

الله
بجاست

The Ascension of Bahá'u'lláh

May 29, 2019

3:30 a.m.

~~~~

Bahá'í Center of Minneapolis  
3644 Chicago Ave. S



Unto Thee be praise, O Lord my God! I entreat Thee, by Thy signs that have encompassed the entire creation, and by the light of Thy countenance that hath illuminated all that are in heaven and on earth, and by Thy mercy that hath surpassed all created things, and by Thy grace that hath suffused the whole universe, to rend asunder the veils that shut me out from Thee, that I may hasten unto the Fountain-Head of Thy mighty inspiration, and to the Day-Spring of Thy Revelation and bountiful favors, and may be immersed beneath the ocean of Thy nearness and pleasure.

*(Bahá'u'lláh, Prayers and Meditations by Bahá'u'lláh)*

My God, my Master, my Highest Hope, and the Goal of my desire! Thou seest and hearest the sighing of this wronged One, from this darksome well which the vain imaginations of Thine adversaries have built, and from this blind pit which the idle fancies of the wicked among Thy creatures have digged. By Thy Beauty, O Thou Whose glory is uncovered to the face of men! I am not impatient in the troubles that touch me in my love for Thee, neither in the adversities which I suffer in Thy path. Nay, I have, by Thy power, chosen them for mine own self, and I glory in them amongst such of Thy creatures as enjoy near access to Thee, and those of Thy servants that are wholly devoted to Thy Self.

*(Bahá'u'lláh: Prayers and Meditations)*



## Nabil

*(Bahá'u'lláh, Persian Hidden Words, #4)*

*Performed by Smith & Dragoman*

A simple shepherd and gifted poet  
His heart is calling, his passion flows from within, his search begins  
Star-gazing, contemplating  
He lies there waiting and prostrating  
All for his love, his love

When the object of his search has ended  
The love pours in, his heart's contented  
Devotion to His cause  
From land to land he delivers a message  
His light shines out, all through the wreckage  
Invoking what's within  
The heart longs to be with Him

Across the seas, across the land, to find his way home where it all began  
In his heart

Across the sea, across the land, to find his way home where it all began  
In his heart, in his heart

Don't let me lose You, 'cause I am alone  
Imprisoned for my words, my heart's on fire  
Return to You, You let me in, my love will never die  
Two oceans that collide, I am Yours You are mine  
Two oceans that collide, I am Yours You are mine

When his one desire is beckoned home  
The pain so deep, he's all alone  
A final word from his pen  
He walks into the endless sea  
His flame extinguished, the end of anguish  
His heart it beats no more  
And the love it fills his soul

“Whither can a lover go but to the land of his Beloved?”

Today the cupbearer, by God's design,  
poured bile into the cup of life, not wine.

Every wound has its balm, each ache a cure-  
except this wound! this endless ache of mine!

The nightingales refuse to sing. No trees.  
The world's gone dark, and every eye is blind.

Calamity! The universe unbuilt.  
Calamity! The reign of God undone.

On the Sea of Mercy all waves lie still.  
But waves of woe rise high! The storm's begun.

The banner of God's Name collapsed. Such grief,  
such grief that heaven will be overrun.

Through Him the Day of Resurrection dawned:  
Now earth quakes at the setting of His Sun.

From Sinai He called, "Come see!" Now Moses  
hears these final words: "You shall never see."

On the Most Great Ocean the Crimson Ark  
has sunk. The tears of Noah drown the sea.

Look west! The Sun of Holiness has set.  
Look up! and in His placeless place He'll be.

We'll never hear His voice again, but there  
the Nightingale of Paradise flies free.

*(An eyewitness account of Bahá'u'lláh's passing, anthology of 'Andalíb's poems titled Díván-i 'Andalíb)*

“Methinks, the spiritual commotion set up in the world of dust had caused all the worlds of God to tremble.... My inner and outer tongue are powerless to portray the condition we were in.... In the midst of the prevailing confusion a multitude of the inhabitants of ‘Akká and of the neighboring villages, that had thronged the fields surrounding the Mansion, could be seen weeping, beating upon their heads, and crying aloud their grief.”

*(Nabil quoted in God Passes By ch. 13)*

Be not dismayed, O peoples of the world, when the day star of My beauty is set, and the heaven of My tabernacle is concealed from your eyes. Arise to further My Cause, and to exalt My Word amongst men. We are with you at all times, and shall strengthen you through the power of truth. We are truly almighty. Whoso hath recognized Me, will arise and serve Me with such determination that the powers of earth and heaven shall be unable to defeat his purpose.

*(Bahá'u'lláh, Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh)*



## *The Tablet of Visitation*

The praise which hath dawned from Thy most august Self, and the glory which hath shone forth from Thy most effulgent Beauty, rest upon Thee, O Thou Who art the Manifestation of Grandeur, and the King of Eternity, and the Lord of all who are in heaven and on earth! I testify that through Thee the sovereignty of God and His dominion, and the majesty of God and His grandeur, were revealed, and the Day-Stars of ancient splendour have shed their radiance in the heaven of Thine irrevocable decree, and the Beauty of the Unseen hath shone forth above the horizon of creation. I testify, moreover, that with but a movement of Thy Pen Thine injunction “Be Thou” hath been enforced, and God’s hidden Secret hath been divulged, and all created things have been called into being, and all the Revelations have been sent down.

I bear witness, moreover, that through Thy beauty the beauty of the Adored One hath been unveiled, and through Thy face the face of the Desired One hath shone forth, and that through a word from Thee Thou hast decided between all created things, causing them who are devoted to Thee to ascend unto the summit of glory, and the infidels to fall into the lowest abyss.

I bear witness that he who hath known Thee hath



known God, and he who hath attained unto Thy presence hath attained unto the presence of God. Great, therefore, is the blessedness of him who hath believed in Thee, and in Thy signs, and hath humbled himself before Thy sovereignty, and hath been honoured with meeting Thee, and hath attained the good-pleasure of Thy will, and circled around Thee, and stood before Thy throne. Woe betide him that hath transgressed against Thee, and hath denied Thee, and repudiated Thy signs, and gainsaid Thy sovereignty, and risen up against Thee, and waxed proud before Thy face, and hath disputed Thy testimonies, and fled from Thy rule and Thy dominion, and been numbered with the infidels whose names have been inscribed by the fingers of Thy behest upon Thy holy Tablets.

Waft, then, unto me, O my God and my Beloved, from the right hand of Thy mercy and Thy loving-kindness, the holy breaths of Thy favours, that they may draw me away from myself and from the world unto the courts of Thy nearness and Thy presence. Potent art Thou to do what pleaseth Thee. Thou, truly, hast been supreme over all things.

The remembrance of God and His praise, and the glory of God and His splendour, rest upon Thee, O Thou Who art His Beauty! I bear witness that the eye of creation hath never gazed upon one wronged like Thee.

Thou wast immersed all the days of Thy life beneath an ocean of tribulations. At one time Thou wast in chains and fetters; at another Thou wast threatened by the sword of Thine enemies. Yet, despite all this, Thou didst enjoin upon all men to observe what had been prescribed unto Thee by Him Who is the All-Knowing, the All-Wise.

May my spirit be a sacrifice to the wrongs Thou didst suffer, and my soul be a ransom for the adversities Thou didst sustain. I beseech God, by Thee and by them whose faces have been illumined with the splendours of the light of Thy countenance, and who, for love of Thee, have observed all whereunto they were bidden, to remove the veils that have come in between Thee and Thy creatures, and to supply me with the good of this world and the world to come. Thou art, in truth, the Almighty, the Most Exalted, the All-Glorious, the Ever-Forgiving, the Most Compassionate.

Bless Thou, O Lord my God, the Divine Lote-Tree and its leaves, and its boughs, and its branches, and its stems, and its offshoots, as long as Thy most excellent titles will endure and Thy most august attributes will last. Protect it, then, from the mischief of the aggressor and the hosts of tyranny. Thou art, in truth, the Almighty, the Most Powerful. Bless Thou, also, O Lord

my God, Thy servants and Thy handmaidens who have attained unto Thee. Thou, truly, art the All-Bountiful, Whose grace is infinite. No God is there save Thee, the Ever-Forgiving, the Most Generous.



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم