

A Tablet of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá

He is the All-Glorious.

O beloved physician! If thou art indeed a skilled and able healer, prescribe a healing medicine, for I am ailing; administer a soothing remedy, for I am sorely afflicted. Bring peace and tranquillity to my bereaved soul, and relieve the burning grief that consumeth my being. Lay a balm upon my wounded heart, and shed a sprinkling of healing waters upon my inflamed limbs and organs. This servant’s ailment is his separation from the Abhá Beauty. The wound in his heart is his remoteness from Him Who is the peerless Beloved. The illness afflicting his soul is want of beholding that world-adorning Countenance. The remedy he needeth is admission to the precincts of His transcendent mercy and ascension unto the Abhá Kingdom. Grant, O Lord, that I may attain thereunto! The Glory of Glories rest upon the people of Bahá in the world to come.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá