

DAYS PRING



A Bahá'í Magazine for Children
Issue 88

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. Contributions by children and adults of stories, plays, poems, art-work and news are warmly welcomed. Note: Under the terms of the Child Protection Act regarding publishing images of children, permission is required from a parent or guardian.

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July 2014 — October 2014

Issue 88

“Be kind to all around”

‘Abdu'l-Bahà

This issue is about Kindness

CONTENTS

“... welcome all...” (quotation) (4)

Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá: The Chambermaid (story) (5)

Adventures of Hamish, the Kind Cat (story-poem) (6-10)

Choosing the Kind Thing to Do (activity) (11)

What Would You Choose? (activity) (12)

“Just as God is kind...” (quotation) (13)

The Kind Farmer (story) (14-15)

“Let your Heart Burn” (Music and Song) (16-17)

The Cat Who Came to Call (story) (18-20)

Little Things (poem) (20)

“God... the Kind Shepherd” (quotation) (21)

The Gift (story) (22-23)

If I Were You (poem) (24)

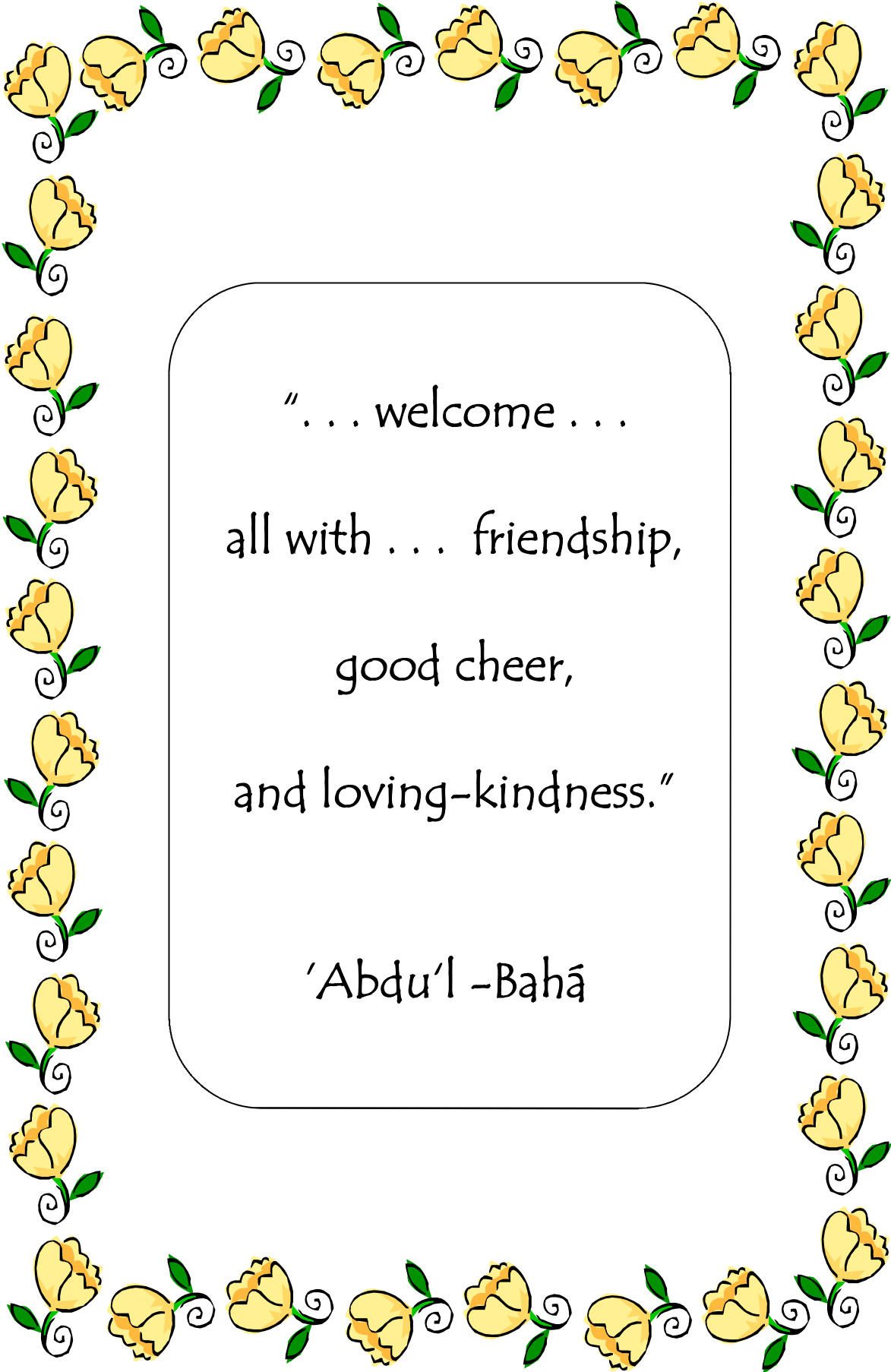
Make a Kindness Tree (activity) (25)

Kindness Around the World (quotes) (26)

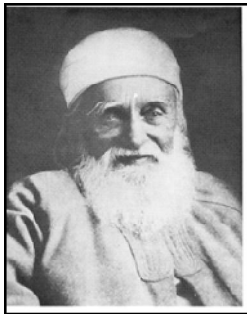
Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers: The Fort is Attacked
Part 32 (27-29)

Kitáb-i-Aqdas: Lesson 25 (30-31)





“... welcome ...
all with ... friendship,
good cheer,
and loving-kindness.”
‘Abdu’l -Bahā



Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá

"The Chambermaid"

'Abdu'l-Bahá had been talking to poor people in the Bowery Mission in New York. When He left, He gave each one a silver coin. But He still had some coins left in a bag.

When 'Abdu'l-Bahá returned to the hotel where He was staying, He saw one of the chambermaids who cleaned the bedrooms. He knew she was not paid very much for all her hard work. He told her to hold out her apron — and to her amazement He filled it with all the money left in the bag.

When someone told her how 'Abdu'l-Bahá had already given so much money away to the poor men in the Bowery Mission, she said she would give her money away too.

Later that day she knocked on the door of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's room. She knew He was leaving the next day and she wanted to say goodbye and to thank Him again for His kindness to her. She was sad that He was leaving and her eyes were full of tears. The room was full of people but she did not look at them. She walked straight up to 'Abdu'l-Bahá.

"I want to say goodbye, Sir," she said shyly, "and to thank you for all your goodness to me. I never expected such goodness. And to ask you to pray for me."

She began to cry, then, overcome with shyness, she hid her face in her apron and ran out of the room.



Adventures of Hamish, the Kind Cat

by Maggie Manvell



Hamish the Mog
was ever so kind.
Wherever he went
he was sure to find

Something to give,
or something to share,
Something to show
that he really did care.

As he went down the garden
he passed the front door.
The wind had blown leaves
all over the floor.

"Don't worry!" said Mog,
"I'll soon clean the room."
He went to the cupboard
and pulled out a broom.



Because he was kind,
he didn't think twice,
He swept up the leaves
in less than a trice.

"What a nice way
to start a new day!"
With a nod and a purr
he went on his way.

Alone in the yard,
looking very upset,
Was Rover the dog,
the family pet.



"Oh dear!" Rover sobbed,
"As I played with my ball,
It bounced much too high,
right over the wall."



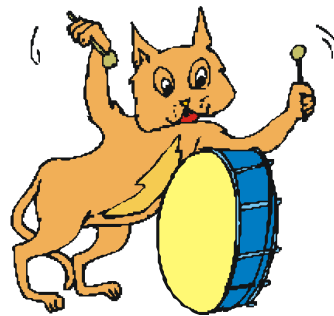
"Don't worry!" said Hamish,
"There's no need to cry."
With a leap and a bound
he jumped very high,

Right onto the ball -
then bounced it back over.
"Oh Thank you! Wuff! Wuff!"
barked jubilant Rover.

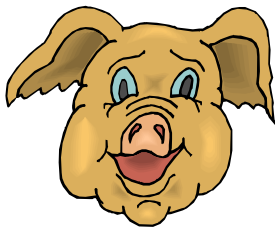
Hamish the Mog
continued his walk
'Till he met Porky Pig,
who was learning to talk.

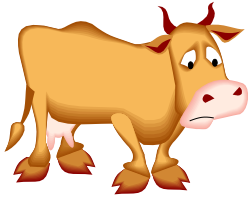
Can you help?" Porky asked,
"My words are all wrong."
"It's simple!" said Mog.
"All you need is a song."

"I'll play you a tune,"
and he took out a drum.
"Rhythm and rhyme
will help the words come."



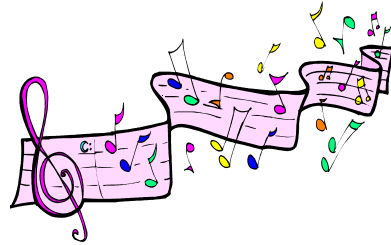
Together they sang,
and Porky the Pig
Sang lots of words
and danced a wee jig.





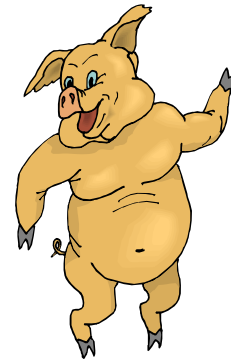
Out in the field
he met Daisy the Cow.
She wanted to dance,
but didn't know how.

"My friend can help.
He'll teach you a jig!"
And away Mog ran,
to get Porky, the Pig.



When they came back
Daisy looked very glum.
"We'll show you!" said Mog,
and he pulled out his drum.

Porky danced and he jigged
and started to sing,
And Daisy the cow
did a highland fling!

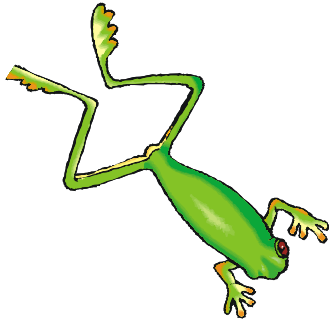


On up the hill,
Hamish jumped on a log,
Where, sad and upset,
sat a tiny wee frog.



"What's wrong?" Hamish asked.
"You look very sad."
"It's the weather," sighed Frog,
"It's turned very bad.

"There's hasn't been rain,
and the ditch is too dry.
I'm afraid that my tadpoles
are going to die."

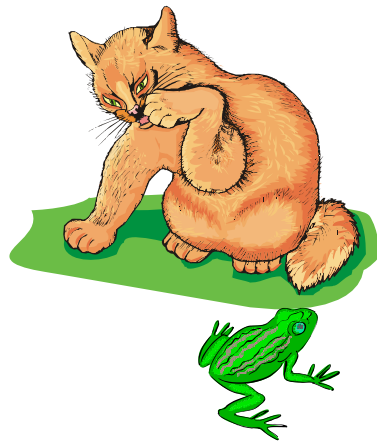


"Don't worry!" said Hamish,
"I'll go get a jar.
They can move to the pond —
it's not very far."

Away Hamish ran
but was back in a flash.
With tadpoles in jar
he made a quick dash,

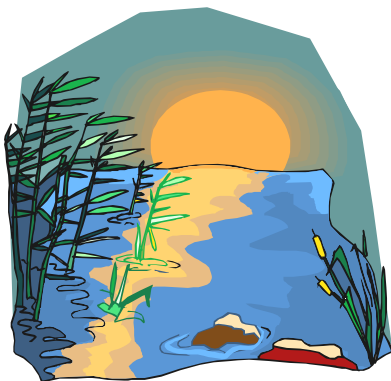
Along to the pond,
where he set them all free.
Mrs Frog hopped along
as fast as could be.

She said, " Oh! Hamish Mog,
you're so very kind!"
And she planted a kiss
on Moggie's behind.



The sun now was setting
over the pond.
Hamish was hungry —
he'd been up so long.

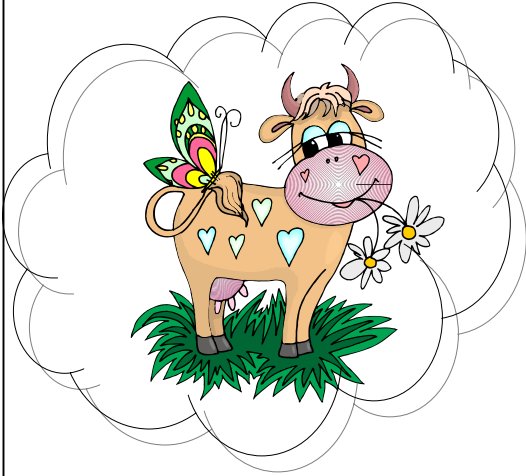
He ran down the garden —
his tummy was sore.
The smell of his supper
came out through the door.



He ate his food,
then licked his jaws,
washed his face
and cleaned his paws.

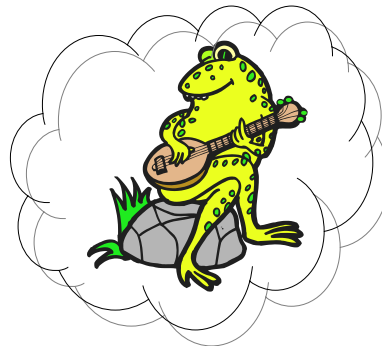
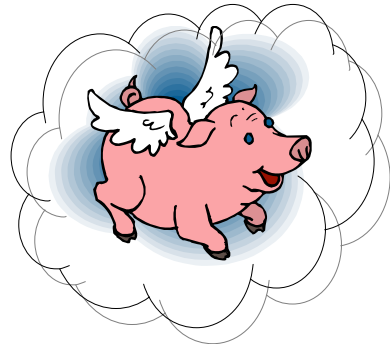
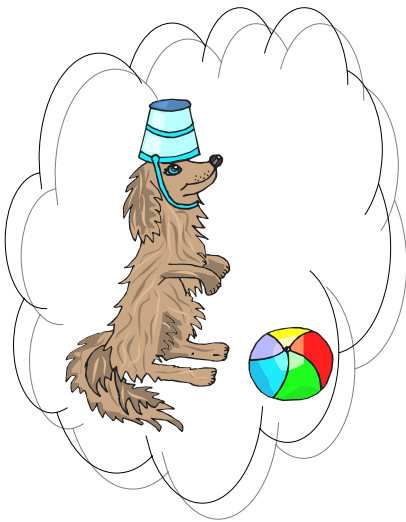


He said his prayers,
and curled up tight,
All cosy and warm,
in the chair for the night.



Asleep, he dreamt
about giving and caring,
Of dancing and drumming,
of running and sharing.

Of singing pigs
and footballing dogs,
Of dancing cows
and happy frogs.



He was warm and still
inside his fur
And now and then
gave a little purr!

Choosing the Kind Thing to Do

Every time we do or say something we have a choice. We can choose to do or say a kind thing. Look at the poem about Hamish the Kind Cat, and fill in the spaces below to show his kind choices:



When leaves blew all over the floor, what did he choose to do?

He

When the dog lost his ball, and the wall was too high for him to jump over, what did Hamish do?

He



What did Hamish do to help the pig learn his words?

.....

When Daisy the cow wanted to dance, Hamish brought his friend, the pig, to help. What did his friend do?

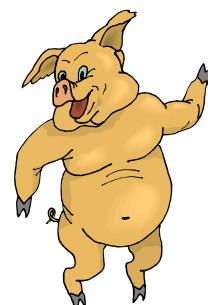
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Mother frog was worried about her tadpoles.

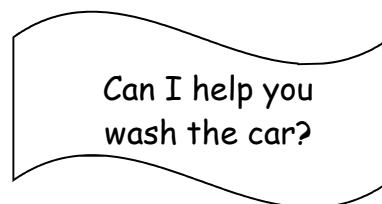
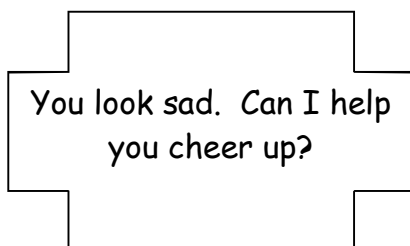
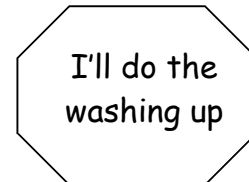
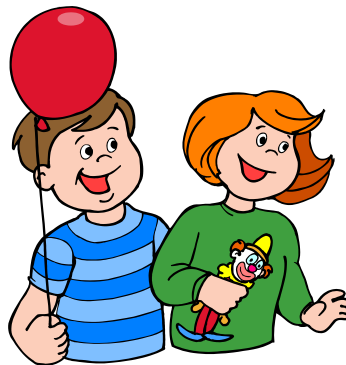
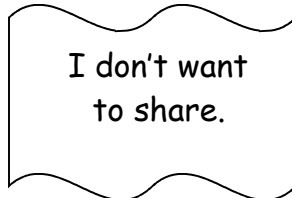
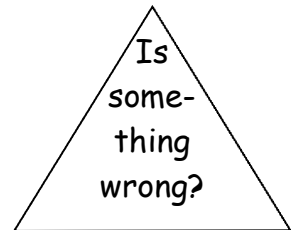
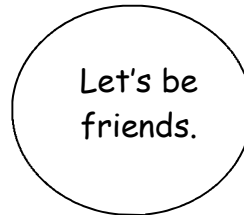
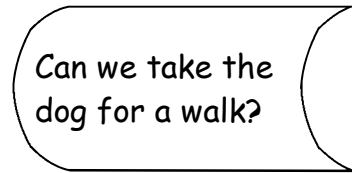
Hamish ran to get a so he could

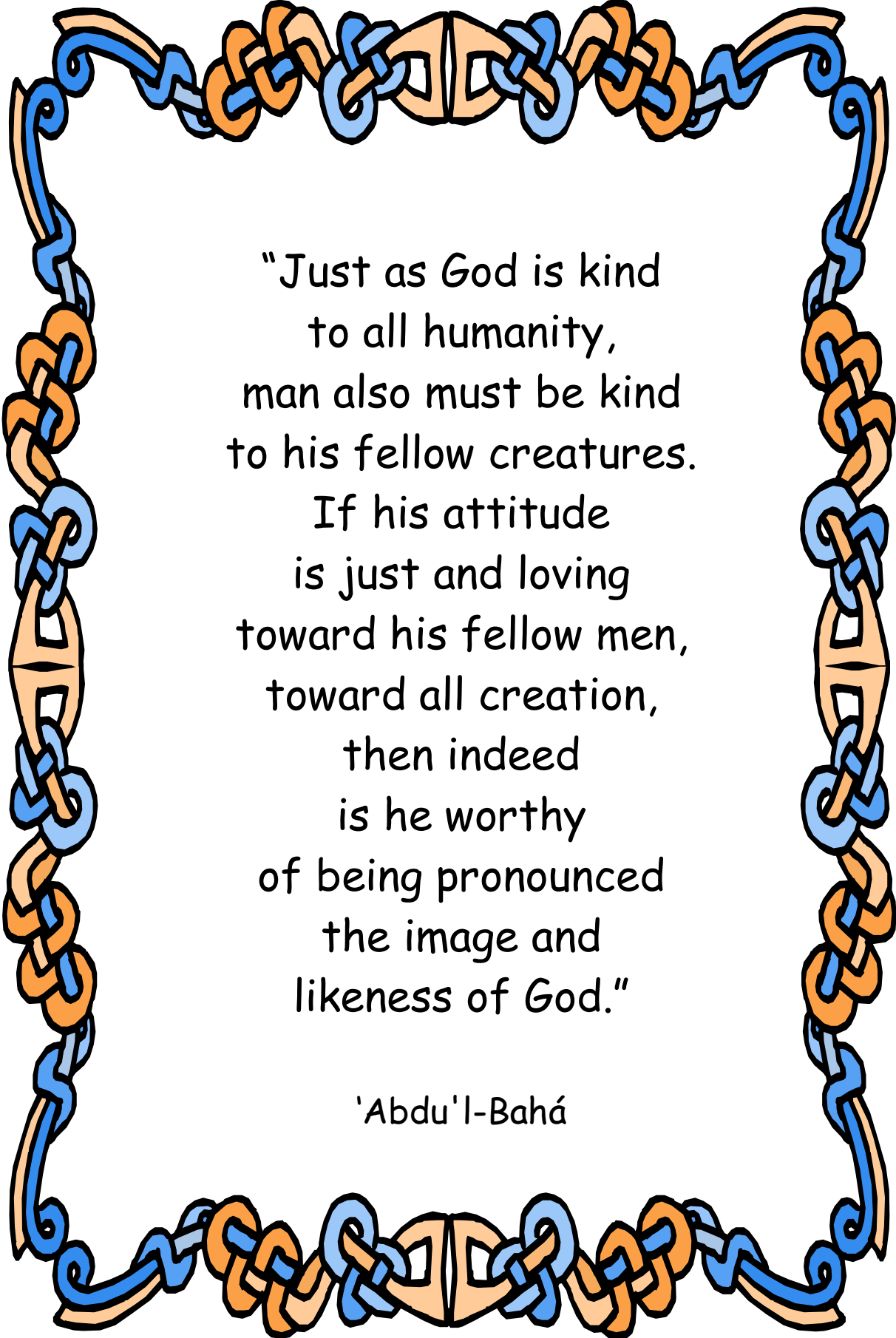
move them to a safe



What Would You Choose?

Draw a line from the two children to the boxes that say kind things. With pencil crayons (not felt tips as they would hide the writing) lightly colour the kind boxes yellow and the others pale green.





"Just as God is kind
to all humanity,
man also must be kind
to his fellow creatures.

If his attitude
is just and loving
toward his fellow men,
toward all creation,
then indeed
is he worthy
of being pronounced
the image and
likeness of God."

'Abdu'l-Bahá

The Kind Farmer

(based on a traditional story)



Carlos and Pablo had always lived beside each other. They'd been at school together and now they were farmers who earned what they could by growing crops. They'd always been friends at school, and now they had children of their own. Their children were friends, too, and played together.

They were quite similar in many ways: They were the same age, each had a small house, a wife and young children, and the work they did on the land was much the same kind of work. At the end of every summer they would harvest their crops, load up their carts and sell the things they'd grown in the market. They used the money to buy clothes and the things they couldn't grow.

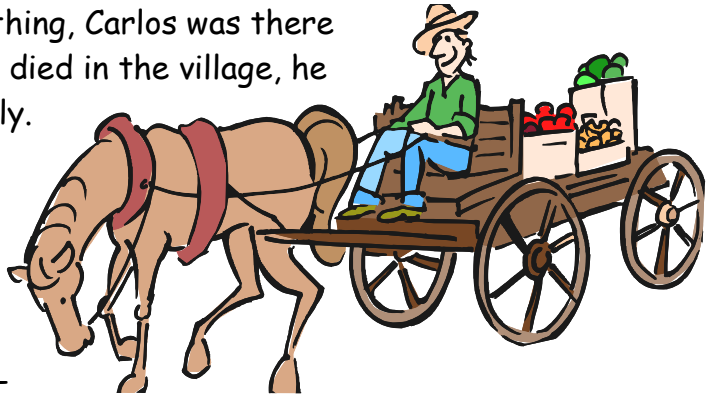
But in some ways they were very different. Carlos was a very kind and good-natured person. He loved to help other people.

Whenever someone needed anything, Carlos was there to help that person. If someone died in the village, he would be there to help the family.

If a man fell ill, Carlos would do some of the jobs on their farm and would help the family to buy the medicines they needed.

Everyone liked him and really appreciated his kind thoughtfulness.

He worked hard on his own land, too, and early in the morning he could be heard whistling cheerfully as he set about all the jobs that needed to be done.



Pablo didn't much like working outside, and didn't look after his farm very well. When the harvest season arrived every year, he found that he had very few crops to sell. Carlos, on the other hand, always had a cartload and did well at the market. Pablo knew he should have worked harder, and this made him feel very bad. As the years went by, Carlos's farm became better and better, while Pablo's just got poorer. Pablo began to feel jealous, and started to be quite unkind and unfriendly towards Carlos, and even stopped the children from playing together.

This particular year had been very hot and dry, and one very hot day, just before harvest time, some dry straw on Carlos's farm caught fire in the hot sunshine. Other neighbours were too far away to get there quickly enough, and

Pablo, who was nearest, didn't come to help. By the time Carlos had got the fire under control, a lot of his crops had been burned down.

When it was time to go to market, Carlos only had a small cartload. He was very sad, but even sadder because he knew his old friend had decided not to help.

Only days later, Carlos was woken in the night by people talking loudly. He went out to find a crowd beside Pablo's house, who told him that Pablo's little boy had fallen very ill. Carlos knew what he had to do. He quickly untied his horse and galloped ten miles to town to fetch a doctor. The doctor knew how to treat this sudden illness, and within hours, the boy was sleeping peacefully. Carlos waited outside until the doctor came out and then rode with him to see him safely back to town.



Next day, Pablo appeared at Carlos' door and began to weep bitterly. He admitted that he'd been feeling very badly towards his old friend, and that he knew he should have helped when Carlos needed him. He was really surprised when Carlos took him by the hand and gave his friend a great hug. Carlos told him that all that mattered was that the little boy was getting better, and that was why he had fetched the doctor.

"You fetched the doctor for my son?" asked the astonished Pablo, who hadn't known that is what his friend had done. "Even though I didn't help save your crops?"

Carlos nodded and said, "I did what I knew was right. Why would I do something wrong to you just because you had not helped me?"



From that day, Pablo began to change. Within a year, he was producing good crops on his land through his hard work, and at harvest time he had a cartload to take to market. When the villagers asked him how he had changed so much, he replied, "It was because Carlos was so good to me."

And the children were happy because they were allowed to play together again.

Let Your Heart Burn

Chorus x 3

Let your heart burn with lov - ing kind - ness to all

peo - ple eve - ry where. See them as broth - ers; treat them

kind --- ly, show them that you re - ally care.

Verse 1

If they're lone - ly try to help them, do not leave them to be sad.

Give them of your will - ing serv - ice; do your best to make them glad.

Verse 2

Do not on - - ly think of your-self, think of how you best can send

lov - ing thoughts and acts of kind - ness. Show you real - ly are a friend.

Verse 3

If they're hung - ry try to feed them, always be pre - pared to share.

When you turn your face to God you'll find sun - shine ev'ry where.

Let your heart Burn with Loving-Kindness

Chorus: x 3

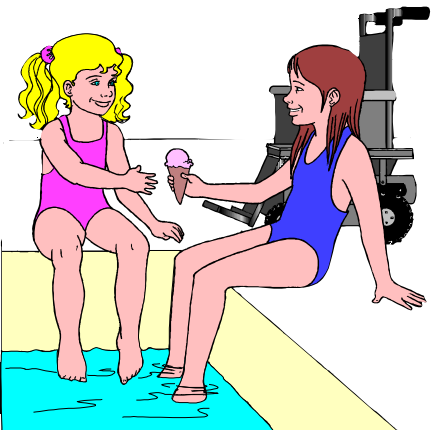
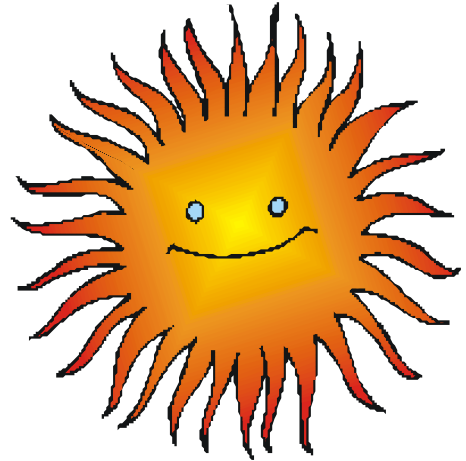
Let your heart burn with loving kindness
to all people, everywhere.
See them as brothers; treat them kindly,
show them that you really care.



Verse 1: If they're lonely, try to help them,
Do not leave them to be sad,
Give them of your willing service;
Do your best to make them glad.

Verse 2:

Do not only think of yourself,
Think of how you best can send
Loving thoughts and acts of kindness
Show you really are a friend.



Verse 3:

If they're hungry, try to feed them,
Always be prepared to share.
When you turn your face to God,
You'll find sunshine everywhere.

The Cat Who Came to Call

A true story by Pat McNicol

A funny thing happened recently while I was visiting my brother Duncan and his wife, Margaret.

My brother and I live about 300 miles apart so we don't get the chance to meet up very often. I reached his house in the country just as it was getting dark. After a warm welcome, we settled into some comfy armchairs to catch up on the news and enjoy a cup of tea.



I looked around to see where his cat Smudge was as I had known her since she was a kitten. But I couldn't see her anywhere.

"Where is Smudge?" I asked curiously.

"Well," said Duncan, "I'm afraid we don't have her any more. She was 18 years old, which is quite old for a cat, and she had been ill for some time and the vet couldn't help her in the end. She died last week, which was very sad."

"Oh. I'm so sorry!" I replied. Having a cat of my own, I could really sympathise with their loss. But then I was surprised to hear Margaret say to Duncan, "Remind me to buy some cat food next time I go shopping!"

"Strange," I thought. "Why would they be buying cat food with no cats in the house?"



Seeing my puzzled look, Margaret laughed. "Let me explain," she said. "We may have no cats of our own any more, but we do have two who visit! Ever since Smudge died they have called by to see us — sometimes for food but mostly just to say hello, or should that be miaow?"

We all burst out laughing.

"Oh, how lovely for you!" I said, imagining them coming up the garden path and carefully combing their fur with a paw before ringing the front door bell!

After a few minutes the subject changed and we started discussing how the plans were going for their daughter's wedding later this year.



A short while later, I excused myself and went in search of the bathroom. As I walked back through the hall to the sitting room I couldn't believe my eyes. There, beyond the glass front door, was a large tabby cat with one paw raised, tapping on the door to be let in.

I called out to my brother who said immediately, "That'll be Tigger. He often comes round in the evening. Just open the door please and let him in!"

Well, Tigger was a beauty! His fur was a smoky grey with long dark stripes along each side. Head held high and showing no signs of shyness, Tigger made straight for Margaret and rubbed himself against her legs before leaping up into her lap, purring loudly. Margaret rubbed his ears and gently stroked his back.



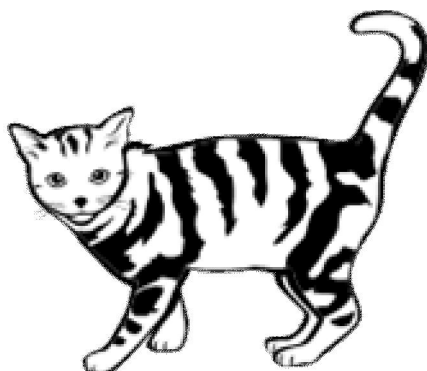
A minute or so later, Tigger jumped down and headed over to where Duncan was sitting. Tigger curled up in his lap, shut his eyes and purred loudly as Duncan tickled him behind his ears.

When he'd had enough love and affection from his two friendly hosts, Tigger then hopped down from the chair and headed for the door — giving me a suspicious sidelong glance as he did so. I could almost imagine him thinking to himself:

"Who's this then? Never seen her before!"

"That'll be him off home now," said Margaret, opening the door to let Tigger out. He'd obviously been fed earlier by his owners as he didn't go

through the kitchen, where he knew a little dish full of cat food was always sitting ready for him in case he needed it.



Instead, he waved his tail and ran out of the front door and into the night, miaowing his goodbyes as he disappeared from sight.

As we continued chatting, I half expected another light knock on the door and a visit from the other cat Margaret had mentioned. But none came. Perhaps Tigger had told his friend that Duncan and Margaret didn't need a visit at the moment because I was there. You just never know what cats are thinking!

But I think cats know when we are sad. And just as they love to be loved, they know that we do too.



Little Things

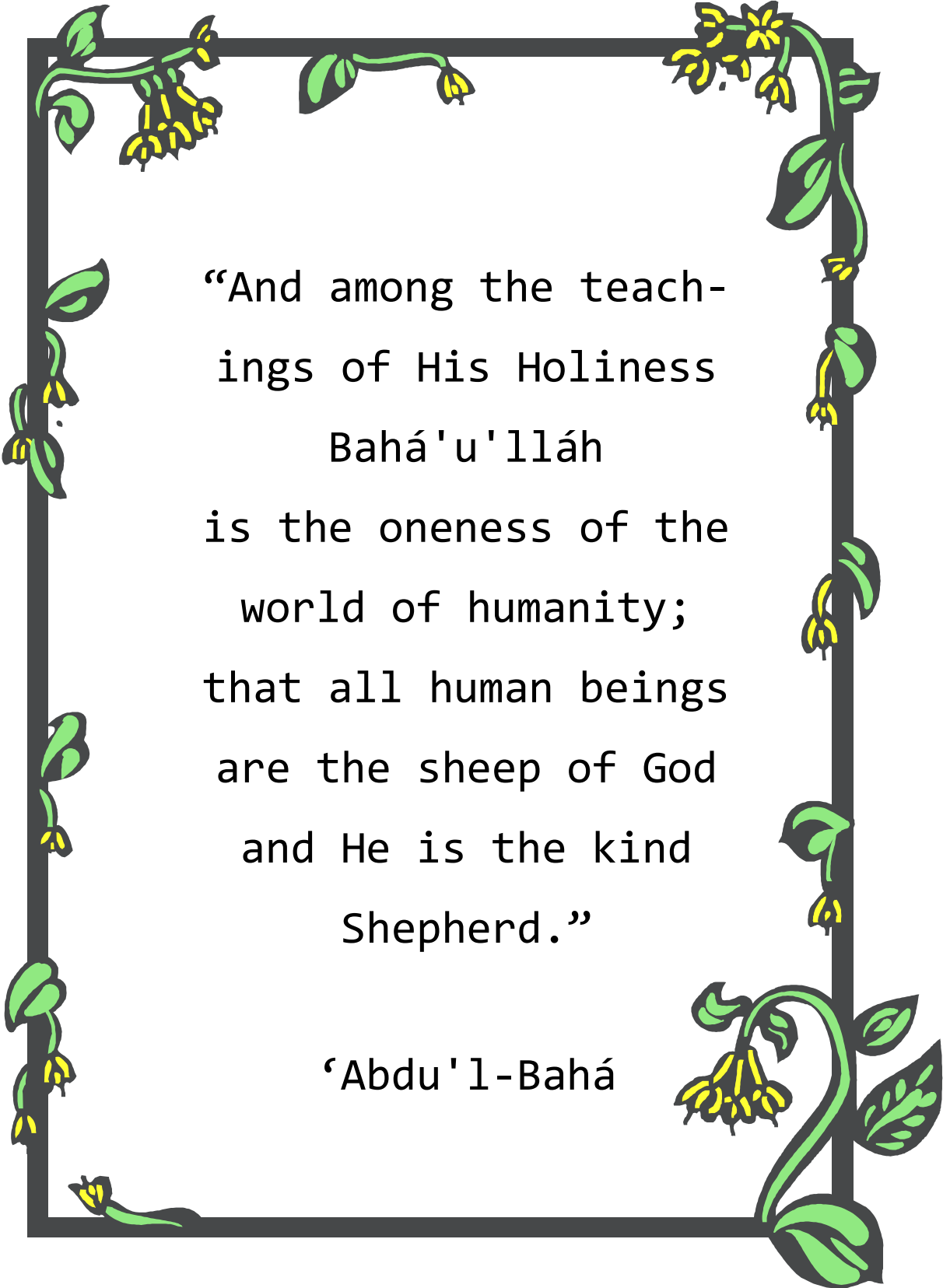
by Julia A. Carney (1823-1908)

Little deeds of kindness,

Little words of love,

Make our earth an Eden,

Like the heaven above.



“And among the teachings of His Holiness Bahá'u'lláh is the oneness of the world of humanity; that all human beings are the sheep of God and He is the kind Shepherd.”

‘Abdu'l-Bahá

The Gift

(A folk story from the Native American Choctaw tribe)

Once upon a time there were two Native Americans from the Choctaw tribe who were camping out under a summer moon when they heard a beautiful but sad sound. They walked along the river's edge, following the sound until they came upon a woman kneeling by a mound of earth.



She was very beautiful and surrounded by light.



Now these two Choctaws had very kind hearts and they asked her right away how they could help her.

"I am hungry," she said in a small sad voice.

The men were hungry themselves and did not have much food, but they gave her their entire supper. And they gave it to her happily.

The lovely lady only took a little and thanked them with a promise.

"If you will go and tell no one you saw me," she said, "I will ask my father, the Great Spirit, to give you a great and wondrous gift. Return to this exact spot at the next moon."

They promised, even though they wanted to tell everyone. A little breeze suddenly blew by and she was gone.

At the next moon, they quickly returned to the spot but the lovely lady was not there. However, on the exact spot where they had seen her was a tall green plant. They thought they knew all the plants that grew in the forest and fields but had never seen this one before and wondered what it was.



They called the plant "tanchi". In English, we call it corn. It was indeed a great gift and when the men took it home, the Choctaw women soon discovered that it could be eaten in many different ways, all of which were delicious.



As well as eating it as corn-on-the-cob with melted butter, it could be made into corn syrup to sweeten their food, corn oil for cooking, and corn flour, which today is used to make cereals like corn flakes, or tortillas, a kind of bread in Mexico to which is added a very tasty filling. One of the favourite things the children

especially like, and which is made from this plant, is, of course, popcorn.

The people of the Choctaw tribe tell this story to their children to teach them to always be kind and to share what they have, even when they are hungry. And to be grateful to God (whom they call the Great Spirit) for the wonderful gift of all the good things He has created for us to eat.





If I Were You

by Carolyn Moss-Williams

If I were you
And you were me,
How much kinder I would be;
I've seen you give your smile away,
Seen you help out every day,
I've noticed how you seem to care,
For everyone you're always there.
I've heard you ask, "Are you all right?"
Your kindness shines a little light!
You seem to know what people need,
A drink, a hug, a book to read.
You never, ever seem to mind,
You somehow know how to be kind.

If I were you
And you were me,
How much kinder I would be;
There again, I suppose
I could be kind, if I chose!

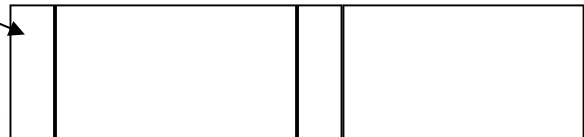
Make a 'Kindness Tree'

You will need:

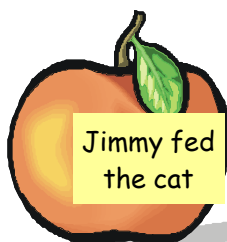
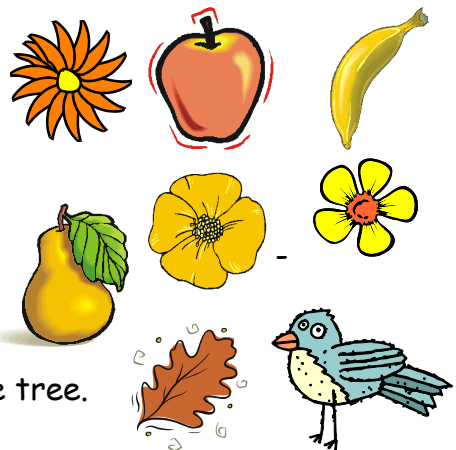
1. Strong cardboard—a cut-up cereal box will do.
2. Thinner card, or paper, or post-it notes.
3. Blu-tac, for sticking onto the wall.
4. Coloured felt tips or crayons or pencils.
5. Scissors.



1. Get the biggest piece of strong card you can find.
2. You could cut an empty cereal box carefully round the long edges, and then open it out.
3. Draw and colour a large tree.
4. Cut it out carefully and ask if you can use Blu-tac to stick it on a wall, or a door.



5. On smaller pieces of card, or on post-it notes, draw and colour a selection of flowers, fruit, leaves and birds.
6. Now you need to start noticing things that are going on around you. If anyone does, or says, something kind, write it on a cut out, and stick it on your kindness tree.
7. Keep your tree going for a week or two, and see how many kind things appear in the tree.



Kindness around the World

“Let no one ever come to you
without leaving better and happier.
Be the living expression of Kindness.

Kindness in your face.
Kindness in your eyes.
Kindness in your
smile.”

(Mother Terese)



“Kindness
begins
with me.”

“Kind hearts are the
gardens,
Kind thoughts are the
roots,
Kind words are the
blossoms,
Kind words are the fruit.”

(A rhyme used in primary
schools in the 1800s.)

“As the bus slowed down at the crowded
bus stop, the bus conductor leaned from
the platform and called out, “Six only!”

The bus stopped. He counted on six
passengers, rang the bell, and then, as
the bus moved off, called to those left
behind:

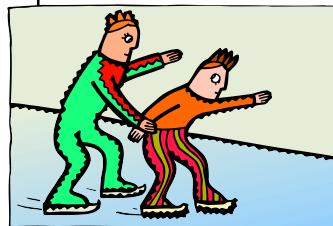
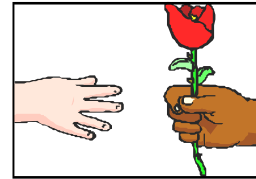
“So sorry, plenty of room in my heart —
but the bus is full.”

He left behind a row of smiling faces. It’s
not always what you do, it’s the way that
you do it.”

(*The Friendship Book of Francis Gay, 1977*)

A bit of fragrance
always clings to the
hand that gives roses.

(Chinese proverb)



“No act of kind-
ness, no matter
how small, is ever
wasted.”

(Aesop.)

“Kindness, like a
boomerang, always
returns.”

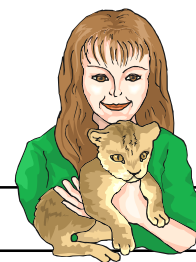


“A kind word is like a
spring day.”

(Russian proverb.)



“People often forget
that kindness is free.”



“Be kind whenever possible.
It is always possible.”

Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers

*Stories adapted by Jacqueline Mehrabi from **The Dawn-Breakers** and illustrated by Malcolm Lee.*

(Published by the Bahá'í Publishing Trust of India)

(The story so far: Bahá'u'lláh is arrested when He is on His way to help the Bábis who are in the fort of Shaykh Tabarsí. The deputy governor orders soldiers to beat the soles of Bahá'u'lláh's feet as a punishment, even though He has done nothing wrong. Then the governor himself arrives and he is angry at the cruel behaviour of the deputy governor. The governor likes Bahá'u'lláh but he does not allow Him to go to the fort and instead orders Him to return to Tehrán.)

Part 32

The Fort is Attacked

The King of Persia had died and a new one was on the throne. He was only seventeen years old and did not know how to rule his country wisely. The prime minister and religious leaders took control and told him to kill the Báb and the Bábis as quickly as possible.

The young king thought it would be easy to kill the gentle religious believers who were sheltering in the fort of Shaykh Tabarsí. He ordered the head of his army to send twelve thousand soldiers to attack the three hundred and thirteen believers in the fort. This battle will soon be over, thought the king. But he was wrong!

As the bullets fell, Quddús remained calm and told the believers not to worry. He spent his time praying and explaining the meaning of the holy writings and encouraging the friends to chant the beautiful words of the Báb. But the bullets continued to rain down on the fort and they were all in danger of being killed, so Quddús decided they would have to defend themselves and each other.

Mullá Husayn immediately galloped off on horseback, with the other believers behind him, everyone shouting:

"O Lord of the Age!"

The sound roared through the forest and the soldiers ran away in fear. Things became quiet for a while after this, but Quddús knew the attacks would begin again and told the believers to dig a moat round the fort to make it safer.

Nineteen days passed by. There had been no attacks on the fort all that time. Then a messenger arrived from the prince who was leading the army. The prince wanted to know what the aims of the believers were. Mullá Husayn replied that the believers were loyal to the king and did not wish to fight anyone, but just wanted to tell the religious leaders of the country about the coming of the Báb, the Promised One from God.

Mullá Husayn then asked the prince if he would arrange for the head religious leaders of the region to come to the fort and speak with him. If this were done, said Mullá Husayn, then the prince would be able to judge for himself whether the Cause of the Báb was true or not.

The messenger promised that after three days the religious leaders would come to hear what Mullá Husayn had to say.

But the promise was never kept.

Instead, thousands of soldiers gathered on high ground overlooking the fort and, at a signal from the prince, they opened fire on the believers.

In the dark, the cry, "Mount your steeds, O heroes of God!" came from the Bábis in the fort. The gates were thrown open and the believers rode out to face the enemy.

After a while, the prince returned to the army camp, confident that the

Bábis would soon be defeated.

He had just taken off his boots and was relaxing, when he heard a sound like the rumble of thunder and ran out to see his soldiers galloping into the camp. They were being chased by a handful of believers, led by Mullá Husayn!

The prince was so surprised he jumped out of a window and landed bare-foot in a moat of icy water!



(To be continued . . .)



The Kitáb-i-Aqdas ~ The Most Holy Book

Lesson Twenty-Five

Bahá'u'lláh says in the Kitáb-i-Aqdas (verse 16):

**“It behoveth the people of Bahá . . .
to provide good cheer for themselves,
their kindred, and, beyond them,
the poor and needy,
and with joy . . .
glorify their Lord . . .”**

- a) “behoveth” (behooves) means to do something because it is the right thing to do.
 - b) “the people of Bahá” are the Bahá'ís.
 - c) “to provide good cheer” means to help others by bringing joy or happiness to them.
 - d) “kindred” means our families and other relatives.
 - e) “glorify their Lord” means to praise God.
1. Do you know anyone who is “poor and needy” in your town or school? Do you think “needy” always means the same as “poor”? (e.g. some elderly people may be needy because they can't walk far and need someone to do the shopping and other necessary things for them.)
 2. Some people are rich in things of this world but are still unhappy. Why do you think that happens?
 3. How can we bring “good cheer” to the hearts of people who are sad?
 4. In the quotation above, how does Bahá'u'lláh say we should glorify (praise) God? With _____

Father of the Poor

Everyone was always welcome in the house of Bahá'u'lláh and His wife Navváb, and no one was ever turned away. The people called Navváb 'Mother of Consolation', and Bahá'u'lláh was known as 'Father of the Poor'.

Sometimes people came to them because they were ill. And Navváb would give them ointment or other medicine to make them better.

Sometimes people came who were hungry and poor; then Bahá'u'lláh would give them food or money to help them.

Sometimes people were worried or lonely or sad, and Bahá'u'lláh and Navváb would comfort them and love them as though they were members of their own family.

Once, when someone asked what important work Bahá'u'lláh did, he was told that Bahá'u'lláh cheered the sad and fed the hungry, and that He befriended the poor and the stranger.

* * *

"Be as a lamp unto them that walk in darkness,
a joy to the sorrowful, a sea for the thirsty . . ."

Bahá'u'lláh

