

*He is God!*

O Thou kind Lord! We are poor children, needy and insignificant, yet we are plants which have sprouted by Thy heavenly stream and saplings bursting into bloom in Thy divine springtime. Make us fresh and verdant by the outpourings of the clouds of Thy mercy; help us to grow and develop through the rays of the sun of Thy goodly gifts and cause us to be refreshed by the quickening breeze wafting from the meadows of Truth. Grant that we may become flourishing trees laden with fruit in the orchard of knowledge, brilliant stars shining above the horizon of eternal happiness and radiant lamps shedding light upon the assemblage of mankind.

O Lord! Should Thy tender care be vouchsafed unto us, each one of us would, even as an eagle, soar to the pinnacle of knowledge, but were we left to ourselves we would be consumed away and would fall into loss and frustration. Whatever we are, from Thee do we proceed and before Thy threshold do we seek refuge.

Thou art the Bestower, the Bountiful, the All-Loving.

—*‘Abdu’l-Bahá*