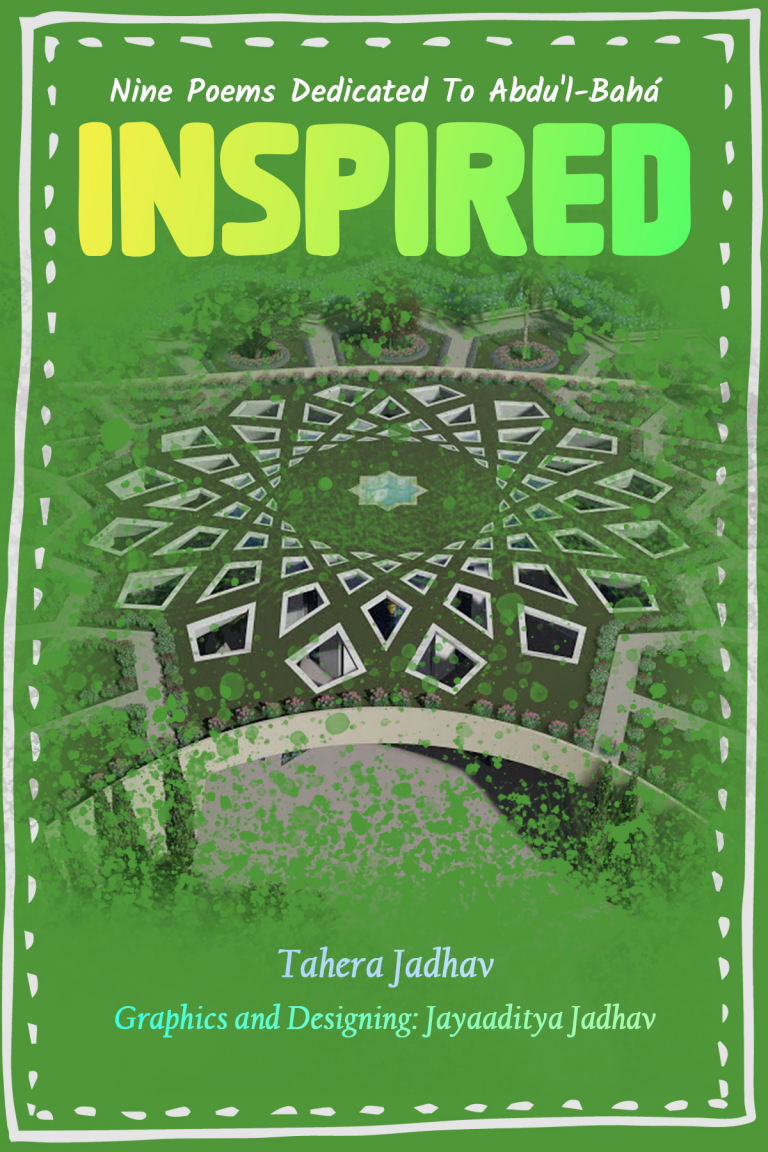


Nine Poems Dedicated To Abdu'l-Bahá

INSPIRED

Tahera Jadhav

Graphics and Designing: Jayaaditya Jadhav



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Dear Readers,

Abdu'l-Bahá, the Centre of the Covenant of Baha'u'llah is the Perfect Exemplar of His teachings, the unerring interpreter of His word, the embodiment of every Baha'i ideal and the incarnation of every Baha'i virtue. His life dedicated to the service of the whole human race irrespective of any religious or national background continues to inspire millions of people all around the globe. The poems in this book are based on real events and give a small glimpse of His love, generosity, kindness, sacrifice, His humility and His strength. These poems are a humble dedication to His noble life published in commemoration of the centenary of His ascension and we hope that they will inspire us to live a life of service, following His example.

Best Wishes,
Tahera

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Prayer

A follower very ardent, always ready to obey
Desired to learn how he should pray,
The Master agreed to teach him the way,
And asked him to come at dawn, the next day.

Thrilled to learn
Eager to discern
Early next morning he arrived
When only silence thrived.

The Master was already in prayer
Of the world unaware
He followed suit and began to pray
Repeating prayers as many as he could say.

He then heard the birds chirping,
And his back felt aching,
He noticed a crack on the wall,
It had been two hours after all.

But then his gaze on the Master fell,
Oh! What ecstasy in which He dwelt !
He drank deep of the sight,
To pray like that , he longed with all his might

Humbled again he closed his eyes,
And cut himself from all worldly ties,
Amazingly his heart teemed with prayer,
Joy and peace filled the air.

The Master smiled ,He was very pleased
And told him -Now you know what you should heed,
When you pray, set everything aside,
Think not of aches , cracks or birds outside.

Foremost this we must understand
When we pray, it's in the Almighty's presence
That we stand



The Master's Generous Heart

Once a woman staying at an inn,
In the beautiful city of Dublin,
Glanced out of the window there,
And this is what she had to share.

The Master was pacing on the street outside,
Dictating to His secretary who was walking beside,
He saw a man who was very old,
"Call him here ",To His secretary He told.

The man's appearance was rather shabby,
He looked very sad and unhappy,
The clothes that he had worn,
Were very dirty and torn,

But The Master took the old man's hand in His,
Like a friend near and dear,
He greeted him with a radiant smile,
And filled his heart with cheer.

The street was empty,
As it was so early in the day,
There was no one around,
And no one coming that way.

He stepped into the shadow,
Of a nearby wall,
Fumbled under His cloak,
And let His trousers fall.

Turning to the old man,
He looked upon him with a radiant face,
"May God be with you" He blessed,
As he gave him His trousers with such loving grace.



The Gift to the Shepherds

The Blessed Beauty owned a village in the mountains wild,
To which the Master travelled,
When he was a seven year old child.

A trusted servant,
Accompanied him on the way,
As He rode a pony happy and gay.

The villagers were shepherds,
Who looked after His Father's sheep,
And their love for the Master was very deep.

When the shepherds came to know,
That the Master was coming,
They prepared a feast happily humming.

The Master and the shepherds,
Had a wonderful time,
How blessed they were ,to sit together and dine.

And then it was time
For the shepherds to say goodbye
To bid farewell to the apple of their eye

The shepherds requested,
A gift from the Master's hands,
Customary as it was , at those times, in their lands.

No money or gift,
He had brought with himself,
What should he give ,He thought to himself.

Then He very generously declared,
That the sheep they cared for, the sheep which they rear,
Happily He gives them , from now they will be theirs.

Oh ! How joyous the shepherds felt,
For such kindness they had never seen,
The Master had showed them what generosity could mean.

When His father , The Blessed Beauty,
Heard what He had done,
He laughed and said- take care of this little one.

For one day the Master may give himself away,
And indeed as the Blessed Perfection had foretold,
To serve humanity the Master gave His whole.



Serving The Sick

Abdu'l-Bahá went about the city
Each morning, each day,
Visiting the sick
Taking their pains away.

Once too busy to go
He called Lua and told her so.
Would she visit His poor friend instead ?
And ensure that he be cared and fed.

Lua went to the sick man's aid,
But rushed back very dismayed .
She told the Master that the smell was foul and
the home unclean!
Unlike any place she had ever been!

Sadly and sternly the Master gazed at her face,
And asked her to return to the sick man's place.
If the house is dirty, make it clean.
Bathe the sick man , and give him a meal.

He told her to serve with love and care,
For God desires that we help and share,
So Lua returned and did as she was told,
Her heart was now radiant manifold.





The Black Rose

In April , one Sunday afternoon,
Arrived to meet Abdu'l-Bahá in His room,
A group of urchins noisy yet neat,
And The Master stood there ready to greet.

The last to enter was a coloured lad,
Who looked fearful and very sad,
But soon as the Master saw his face,
He welcomed him with loving embrace.

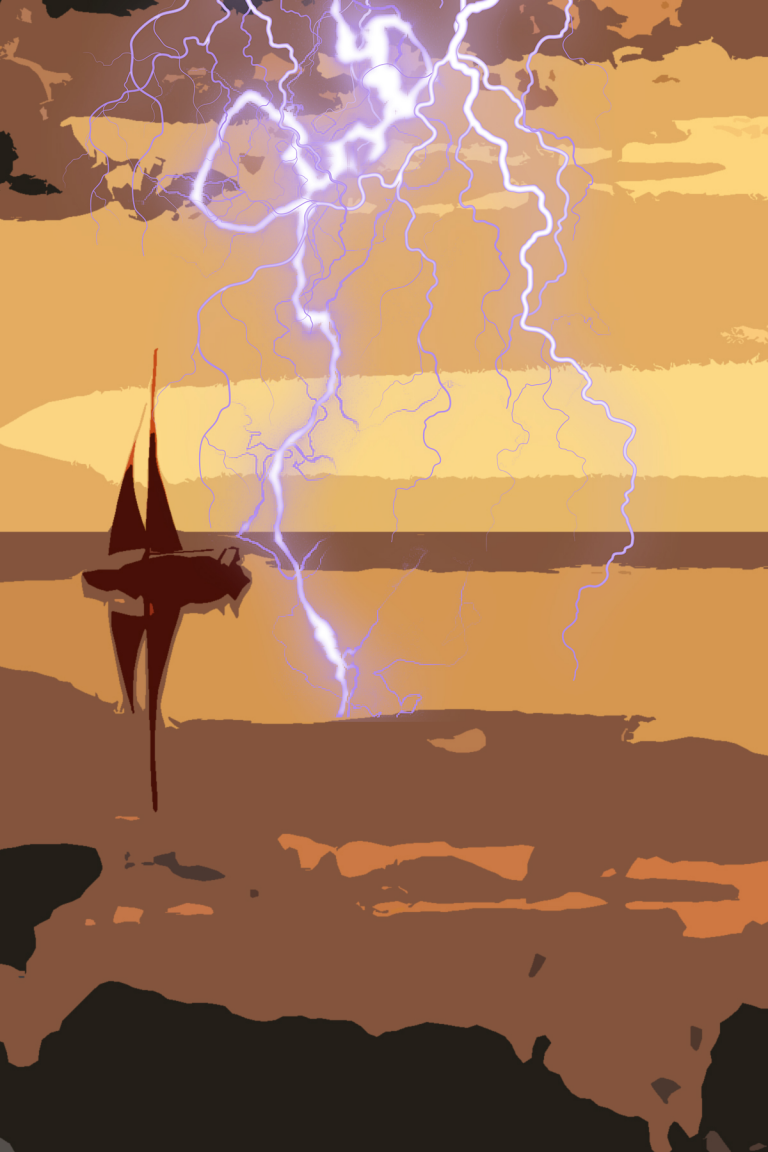
He proclaimed in a voice loud and clear,
And called the boy a black rose beautiful and dear,
The room fell silent and the boy's face glowed,
Souls were charged and love overflowed.

He walked to each and every boy,
And offered them chocolates with laughter and joy,
Chocolates that were expensive and sweet,
Oh ! That was a wonderful treat!

He placed a chocolate against the black boy's cheek,
Nothing did he utter , nor a word did he speak,
But His radiance and smile made everyone see,
That like the chocolate, the boy was sweet as can be .

With this simple act,
With love and tact,
Prejudice He removed from those young minds,
He showed how to be loving and kind.

The colour of our skin matters not,
'We are flowers of one garden', He so beautifully taught.



Steering through Storms of Hardship

The Master explained how He administered the Faith,

He gave an example,
Beautiful and straight.

He said imagine a ship,
Sailing on a turbulent sea,
To reach the goal,
Perseverance is the key.

I pull the ship's sails firmly,
And fasten the ropes tight,
I locate my destination,
And keep firm my sight.

By the power of my will,
I hold the wheel and head out,
No matter how strong the storm,
I keep moving without doubt.

However numerous be the perils,
That threat the safety of the ship,
The course I do not change,
Nor let any fear take grip.

Nothing can dishearten ,
Nor my heart agitate,
Till the goal is reached
Nothing can stop me, no storm however great

If at the sight of every danger,
I changed my navigation,
The Ark of the Cause of God
Would fail to reach its destination.



The Master's Portrait

To paint the Master's portrait;
Juliet was finally allowed,
What a blessing! What a privilege!
With which she was endowed .

The Master had told her,
His 'Servitude to God' to portray
She tried her best,
Through the portrait to display.

One day as she painted,
The Master fell asleep.
His countenance reflected
A Peace very deep.

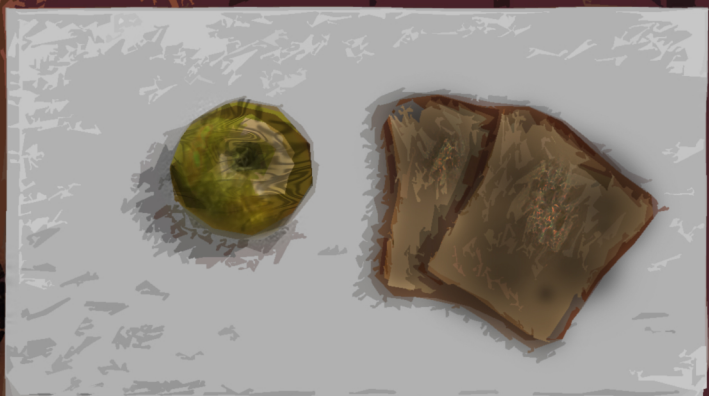
And then as though awakened,
By the Holy Spirit divine,
He manifested such power,
Impossible to define.

Lua is the Herald of the Covenant
With power and might He announced,
And 'I am the Covenant of God'
Which the Blessed Beauty in His book had pronounced.

Juliet was overwhelmed,
And Lua glowed,
As a great spiritual force
Through the Master flowed.

To speak about the Covenant,
He sent Lua down stairs.
The Tablet of the Branch to recite,
To everyone gathered there.

This day of 19th June,
Can any forget?
Inscribed in golden ink,
A powerful vignette!



The Humble Gift of Love

In London one day, at lunchtime,
The Master and the guests had taken their seats,
Lunch had been served,
And all were about to eat.

When a Persian friend arrived a sudden,
And to the Master a handkerchief was given,
All the way from Ishqabad, it had been sent,
It was a devotee's humble present.

The cotton cloth was carefully untied,
Can you guess what was wrapped inside?
A piece of bread - black and dried,
And an apple shrivelled lay by its side.

This humble gift of love and devotion ,
Was sent by a workman overcome by emotion,
When he had come to know,
That the friend , to the Master was to go.

Though poor he was,
And the dinner was all that he had,
Yet he packed it and sent it,
His heart joyful and glad.

The Master left his luncheon un tasted,
And to eat the workman's dinner joyfully hastened,
He broke the bread and also handed it to those
around,
And they relished the humble love that touched
their hearts so profound.



O Abdu'l-Bahá! O Master!
How I wish to be like Thee

O Abdu'l-Bahá! O Master!
How I wish to be like Thee!
Shower Thy blessing,
Recreate me.

Fill me with joy,
The one that you possessed,
That radiant smile,
Full of hope and zest.

Give me Thy kindness,
The love that in your veins flowed,
Thy utter humility,
With servitude you glowed.

Bestow Thy strength,
Thy will power strong,
For tests and trials,
How Thy heart would long.

Make me like Thee,
May my actions speak,
To teach far and near,
May I always seek.