

the top of a small
 of us were standing on the top deck of building showing above a wall. In
 the upper half of a
 the dirty old ship that we would be glad to leave, window was the
 face of 'Abdu'l-Baha. He was looking
 cockroaches and all. It was early, before breakfast, but at us and yet into
 some distant place.
 we were excited to see Haifa where 'Abdu'l-Baha was.
 I was twelve years old and was with my family, Ruth Without
 any action on my part I became close
 and Harry Randall. My younger brother, Bill, was sick to Him. His eyes
 were radiant and they spoke of love
 and three years old and could not come with us at this and wisdom, but
 there was a look of patient sadness
 time. also. He did not
 speak or move. I looked beyond
 Him and there was a large circle of soft pink with a
 Soon, little boats came from the shore with men white center, the edges of
 the circle gray with sparkles
 full of business such as seeing passports and asking of gold. It was
 very beautiful and I became aware that
 how much money we had. We hurried them and it was telling me
 something about the Master, how
 ourselves and were finally led to the side of the ship wonderful He was,
 but I did not understand.
 where a thin looking rope ladder would take us to a
 small boat way below. We made it but it was scary. Then I was
 wrapped in a feeling of love to-
 Mother started to fall but father caught her. It was wards the Master
 that flooded my heart. As suddenly
 lucky the sea was calm. as this happened,
 it was over. Later, after I had
 thought about such an unusual incident, I decided it

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was a gift from the Master. One that was beyond President traveling
 incognito.
 measure, that would remain with me forever. It was a
 gift in two ways: one, that the Master's great station The Master
 left us after awhile saying that He
 was beyond comprehension, and second, that I could had many letters to
 write and an important guest was
 be close to Him if I loved Him. coming for lunch. The
 meal was brought from the
 Master's house and consisted of soup, fish, pilaf and
 Our new home proved to be spacious for all of kabob. There was lots to eat
 and we were hungry.

us. Fugita had gone to the household of the Master my room to open my steamer where he longed to be. There was Arthur Hathaway, Albert Vail, George Latimer and our family. Doctor Box camera and lots of film. Esselmont occupied one room because he was ill and writing a book about the Faith. We stood by his door afternoon a Colonel and Mrs Allison and greeted him. He looked tired but kind. a Mr Denham came from the ship asking if they could see 'Abdu'l-Baha. My family talked about the Faith to Shoghi Effendi was 10 years older than I. He had asked Shoghi came to greet us and to say that the Master would be right. Later we were all invited to coming very soon, and there He was in the doorway! As we entered the gate I saw the I caught my breath but He smiled and welcomed us against the wall. Shoghi. Effendi said . with enthusiasm. He shook our hands and made us the Master could be alone and feel that He was really glad that we had come. We all house is large with a big central sat down when He did. room with doors leading to other parts of the house.

He asked us about our trip. No one told Him we went to a gathering at about the terrible storm in the Mediterranean. The old Bab. Mother and I were sad because ship, which was not used anymore, was brought back Master's household could not be seen into service to carry troops during the war. It groaned by strange men, not even in Holy Places. It is a Musand shook when the huge waves crashed down upon lim rule.

us. The captain said it was the worst storm he had ever been in. We were a little frightened, but perhaps many people including Persians on the Master knew this and protected us. pilgrimage. The Shrine has more than one room and the Master led us to a door where we all took off our 'Abdu'l-Baha spoke of President Wilson and it shoes. There was a big pile of them and I wondered if was interesting because father looks so much like him. any were ever stolen or if owners took the wrong When we entered one of the Consulates in Europe on shoes by mistake. I

After lunch I went to trunk. People at home took out my Brownie In the a Mr Denham came from everyone on the ship. Father Effendi if it was all the Master's house. little building up it was a place where rest. The Master's

stood by the Master's side and as
our way to Haifa, the staff arose thinking it was the each person entered
the room, the Master put rose

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water in their hands. He had a very small bottle and I bed. I was told it
burns a long time ... a gallant little
watched. There was always enough, even for me at wick!
the end. How could it be? Maybe it was a miracle. In
this room there was chanting but I could not under- Then it was
dinner with the Master. Mother and
stand the words. I put on our best
dresses. Dinner was at 7:30 and we
were on time. Father was never late to anything. He
Then we took turns going to the entrance of a said the Master was the same,
unless there was a
second room where the body of the Bab lies below reason, "I was never
allowed one."
floor level. A beautiful rug covers the Spot. We only
went to the entrance which was covered with flowers 'Abdu'l-Baha
placed each person at the table.
and knelt and bowed our heads. I wondered why Mother at the head,
father and George part way down,
some men were weeping. My father said it was a very and Shoghi Effendi
and Dr Hakim at the bottom
special and important time for peoples' hearts. because they were
taking notes of all that the Master
said. He placed me on His left side. That was to be
my place all during our visit.

Sitting across from me was what the Master
called a Sheik. I was fascinated because I had read
First Day about such men. I wondered if he had
tents filled
with silk pillows and women lying on them. Fugita
here were many experiences in even one

T day. When we reached home after
visiting the Shrine mother showed me
two things. One was the toilet. A small building the
came in carrying large plates of pilaf and other things.
The pilaf had dainty pieces of meat and vegetables
mixed into the rice, and on top, pine nuts.
size of a clothes closet was near the house. Inside, it
The Master talked a great deal but never lost
had a wooden shelf with a hole in the middle. That is
sight of anyone's plate, and when empty He would
where we sat, over the hole! I was afraid that

arise from His chair and, still talking, fill the plate. He
 something underneath would bite me.
 did this to father twice and I knew he was struggling
 to eat it all, but no one would leave even a speck.
 The second was the lighting in the bedrooms.
 When the Master was silent no one spoke. There was
 There was a drinking glass 2/3 full of water. On top of
 a loving respect that one could feel. Shoghi Effendi
 this was a thin layer of oil, and on top of that was a
 did the interpreting as the Master spoke and he did not
 little round piece of stiff pink paper with about 1/4
 seem to have time to eat very much.
 inch wick pushed partly thru the middle hole of the
 paper. It lighted my room enough to get ready for
 When dinner was finished the Master arose and
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went to a wash basin by His bedroom door, washed about this word or
 that. When they had finished
 .
 His hands and beard and then said goodnight. As He Shoghi Effendi took
 the papers to the Master for His
 went through the door I felt lonely. Everyone else approval.
 arose and went on their way home.
 Sometimes the Master corrected a word or two,
 but seldom according to Shoghi Effendi. The Master
 always spoke to me in English and did so with others
 when he wished to.

Day Two Luncheons continued to be brought
 to us from
 the Master's house. Shoghi Effendi and Lotfullah were
 he next morning bagpipes woke me up.

T A division of the British Army was
 stationed on Mt. Carmel. They used
 bagpipes instead of bugles. They were loud enough
 always with us and sometimes Dr. Esselmont. The
 wonderful surprise was that this day the Master came
 saying that He would be with us every day. Shoghi
 Effendi assured us that this was a great honor because
 to wake everyone up. Father came in having walked He seldom had time
 to do this. The big table with the white cloth was made
 up to the Shrine of the Bab and back. He said we did beautiful when the Master took
 not come here to sleep. I thought, spiritual people, fragrant jasmine
 blossoms from a large handkerchief in
 but not me! his pocket and

tossed them into the center of the table.

At seven thirty a maid came in with a large cup always so happy even when of black coffee for father. He was astonished. Who terribly tired, having had only four could know what his custom was in the mornings? breakfast. We became like a The dear Master, of course! We were learning that He to laugh and ask questions (but knew us better than we knew ourselves. Breakfast respect).

consisted of tea, served in tiny glasses so hot that one couldn't hold them at first, eggs, cheese and bread. of the death of Sandy Kinney and The bread was the size of a large pancake and when would send a message. I asked for cut open was hollow and food could be put inside like Kinney who was my best friend.

a sandwich.

once, "Although thy brother has ascended to the Abha Kingdom and has not remained Shoghi Effendi and Dr Lotfullah arrived after is that on behalf of thy breakfast to begin the translation into English of the

talks of 'Abdu'l-Baha. Father and George Latimer helped. They made every effort to be accurate, talking had an inexhaustible supply of

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stories. His facial expressions and tone of voice made a feeling in my body and when He left, a story seem real. The little dog story I liked best, so thought perhaps it was due to here it is as I remember it. According to the Master: comes whenever I am with Him.

have tried to describe it to myself and perhaps it's like We were at Akka when Kamel Pasha became Prime Minister. His brother became governor of Acca. feel uneasy.

In Turkey the brother of the prime minister could do whatever he wished. One day he came with a carriage were invited to have tea with the and we went out together. On the way I noticed that afternoon. Tea was served in the

The Master was one day He was hours sleep and no family, feeling free always with

Mother spoke

the Master said He

a message for Howey

The Master spoke at

long in this world, My hope

brother thou mayst

The Master

had a strange

the feeling left. I

excitement. But it

a very mild electric

hurt but makes me

Mother and I

Master's family this

he had a hunting outfit and he had four or five large room opposite the front door of the Master's home.

hunting dogs. A gazelle was sighted. These dogs There was the Greatest Holy Leaf (the Master's sister), His wife and their chased after it. One of the Baha'is had a small dog, an English, named four daughters, one of whom spoke friend.

Arab Baha'i. He also had come. These five dogs of the governor did not catch anything. This little dog caught a large gazelle.

They greeted us with love and were eager to hear news of America. The

The governor became ashamed. When the Master sat with us for awhile. He reads the

dogs returned he began to beat them. He said, "What newspapers, but He talks with us

can I do? The Baha'is are assisted. These five dogs of just the same. I

remember when His little grandson, mine could catch nothing, but this little dog did." He Foad, rushed in to

say that his pet donkey had a fever and would the Master

dismounted and took the little dog in his arms and please pray for him. They left

kissed it. He told the owner of the dog that he would together to see the

animal. There were meetings before dinner with

not give it back to him. the Master, pilgrims, guests and

people from various places in the world. They show

'Abdu'l-Baha told us about all kinds of things, respect and love for

'Abdu'l-Baha. Some come for the

even a potato, my favorite food. He said that sixty first time yet the

Master knows them and speaks as if they were friends.

years ago they introduced the potato into Persia. Sometimes I forget how wonderful

Sometimes I forget how wonderful

There was so much superstition that they used to say the Master is

because He is so natural, and yet we are but shadows compared

that whoever eats it becomes an infidel. No one to Him.

would eat it except those who took it with wine.

There was so much prejudice. Now see what

Baha'u'llah has done. Now we are all gathered

around one table, filled with love!

Yesterday when the .Master first came to see us I
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Day Three the Children of the Kingdom' - I will
send a Tablet."

hen Shoghi Effendi came this morn At luncheon the Master turned

to me saying,

When he said that the Master would give us each a private interview.

Mother's would be this morning. I was a little afraid to "Your name is Bahiyyih. It means light and there must be something to make the light." He had a twinkle in His eyes and a big smile.

have mine for fear I would cry or say something silly.

To be alone with the Master would not be an ordinary name at once, it had a soft musical

experience. Mother said I could go with her, so we Margaret, had a harsh sound and I

hurried along. It was pouring rain. He greeted us in had never liked it.

Later, I learned the name Bahiyyih

His loving way by putting both hands to His forehead. was the name of the sister of 'Abdu'l-Baha , the

He took us to the meeting room (Reception), seated Greatest Holy Leaf.

My brother received the name

us, and then sat down opposite us. I called it the Baha'I, in a Tablet

to father. What a blessing for us

"meeting room." both - and what a

challenge! I'm sure the Master

heard my heart saying thank you.

Mother had lots to say. She had brought

messages from people in the States. She also wanted Luncheon that day was especially fun. The

to know about herself. Her biggest question was Master encouraged

Fugita to try and teach him to eat

whether the Master would like father and herself to rice with

chopsticks. We all laughed, even the Master.

build a Western Pilgrim House - where Baha'IS from Fugita for many

years had longed to be able to come to Haifa and be of

the West could stay when they were on pilgrimage. service in the Master's home.

The Master smiled and said, "Very good, very good." Father had seen him

in Naples, stranded because ships

were scarce. Father arranged for him to come with us.

Then it was my turn. I stood up and asked (I

heard this coming out of my mouth, with surprise), The Master

teased me about food the entire

"What can I do to s.erve the Faith?" There was silence visit. He would ask

if I liked something that was being

for a few minutes and then I heard, "Study, study, served. If I said,

"A little," He would usually say, "I

STUDY." When the Master wanted to emphasize know what you are

thinking." And the next day for

something He would repeat it three times, His voice me we would have
chicken and potatoes, and it tasted
getting louder and louder. good! Another time
we had a delicious sweet that
looked like pink shredded wheat, only it was very
I told about Ella Robarts who was publishing a brittle. It was a real treat.
He was so kind and
little magazine for Baha'I children. Would the Master thoughtful.
please give it a name. He replied, "The Magazine of
When the Master left it was raining. Mother
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handed Him an umbrella as He started down the front
listening to what 'Abdu'l-Baha might have wanted to
steps. It was a cold rain and mother was worried he
say.
might catch a chill. He did not seem concerned and
handed the umbrella to Shoghi Effendi. The Master is
not really like we are. He can control Nature, even
raindrops and a storm like He did when He was in the
United States.

Day Four

Mother likes being with the ladies. They talk decided to go
down to the end of the yard
about what is going on in the Faith because the ladies
hear very little news. They also talk about marriage,
children and sometimes cooking. I seldom stay after
I to see who our neighbors were. I was
about to start when a message came from
the Master asking me not to go because His enemies
tea. I now enjoy the little glasses of hot sweet tea. lived there. I was
grateful He had stopped me, but
how did He know? I had not told anyone. Living here
Since it was still raining I went down to our under the protection of a
loving Master is a gift never,
house. Dr Esselmont was Sitting in a chair in his room never to forget.
so we talked together. He said the Master was helping
him a lot with his book - helping him clarify things. Mother and I
went shopping in town. She
bought rosaries to take back to friends . She had heard
I told Esselmont about a dream I had. For years that if one wanted to count
the Greatest Name ninety-
I heard believers talking about their dreams, all of five times with a
rosary it helped one's concentration.
them remarkable according to them. I wanted to have At noon the Master
talked a long time. Our desert was
a dream that I could talk about, but it never happened. a dish of fresh

dates. I tasted them in Cairo and de-
 Then one night - I was so excited - it happened. I decided never to eat
 them again, or yogurt (mast). When I made up my mind
 was with Jesus. As people came to see Him He gave I made up my mind
 about something I seldom
 each one a pearl. They were about the size of a changed. That was why
 I was naughty lots of times -
 grapefruit, round and white, wrapped in veils of soft at least that is what
 I was told.
 color. They looked so pretty. The people bowed as
 they accepted a pearl. Jesus was happy. I was happy The Master put
 two dates on a little plate in
 too! You see I always enjoyed stories about Jesus, front of me and
 explained that they helped the diges-
 especially the one about the five loaves and two fish. tion and gave heat to
 the body. Then He arose from
 I was glad my special dream was about Him. the table and left
 us. We always went to the door to
 watch Him walk home. Then I looked at the dining
 Before dinner we went to the evening meeting. room table and again it had
 been cleared and I was
 This night non-Baha'is asked questions rather than thankful, the dates
 were gone. But in a corner of the
 room was the little plate and it had the two dates on it. Master cares
 for. This man could not move his arm to
 lift a spoon to his mouth. The Master gently helps him .'
 I stood on one foot and then the other. Must I while He talks and
 watches peoples' plates. This man
 eat those dates? Every reason why not came into my was one of the
 four Hands of the Cause of God apmind. I discovered one date was a little
 rotten, so of pointed by Baha'u'llah, Ibn-i-Asdaq. He had also done
 course it would not be necessary to eat that one. But wonderful work
 for the Faith. During dinner the
 something also kept saying to me, the Master told you Master turned
 to me saying, "Yogurt is very good." He
 to, "The Master never asks you to do something unless turned to
 Fugita and asked him to get some for me.
 it is for your own good." After about ten minutes I ate He returned at
 once saying there was none and should
 both dates. I felt heroic, wise and relieved. he go next
 door? The Master said, "No that is not
 necessary. "
 There was much activity at tea time. Mother
 took my dresses for the ladies to copy the patterns. Then He
 looked at me with such a kind look.
 Many Baha'i women came and went. The Master's This is what
 had happened to me. When the Master

wife is going away but she has four daughters who said yogurt, I reacted in only one way - instant obedience. I did not remember that I had decided never noticed that it dience. I did not remember that I had decided never is to the Greatest Holy Leaf whom everyone turns to to even smell it again. The Master had shown me in a way I could for help and advice. She is gentle and loving, but way I could understand what obedience means. When strong too. God speaks through His chosen channels, His Teachers, do not question it for your own good and happi-

After tea I wandered into the garden that sur- ness. This was yet another gift from the Master that I rounds part of the Master's house. An old man called had needed. It was a basic lesson for a lifetime.

Haydar All was Sitting on a bench in the sun. I asked the young man sitting next to him what Mr All had done for the Faith. He asked the question and the answer was, "I have not done as much as an ant would do for the Faith of God." The young man had

Day Five

fire in his eyes and I realized that I should not have asked such a thing. Shoghi Effendi was in the garden. He had a grapefruit in his hand. I asked if I could take his picture and he said yes. Shoghi Effendi was completely devoted to his grandfather and was always ·

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It is still raining. I guess we are going to have a wet pilgrimage. Shoghi Effendi said we would go to Akka on the first clear day.

The Master came to see Dr Esselmont because he is helpful and kind to me. J not well. He

stood in his doorway quite awhile. He said He was sorry He could not stay with us but would

At dinner there was another old man whom the
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come for lunch. At lunch He told more stories about

Day 'Six

Christ and the Jews. He never said unkind things.

It was a very cold day but the rain stopped.

In the afternoon I helped the ladies clean wheat. There are great bags of it and we pulled it towards us little by little, looking for the little stones

I Mother went to bed with a hot water bottle.

Aziz Yazdi came to see me. He is about my age. His family live in Haifa. Imagine living near the that cause trouble. We sat around a large round table.

Master all the

time. I enjoyed his visit.

When we finished sorting I walked around in the house because it was still raining. I saw a door partly brought a small trunk full of gifts, and open down a little hallway. I was quiet but the father asked if the Master would accept them. He said that because we Greatest Holy Leaf heard me and asked me to come in. wanted so much to give them it She was on her bed and I was sorry to have disturbed would be acceptable. When lunch was finished the her, but she smiled and got up to show me some trunk was opened. To our horror the yellow package of bug powder interesting pictures and things that she had. She spoke mother had put in had broken. It took some time to little English but her eyes are what talked. Her face clean the powder off everything. There were typewriters looked dreadfully tired but her eyes were like the and watches for both men and Master's, so alive and expressive. She is not like the women. The Master was given a beautiful watch that other ladies. fit in His pocket. Shoghi Effendi liked the typewriter. There were three lengths of a special wool material for She is apart, like the Master. It was a joy to be coats for the Master. It was soft as a bunnies ear. with her. I loved her. She gave me a Persian pen box Mother took these to the Greatest Holy Leaf to be before I left. Mother often sits beside her afternoons made up as the Master wished. He said He had one because she also feels something special. coat and did not need others. The Greatest Holy Leaf asked Him to accept the material as it would be rude A few days before we left the Greatest Holy not to. A coat was made and He wore it for us to see. Leaf also gave us a piece of "rock candy" that The next day father was walking out the front door when he saw a poor Baha'u'llah used to give those in the Ridvan Garden. man walking down the street It was the last piece she had! It looked like crystal. with the coat on!

There were seventeen for dinner. 'Abdu'l-Baha seemed tired and He answered questions rather than to give a talk. He went to His room without even saying goodnight and we knew He was exhausted.

Hakim knows a lot about history and he said it must date back to about 1799 when Napoleon Day Seven tried to take

the fortress. I wanted to keep it but father said "No!"
he bagpipes awakened me->and for once I

T was glad because Shoghi Effendi came
early to say it was clear and we could go
to Acca. We had finished breakfast by seven forty five
We entered the courtyard where Baha'u'llah
used to walk for exercise. While there a very old man,
Aga Hossein, came. Shoghi Effendi had sent for him
and went to the street. The Master was there making as he was the only
living survivor of those terrible
all the arrangements. There were eleven of us going: days, with the
exception of the Master and Bahiyyih
our group, Shoghi Effendi, Dr Lotfullah, Fugita, Khinum, the
Greatest Holy Leaf. As we saw each
Dr Suliman Rifat, Esfandiar, the faithful coachman and room he told us
about what had happened.
the Master's devoted servant, and Khosrar, a young
Hindu boy. The Master seated us, and He saw that One was
where the Master made soup. We saw
our luncheon was safely packed. There were two the first room
Baha'u'llih had slept in, and the second
carriages with three horses each. The Master wished one was up a steep
flight of stairs. There was no
us a happy day and we were off! furniture, not even
a bed or chair. It seemed
impossible that Baha'u'llih could be treated that way.
We went up the mountain a little then turned We also saw the room where
the Purest Branch, Mirza
left going along a road that soon dropped down to the Mihdi, had fallen
through the skylight. It was sad to
sea. This was the best road to Acca and there were be in such a place.
The old man had made those
caravans and groups of loaded donkeys slowly moving awful days vivid -
he seemed to live them over again.
along. He stopped to rest the horses once, and stretch
our legs. Then Esfandiar took us around in the back We left the
barracks and met the carriages to be
of Acca because the streets were narrow. We taken to the Ridvan
Garden. I remember something
approached the back of a huge fortress (now called the Greatest Holy
Leaf had told us. She had said they
the barracks) where Bahi'u'lhih, His family and follow- were marvelously
happy in the barracks because they
ers were imprisoned for two years. It was a dreadful had not been
separated from Baha'u'llih. The Garden
looking place. is surrounded by a

stream, like an island. I would call
it a brook. We crossed a short bridge and entered a
We left the carriage and walked along a path place of flowers and fruit.
It was November and yet
towards the entrance of the barracks. We crossed a the Garden looked
so fresh and happy.
flimsy bridge covering two deep moats - they used to
be filled with water, and were deep. I noticed an odd The gardener
came to talk to us. He pointed
pile of earth beside the path and dug at it with a stick. out special plants,
some of which had been carried all
It proved to be an old cannon ball. Dr Lotfullah the way from Persia
by pilgrims, some of whom had
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walked. He went to the mulberry trees with the bench donkey standing in
the metal door. There was also a
underneath where Baha'u'llah used to sit sometimes long green snake
moving among some rocks - I didn't J
resting, and other times dictating impOr:~t Tablets. like that. When we
walked to the left of Bahji to a
small building where the Master stayed when He
The table was set up near the trees and we visited the Shrine of
Baha'u'llah. They were invited by
enjoyed a delicious pilaf. The desert was fruit from the caretakers to
have tea and entered a little room
the Garden: oranges, dates, lemons, pomegranates and that was partly open
to a small courtyard where
watermelon. It was truly a very special garden. The flowers grew. Bahji'
was the last place where
little fountain near where we were sitting was not Baha'u'llah had
lived. It is in Acca. We were now
working. I wanted to see it flowing because it would going to enter the
Shrine, for Baha'fs the holiest spot
be like the days when Baha'u'llah was there. on earth!
The gardener took us to a corner of the prop- First we went through
a small garden that the
erty where a fence enclosed a round dirt track. A Master had made, and
then through a large door. We
donkey was standing there. The donkey when, blind- took off our shoes.
Shoghi Effendi gave us rose water
folded, would walk round and round the track and the for our faces, then
we stepped inside a large room
water would begin to flow (the donkey wouldn't walk with a small garden
in the center. It was raised above
until it was blindfolded). The fountain came alive, the floor level and

had a glass roof over it. The floor
making a soft sound. How cool it must have been was covered with a
beautiful Persian rug. After a few
sitting beside the fountain on a hot day. It was selfish minutes of silent
prayer Shoghi Effendi chanted the
of me to ask but it was so lovely and we all enjoyed it. Tablet of
Visitation, a special prayer to be said at the
Shrine. It was so spiritual.

After lunch we were taken to the little building
where Baha'u'llah used to rest and have tea. It had Then we
entered the small room where the
not changed. His room was up a short flight of stairs body of Baha'u'llah
had been placed below floor level.
and underneath was where the gardener lived. In this It was in the middle
of the room with a magnificent
Garden one feels close to Him perhaps because He rug over it. We
stood silently. I could not even think.

loved it. I just felt great
peace and power, as if Nature also
stood still in that room. We stepped down from the
Then we were off to the Mansion of Bahji. On room with a feeling of
reverence.
the way they stopped to show us the little house that
was partly in ruins where the Master for many years We went back
to the carriages -- the day in this
had welcomed the pilgrims. There was still a little most holy part
<~fthe world was over. I knew it would
garden there. A short way from Bahji we left the live with me forever
and ever. We went back by way
carriages and walked. I ran ahead and saw a little of the sea and this
time the waves splashed up on the
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wheels of the carriages. Then we saw the Master Master. 'Abdu'l-Baha
came after a few minutes and
standing at our gate waiting to welcome us back. stood looking at the
sea. He told us that someday the
"Have you had a happy day?" He asked,;~Rest now drive to Acca and the
Holy Shrine would be beautiful
until the evening meeting." He knew our hearts were with orange groves. A
great breakwater would be
full to the brim. The evening was long. Three times built to form a harbor
and ships from all over the
dinner was announced but the Master had left us so world would come. The
Shrine of the Bab would be
we just sat. I thought I was approaching starvation. lighted and would be a
landmark for ships and planes.

Then we heard voices. The Master was coming in Shrine and stood by the door of with Colonel and Mrs Allison saying He had been stood by Him as He gave everyone a waiting for them (they had not said they were was the same story - the little coming). Dinner was very late and it was good to empty. It was -more than I could finally get into bed. What a day! My little light com- the room where the Bab's

forted me. Effendi chanted the Tablet of Visitation. There is something in the Shrines that one's heart responds to. Then the carriage was waiting to take us down the hill.

Day Eight

At dinner the Master spoke about airplanes, how they would get bigger and bigger and faster and t was a lovely day. I went for a walk up the

I mountain. I kept thinking that perhaps one of the Prophets had walked along this same path. Mt. Carmel is a fascinating place because it faster.

seems to have been a center for spiritual thought. There are a few wild flowers, but not enough for mother to dry. She wanted to take some back home

Day Nine

with her.

t was another clear day. We had so much

After luncheon the Master patiently waited while we took lots of pictures. He also arranged a group picture. Dr Esselmont was well enough to be I rain but no one seemed to mind or even talk about it. Our house continues to be

very cold. I feel sorry for Dr Esselmont. The Master with us - he is such a dear person. In the afternoon came again early in the morning to talk with him. The

we all went to the Shrine of the Bab. A carriage took our happiest times because the Master

some of us up over the awful rocky road. Father had was so jolly. (kept thinking about this because we

gone up earlier as he had a private talk with the Him. I asked Him which city

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He liked best in the United States and He said,

Day Ten

"Washington, Chicago, San Francisco." Then He paused again and said, "San Francisco." /So, the city in t was raining again. At noon time it came the West had won.

After lunch Shoghi Effendi brought us a brass I down in sheets but the Master came for lunch just the same. He sits with us not as a wise man who can accomplish anything but as charcoal burner. It took the chill off our big room. someone who is part of our lives. I think about this Mother wanted to buy one to take home because it is every day because I do not understand lots of things. so nice to look at and the heat is pleasant. The little current is still with me when He comes near. Also, He never seems to leave us - I mean in spirit. We went to see the ladies a bit earlier. Mother Whatever I do each day it is as if He is by my side. is sad about leaving them. She has asked the Greatest The family talks about things like this. Maybe one day Holy Leaf to tell her how to bake the rice that is so I will realize more than now, when I am older. delicious. The Master came for tea and mother spoke of the attractive brass heater that gives such a comfort- The Master was in the tearoom reading a able heat. The Master said he did not like the furnace newspaper when Mrs Allison, mother and I arrived. heat we had in America because it was heavy and dull. His welcome is always so warm. He did not stay long He said that ventilation was important and He had to so mother asked the Greatest Holy Leaf if she would open windows. They talked a lot about this subject. tell us about some of her experiences with Baha'u'llah. I stayed. I loved history. She talked a long time, Colonel and Mrs Allison came again for the telling about things that were sad and cruel. I will evening meeting and dinner. Mother says they are never forget one thing she told us. The second night deeply interested in the Faith. The dinner hour in the barracks in Acca when they had no comfort and brought us something that we had not seen before. little food, they got to laughing. Baha'u'llah came to The Master spoke on martyrdom and He became the door telling them to be quiet because the jailers radiant. His face shone, His voice was loud and would think they were crazy.

powerful, and we could hardly eat. It seemed as if everything must be shaking, even the atoms. He said After tea time mother received a lovely Persian headdress from that he longed to be martyred for the Faith, but doesn't He have that everyday? Shoghi Effendi has told us what she had admired, her long necklace of amber beads. about what the Master suffers, especially from enemies.

There was more interesting history at dinner. The Master said that this is the ground where the

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Prophets had walked. They dwelt here to give the Baha'u'llah was drawn at that time and glad tidings that a day would come when the tent of it became congealed. We could not comprehend that the Lord would be pitched here. Baha'u'Uah had we had such a gift, that it was of pitched His tent near where the Shrine the Bab was real. I prayed about it and finally put it away in my trunk. placed. Jesus used to walk across Mt. Carmel to Haifa and Nazareth. Mohammed came once when He was eleven years old and again when He was twenty eight. After all the spiritual excitement the Greatest Holy Leaf told us that she would show us how to cook the rice. We went to a little room where there was a charcoal fire "These meals have been very happy. They are the Lord's supper because the wish and purpose has been in boiling salt water until it is just soft enough to break concerning the affairs of God." (about four or five minutes). It is then strained and some butter is put in the pot and browned a little. The rice is slowly put in with a sprinkling of spices and the tiny pieces of meat. On top of this is placed two large pieces of butter and then the cover is replaced. This is Day Eleven put on a slow charcoal fire, and ashes and more charcoal are placed on top. It remains this way for three

T

his morning the Greatest Holy Leaf sent quarters of an hour. us each a gift by Shoghi Effendi. He said we must guess what it was and handed While this was being cooked,

the Greatest Holy

us each a small envelope. We thought, but could not
Leaf said it was strange that I came to find out how to
guess correctly. In each envelope was a tiny piece of cook when
'Abdu'l-Baha's own daughters did not
the blood of Baha'u'llah. No one knew what to say. I
know how. Munavvar laughed and said she could not
felt sort of numb, I could not grasp having such a
cook it, but knew just how it should be done.
thing. We were all silent. It was the most precious gift
in the world (how do you say thank you?).
Later in the afternoon the Master told us our
ship had come and we must leave tomorrow. He had
I wondered where I could put mine. Mother
told father several days ago that He would like us to
said hers must go into a solid gold box. This gift did
go to Germany and several other places. Now that
not leave my mind, my thoughts, for a long time.
was all changed and father was to go directly home,
When we went for tea mother asked the Greatest Holy
that "things would not be to his liking there."
Leaf about it. She said it was a custom in Persia in the
Spring to draw a certain amount of blood from the
forearm of a person as it was considered to be healthy.

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Day Twelve

ur last day. The Master came early for

O lunch and asked us to join Him in Dr
Esselmont's room. He spoke
of His great love for us and that we must go
Bahiyiyh Winckler was born in 1907 to
Ruth and Hany Randall, early American believers
back with our hearts full of love to give to others.
in the Faith of Baha 'u 'llah.
Lunch was short. Mother and I said goodbye to the
Ruth Randall was the first to become a
ladies and mother wept. Then the Master called us
Baha'i, and it was the Master himself who brought
again, shook our hands and gave us loving messages.
Hany into the Faith in 1912. The Randalls were
We all felt that it was hard to part.
well known in New England social and financial
circles. Hany was the preSident of the Boston-
We went back in the pouring rain to get our
Maine Railroad, and it was the Randalls who

luggage and the Master called father to Him once bought the Green Acre property in Eliot, Maine, as again. Father came back weeping only to tell us that a place of worship, study and fellowship for the he had been alone with the Master and He was so New England Baha'is.
wonderful.

Inspired by the powerful words and supreme example of the Master (so lovingly recorded in this The Persian believers came in the rain to wave diary of 1919), Bahiyih did indeed grow into a us goodbye. Shoghi Effendi, Dr Lotfulla Hakim and bright "light" among the handmaidens of His Fugita joined us in the carriage and even went in the Cause, a tireless servant for the Faith . In 1953, little boat to the ship.

under the direction of the Guardian, Bahiyih assumed a pioneering post in Durban, South Then we were in the outside world again. The Africa, working and sharing the teachings of people at the dock and on the ship seemed so lifeless Baha'u'llah with the black population for over 40 and dull. The world seemed cold.
years. She now lives in Sabie, Transval, South Africa, and, as a young girl of 88 years, continues I had left the heart of the world.
to teach .

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— A Pilgrimage to Haifa, November 1919 (Used by permission of the curator)