

For Her
That
Served

Poems

Gordie Best

For Her That Served

Poems by Gordie Best

life-form

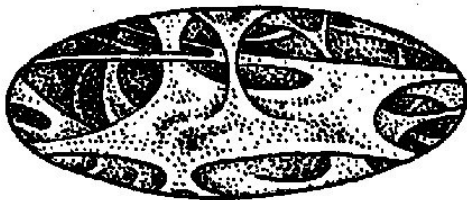
a new race of men
both humble and proud
crawling out from under
injustice, shaking off dust
standing straight linked
troops in serried ranks
loving and ready to sacrifice

undeterred by body blows
personal failings
loving and teaching love
this new race
in this new age
under God

Proof to the Aspirant: the Road is Indeed Real

I aspired to find
I found that which had
been whispered in my ear
from my younger days
Assured I was
and am now responding.

The message is it's own proof
about a messenger, messengers
Progressive revelation and
the new city on the shore
of the ocean of God's will.



He sat in a cold mountain fortress

He sat in a cold mountain fortress
Abandoned by the world
The Lamb that we all awaited
Still He instructed us
Not to treat Him whom God shall make manifest
The same nor cause Him any harm.

He saw by a single flickering light
And had but a single companion
Still He instructed as God wished.
Throughout Iran and Iraq went His tablets.
Letters to letters, Words to words.
He could not be entrapped by those
Who turned away, fearing what He could do.

A Gate in a Wall in a garden
The only way for all to enter paradise.
Where is paradise and where is hell?

Cold sat on His bones,
but hot was His soul frame
He was ready for Questions.
But they had nothing to ask.
1270 years they had waited
but now they could only feel
That they had imprisoned
the Qa'im in a mountain
Not knowing why they felt
so on fire with hate.

(about the Bab in Maku)

An Ode to the Winds of Joy

Many years, generations you struggled.
With your own selves knowing the truth
Knowing the right and finally getting it right
You then raised the call, time now so limited
Much is now dependent on His mercy

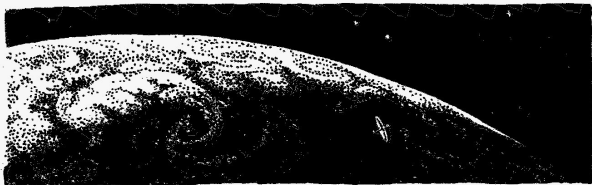
How He moved that angel in, to save the day
Your companion lifted by joy, you followed
Finally moved by gladness
Door to door you went
Tight was the world threatening to squeeze you out

Hosts were calling you and you laughed
Crying as you presented the Message
They stood before you dumb, but expectant
Inviting you in, for dreams had pointed the way
The Message, Ruhi now able to make up
for your lack of coherence

You laughed through tears as, at last,
old friends were waking to the history of God.

When the time comes you are lifted up
Kindly greeted into the other room
Where the purified congregate
To welcome you, to hear your song
They explode in glorious smiles
Their energy blessing you, encouraging
Those positive traits that you brought with.

He told you in a quiet moment,
"There will be much for you to do here
But for now just rest, now just rest.



The Tender Land

This is where we wish to be in our inner hearts.
That place of quiet and beauty.
This place of our being accepted and loved.
Where all is for the building of trust and healing.
That tender land, nothing leads to disturbance and harm.
It is our true mother and our caring father.
It treasures our tears of joy and
washes us in a lake of crystal water.

Would you be surprised if I say that
already it is here within our time?

The Servant is King

Do you think it strange
That a Warner should come
A man much like you
With a message from God

He will advise you
To keep far from Sin
and turn to his advice
Be worthy of His Mercy

I seek for no reward
Said Noah of the rainbow
When he set his sails
Weighing anchor on a vast sea

We swept the dead away
Like autumn's withered leaves
Drowned and forgotten
Upon the plains below

(some poems are inspired by verses of the Qur'an)

Pure Spirit

For a pure voice we have no ears to spare.

For those who profess truth and ramble
In the sciences of excess we invest real-time.

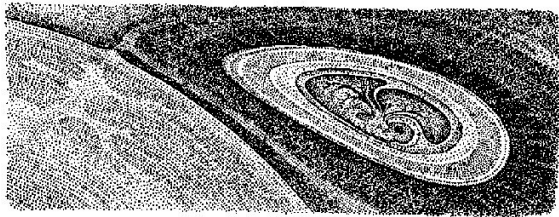
For those who raise the hair off our heads
We step back with fear.

They try as they might, the prophets
To only give us a drop, but that is too much
for the thirsty, we dissolve, then crawl away.

Seeking out the academic to firm up our outsides
'Reassure us please that the world is arright!'
Surely we have not spent our days in vain?

Vanes flap in the wind showing direction
where the air of the spirit flows.
We see not, 'our strange uncle was nothing but a kook!
That prophet was but a wave in the sea of 1911.'

He spoke of Peace travelling about the states.
He spoke of Muhammad and the people were impressed.
He spoke of Jesus and the leaders were ashamed
that they could not have understood as well
as this prisoner from the east now free.
Abdu'l-Baha Abbas



That Waiting Spot

Is like a slice out of heaven
Green and shady, cool and sheltered
White house, large front porch
Awaiting the souls of Baha
Providing a place calming
There for meditating and prayer
Making plans for the future
Young girls and old parrots come to visit
Ghosts, curious and needy.

It is a direction to the lost
A comfort to me knowing that it stands
Strong, in a quiet clearing
Looking out on a leg of the sea.

Springing from the Heart

What is my faith?

It is a springing, a gushing, of joy from my heart

A welling of tears from my eyes

It is the inspiration of a slowly developing understanding

It is remembering to read the Word

It is the deliberate teaching of the Word

It is the love which grows as each day unfolds

Watching the signs of God, so clear,

as the old world rolls up.

Rivers of Life

The Words of Jesus form
A strong waterbrook riotous
Flowing into a mighty river
A guiding Koran most sure
Swiftly driving to the sea between Imams
Strong rocky pillars, then spreading
On reaching the estuary of
The Bab's message swirling
Dashing to enter the Vast Ocean
Of Baha'u'llah's Splendorous Message.

Hujjat

In Zanjan your love leads them to Paradise fields
Back to the sacred Words of God, to the spirit of the Qur'an
Your blood was spilt out upon the ground
As you prayed devotedly, loyal to the covenant
A thousand lives you wished to sacrifice
A thousand of those loyal shed their bodies for
The Mihdi, Mirza Ali Muhammad fulfilling
Not as man wanted it, but as God has willed.

The sun is as a shadow of that supreme globe
Our day is as night when seen from that hereafter
The people are as death walking, when they turned away
Their world is but kindling
for the fires of their infernal desires.

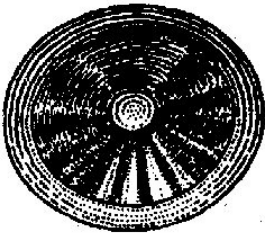
Hujjat, your blood flowed free as if it was nothing
If only you had a thousand lives?
But these modern leaders with fragments they seek to mislead,
They cling to earthly power, mis-interpreting
They deny your sacrifice as a trifle.
They move away because you demand too much.

No bones have these present idols, rulers of the dust
Your stark sacrifice of the devoted
Means nothing to them, these cowards of the night.
A fragment sentence they use to dismiss your worth
When your act is the very proof that must not be revealed
Throngs are mislead, the losers of the kingdom
Hujjat, you will receive their children back
Back into the religion of the Mihdi
Even as the prophecies say.

Hujjat, you gave wife and children, your friends
You gave them as offering to the Qa'im
You are a Babi, enemy of the Persian Empire
And you are a great friend of the Apostle

Muhammad, you carry his name, Muhammad Ali
Five thousand citizens follow you
Into the fortified region of that city
Men, women and children loyal to the Word
Their blood painting the walls of that quarter of Zanjan
Attacked by an unfaithful, a treacherous generation.

Zanjan, the ruined city that slaughtered their best
Zaynab hero of the hour, youth riding forth
Taking the masculine name of Rustam-'Ali
Three months you lead the charge in their defence
Young girl striking fear into their ill hearts
All Persia is humiliation for their debauchery
Their destiny torn to shreds
Two hundred couples pure and strong, joined for a moment
Separated to defend, to die, now joined again
The cream rises to the top and is skimmed off
And the milk is spoiled, poisoning the ground.



Strange Mother

What are we to think
Of a woman who abandons her pure child
Left in the desert, he is enslaved and imprisoned
Carried away far to the West
But this mother denies her own flesh
'It is a child of some evil Russian mother!'
Will she carry on so even to her death bed?

But the child prospers and grows strong
In a foreign land it becomes a father
For the innocent, the poor and the desolate
He inspires generations to turn to God
With a new message of love

But she says he is a bloody British spy
He is a bastard of a foreign enemy.
He is a monster that I threw to the wolves

She says such lies and believes them
But I think she is looking in a mirror
Seeing her own crimes
Blaming them on this spotless youth.

She cries he is a Zionist conspirator

Such great pain has this young one bore
Only for the uplifting of all peoples
He even speaks well of his mother
And predicts a sweet reunion in time
Will the mother finally give up the pretence?
The old order is lamentably defective.

She says he works with the CIA to cause her downfall

But he only wants to see his mother happy
The woman sits mournfully upon shifting sands

Grasping dried desiccated bones of an older adoptive son
Spirit has long left this spot.
Grow well fresh youth for you are the hope of us all.

The Radiant House

House of love and patience
House of learning and truth
Honesty, do not let delusion triumph
Harmony is created by the effort

Shine brightly, rain nutrients
Replace hate with love
Recognize the wall coming down
Open up the house to
Renovate, rebuild, on the firm foundation.

Sing joyfully and be happy
For what other time, why wait?
For it will get worse
But we teach and learn the methods
Tomorrow we welcome in.

Looking out the windows
The neighbourhood crumbling
As it will. Us growing stronger
Prosperity carried in our hearts
Our inner court flourishing

We are one
And you are the one I am joined to
From that firm foundation
We build, always striving upward
Confident in your nearness that we progress
Supporting and holding hands

We shall decorate that house together
Express all our joys there
A focal point
Not mistaking it for anything else
But the truth! So near!

Weaving meaning into time

Shining moments, power and purpose supreme

Following guidance, then to guide

Up to the Beauty sublime

Chastity

Chastity in no way implies withdrawal
from human relationships.

It liberates people from the tyranny
of the ubiquity of sex.

A person who is in control of
his sexual impulses is enabled
to have profound and enduring
friendships with many people,
both men and women, without ever sully
that unique and priceless bond
that should unite man and wife.

(From a letter dated 8 May 1979 written on behalf of the
Universal House of Justice to an individual believer)

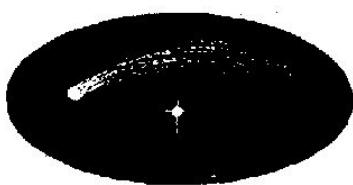
Hosts About Us.

They are guiding
They reveal signs
When we are asking for guidance
And I ask for guidance
This is when they can help

And they leave us alone
When we do not ask
When we do not invite them
Please attend us
We are error prone

Hosts, guardians from other realms
They will teach us
Each step of the way
We must invite teaching
That is when they can help

We call on God
and He sends his hosts



Baha Boogaloo

Kundalini energy rising up
Through an administrative spine
Into an institution sublime
Raining a new message
Surprising awakening with Joy
Relaxed by laughter
inSight opened in time
God has chosen
And it is now

Chakras awakened
A world squirming and rebelling
This can not be?
It is and will prevail

The dance has begun
Lessons learned
Through six thousand years
Boogaloo among the wallflowers
Richly coloured roses
Moving sharply across the floor

Their fragrance swirling and rising
Their beauty startling
The writing clear in
This new day.

(from the Mystic Muffin)

Salsa Lessons

We will Fred and Ginger across the floor
Spirits rising in, falling in, gliding in
Unison, but first we practice
Lessons.

Rules to follow
Pre-conceptions to overcome
Prejudices to avoid
This will not be as
We imagined, much better
Than we can conceive

Choose the field
Prepare the tools
Count the inventory
Guard your health
Move forward, move back
In the Salsa of joy
Baha is awaiting
The contest to begin

Give the message
Then love them until
They respond or reject
The mighty dancers have entered
The field of wallflowers
The hesitant, the unknowers of the caves.

Storms will blow and rip
Attempting to sweep us off our feet
We dance on with fragrance
The music sweet, the rhythm progressive

Closer we approach the sounds
Becoming the mystic song
Forgetting that we are two

Glory is in the effort

Results are in God's hands

Loving the nearness

Forgetting who we are

But that person who loves the other.

That is enough in the dance

The Quality of Heaven

Could it be that we
Live in Heaven and
That it is for us to lose

Here among the crowds
Of unaware, we love and learn
The citizens are linked
Supporting and praying
for each other and
the salvation of all.

That is what I feel
When we are doing services
For mankind, we live in paradise

Confluence

I think of it.
A time of confluence
But where is that thought coming from?
A running together of streams
Souls, lifes, cycles coming to completion

The beginning, starting of new programs
An atmosphere of joy and resolution
For some new tests, new stirrings
It is coming

There, changes in our lives
Persons, friends separate, amiably
New pairings, new projects, new goals
It is happening

Education a way of life
Tests a way of life but we have
To dive into the swirling waters
Arts and crafts about to bloom
In a new garden

We are learning to build
Throw truth at falsehood
Until at last falseness is overcome
Upon a small planet

Vileness will rally and rage
Then fall into dust from exhaustion
Wonder, we wonder what it was?
God's power again seen to rule

Giants fall in ruin
Clouds clear to reveal the bright sun
Small communities grow
Complexity of excellence

Those that wanted greatness now in the dark.

Subtle Powers

There are shadows across the truth
Powers lie in wait for those who choose to seek
Discipline and much of a heartfelt attitude
Will open them out and hide them too
From prying eyes they claim you lie
But I only hint at the value of love
That desires a higher source and a greater mission

Worldly objects lure you onward to greater darkness
Designed as light and glitter it does not deliver
Caught in the flashing lights you bypass the master works

Perplexed you wonder what nonsense this is
He cannot know anything for I would have seen
Was my thirty years but a smoke screen
Perplexed I wonder what nonsense this is?

Faith

The intention of God is His creation.
The intention of man is his motivation.
If a man wishes to be close to God
To understand about His creation
Then he will be carried toward God
Throughout all His Worlds.

Faith is not loyalty to a faith but
understanding through meditation and prayer
Loyalty is not faith until you see truth.
One truth leads to another
This requires giving up fear
and following the path to its end.

That Spirit and that Life

Is this your Faith that I told you
That I saw you under a fig-tree?
You shall see much greater than this
You shall arrive in heaven open to see

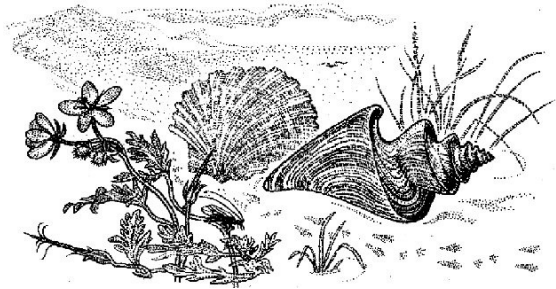
The honest man comes to the light
Try understanding what I say
Put your trust in the God who sent me
And a firm hold on life's eternity

You never heard His voice calling
You never saw His form, His face
The Father gave me the word flowing
Believe that Word points to me,

Believe in the One who sent me
That is what God requires
The true spirit alone gives life
I am that spirit and that life

The honest man comes to the light
Try understanding what I say
Put trust in the God who sent me
And a firm hold on life's eternity

(roughly from Gospel of John)



Abraham

This Word is a glorious revelation
We revealed it to you with love
Dragging you from dark to illumination
By permit from your Lord

Block not man from heaven's sway
Debar men not on God's path
Or you will surely go astray
Doom will surely come your way

We send you a pure messenger
Speaking your language straight and plain
A day arriving in times to come
When the earth shall change again

Abraham warned you of a new day
When a judge shall come to your hearts
You will come forth to be confronted
The loyal ones to receive a new earth

This is a glorious revelation
We revealed it to you with love
Dragging you from dark to illumination
By permit from your Lord

(roughly from the Koran)

Abraham again

Block not man from the hereafter
Debar men not on God's path
Or you have surely gone astray
Doom will really come your way
This Word is a glorious revelation
We have revealed it unto you
Dragging mankind into illumination
By permission from your Lord

You may make passion your idol
Worship corruption and decay
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

We send a pure messenger to them
Speaking their language plain
A day will arrive in times to come
When the earth shall change again
Abraham warned mankind of a new day
When doom shall come to their hearts
They will come forward to be confounded
Loyal men receiving a new earth

You may make passion your idol
Worship corruption and decay
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

Block not man from the hereafter
Debar men not on God's path
Or you have surely gone astray
Doom will really come your way
This is a glorious revelation
We have revealed it unto you
Drawing mankind into illumination
By permission from your Lord

You may make passion your idol
Worship corruption and decay
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

(from the Koran, Sura 11)

A greater day

whoso follows My counsel,
he won't go astray
nor come to grief
come to grief.

But he who turns away from guidance
from my remembrance,
his will be a narrow life,
a narrow life,

And I shall bring him blind
to the assembly
on the Resurrection Day
Resurrection Day.

When comes to them a new indication
direct from their Lord
they listen while they play,
while they play.

We destroyed many before them
and raised up some after them
again another people
another people!

We hurl the truth against the false
Muhammad We inspired
And the false did crumble
False did crumble

Praising My name though you deny
His men giving caution
After Christ We inspired
We inspired.

(from the Koran chap 20-21)

Muhammad

I am nothing new among the messengers
nor do I know what will be done with me
and you judged that the messenger
and the believers would never return

He will gather assured men
He will gather assured women
Into Gardens residing
Under trees in fields which waterbrooks flow

I follow only what has been disclosed to me
my primary duty is to clearly warn you
You will discover in the law of God
The power to change defeat in victory.

He will gather assured men
He will gather assured women
Into Gardens residing
Under tree in fields which waterbrooks flow

This Koran is truly from Him but you reject it
I follow my inspiration I will clearly warn you
I am a witness and a bearer of good tidings
That you may glorify Him at early dawn

Will the Children of Israel follow and believe
You remain too proud, God guides not the blind
He sends His messenger with guidance
and the religion of truth prevails over all

He will gather assured men
He will gather assured women
Into Gardens residing
Under tree in fields which waterbrooks flow

God has endeared the faith to you

and has enhanced it in your hearts,
and has made disbelief base behavior
and rebellion hateful unto you

(koran 46)

A Little Light (1)

Sometimes my sight
Is not so clear
My direction quirky
My spirit mirky
Then I sit down to pray!

(Chorus?)
Enlighten my sight
In these dark nights
Make me happy
With your love

May I hear your call
will you open your doors
So I may see the light
Of your glory

I am enkindled with
The flame burning
In your holy tree
Uttering your praise

Swept up in your breeze
beholding your signs
hearing your words
Shielded in you arms.

A Little Light (2)

Sometimes my sight
Is not so clear
My direction quirky
My spirit is murky
Then I sit down to pray!

(Chorus?)

Enlighten my sight may I hear your call
In these dark nights will you open your doors
Make me happy so I may see
With your love and your glory

I am enkindled with the flame burning
In your holy tree uttering your praise
A small bird singing upon your branches
Scanning a world of wonders next to you

My new body swept up in your breeze
My new eyes beholding your signs
My new ears hearing your guiding words
My refreshed spirit shielded in you arms.

They surrender to Him

God creates you tender:
after weakness, He gives you power
Then old age and grey hairs conspire
He creates whatever He desires

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

You cannot make the dead hear you.
Nor can you guide the blind
They are a stumbling kind
He creates whatever He desires

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

You can make none hear except
those who believe Our signs
and have come to clearly resign.
After weakness, He gives power.

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

Let not those who disbelieve
go driving you to despair
God seals the hearts of the foolish
And opens others to green Gardens.

One and All

People are at various stages.

Some are imperfect - these must be completed.

Some are asleep - they must be awakened;

Some are negligent - they must be made vigilant;

but one and all

are the children of God.

but one and all

are the children of God.

The only real difference

People are at various stages

Love them all with your whole heart;

no one is a stranger to each other

and one and all

are the children of God.

and one and all

are the children of God.

(from 'Abdu'l-Baha)

the heavens and the earth

It is the promise of your Lord;
and God does not fail His promises.
Yet most men do not understand
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord

They only know the show of this world,
and are reckless of the Hereafter.
God created the heavens and the earth.
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord

Do they not think for themselves
that God created the heavens and the earth
and all that lies between them.
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord

(koran 30)

Pharaoh asked:

And who is the Lord of the Worlds?

Moses said:

Lord of the heavens and the earth
and all that is between them,
if you believed.

Pharaoh said:

Your messenger is indeed a fool!
If thou chooses other than me,
I shall place you among the prisoners.

Even though I show thee something clear?
Then Moses flung down his staff
and it appeared a serpent writhing,
And he drew forth his hand and
it was white to behold.

Pharaoh said unto the chiefs:

This is truly a knowing wizard,
Are there wizards with magic comparable?
There will be a great reward for them

And the wizards were flung prostrate,
Crying: We believe the Lord of the Worlds,
The Lord of Moses and Aaron
we hope that our Lord will forgive us
We are the first to believe.

Where your treasures are

Gather treasures in this world
That mate and that child
The fame and that power
Is your heart there
Among the rust and moths?

Gather treasures in this world
Watch them leave and complain
The fame and power will wain
Is your heart there
Among the rust and moths?

In another world gather your treasures
Distant but not far
Take virtues with you
Is your heart there?
No rust or moth can spoil them

Where is your heart?
Find the beauty of the beloved
Upon the green branch of the eternal tree
Where your treasures are
There will your heart be!

Where your treasures are (2)

Gather treasures in this world
That mate and that child
That fame and that power
Is your heart there with them
Among the rust and moths?

Gather treasures in this world
Watch them leave and complain
The fame and power will surely wain
Is your heart there with them
Among the rust and moths?

In another world gather your treasures
Distant but not far
Take virtues with you
Is your heart there with them?
No rust or moth can spoil them

Where is your heart?
Find the beauty of the beloved
Upon the green branch of the eternal tree
Where your treasures are
There will your heart be!

(inspired from the new testament)

Please Stay

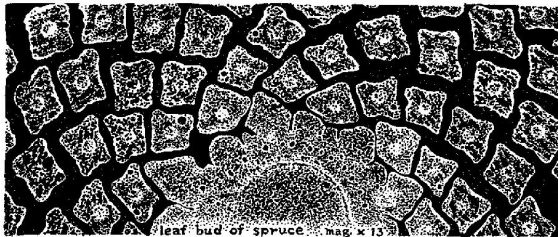
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!
From the things of this world
He's warning you away!

All these things are leading you
Astray from your Lord
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

You may make passion your idol
Worship corruption and decay
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

Reach the souls on the hillside
This life is just for play
Seek the hearts of His loved-ones
He's calling you away!

Just government has come from above
You can build it with your hands
Reach for His unity and love
He is asking you to stay!



leaf bud of spruce mag. x 13

No man comes

No man comes
To the shores of my ocean
Unless he be detached
from all in the earth
from all in the earth

No man comes
To the shores of my ocean
Unless he be detached
from all in the heavens
from all in the heavens

The ocean of my true understanding
The tabernacle raised in the firmament
of my Bayan
of my Bayan

The ocean my true understanding
The tabernacle raised in the firmament
of my Bayan
of my Bayan

(inspired from the writings of the Bab)

Such is the Resurrection

God sends forth the winds
which set the clouds in motion.
We drive them on to some dead land
giving fresh life to the earth
after it has died.
Such is the Resurrection.

Now here come the clouds
There goes the desecating winds
The Word has gone forth
Awaiting a response
We live among the dead
So must come the resurrection

The good Word assures man
The good Deed exalts him
Let men know the Glory of Him
Awaiting a response
We live among the dead
So must come the resurrection

The word rains down hard
The storm is raging far
Dried stocks are responding
Gardens are slowly blooming
Beauty on right and left
So must come the resurrection

In a Niche

God is the Light of Heaven and Earth!
God composes parables for mankind;
God is Aware of everything!

Compare His light to a niche
In which there is a lamp;
a lamp in a glass;
a glass as if it were a glittering star
kindled from a blessed olive oil,

Neither of the East nor the West,
this oil will glow though fire
has never touched it.
Light upon light,
God guides anyone He wishes to His light.

God is the Light of Heaven and Earth!
God composes parables for mankind;
God is Aware of everything!

(inspired from the Qur'an)

New senses, New words

We look about us
Everything has a name
We did this, one by one
God instructed us to this

Hippos and roses
Leaves and grass
Sun and moon
Quarks and neutrinos

The seen world
The smelt world and heard
The felt world, I taste my second cup
Once mysterious is exposed

A reality within un-worded
We use old outer words
As tools
The need of two persons to communicate
One who knows and one who perceives

When we travel on into fresh worlds
We take this old world with us
Inner and outer
Because we have only one language
Of our contingent senses

In God's heaven
The new senses hardly used
New bodies awaken a new language
A new reality.

First the senses sense, then the language
New words, then again
Use the language to describe
The inner world

That inner world forcing us to go back
And examine the outer reality
It seems to be less substantial now
Still there but more mysterious

Beautiful the new world, beyond death,
Old reality for a while
Until we become comfortable
With our new bodies

Guardians

Every day I move off this planet and glide
Sometimes above the misty home but at other times
Among the planets and moons of my souls
Hearing the music that is within me
Waiting to burst out when I learn
Lessons.

Learning means more than memory it means change
Making efforts to replace habits with obedience
Every event will be new as we approach the new worlds
Habits will not save us but only mind and spirit.
Listening.

Hearing the guiding voices as they speak to us
Saying you can not do this even though you made
Every plan to function in this one way but
No one foresaw these fresh events unfolding
As it does before our sensors and it can be
That you want to deny, but denial is death
Believe.

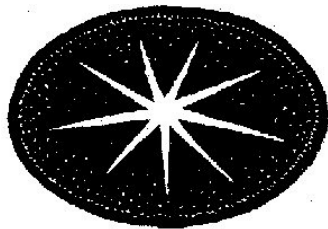
That tune is repeating again in your brain
Now think clearly. Is this not what we came here for?
We have been freed from habit and given a new life
Even imagination will not withstand these realities
A man in Persia anticipated a new man becoming whole
Messenger.

Shining Tune

I want to write the songs that lift the hearts
Music that makes the breath to stop and start
Deep it comes up as joy pushing out the tears
I want the songs that move lightly across waves
Then they dive deep to the root of life's doors.

Words that stop us in the drug mart
To listen to the angels footsteps
A memory stirs and irritates the brain
Breaking forth into a bright shining tune.

My thanks to Baha'u'llah, The Bab, 'Abdu'l-Baha, Shoghi Effendi,
Jesus, Muhammad and all the prophets and my friend Della.



[Drawings are from "The Seven Mysteries of Life" by Guy Merchie]