

DAYS PRING



A Bahá'í Magazine for Children

Issue 92

Dayspring

Produced under the auspices of the National Spiritual Assembly
of the Bahá'ís of the United Kingdom

Dayspring is produced three times a year on an educational non-profit basis and seeks to nurture a love for God and mankind in the hearts of children. Material by children and adults of stories, plays, poems, artwork and news are warmly welcomed. Please note that under the terms of the Child Protection Act regarding publishing images of children, permission to do so is required from a parent or guardian.

Dayspring Team: Helena Hastie (distributor), Maggie Manvell & Jackie Mehrabi (editors), David Merrick (web-master), Janet Fleming Rose (proofreader).

Free Copies:

Free copies are automatically sent to registered Bahá'í children aged 5-12 in the UK. If your child is not registered and you wish them to be, please notify the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United Kingdom, email: nsa@bahai.org.uk

Free copies can also be sent on request to children who are not registered with the National Spiritual Assembly of the UK on the request of a Bahá'í parent; likewise children of Bahá'í pioneers from the UK who are living in countries outside the UK and teachers of Bahá'í-inspired children's classes in the UK. For these requests, please contact dayspring@bahai.org.uk

Subscriptions: Contact Baha'i Books UK, as follows:

For UK and Europe: <http://www.bahaibooks.org.uk>

For all other countries: books@bahai.org.uk

Other Enquiries: Contact Dayspring by email: dayspring@bahai.org.uk or via the website: www.dayspring-magazine.org.uk

Printers: Printsmith, Fort William, Scotland, PH33 6RT.

Acknowledgments: Chris Abbas (PP12-13); Monika Mackenzie (P20); Maggie Manvell (PP7, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21-23, 26, 30); Jackie Mehrabi (PP5, 6, 10-11, 24-26, 28, 29); Carolyn Moss-Williams (P18); Janet Fleming Rose (PP8-9); Andrew Rose (P31). **From published sources:** P5: Adapted from *Star of the West* vol. 3, no. 18, Feb 7, 1913; P6: From *Stories for Children* by J.M., Baha'i Publishing Trust, UK; PP10-11: Adapted from *The Chosen Highway* by Lady Blomfield, Bahá'í Publishing Trust, USA; PP24-25: Adapted in part from *My Life My Trees* by Richard St. Barbe Baker; PP28-29: From *Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers* adapted for children from Nabil's narrative *The Dawn-Breakers* by Jacqueline Mehrabi and illustrated by Malcolm Lee, Bahá'í Publishing Trust, India. **Illustrations:** P12: photo of baby: <https://creativecommons.org/>; P28-29: drawings by Malcolm Lee. The cover picture and some of the other clipart has been used with permission from GSP 250,000 Clipart.

Dayspring can be downloaded free

for personal use from

www.dayspring-magazine.org.uk

November 2015—February 2016
Issue 92



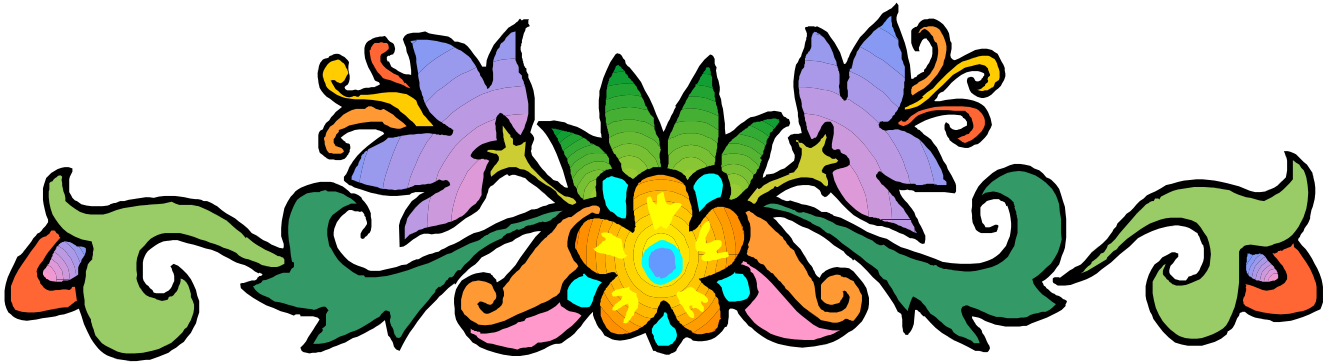
"O God! . . .
These children are the plants
of Thine orchard . . ."
'Abdu'l-Bahá

CONTENTS

The theme of this issue is Trees

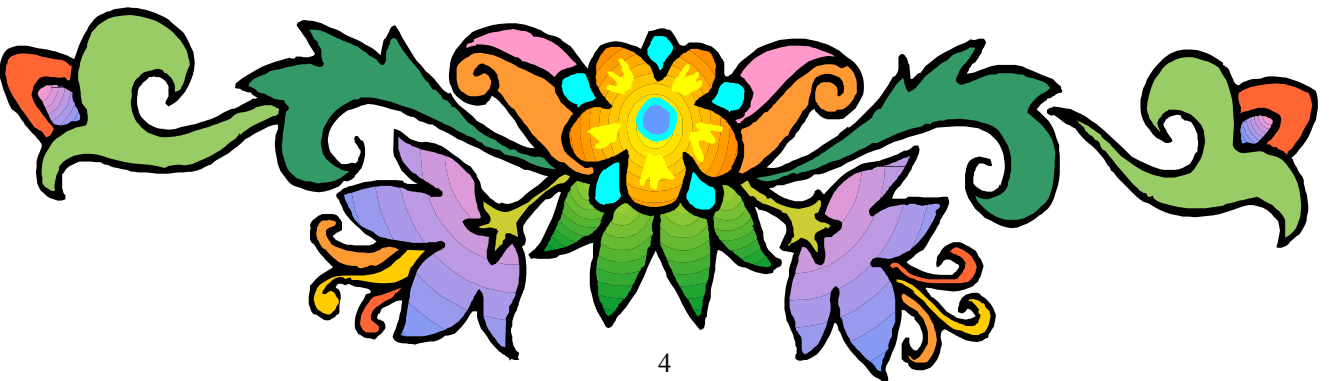
- "Ye are the fruits of one tree. . ." (quotation) (4)
Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá: Fruitful Trees (true story) (5)
The Tree and Me (story) (6)
Do we *need* trees? (7)
Great Oaks from Little Acorns grow (story) (8-9)
The Beautiful Garden of Ridván (10-11)
"I am, O my God, but a tiny seed. . ." (12-13)
"I am, O my God, but a tiny seed. . ." (activity) (14)
"I am, O my God, but a tiny seed. . ." (music) (15)
The fruits of the tree of man (quotation and activity) (16-17)
Seeds of Love (poem and poster) (18)
The tree — a symbol in all religions (19)
The Tree of Divine Civilisation (colouring page and activity) (20-21)
The Old Man Who Thought of Others (story) (22-23)
Richard St. Barbe Baker and the Dance of the Trees (true story) (24-25)
Richard St. Barbe Baker (activity and prayer) (26-27)
Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers: Vahid (Part 36) (28-29)
Jokes (30)
Word Search. Answers to puzzles (31)

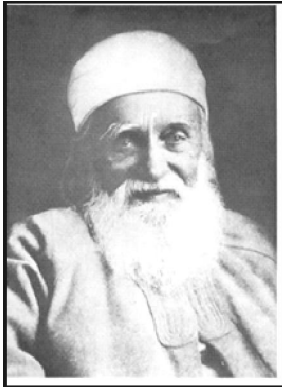




"Ye are
the fruits of one tree
and the leaves
of one branch;
be ye compassionate
and kind
to all the human race."

'Abdu'l-Bahā





Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá

Fruitful Trees

It was raining and a blustery wind was blowing as the horse-drawn carriage crossed a bridge over the river Thames in London. Inside the coach was 'Abdu'l-Bahá. He was on His way to visit some poor children and their mothers who were being fed by a kind charity.

The carriage turned into a narrow lane and stopped before an open door. 'Abdu'l-Bahá walked in, beaming with happiness.

Inside were two long tables spread with food. And seated around the tables were nearly sixty women and over a hundred babies. There was a platform near the door where visiting speakers usually stood to give a talk, but, instead, 'Abdu'l-Bahá walked among the mothers and children, speaking with tender love to each one, even the smallest baby.

One of the babies looked very pale and 'Abdu'l-Bahá patted the baby girl's head and spoke to her softly. She stretched her tiny hand towards Him and He gently closed it over a bright new shilling.



As He slowly passed down the long rows of women and children, 'Abdu'l-Bahá paused a few moments to bless each little upturned face and give each child a silver coin. None of the babies cried and everyone felt loved and peaceful. 'Abdu'l-Bahá said:

"I am very glad to be among you who are blessed in God's name with children. These little ones will grow to be fruitful trees, the founders of many beautiful families. . ."

The Tree and Me

By J.M.

"Once I was small and not very strong," said the Tree.

"Just like me!" said Jonathan.

"Then I pushed my roots deep in the soft brown earth so the wind wouldn't blow me down," said the Tree.

"Just like me!" cried Jonathan excitedly. "I learnt to put my feet on the ground and walk without falling down."

"Then I stretched out my arms and a little green leaf appeared on my boughs," said the Tree.

"Just like me!" shouted Jonathan happily. "My arms grew strong and I used my hands to do something good, like your little green leaf."

"Then many leaves grew which made a shelter for the squirrels and a home for the birds," said the Tree.

"Just like me?" asked Jonathan anxiously. "When I helped a hurt dog and was kind to people?"

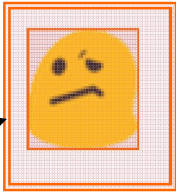
"I grew tall and strong and what did I see? I saw the whole world and the world saw me," said the Tree.

"Just like me," said Jonathan quietly. "I love the whole world like one family."

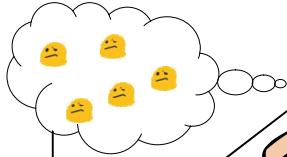


Do we need trees?

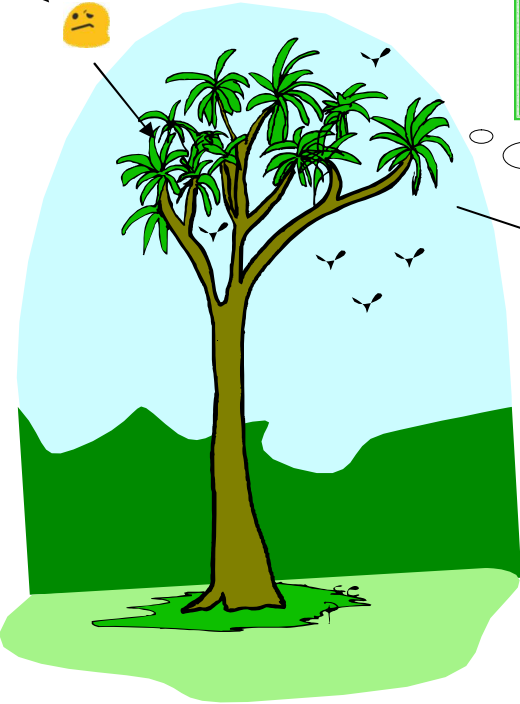
This represents a bubble of carbon dioxide



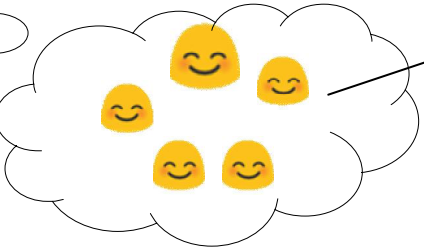
When you breathe out, you get rid of gases from the air that your body can't use. This includes carbon dioxide gas. Large amounts of carbon dioxide are poisonous.



So why hasn't all this breathing out made a world filled with carbon dioxide? **Because of trees!** Through their leaves, trees take in carbon dioxide from the air, use it to make the sugar that is their food, and release gases they don't use back through their leaves. What is one of the gases that trees breathe out? **Oxygen!**



This represents a bubble of oxygen.



Humans, and all animals, breathe in oxygen. Every single cell inside your body needs the oxygen you breathe to make it work! You need food and water as well, but your body can't use them if you don't have that oxygen.



So, to the question "Do we need trees?" the answer is a very loud **YES!**

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

By Janet Fleming Rose

Peter loved to go into the forest. He loved looking at the trees with their different shaped leaves and coloured bark. And he loved listening to the birds singing. One day he found an acorn on the ground under a big oak tree. He knew that this acorn was like a seed and that one day a big oak tree might grow from it. He walked a little further and found another acorn . . . and another. So then he had three of them. He put them in his pocket and carried on walking through the forest.



When he came into a sunny clearing he sneezed and, as he pulled a tissue from his pocket to blow his nose, the acorns fell out of his pocket and tumbled into the grass. A squirrel found one of them and hurried off to eat it. A jay flew down and picked up the second acorn and flew off to try to crack it open. Now there was only one acorn left lying on the ground.

It lay there for weeks. In the winter the cold weather covered it in snow, but no harm came to it because it was safe inside its strong, hard coat. When the snow melted, it began to grow a little root, which stuck out of one end. The root bent over and buried itself in the earth. The rain fell and it drank thirstily. The sun shone and it basked in the warm rays. And it grew into a little plant.

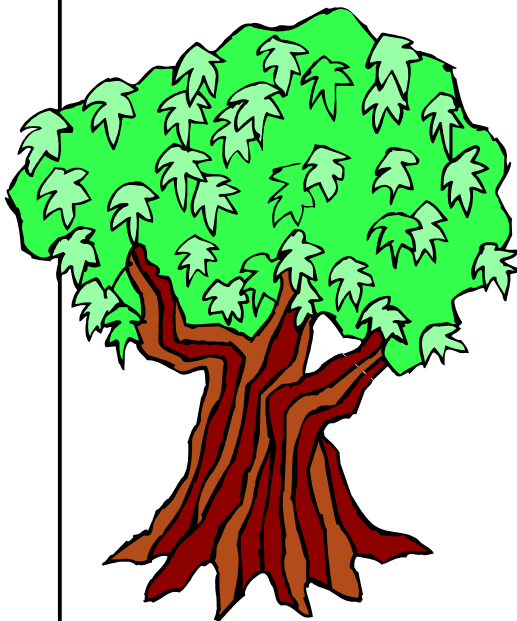


Then one night a badger came strolling by on its nightly prowl and one of its big flat feet landed — plonk! — on the little oak plant. It was squashed flat! For a few days it stayed flattened down. But then a gentle rain came and a little hazy sunshine, and soon the brave little plant was able to stand up straight again. It even grew a few tender branches sticking out from the main stem. It grew until it turned into a sapling, a very young tree.

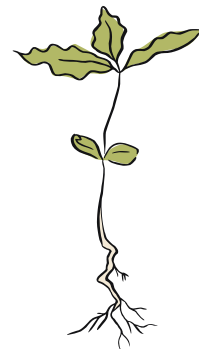
One day a big crow was flying past and decided to stop and perch somewhere. It chose to perch on the little sapling! The main stem bowed right down, for the crow was far too heavy and one of the tender branches hit the ground and broke off. The crow flew away to find somewhere else to perch. And the sapling began growing new and stronger branches.

Many years passed. Peter was grown up by this time and his children had also come to play in the forest, and their children too. By this time, the bark of the young oak sapling had changed from being completely smooth and silvery to being brown and knobby. It was tall and strong and was now a grown-up oak tree.

One year a swarm of oak moths flew around the forest and found the oak tree with its many green leaves. The moths laid their eggs on the oak leaves, wrapping each egg in a leaf so the baby moths had something to eat when they hatched. When the eggs hatched into caterpillars, the leaves began disappearing too fast because the caterpillars were eating so many! However, there were some blue tits nesting nearby and their chicks needed feeding. The blue tits spied the caterpillars on the oak tree and snatched them all up to take back to their nests to feed their babies. The oak tree was saved!



During the years the oak tree stood firm. The wind rattled and bent its branches but they didn't break. Lightning struck other trees in the forest but the oak tree was safe. It grew its own acorns and they fell to the ground. Some were eaten by animals or rotted by too much rain, but a few began to sprout out roots and shoots. New oak trees for the forest were starting to grow, thanks to the big oak tree!



* * *

Bahá'u'lláh said:

**"Ye are the saplings which the hand of Loving-Kindness
hath planted in the soil of mercy,
and which the showers of bounty have made to flourish.
He hath protected you . . . and nurtured you
with the hands of His loving providence.**

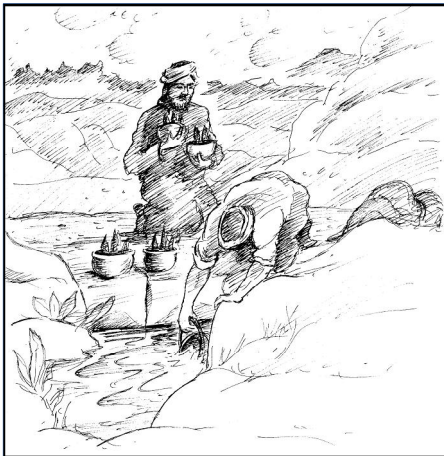
**Now is the time for you to put forth your leaves, and yield your fruit.
The fruits of the tree of man have ever been and are
goodly deeds and a praiseworthy character."**

The Beautiful Garden of Ridván

When Bahá'u'lláh and His family were living in the prison-city of 'Akká there were very few flowers or trees to be seen. So 'Abdu'l-Bahá decided to make



a garden outside the walls of the city for Bahá'u'lláh to visit.



Pilgrims from East and West brought gifts of sweet-smelling plants to grow in the garden — orange and lemon trees, pomegranates and plums, red geraniums and lovely white roses.

One of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's little daughters remembered that happy time when her Grandfather, Bahá'u'lláh, left the prison-city and entered the garden for the first time.

"Oh, the joy of the day," she said, " when Bahá'u'lláh went to the beautiful Ridván garden, which had been prepared for Him with such loving care by 'Abdu'l-Bahá and the friends and the pilgrims!"

She described how 'Abdu'l-Bahá's heart was happy to see the enjoyment of His beloved Father resting under the big mulberry tree with the little river rippling by. And that only those who were present could realize what it meant to be surrounded by the scent and colour of so many flowers after having lived for nine years behind the grey stone walls of the prison-city.

Little fishes swam happily in a stream running through the garden, and a fountain splashed and sparkled in the sunshine. Underneath the mulberry tree opposite the fountain, 'Abdu'l-Bahá placed a wooden seat, and this is where Bahá'u'lláh sat and chanted prayers which filled the garden with love.

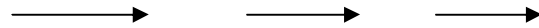


The fountain and the mulberry tree in the Ridván Garden

"I remember well the greatest of our joys was to go with Bahá'u'lláh for the occasional picnics to the Ridván," His granddaughter said. And she described how, the night before, Bahá'u'lláh would say: "Now children, to-morrow you shall come with Me for a picnic to the Ridván . . ." and their night was so full of joy they could scarcely sleep.

"He was indeed the brightness of our lives. . . ," she said. "How we adored Him!"

**"I am, O my God, but a tiny seed
which Thou hast sown in the soil of
Thy love,
and caused to spring forth
by the hands
of Thy bounty. . .**



Seeds can be very tiny things;
some are no bigger than this
dot:

Others are as fine as dust, almost
invisible to our eyes. The largest
seed in the world is the *Coco de
Mer* which is huge and very heavy.
It can weigh as much as 17.6 kg
(the same as 17 big books!).



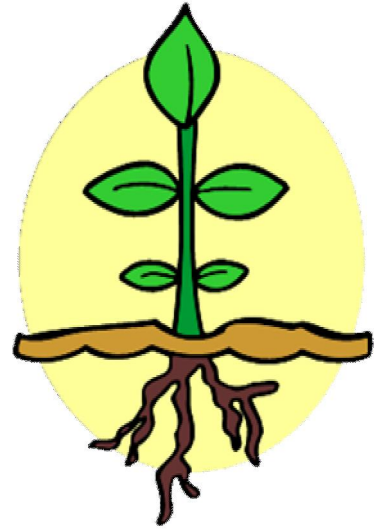
No matter what their size, seeds don't look anything like the plants they will
grow into. We cannot see the leaves, the flowers, the stems, or know the
colour or the scent of a plant when we look at its seed.



That is why Bahá'u'lláh says we are like
tiny seeds. We are very small when we
are born, very helpless, and no-one
knows what we will be like when we grow
up. We have no idea how kind or loving
we can become or how good we are going
to be at sports, or music or other
things.

—→ . . . **Send down upon it, from the heaven of Thy loving-kindness, that which will enable it to flourish."**

The seed must first be planted in soil if it is going to grow. It gradually changes as the water, the sun and the soil give it warmth and food. There is even some food already inside the seed to help it to grow. At first it happens underground, until, all of a sudden, we notice a small shoot has popped through the earth.



When the roots start to grow we say the seed has sprouted. When Bahá'u'lláh says (in the quotation top opposite) that God has caused us to "spring forth" He means that God has helped us to grow, like a seed. We start to grow up and learn about the world around us.

We have parents, family, teachers and friends who help us to grow and learn. Not only do we learn how to walk and run, we learn how to be kind, friendly and truthful, and many other wonderful virtues like these, which God has planted within us. They are God's gifts to us.



Bahá'u'lláh says this happens because God loves us.

CROSSWORD

Clues to the Crossword are below. Answers: see top of pages 12 & 13 and opposite

(4) I am, O my God, but a ti _ _
 (14) se _ _ which Thou hast
 (8) s _ _ n in the
 (5) s _ _ l of Thy
 (2) lo _ _ , and caused
 (11) to sp _ _ _ _ _
 (9) fo _ _ _ by the
 (13) h a _ _ _ of
 (12) T _ _
 (3) b _ _ _ _ _ .

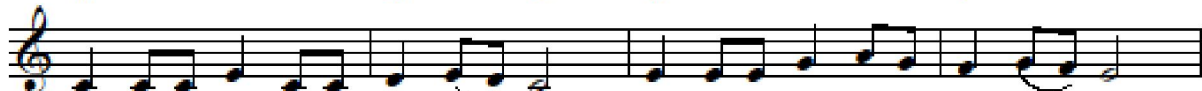
(7) Send down upon it,
 from the he _ _ _ _ _
 (1) of Thy lo _ _ _ _ _
 (10) k i _ _ _ _ _ _ _
 that which will
 (6) enable it to
f l _ _ _ _ _ .



I am, O my God, but a Tiny Seed


Verse 1

C G C C F




I am O God, but a ti - ny__ seed, I am, O God, but a ti - ny__ seed,

5 C G⁷ C




which Thou hast sown in the soil of Thy Love. which Thou hast sown in the

8 G⁷ C C G F G



soil of Thy love. And caused to spring forth by the Hand of Thy boun-ty and

11 C G F G



caused to spring forth by the Hand of Thy Boun - ty

13 C Verse 2 C F



I am O God, but a ti - ny__ seed, I am, O God, but a ti - ny__ seed,

17 C C



which Thou hast sown in the soil of Thy Love. which Thou hast sown in the

20 G C C G F C G



soil of Thy love. Send down up-on it, Send down up-on it, from the heav-en

24 F G C

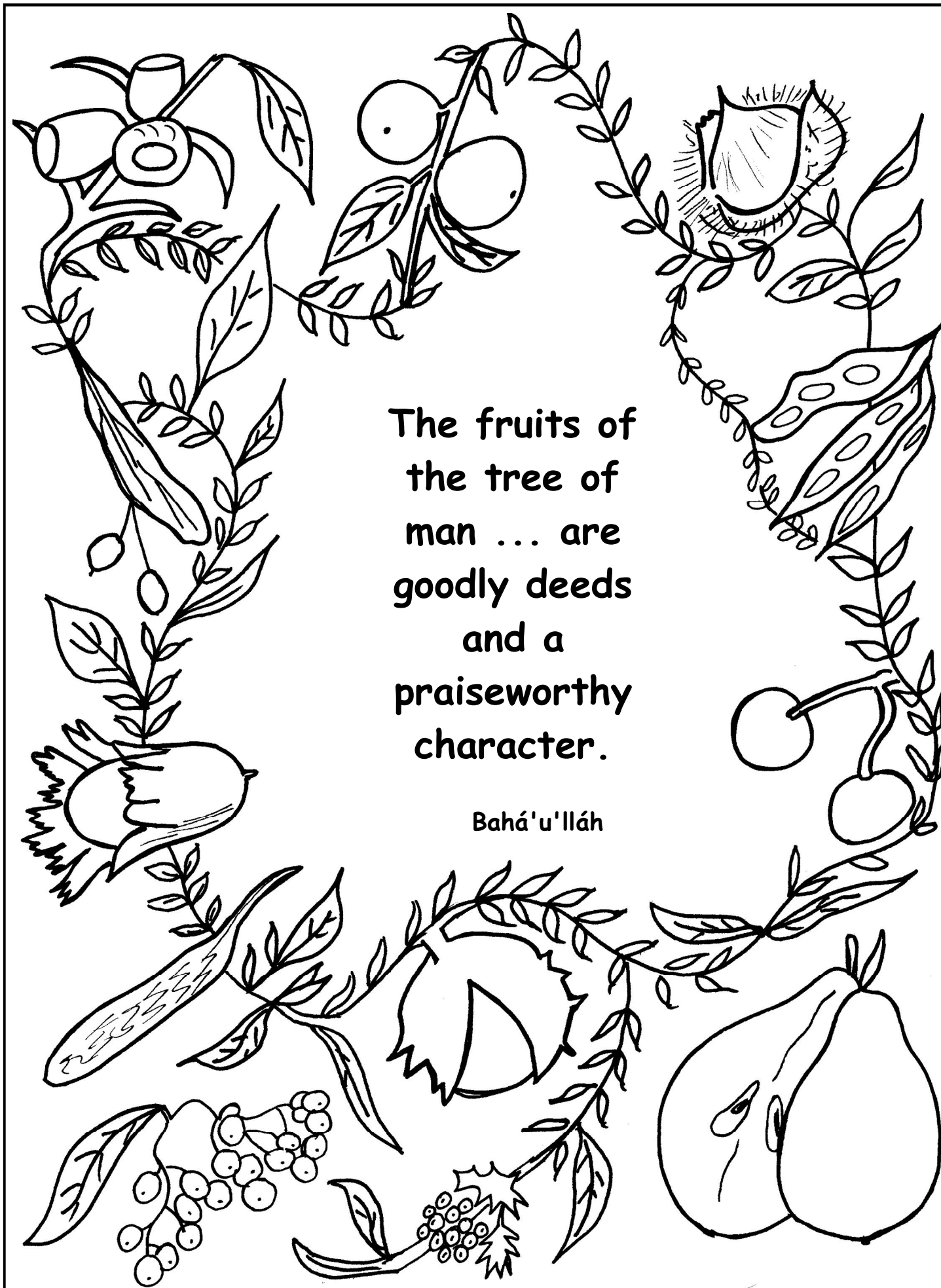


of Thy lov - ing kind - ness, that which will en -

26 G C G C



ab - le it to flour - ish. That which will en ab - le it to flour - ish.



The fruits of
the tree of
man ... are
goodly deeds
and a
praiseworthy
character.

Bahá'u'lláh

What are the fruits of the tree of man?

People are also like trees because they grow and develop beautiful fruits which are their divine qualities.

Choose from the words below to fill divine qualities into the gaps.



G _ _ _ _ _ Y



CH _ _ _ _ _ S



HA _ _ _ _ _ S



K _ _ _ _ _ S



TE _ _ _ _ _ S



HE _ _ _ _ _ S



W _ _ _ _ _ M



P _ _ _ _ _ G

generosity

cheerfulness

helpfulness

happiness

peacemaking

wisdom

kindness

tenderness



SEEDS OF LOVE

GROWING INSTRUCTIONS

Plant these little seeds of love
Everywhere you go,
Plant these little seeds of love
Then sit back and watch them grow.

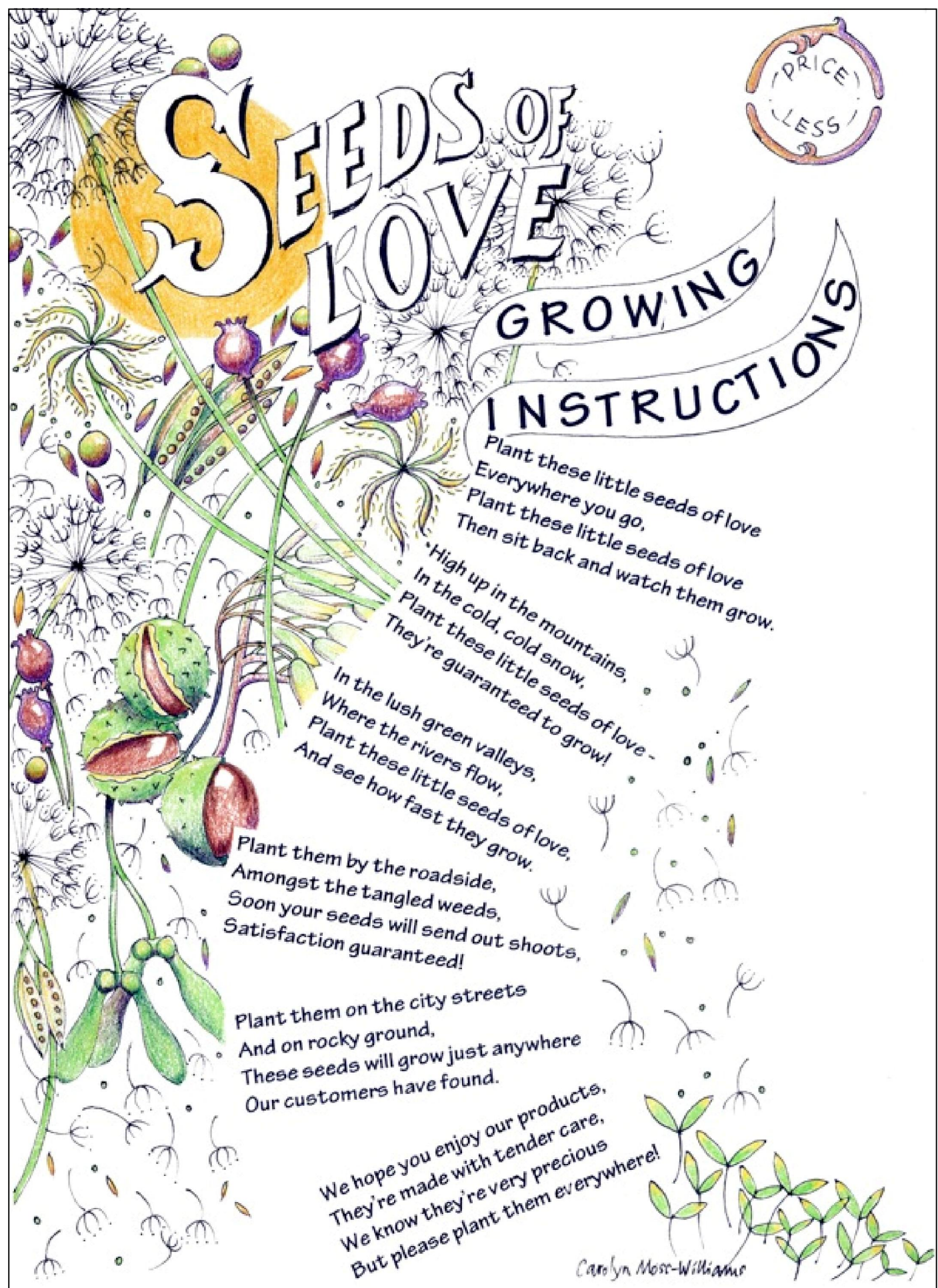
High up in the mountains,
In the cold, cold snow,
Plant these little seeds of love -
They're guaranteed to grow!

In the lush green valleys,
Where the rivers flow,
Plant these little seeds of love,
And see how fast they grow.
Plant them by the roadside,
Amongst the tangled weeds,
Soon your seeds will send out shoots,
Satisfaction guaranteed!

Plant them on the city streets
And on rocky ground,
These seeds will grow just anywhere
Our customers have found.

We hope you enjoy our products,
They're made with tender care,
We know they're very precious
But please plant them everywhere!

Carolyn Moss-Williams



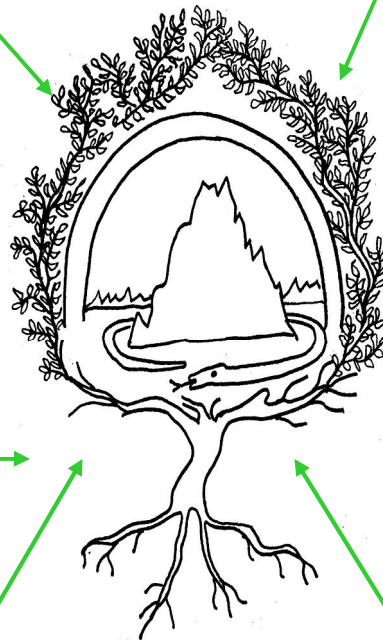
**The tree as a symbol of life
and of the spirit can be found
in all the religions of the world.**

In Jewish and Christian belief, at the creation of the world, "the Lord God made trees to spring from the ground.....and in the middle of the garden He set the Tree of Life."

In the Indian scriptures it is written:
"The Tree of Eternity has its roots in heaven above and its branches reach down to earth. It is Brahman (the Hindu name for God), pure Spirit.... All the worlds rest on that Spirit and beyond Him none can go."

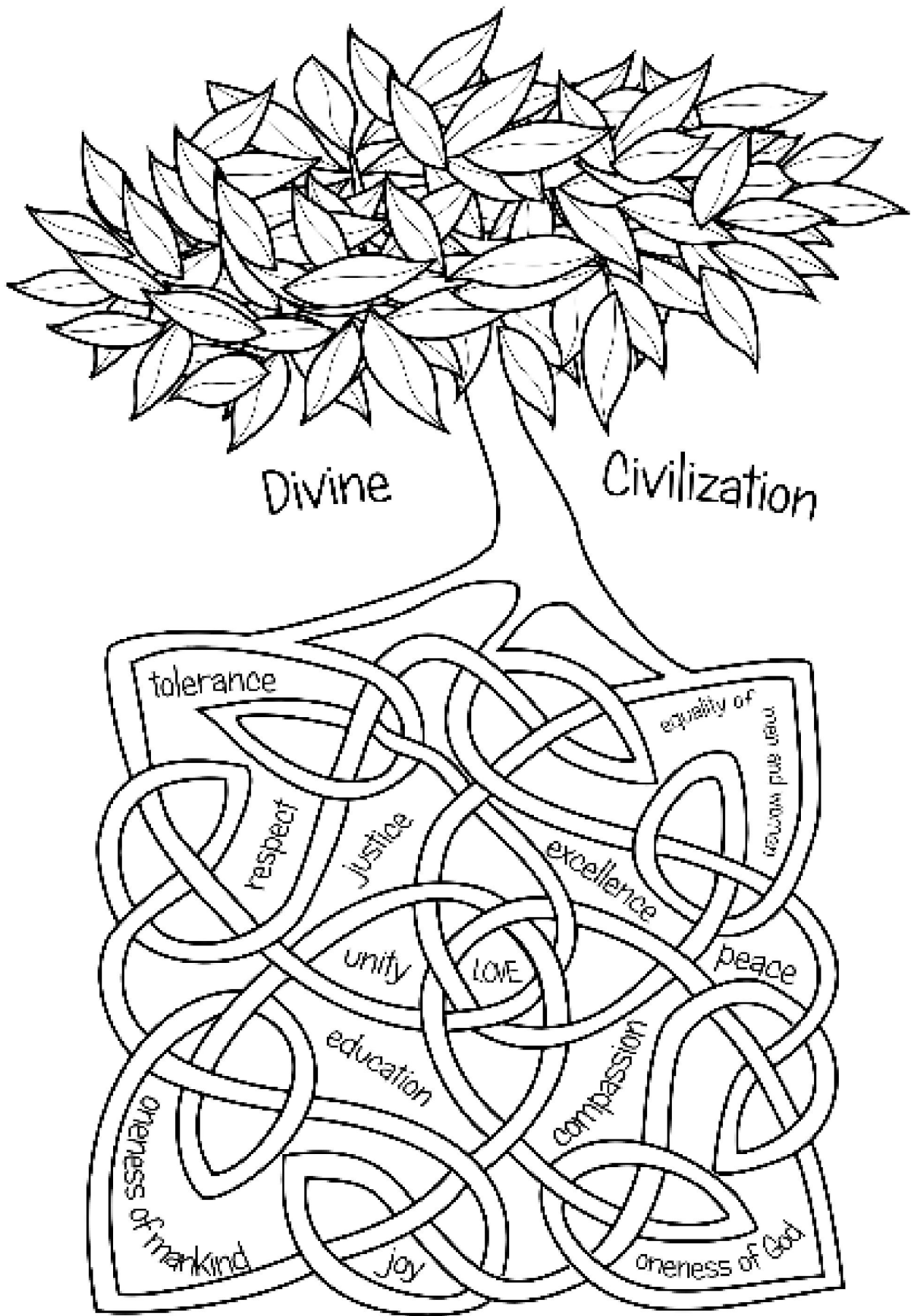
When speaking of the Báb, Bahá'u'lláh said:

"He is the Tree of Life that bringeth forth the fruits of God."



In the Bible we are told that the leaves of the Tree of Life were for the "healing of the nations". It says: "Blessed are they that do His commandments! They will have the right to the Tree of Life."

In Nordic myth there was a World Tree named Yggdrasil. Its branches overspread the world and reached the heavens, while its roots penetrated the underworld. Halfway up its trunk was Midgard, the disc-shaped earth, surrounded by ocean.



The Tree of Divine Civilisation

The Manifestations of God., for example, Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, the Báb and Bahá'u'lláh, have come to this world to bring a Divine Civilisation. This civilisation is like a great tree that is slowly growing from a tiny seed that was planted, at the beginning of the world, by God.

The picture shows us some of the things that are growing in our world, as the tree of Divine Civilisation develops. Try and fill in the correct words from the roots of the tree.

1. All the children of the world will learn to read and write, and get an e _ _ _ _ _ .
2. They will be taught that all the religions follow the same God, and will understand the o _ _ _ _ of G _ _ .
3. Both boys and girls will be able to develop fully, because there will be e _ _ _ _ _ of m _ _ and w _ _ _ _ .
4. They will feel like members of one very large family, and understand the o _ _ _ _ _ of m _ _ _ _ _ .
5. They will feel great j _ _ because they ! _ _ _ each other.
6. They will understand that everyone is different, but will have t o _ _ _ _ _ and r e _ _ _ _ _ for each other.
7. Because all the people believe in one God, with the same teachings, they will have u _ _ _ _ _ .
8. Everyone will do their best, and strive for e x _ _ _ _ _ .
9. People will try to be fair, so there will be j _ _ _ _ _ .
10. They will be kind and understanding, with c o _ _ _ _ _ .
11. War will end and the world will have p _ _ _ _ _ .

The Old Man Who Thought of Others

By Maggie Manvell



One day the king looked out from his comfortable palace, and saw his kingdom stretching into the distance. He had farms, which brought him lots of crops; his fishermen were bringing him plenty of fish; he'd even had mines built where men worked day and night to make him rich with gold and precious stones. He felt very pleased with himself.

"Now," he thought to himself, "I need do no more. I am getting old and one day my son will rule this kingdom. I will relax now, and leave all the work for him to do, when his turn comes."

But the king decided to go for one last tour of his kingdom. As he was riding with his men over some waste ground, he came upon a very old man, leaning heavily on a stick. He carried a bag, and, as the king watched, with great difficulty he made small holes with his stick, and, one at a time, he took something from his bag to place in the holes. So busy was he (and probably a little deaf) that he didn't notice the king watching.

Looking at the stooped figure and the grey hair of the old man, the king exclaimed, "You! Greybeard! What are you doing, at your age, digging holes in the ground? Do you not have food to eat, that you need to work at such a great age?"

"Yes, yes indeed!" replied the old man, now noticing the king, and hearing his loud voice. "I have food in my house and sons to work my land, but I am planting fruit trees on this patch of waste ground."

The king was puzzled. "Why? You are so old you will not live to eat the fruit!"

"That is true indeed", replied the old man. "I am a hundred years old. But

all my life I have picked and eaten the fruit of trees that others planted. My sons' children will eat the fruit of these trees. And their children too. And even the children of those children, whom I will not know. And everyone else's children too. It makes me very happy to know that they will eat the fruit of my trees. And God has given me the strength to work. I am very lucky to be well, so of course, I want to do what I can for all these dear people who will come after me."



The king continued his tour, but was very thoughtful. He passed the small cottages of his miners, and saw how poor and thin their children looked. He rode through the farmland and watched the men, and their wives, and the children, sweating under the hot sun to bring in the hay. He saw the fisher-wives in the fishing villages boning and preparing the fish, while the small children scampered barefoot, and sometimes cried, but got no attention from their busy mothers.

By the time he arrived back at his palace, he'd thought many things. He sat upon his favourite chair and thought some more.

"That old man was much older than me. Why! I'm hardly old at all compared with him! He had only some seeds and a stick, while I . . . I have a whole kingdom! My people work hard all day, and yet their children are thin!



No wonder the old man wants to give them some fruit from his trees! Who else but me can make a difference for them? And I can make sure I leave good things for my people, even though I won't be here to see. I will plant many trees for them, and even . . . even, I will build some schools for the children. They shall read and write, and learn all sorts of amazing things.

"Yes! I will do it!"

And that night the king had the best sleep he'd ever had, and was happier than he remembered being ever before. And he was very glad that he had met the old, kind man who was planting trees.

Richard St. Barbe Baker and the Dance of the Trees

Richard was the oldest of five children. He was born in England in 1889, in a house in the country. Near to the house was a pine wood. As soon as he could walk, Richard loved to go for walks in this wood. He would sit beneath the trees and feel he was in fairyland. When he was older, he said it was so peaceful it was like entering the temple of the woods.



He said: "My earliest and happiest memories were to do with trees. . . . Those pines spoke to me of distant lands. At times I would imagine that these tall pines were talking to each other as they shook or nodded their heads at the whim of the winds."

And he longed one day to travel to other lands and see other trees.

* * *

Richard's father used to hold united prayer meetings, and Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and Sufis came to talk about God together. Although he was very young, Richard loved to listen to them. By the time he was 12 years old he sometimes gave talks at these meetings when his father was too busy. Later on, a friend told him about Bahá'u'lláh and His teachings of peace and love and how we are all part of one world family, and he became a Bahá'í.

As Richard grew up, his love for trees became even greater. He knew how important they are to make the world a good and healthy place in

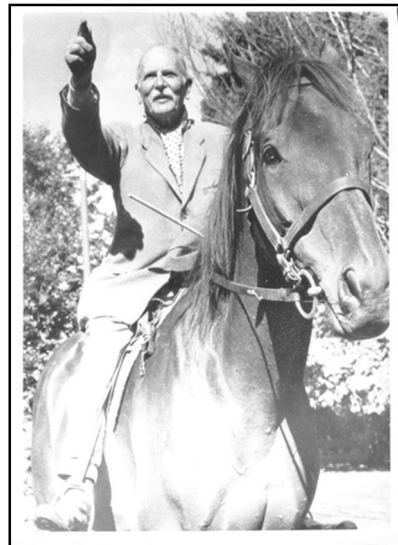
which to live. Many medicines are found in the leaves and roots and bark, and the fruits they give are delicious and keep us healthy. They also breathe out oxygen, which keeps us and animals alive.

After going to university to study forestry, he went to work in Africa, where whole forests were disappearing because trees were being cut down and no new ones were being planted to replace them. When he asked people why no one was planting trees, he was told that the young men were more interested in dancing than in planting things! Afterwards, Richard heard the local tribes did a special dance every time they planted beans, and another when corn was cut, so he said:

"Why not have a dance for tree planting?"

People thought this was a wonderful idea and made up a new dance which they called the "Dance of the Trees."

Three weeks later, 3000 young warriors turned up eager to plant trees, and when they finished, the tribesmen performed the new dance. The young men called Richard "Father of the Trees", and he called them "Men of the Trees". And this was the start of the "Men of the Trees" society, which soon spread to over 100 countries. A few years later Richard met 'Abdu'l-Bahá's grandson Shoghi Effendi in the Holy Land, and he became a member too and praised Richard St. Barbe Baker for the important work he was doing for mankind.



Richard St. Barbe Baker on one of his many travels on horseback.

GROW YOUR OWN NAME!

Richard St. Barbe Baker was two years old when he had his first little garden. He scratched his name with a stick in the soil and planted mustard seeds along each letter. A week later he was excited to see that the seeds had grown to spell out a green

RICHARD

You too could sow seeds to make your name. It's a good idea to use mustard seeds because they grow very quickly. You could make it in your garden in the way Richard St. Barbe Baker did, or in a wooden box filled with earth.



Remember to gently spray water on your seeds each day so they don't dry out, otherwise they may not grow.

DRAW A TEMPLE OF THE WOODS.

Richard St. Barbe Baker said he felt he was entering a temple when he went into a wood. What do you think a Temple of the Woods may look like? Draw a picture of yourself sitting in a circle of tall trees. Imagine the sun shining through the leaves making bright patterns



on the ground, and birds singing. Add whatever else you would like in your picture to make it beautiful and peaceful. You could write part of a prayer

beneath your picture — perhaps from one of the prayers in this edition of *Dayspring*.





PRAYER FOR THE TREES

(Richard St. Barbe Baker)

We thank Thee God for Thy Trees,
Thou comest very near to us through Thy Trees.

From them we have beauty, wisdom, love,

the air we breathe,

the water we drink,

the food we eat and the strength.

Help us, Oh God,

to give our best to life

and leave the world

a little more beautiful and worthy of having lived in it.

Prosper Thou our planting

and establish Thy kingdom of love

and understanding on the Earth.

Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers

(Published by Bahá'í Publishing Trust of India)

(The story so far: *When the Báb hears that Mullá Husayn and Quddús have been killed at the Fort of Tabarsi, He writes a special prayer praising these brave believers, saying they are now together in the next world. He sends one of the friends, called Sayyah, to say prayers at the Fort in their memory. After Sayyah has done this, he stays for a few days in the house of Bahá'u'lláh, and then returns to the prison to tell the Báb he has completed his mission. Another believer who is visiting Bahá'u'lláh at this time is Vahid, a wise and learned man famous throughout Persia.*)

Part 36

Vahid

Vahid was famous for his great knowledge and wisdom. He was also brave and humble. After visiting Bahá'u'lláh he returned to his own home in Yazd.

Vahid was openly telling people about the teachings of the Báb. So many became believers that there was no room for them all to gather in his house. They overflowed into the street outside and Vahid had to speak to them from an upstairs window of his house.

From the window, Vahid saw in the distance a regiment of soldiers marching towards the house. They had been sent to arrest him and stop him speaking about the Báb. At the same time, from the other direction, he saw a crowd of ruffians running through the streets, waving sticks and shouting. They were also against him and he knew this meant double



trouble. As the soldiers and ruffians came closer, the Bábís in the street below his window saw them too.

“What shall we do?” they asked Vahíd anxiously.

Vahíd calmly sat by the window and told them to be patient and to rely on God.

At that moment, a small group of new believers arrived, and at the sight of the army marching towards Vahíd’s house, they shouted:

“O Lord of the Age!”

and rushed at the soldiers, who all ran away in confusion.

Then one of the town officials managed to stop the soldiers from attacking the believers and to persuade the crowd of ruffians to go back home, and the street became peaceful again.

However, Vahíd knew he should leave his home before there was any more trouble as he did not want anyone to get hurt. Taking two of his young sons with him, he travelled through towns and villages teaching the Faith wherever he went, eventually arriving in the town of Nayríz.

As soon as Vahíd arrived, he began to tell people about the teachings of the Báb.

“We have heard and we obey!” shouted the people, and they cheered as they surrounded him. That day, over a thousand people became believers, and every day more joined them.

(To be continued)

*“We have . . . caused you to be
the leaves and fruit of the same tree,
that haply ye may become a source of
comfort to one another.”*

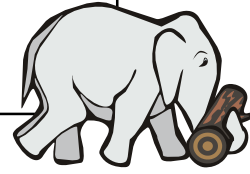
The Báb.





Jokes

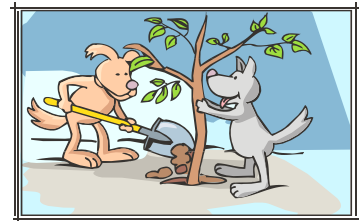
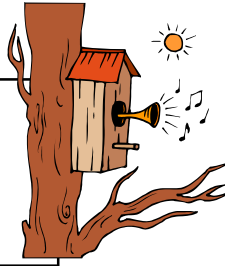
Q How do trees access the internet?
A They log on.



Q What type of tree fits in your hand?
A A palm tree.

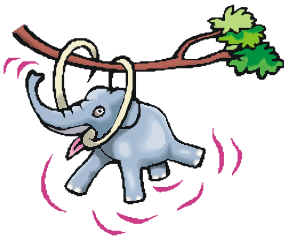
Q What has no fingers, but many rings?
A A tree!

Q What did the tree do when the bank closed?
A It started its own branch.

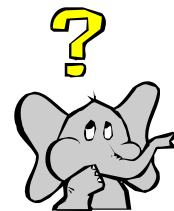


Q How does an elephant climb a tree?
A He sits on an acorn and waits for spring.

Q How do you identify a dog-wood tree?
A By its bark!



Q What do elephants and trees wear for swimming?
A Their trunks!



Q What makes you think that elephants are good at hiding in trees?
A Because I've never seen any.



Q: How does an elephant get out of a tree?
A: It sits on a leaf and waits till autumn!

WORD SEARCH

Can you find these words hidden in the tree? Draw lines through them as you find them:

BARK

BRANCH

CONIFER

FOREST

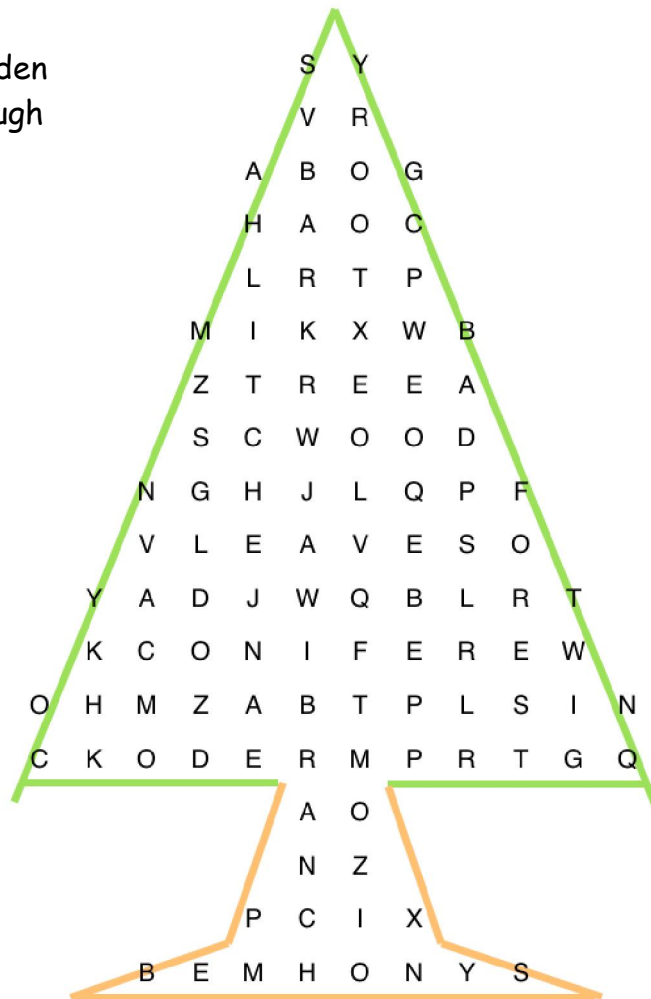
LEAVES

ROOT

TREE

TWIG

WOOD



Answers to puzzles

P14 1) loving 2) love 3) Bounty 4) tiny 5) soil
 6) flourish 7) heaven 8) sown 9) forth 10) kindness
 11) spring 12) Thy 13) Hands 14) seed

P21 1) education 2) oneness of God 3) equality of men and women.
 4) oneness of mankind 5) joy / love 6) tolerance and respect
 7) unity 8) excellence 9) justice 10) compassion
 11) peace

