at that time there was a famine in these districts and people loathed to give up their hoarded provisions, fearing the worse may come also to them. In short all these persons who were on our journey were most blessed souls. Baha-o-llah loved them I loved them."

Then he ordered a carriage and with Ahmad Yazdi went out driving. With Doctor and Mrs Setsinger I came out and walked towards their Hotel. They invited me for dinner and I stayed there till half past eight. The topic of discussion was of course the Cause, America, India, Persia and the love of the Master for all these friends.

Today at noon Ahmad Yazdi brought me a package of letters which have been accumulating here pending my arrival. Many letters from America gave me cheer and joy. I thank all the friends for their thoughtfulness, their remembrance. One word from them sent across the oceans is another chain to bind the hearts together. We must all be active in the Cause and be the means of spreading the Message of the Kingdom.