

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
April 28th 1915

Dear friends!

From the pages of the unpublished Diary of a _____ believer I
like to translate an imaginative extract which he has written on one of his romantic
and picturesque meetings with "his Beloved," Abdul Baha:-

"In the fairy garden of my Beloved was I walking, ~~of~~ the beauties dwelling in his spiritual
palace was I musing, the sweet flowers I inhaled, the song of the twittering birds
making the still air vocal cheered my heart; the vivifying breath of the spring moved
through the trees and branches and caressed the white lilies and the delicate pansies. I hope
of the Holy Mountain, and its sacred history intertwined with the lives of the prophets like
into a golden light ² illuminated the chambers of my mind and transfigured all the
earthly things into heavenly objects. In the Western horizon, beyond Mount Carmel
the radiant eye of the day was sinking in the softly tremulous waters of the Mediterranean
to give light and life to the other hemisphere. As it winked and closed its eyelids the
whole heaven was suffused with the most beautiful, prismatic colors - a char-
ming symbol heralding ^{its} temporary absence and a most winsome manner of saying
Auf Wiedersehen. There was no one in the garden and therefore no break in the
continuity of the spell. After a few moments in the cloudless eastern sky, the fair,
round and shining face of the moon appeared, its silvery beams changing the
dusty mantle of the night into the bright robe of the glad morning. Ah me! now
the air is still and all voices are hushed. The sun of restlessness and uneasiness
had already sunk beneath the ocean of oblivion and in the innermost ^{part} of my
being I felt the fluttering wings of the birds of new joy. I was conscious that
these are only the birds of passage and will not tarry long; still I gave myself
entirely up to them and felt my destiny will be safe in their hands. All of a
sudden I became aware of the presence of another person in the garden and (stealthily ²)
(approached) to find who he was? Lo! it was my own Beloved. In the shimmering
light of the moon himself he revealed ^{to} me and I experienced the ecstasy of a
celestial bliss. Oh! What happiness! he has seen me and is coming toward
me! I looked up and saw his adorable countenance garlanded with the un-
derishable roses of smiles. My heart began to palpitate quickly and as he

stood before me, still silent, still smiling, still adorable, I threw myself on the ground
 and bathed his lovely feet with my tears. He took my hand and raised me from the dust
 of humility. "Why art thou weeping?" he asked, still holding my hand. I looked up.
 Oh his face, his face! It was a fresh garden in which bloomed every kind of fragrant
 flower. I tried to speak but I found my tongue tied to the roof of my mouth.
 I tried again and with ill-success and awkwardness I declared my love for him.
 "My adored one! I love thee! wilt thou accept my unworthy love and let me be united
 amongst thy raptures slaves? wilt thou look upon me with the eye of favor? wilt
 thou encircle me with the glances of thy infinite mercy?" "My Beloved! I am nothing
 but if thou condescend to gaze on me with compassion I will be become able to
 transmute the copper of my ^{into gold} being with the elixir of thy love. Oh my lost love one!
 The wine of thy love has intoxicated me, the nectar of thy charms has enraptured
 me, the music of thy voice has ravished me and the rare virtues of thy personality
 have fascinated me. I am thine whatever I am. Wilt thou not inspire me with
 the mysterious power of thy anointing?" I could go no longer and my whole body
 was shaking and trembling for fear of being refused and cast aside. How did I dare
 to speak to him so plainly and boldly? But the flood of feelings carry me on
 the crest of its tide? If my beloved rejects me now, my heart will break and my
 life will be doomed to oblivion and utter darkness, for I am certain that I shall
 be impossible to find another like him, so perfect, so virtuous, so loyal. Oh
 the anguish and the horror of suspense! After a minute or two of deep silence,
 I saw in the light of the moon which by this time had ascended the heaven, his
 lips were moving and I was all anxious to hear his life-giving, hope-inspiring
 words. "Rest thou assured" he said "my love for thee shall never change. Thy heart
 is the mirror in which my love is being reflected. The clearer it becomes the better
 thou shalt behold its image. Keep it always polished and pure and let it not
 be dimmed with the dust of worldliness. Let those who love me see in it the
 portrait of my love. The more thou givest my love to others the richer and
 more abundant will it become. All the things of the world will perish
 and profane the tree brought but the face of my love will not be shrouded with years
 nor will it grow old or wrinkled. Its youthfulness is perpetual and its fresh-
 ness fading. Engrave it upon the white tablet of thy spirit and never let
 it be effaced." I was again alone in the garden, the moon was shining resplendently, the leaves
 were playing soft music, I heard the birds in the sky.