A Tablet of ʻAbdu'l-Bahá

He is God.

Yazd

For the Parsi friends, that they may view it with a seeing eye and read it in their familiar tongue. May their hearts rejoice!

In the name of Him Who is the Omnipotent, the All-Loving!

O Thou sanctified Lord! From its earliest days, Thou didst make the soil of Persia to be musk scented and soul stirring, gem laden and knowledge bearing. Above its east shineth at all times Thy luminous Orb, and from its west appeareth the radiant moon. Its land fostereth love, its heavenly plains teem with enchanting herbs and flowers, its slopes are replete with fresh and delectable fruits, its meadows are the envy of the garden of Eden, its wisdom beareth tidings of the celestial realm, its fervour is that of the fathomless and surging ocean.

For a time, the flame of its knowledge was extinguished and the star of its greatness hidden beneath a veil. Its vernal breezes gave way to autumnal blasts, and its delightsome rose-garden was filled with tares and thorns; its wellspring of limpid waters turned brackish and stale, and its greatest and most precious souls were made homeless wanderers in distant lands; its effulgent light was dimmed and its mighty river reduced to a narrow stream. But at last, the ocean of Thy bounty surged forth and the sun of Thy favour shone resplendent. A new springtime arrived, and a vivifying breeze wafted; the clouds rained down, and that Day-Star of loving-kindness shone resplendent. The country was stirred to life again, the barren dust turned into a rose-garden, and the darksome earth became the envy of every orchard. The world became a new world and resounded with its praise. The mountains and the plains became green and verdant, and the birds of the field warbled their chorus of sweet melodies. This indeed is a time for joy! This indeed is a call from heaven! This indeed is an everlasting foundation! Arise from thy slumber! Arise!

O Divine Providence! A gathering is now convened and an assemblage hath united to strive with heart and soul that they may bestow upon the friends a share of the bountiful showers of Thy grace and may, through Thy nurturing power, rear their young children in the bosom of knowledge, make them the pride of the learned, teach them the divine religion, and manifest thereby the bounty of God. O loving Provider! Be Thou their haven and their refuge, and give them strength so that they may attain unto their heart's desire, forsake the world and all that is therein, and make that land a reflection of the Realm on high.

—ʻAbdu'l-Bahá

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