



brush against the desk through many long hours of writing to friends everywhere and also in translating the holy Texts. We went into the dining room and he seated me just across the table from himself, with Ruhiiyyih Khanum at his right. The others took their chairs without saying anything, but taking in every word. The very great respect and their instant obedience to his every request, spoke volumes to this very new Baha'i. I was instantly impelled to conform my own attitude to their own.

The Guardian asked me about the journey, Nairobi, my job and how was the Faith progressing in Kenya? "So far there are no declarations Shoghi

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Effendi." I said. "But we are persevering in prayer and in finding ways to talk with the African people. It is a beautiful country and they are all friendly." He smiled and said: "You will soon have an Assembly in Nairobi." His words were full of assurance. Silently, I wondered how it would come about. He was not put off by the lack of visible results. I felt that, since his prayers must have been regularly surrounding our every effort, matters were failing into place, with certainty, the chosen ones were being steadily consummated; and so it turned out (Now in 1997 there are over 100,000 Baha'is in Kenya and many pioneers)

As dinner proceeded, I remained silent, content to wait for the Guardian to speak. He did not eat for some time, but questioned me further to about Africa, which he was giving high priority at that time. He carefully considered my replies, then said: "It is very important to get the Faith established in Africa before materialism and politics get a hold on the masses." I said: "It has already got a hold on the people in the city" He replied "Yes, I understand, but you will find the people in the villages much more receptive to the Faith."

The way he discussed matters gave me increased confidence because it was spoken as between equals and I felt no pressure from him, just consultation on what was to be accomplished. This kind of caring, helpful attitude typified all his words during the time I was at his table.

Later, he talked about the British believers, how they were ingenious in rerouting many Iranians to goal areas as they arrived in our country. He mentioned also that the British probably had the highest percentage in the Baha'i world, for believers pioneering on the home front to fill the goals, each year. From memory, it was about 48%. He mentioned what a big loss it had been to us when the Hofman's had been forced to reduce their Baha'i activities to devote more time to their own publishing business, I had been present at convention in England last year when, just before election, David Hofman had spoken to the delegates in words such as these:- "Dear friends, I am not allowed to try to influence your vote, but I feel I must read to you from a letter we have just received from Shoghi Effendi. Quote: "I feel you should consider withdrawing from the considerable services you have been giving to the administration, in order to allow you to devote much more

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time to your business, until it is stronger. David and Marion Hofman had both been on the National Spiritual Assembly of England for some years and this took much of their time from the business which was in difficulties. In this example, the common sense approach of Shoghi Effendi is seen balancing worldly duties with service to the Faith.

The Hofmans were not elected to the National Assembly that year and for several years thereafter. Their business improved. What we did not know then, was that in 1963 David Hofman would be one of nine to be elected to the first Universal House of Justice!

Baha'i temples were next discussed and the Guardian listed the possible sites for the next one: Cairo, Haifa, Tehran or Kampala, were all now mentioned. As we know, Kampala was built soon after that time. It became a magnet and an inspiration for over 20,000 Baha'is who would soon come into the Faith in Uganda alone! When back in Kenya that tremendous growth took place, we heard that India had enrolled over 100,000 believers. Some one said: "They are far ahead of us!" "Not so!" exclaimed Hasan Sabri. "We only took five years to do this and India took 100 years to get their 100,000!" We read that the Faith was taken to India during the lifetime of Baha'u'llah.

To return to Haifa in 1952, Shoghi Effendi explained that pilgrimage is not for the purpose of seeing the Guardian, nor for obtaining information about the Faith, but to experience the spirit of the holy Shrines and the holy places associated with the Revelation. Here I should mention that all pilgrims were gently told not to take notes at the Guardian's dinner table. He wanted their full attention to be centered on the spiritual experience of the pilgrimage.

However, each night after supper, when the Guardian had returned to his home across the road, we would gather in the lounge to compare notes and write down what we agreed had been said. I filled a notebook and am now using it to relate those memories as clearly as possible. Of course these pilgrim notes have no authority, but the Guardian encouraged all pilgrims to share their experiences and notes, as long they are just personal impressions and nothing more. Re-reading them now 38 years (1990), later I can still clearly visualise those surroundings and the Guardian as he talked with all of us

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in that blessed Spot. I asked if the Africans had ever had a Prophet. He said: "Yes, but not in Africa." "Could it have been the Sabeian Prophet?" "Possibly"

He continued:

"In each Revelation there is one mystery which is not explained; in Christianity it is the virgin birth, and in the Baha'i revelation it is the station of the Master.

He spoke of the 9 stages of the evolution of the Faith. 1.) Ignored. 2.) Persecution. 3.) Recognition. "In most countries we are still in 1 & 2, but the

Egyptian court had already declared Baha'i a separate religion from Islam. This is a victory!" Regarding the other six steps, the Guardian asked us not to talk about them to the public, lest it aroused unnecessary opposition. Stage 2 is not likely to be completed in this century, but all nine would be achieved before the Golden Age.

"America will be purged in the crucible of war to prepare her for her mission."

One evening Ruhiyyih Khanum asked the Guardian why no women would serve on the Universal House of Justice. Perhaps she was asking this for my sake, for she must have been fully conversant with the Guardian's thoughts on this matter. The Guardian's reply contained some things which I had heard before, such as , "it is a difference of function, not of women's rights, and the wisdom of it will appear in the future." He went on: "It is not women's function to run armies or be a Prophet. The greatest work in the Cause today is teaching, and in this the women will excel more than men; they are more courageous, bolder and have more talent in this than men. Men and women are complimentary in their functions."

"God's way is not men's way. What price glory? The white race in Africa learned great lessons - to be free from prejudice, establish equal opportunity and give precedence to minorities."

The East has given inspiration to the West and the East must now learn practical lessons from the West."

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One evening, after Shoghi Effendi had left us and returned to his house, we all sat consulting together in the upper lounge and writing down what we could remember. The discussion turned to a court case involving the Guardian and the Covenant-breakers. It concerned the Guardian's demolition of a small out-house [outbuildings] close to the Shrine at Bahji and owned partly by the Covenant-breakers. It was of great importance to Shoghi Effendi to beautify a large areas around the most Holy Shrine. This inferior building stood in the way. No one knew what the court would decide. Ugo Giachery commented. "How much Shoghi Effendi was suffering tonight." From this remark, it was clear to me that although Shoghi Effendi was the "Sign of God on earth" with all the protection and guidance that implied, yet continual watchfulness and a great deal of mental and ethical effort, as well as much prayer, was required of him at all times.

The unrelenting opposition by the Covenant-breakers to every project the Guardian embarked upon in the Holy Land must have taken a great toll of his strength and constantly delayed progress. It is illuminating to look back on the steps by which he steadily eliminated them from the Baha'i properties and reduced them to impotence, even while working on many other projects for the Faith. This can especially be seen in the stages by which he removed them from Bahji and its surroundings. It was my bounty to hear the details from others in these late night discussions.

It may come as a shock to many Baha'is to hear that Bahji Mansion, where Baha'u'llah passed away in 1892, continued to be occupied by the Covenant-breakers for 40 years, until 1932. Even after that time they were still occupying the outbuildings until 1957, the year of Shoghi Effendi's passing. To return to 1927, they had allowed the Mansion to fall into a terrible state of dilapidation. They asked Shoghi Effendi to repair the roof for them. He replied that he would not start until they evacuated, which they did. Before the repairs were finished, he persuaded the British High Commissioner (Israel was then

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a British Protectorate) to declare the Mansion a Holy Place. He agreed this excluded it from all private occupation permanently. The Covenant-breakers were thus excluded from reoccupying it ever again. When we took, back on the exemplary life of 'Abdu'l Baha, we can see that He had won the admiration and trust of the authorities. He was eventually knighted by the British Government for services to the people and the British army. This was obviously of great help to Shoghi Effendi in his communication with all the authorities in Palestine.

Shoghi Effendi now started refurbishing the Mansion after the style of Baha'u'llah's time and added display and archival material. He had a simple bed put in one of the bedrooms for himself, so that he could stay over night on this task of great love.

When I eventually sent him a photograph of the first Assembly in East Africa, the one elected in Kampala, he put it over his bed in that room.

Another evening Shoghi Effendi spoke long and in detail about the attempts made by the Covenant-breakers to cause trouble for the Master when he was buying the land surrounding the Shrine of the Bab. When he had erected the first simple building, they reported to the Sultan of Turkey that it was a fortress for starting a revolutionary movement, but 'Abdu'l Baha'i was able to prove their accusations false. After the 1950 war, when many thousands of Arabs fled and the State of Israel was founded, we were able to acquire several properties on Mt. Carmel which had belonged to the Covenant-Breakers. In the more recent times, Shoghi Effendi pointed out that Hitler was an enemy of the Baha'is and if he had captured all of north Africa, he would have gone into Egypt and Palestine and he would have exterminated the Bahais as had happened in Germany and Russia. But he was preordained to fail.

The Mufti of Jerusalem would also have been a big danger to the Baha'is in these circumstances.

Another topic touched on by the Guardian was prayer. He said very clearly that it is not enough to pray about a problem; one needs also to think about it and then to act.

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The next evening started with a severe test for me. As we entered the dining room, I was directed to the far end of the table and two newly arrived pilgrims took my place opposite Shoghi Effendi. I had become so magnetised by his presence that it had never occurred to me such a thing could happen. As the Guardian talked to the new arrivals, I began remonstrating with myself for being unhappy; the Guardian was still there, but I found myself perforce, relegated to listening only, as did the members of the International Council. My mind had wandered from the Guardian's words. As at a great distance I heard him say: "Tomorrow a delegation from the Baha'i International Council will present a letter of felicitation to the Governor of Haifa on the occasion of the 15th annual celebration of the founding of the State of Israel. I want you to go with the delegation." I looked up, and the whole table were looking at me, as was the Guardian. "Yes Shoghi Effendi" I managed to say. "it will help them to realise how widespread the Faith is, because you are from Africa." I was uplifted and joyful to be given a task like this, but nothing could replace being able to look across the table into his warm, steady eyes. Ugo Giachery, Mason Remey and I performed this mission the next day; we were received with much warmth.

Jessie Revel reported that locusts were devastating trees in Tel Aviv, only 100 miles away. "What shall we do if they start destroying our shrine gardens?" "We shall replant them" Was the Guardian's reply. He then turned to me and said: "Your next job is helping to found the institutions of the Cause in Kenya." Such was his caring nature, that he had sensed my mood and reached out to me.

Two days later, the Guardian's Buick, with his chauffeur, Carlo driving, took Ruhyyih Khanum, Nellie French (another new pilgrim) and myself 20 miles around the bay to Acca to visit the "Most great prison" where the Blessed Beauty and many of His followers and family had spent over two years under the most terrible conditions. As we entered this massive, bleak prison, we tried to imagine the arrival of the Holy family. We ascended by an open stairs to the third floor and entered a large hall surrounded

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by a number of cells. To our left, the first cell had a brass plate above the door stating "Baha'i Holy Place". It was explained to us that the Israeli Government had made a law that all the Holy places of every religion in the country should become the property of that religion permanently and be marked in this way. Through the iron bars we could see a cell with three windows and a raised portion of the floor where Baha'u'llah usually laid out His mat to sleep. Bars covered the windows also. We entered and sat on the rush mats to pray and visualise those incredible times, less than 100 years ago. Afterwards we saw the skylight high up in the ceiling of the central hall where the Purest Branch had fallen to his death. We recalled his request to His father that his life be a sacrifice for the world and especially that pilgrims should be allowed to visit the Blessed Beauty.

Leaving the prison we went along the road behind the massive sea battlements

for about 200 yards to the House Aboud. For seven years the Holy family had lived here, after the prison. Yet the whole city was a prison for them and Baha'u'llah Himself was confined to a few rooms. His own bedroom has a verandah on three sides, and we were told that pacing this narrow path, looking out to sea, was His only permitted exercise. On the end of a long divan rested a taj which He had worn. It was reverently covered by a delicate embroidered cloth. Again we and His Presence prayed and tried to visualise those days. Another room had been 'Abdu'l Baha's and in this room Baha'u'llah had written much of the Aqdas, as well as letters to the Kings of Europe.

Then, leaving the city, our car took us two miles into the country

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northeast of Acca. The whole valley was very fertile and luxurious. Our dirt road led us to an imposing stone archway, the entrance to an oasis. We entered and crossed a wooden bridge over a stream and were greeted by a gardener. He had set out a table and chairs under the shade of some very old mulberry trees to welcome us. An ornamental garden seat had been built under these trees on one side of this small retreat. On this seat, Baha'u'llah had often rested and talked to His followers in the later years of His life. The gardener, who was also the custodian and lived nearby, brought a horse and invited us to watch while he harnessed it to a beam, centered on some ancient machinery atop a well. As the horse circled the well, water was drawn up by a chain of cups and spilled into a pipe which carried it to a fountain in the center of the garden. The peaceful clank of the harness, the songs of birds and the splash of the fountain as it rose from a pedestal produced an air of magic in that fragrant spot. The water overflowed and ran down a channel past Baha'u'llah's seat and into what used to be another stream at the back of the garden. This stream bed was now dried up because some years ago the British army had blocked it to reduced the incidence of mosquitoes, and malaria.

We saw in imagination the Blessed Beauty sitting talking with His followers and wondered what He had said to them there. Ruhiyyih Khanum had brought a picnic lunch which she now laid out. We sat eating and listening to the fountain and the birds, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Afterwards we were shown a small dwelling where Baha'u'llah had sometimes slept. Some of His blankets and personal possess-

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ions had been arranged in this bedroom, no doubt by the beloved Guardian or Ruhiyyih Khanum. Baha'u'llah had named this small island "The Ridvan Garden" in memory of that other Ridvan garden in Baghdad.

After this, we went further north a few miles to visit the house of Masra'ih where Baha'u'llah had lived for two years after leaving the prison. There were orchards and fields surrounding the house and the air was fragrant with blossoms. We came upon the ruins of an ancient aqueduct which Baha'u'llah had been instrumental in getting repaired. Now with mains water everywhere, it was

once more silent. We entered the mansion and ascended the stone stairs which had known the feet of the Blessed Beauty.

His bedroom looked out over the beautiful scenery. It was, we read a deep joy to Him, after 9 years in Acca, without the sight of a blade of grass.

At dinner that evening the Guardian talked about various forms of government. He said that the British triple stage elections were nearest to Baha'i and is a government of the people, by the best of the people. America should learn this method.

In the future, Local Assemblies in large towns may have double stage elections.

Back to Africa, Shoghi Effendi praised the teaching work of Ali Nakhjavani. "I am very proud of what they have done so far."

Ali and his brother were raised in Haifa by the Guardian when their parents had died.

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Shoghi Effendi said that Nellie French, one of my fellow pilgrims, had, in a way, done the same work as Martha Root (who did it at an earlier time, when there were few institutions.) The blessings of the Master had enabled her to give the Message far and wide, especially in Italy. The thought occurs to me that, at this present time, years later, many isolated Baha'is are still doing this in places far from the cities.

In those days, all pilgrims were the guests of Shoghi Effendi. Western pilgrims lived in the house across the street from the Master's house and the Oriental pilgrims lived at the house near the Shrine of the Bab, much higher up the mountain. It was the beloved Guardian's custom to have dinner each night with the Western pilgrims, so that they could talk informally with him. In the afternoons, he would walk round the Shrine gardens with the Oriental pilgrims and talk as they went. Of course, each group felt it had a priceless privilege in this arrangement and felt sorry for the other group, so everyone was happy!

The next day, being the 9th of Ridvan, we were all invited to the Oriental pilgrim house where the Guardian gave a talk on the meaning of this Holy Day. He spoke entirely in Persian, because I was the only Westerner present. However, much to my embarrassment, he stopped in the middle and gave me a shortened account in English of what he had been saying. I felt touched by, his consideration. Looking back, it was clear that he was making sure a minority did not feel left out.

Afterwards, we all went to the Shrine of the Bab. Surprisingly

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the ladies entered a door on the north [should be east] side of the shrine and the men into a door on the south [should be west] side with the Guardian.[The sketch of the layout of the shrine provided on the margin of the original

manuscript indicated that Mr. Cardell thought north was in the direction of the pilgrim house from the shrine of Bab, thus his mistaken impression which entrances the men and ladies entered the Shrine].

I should explain, there are 9 rooms inside the shrine of the Bab, all about equal in size and arranged in three rows. The center room of the middle group is the holy spot where the Bab's remain are enshrined; each side there is a room for the pilgrims who approach a low step and offer their prayers, the men on one side and the ladies on the other. Each can see into the center chamber from opposites sides, through a wide mesh curtain.

Later, Ruhiiyyih Khanum explained to us that in future, it would be changed, but now it was too much of a break with tradition for Oriental men and ladies to pray together. She herself, of course, properly led the ladies. But to return to the 9th Day of Ridvan; Shoghi Effendi stood just inside the door as the men, entered, and anointed them with attar of roses as each stepped in. The first two Persians tried to kiss his feet, but he raise them up and moved them along. When we were all gathered, Shoghi Effendi came to the threshold and recited the prayer of Visitation in Persian. It hangs, framed, on the wall just to one side. He then knelt at the threshold for a few moments and backed out to the door, keeping his face to the threshold. We all followed his example. The Guardian led us next into the front section of the building where lies our beloved Master. Similar devotions were followed there.

Both center rooms were covered with masses of flowers, arranged with great care. All present must have been much uplifted in spirit as we spent some time walking round the beautiful gardens afterwards.

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A few days earlier, Shoghi Effendi had requested me to take photographs of the inside of the Shrine of the Bab, now that it was specialty decorated for Ridvan. He said he would advise me when this should be done.

While we were waiting in the Pilgrim House one evening for the Guardian to arrive for dinner, Ruhiiyyih Khanum suddenly appeared alone and said "Ted, the Guardian says that now is the time to photograph in the Shrine of the Bab. Dr Hakim will come with you and the Guardian's car is waiting to take you up to the Shrine. If you hurry, you will be back in time for at least the last half of the Guardian's dinner"

Shoghi Effendi had told me I was to feel free to take the photographs in any manner I wished. He had then remarked, "Have you noticed that with colour photos, if you slightly under-expose, the colors will be more brilliant?" It was the early days of color photography and I was amazed that he was so knowledgeable about it. He continued "If you place the camera centrally, the picture will be perfectly symmetrical, as you look through to the inner shrine." This I took careful note of and made sure of taking before anything else. However I also took one slightly off center, for I felt this gave more depth. With three cameras, I took many pictures and we finally arrived back at the Pilgrim House about 11 p.m. The Guardian had long finished his dinner and

gone back to his home across the street. Ruhiyyih Khanum was waiting for us with a plate of sandwiches and must have noticed my exhaustion and disappointment at missing dinner with the Guardian. We said good-night and everyone retired.

Next morning, Ruhiyyih Khanum came across to the house after breakfast and said, "Ted, the Guardian says that, if you feel it wise, you may cable your editor in Nairobi to ask for a ten day extension of pilgrimage." As mentioned earlier, due to my own fumbling and miscalculations I had plagued my editor with a number of different schedules and felt most embarrassed about it. Now I was considering upsetting my editor's affairs even more, and by a simple cable which would not allow me to explain or apologise. "It is too late Ruhiyyih Khanum," I said

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"I dare not take the risk of upsetting my editor." "Well, think about it Ted, and whatever you decide is alright with the Guardian. He feels there will be a lot to photograph, more than you can do in nine days."

After much thought, I discussed the matter with Ugo Giachery and decided to send a cable. Anything was worth an extra ten days. Together we walked down to the main post office in town, a half hour's walk; and since it was then nearly midnight, we went round to the rear entrance and found a way in, sent off the cable and came back to the pilgrim house. We said good night and went to our rooms. As I was getting into bed, I suddenly remembered I had put the wrong return date on the cable. There was no option but to get dressed, go down town and send off a corrected cable. Once more I was getting into bed and realised that again -- I had made a mistake. I dressed and returned to the post-office. And yes, a third time I saw a mistake and had to send off a third cable. Now my editor would surely lose his patience, but curiously I did not in the least worry about it. Sufficient that the Guardian had given me a chance to spend ten more days in the Holy land, taking photographs for him. It did not occur to me that there was very much more in this matter than I was aware of, but subsequent events amply repaid all my worries. For two years I felt too ashamed to tell anyone about it, but one day Aziz and I were chatting about the Will of God and many things, so I recounted my bungling experience. "Hmm!" he remarked "maybe God was trying to tell you something?", "What could that be?" I enquired, "Perhaps that if an event is the Will of God, then whatever mistakes we make, it is still going to happen." "That is curious", I said "The last thing the Guardian said to me as I departed was, "We are very glad you were able to stay the extra ten days, it was evidently the Will of God." As you will have guessed, two days after sending off the three conflicting cables I received a reply "Extension permitted."

48.

On another occasion, the Guardian discussed the rescue of the Bab's body which was thrown outside the moat of the city after the execution. There is a tradition that the remains of the Imam would be preserved. The Mullas thought

that wild dogs would devour the remains and thus prove to the Public 'that the Bab was not the promised Imam. However, some of the believers bribed the soldiers to turn their backs while the Holy remains were spirited away and hidden in a silk factory. The son of this factory owner had just arrived on pilgrimage and the Guardian welcomed him warmly. The Guardian spoke of the great significance of this Day, saying, "Adam and all the other Prophets were preparing the world for Baha'u'llah Who would cast His shadow over the next 500,000 years. Six thousand years of preparation to be followed by 500 centuries of fulfillment. There will be other Manifestations Who will repeal the Aqdas (if They wish) and there will even be minor Prophets after the Thousand or more years. We must distinguish between the Baha'i cycle and the Spiritual cycle of 500,000 centuries." "No" he replied in answer to a question, "The Guardians are not minor Prophets."

There had been 200 pioneers from Persian to Arabia. No other such efflux had occurred except to Africa.

One morning Ruhyyih Khanum arrived as Ugo and I were having breakfast in the pilgrim house. The Guardian wanted photographs taken of many of the holy relics in the archives room. These were at present kept in the back section of the Shrine. She would come with me and bring them out into the sun to be photographed. So, on Thursday, May 1st 1952, the Guardian's car took us up to the Shrine where began the difficult task of finding a suitable background for laying out these precious relics. Here, in the brilliant sunshine we photographed many of these personal possessions of the Holy Ones - the Bab's copy of the

Koran and His own Bayan and ring. As I was arranging these to photograph Ruhyyih Khanum came out of the Shrine saying: "Hold out your arms Ted." I did so, and she laid the Bab's green robe upon them. I stood speechless.

Later we photographed the personal effects of Baha'u'llah, His seals, His pens and pen case. His rings and taj.

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The following day, I was sent to Bahji in the Guardian's car. Here Salah, the custodian, took charge of me. He was an Arab who had great devotion for the Guardian. To him, looking after the holiest place on earth was a most great responsibility, one to which he devoted body and soul without restraint. He lived very simply. He showed me into 'Abdu'l Baha's tea-room, as it is known. Here, while the sparrows flew in and out of the door, building their nests in the big rafters, we ate from a picnic basket which Ruhyyih Khanum had thoughtfully provided. He told me stories of the early believers and of the history of Bahji. As we talked, the chirping of the sparrows gave the place an air of peace and upliftment. After a prayer, he led me to the Shrine and opening the door, showed me the threshold of the room where Baha'u'llah's earthly remains rest. I stood as one in a trance, hardly daring to believe that I had at last arrived at this the most sacred spot on earth. What does one do in such circumstances?

Sala must have been a bit shocked that I just stood there; he said in a quiet voice "Ted we generally kneel and pray here." His remark was meant with the best intentions, but it struck me as an intrusion between Baha'u'llah and me. I knelt at the raised threshold and prayed a while and meditated some more and then looked around me. I was in a kind of conservatory garden with tall plants filling the center, and in one corner the door to a room where the holy casket lay under a large embossed brass plate in the floor. Beautiful flower filled vases stood at each corner and on the threshold were sprinkled rose petals, some of which I guiltily swept into my prayer book, not realising that they had been put there for just this purpose. Ornamental lamps glowed in many places, giving a warm feeling. They were antiques, made of pewter. The heat of the plain of Acca had made them droop under their own weight. Another prayer, and we both backed out, to reclaim shoes and cameras outside the door.

Next we visited the mansion itself. The ground floor was all service areas, and we mounted to the main living, part, up a long flight of stone stairs. It did not escape me that my feet

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were literally following in the footsteps of the Blessed Beauty. Upstairs, I entered a large central hall with various rooms opening from it. They were partly furnished according to those custom of those times and partly used to display Baha'i books and documents from many countries.

A curtain covered the door of a large corner room. Sala pulled it aside and motioned me in. Leaving shoes & camera outside, I entered Baha'u'llah's bedroom. His bed and slippers lay on a lovely Persian carpet which covered the whole floor. His taj, covered by lace, rested on one end of a long divan which graced the far wall; mute but powerful reminders of the holy Presence Who had lived here for twelve years.

I imagined Professor Brown coming in as I had done and hearing a mild, dignified voice saying "Praise be to God that thou hast attained.

The next day Salah and I walked the two miles to Acca and as we wandered through its ancient byways he told me that all the streets of Acca had touched the feet of Baha'u'llah or the Master. I tried to imagine Them also sitting in a cafe in one of those streets, drinking coffee and talking with the people there. The Master, Salah told me, had made many secret visits of charity in Acca, usually while the city slept.

I had asked Ruhiyyih Khanum, when I arrived, how was it possible for me to make a pilgrimage and also take photographs? The two did not seem compatible. She sympathised and suggested that one idea would be to leave the cameras in my bedroom on alternate days. Sometimes I did this, for every day was a king of days; how could I be concerned with photography? And how could I not have a camera with me at all times to record those holy places and the inspiring moments spent there? Now, as we followed the winding alleys carrying my large camera bag between us, I was able to get

many pictures which will in future enable those who will never manage to make the pilgrimage, at least to glean some of the atmosphere of that holy city and its august Prisoner.

Back at Bahji for one more night and day, I was forced once again to unite pilgrimage and photography. The beloved Guardian had asked me to photograph all of the inside of the shrine of Baha'u'llah. Sala left me quite alone during this and the deep silence and fragrant atmosphere

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kept me as in a spell while I went about considering composition and exposures. That night, as on the two previous nights, I slept in the mansion of Bahji. My room was the nearest one to the Shrine and for a long time I paced the verandah which circles three sides of the Mansion. It was a clear night and I could see Mt. Carmel and the floodlit shrine of the Bab across the bay, about 15 miles away. The wind blew softly through the gum trees surrounding Bahji while I prayed for spiritual guidance. I could look down on the Shrine of BahA'u'll6h only 50 feet away and meditate on the inconceivable significance of this Revelation and its import for mankind.

The next day was spent visiting the prison in Acca and later, the house of Aboud where Baha'u'llah had been incarcerated for over seven years. While there, He had, I believe, written again to the Kings of Europe. He had also composed much of the Aqdas. 'Abdu'l Baha had been married there. I wandered along the battlements of the sea wall and pondered on the Muslim tradition, "Blessed is he that counts 40 waves in Acca.

My stay in Acca had come to an end; I had missed about four dinner times with the Guardian and hurried back to Haifa by public bus. The friends there were busy preparing a special dinner to entertain some of their Jewish friends from the city. Ruhyyih Khanum said, "I am determined to have friends that I like and have a good time with them. The International Council members and the Hands present were all joining in with the festivities, but I could only think that I would be missing another dinner with Shoghi Effendi, a steep price to pay for such a party.

The next night at dinner, the Guardian asked me about my experiences at Bahji and I tried, stumblingly to put some of them into words. Although none of the extensive gardens at Bahji one sees today had even been created then, yet the whole area had seemed most holy and far beyond mortal understanding. Coming back to the inner Shrine itself, the Guardian asked my impression. I felt it was a most fitting and unusual Shrine whose items had been assembled with great care and devotion. I mentioned the lights held up by sagging light brackets and wondered if they could be straightened? He said "They are antiques and would probably crack off if we tried it" This reminded me of his other remarks on my second day of pilgrimage. He had sent Millie Collins with me to the Shrine of the Bab. Over all the great beauty there, I had noticed ...

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