

He is the Most Holy, the Most Glorious.

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful! Praise be to God, the Lord of all worlds!

O Lord my God, my Haven and my Refuge! How can I befittingly make mention of Thee, even with the most wondrous words of glorification or the most eloquent odes of praise, O Thou Almighty and Forgiving One, aware as I am that the tongue of every eloquent speaker doth falter, and every expression of praise from either human pen or tongue is confounded in its attempt to glorify but one of the signs of Thine omnipotent power or to extol a single Word that hath been created by Thee. Indeed, the wings of the birds of human minds are broken in their attempt to soar up to the atmosphere of Thy divine holiness, and the spiders of idle fancy are powerless to weave their frail webs upon the loftiest summits of the canopy of Thy knowledge. No recourse is there for me, then, but to acknowledge my powerlessness and shortcomings, and no habitation is there for me but in the depths of poverty and privation. Verily, powerlessness to comprehend Thee is the essence of understanding, confession of shortcomings is the only means of attaining Thy presence, and admission of poverty is the source of true wealth.

O Lord! Graciously assist me and Thy sincere servants in our servitude to Thine exalted Threshold, strengthen us in our supplication to Thy divine holiness, and enable us to be lowly and submissive before the door of Thy oneness. Make firm my steps in Thy path, O my Lord, and illumine my heart with the effulgent rays shed from the heaven of Thy mysteries. Refresh my spirit with the stirring breeze that wafteth from the paradise of Thy pardon and forgiveness, and gladden my soul through the reviving breath diffused from the meadows of Thy holiness. Brighten my face above the horizon of Thy unity, and grant that I may be reckoned as one of Thy sincere servants and numbered with Thy bondsmen who stand firm and steadfast.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá