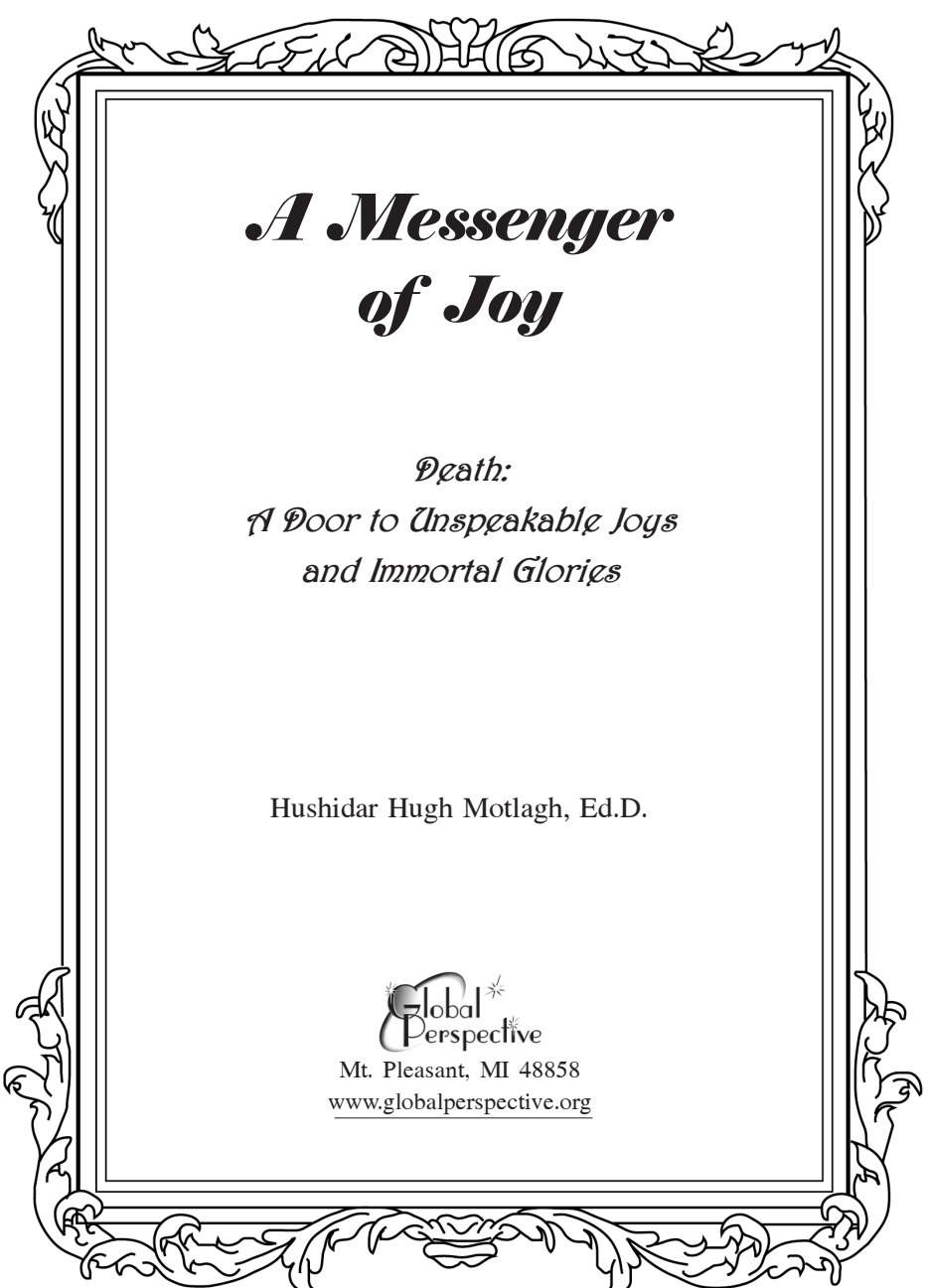




A Messenger of Joy

*Death:
A Door to Unspeakable Joys
and Immortal Glories*

Hushidar Hugh Motlagh, Ed.D.



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www.globalperspective.org

A Messenger of Joy

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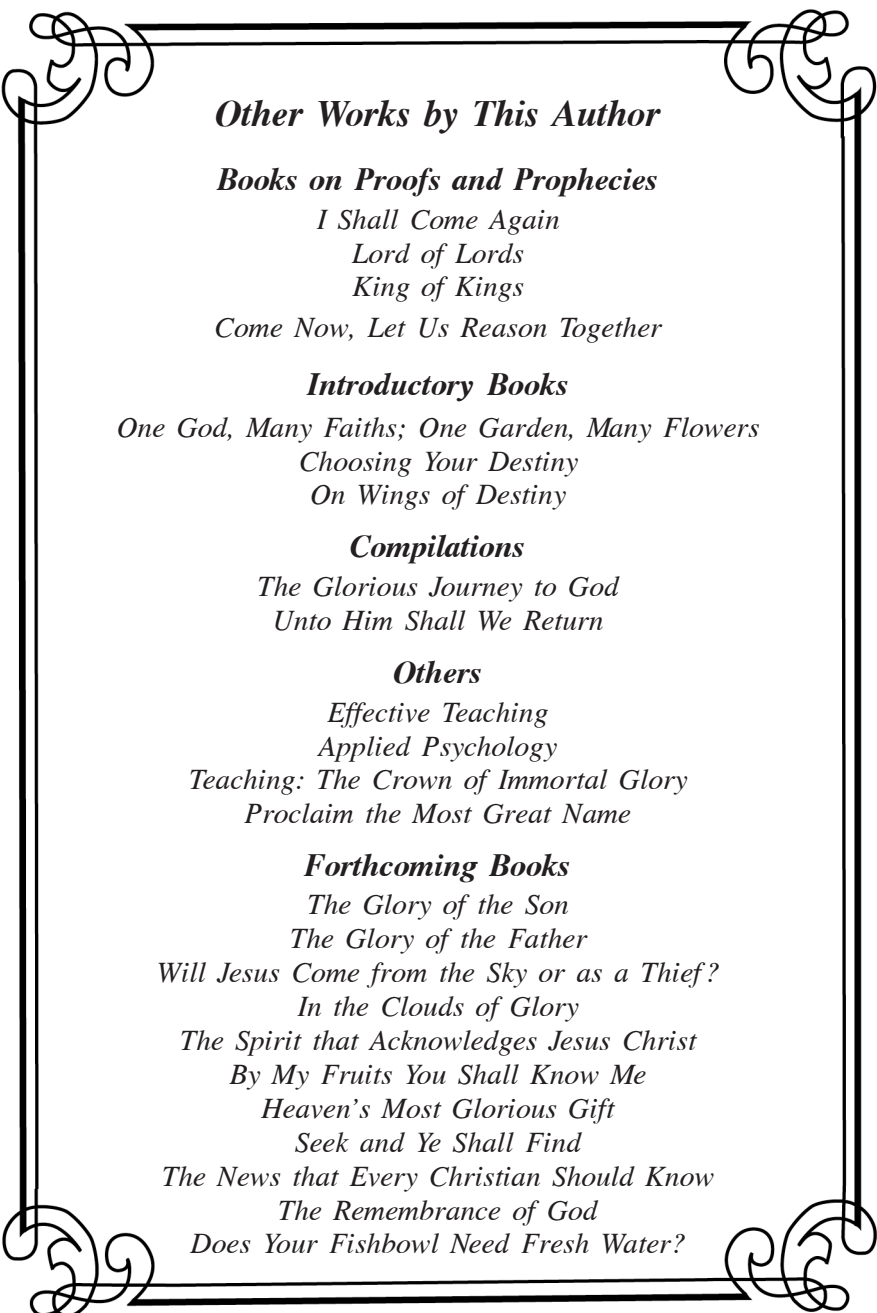
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1106 Greenbanks Dr.
Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858
USA**

Dedicated to the memory of
my seven little brothers and sisters
who died before I was born.



Unless you change and become like
little children, you will never enter
the kingdom of heaven.

Christ (Matt. 18:3)



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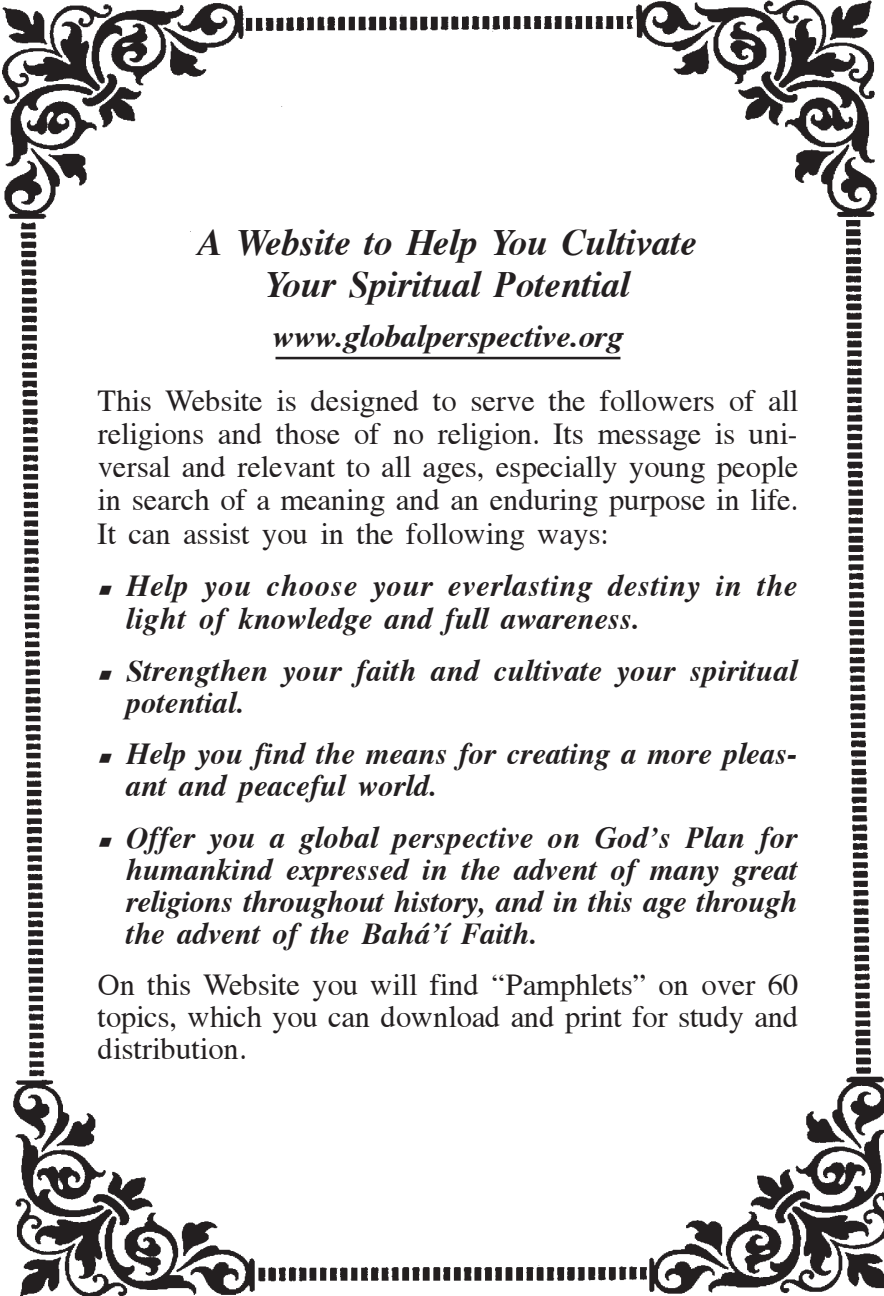
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- *Help you choose your everlasting destiny in the light of knowledge and full awareness.*
- *Strengthen your faith and cultivate your spiritual potential.*
- *Help you find the means for creating a more pleasant and peaceful world.*
- *Offer you a global perspective on God's Plan for humankind expressed in the advent of many great religions throughout history, and in this age through the advent of the Bahá'í Faith.*

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SON OF THE SUPREME!

I have made death *a messenger of joy* to thee. Wherefore dost thou grieve? I made the light to shed on thee its splendor. Why dost thou veil thyself therefrom?

Bahá'u'lláh



I wish to acknowledge

my infinite debt and offer my boundless gratitude to the world's sacred Scriptures—the beautiful “Brides” of heaven—especially *The Bible* and *The Hidden Words of Bahá'u'lláh*. They inspired and guided the tone, the style, and the content of this book. *A Messenger of Joy* is only a candle lit from those splendid, glorious, and infinite sources of grace, beauty, knowledge, wonder, and wisdom.

Part I

A Voice Was
Heard from
Heaven

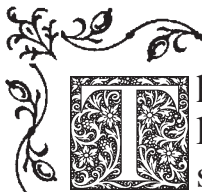
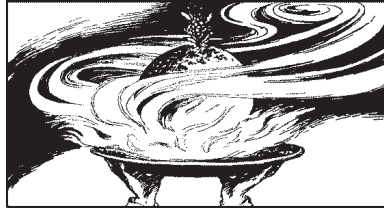




O SON OF SPIRIT!

With the joyful tidings of light I hail
thee: rejoice! To the court of
holiness I summon thee;
abide therein that thou
mayest live in peace
for evermore.

Bahá'u'lláh

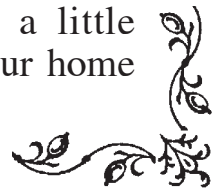


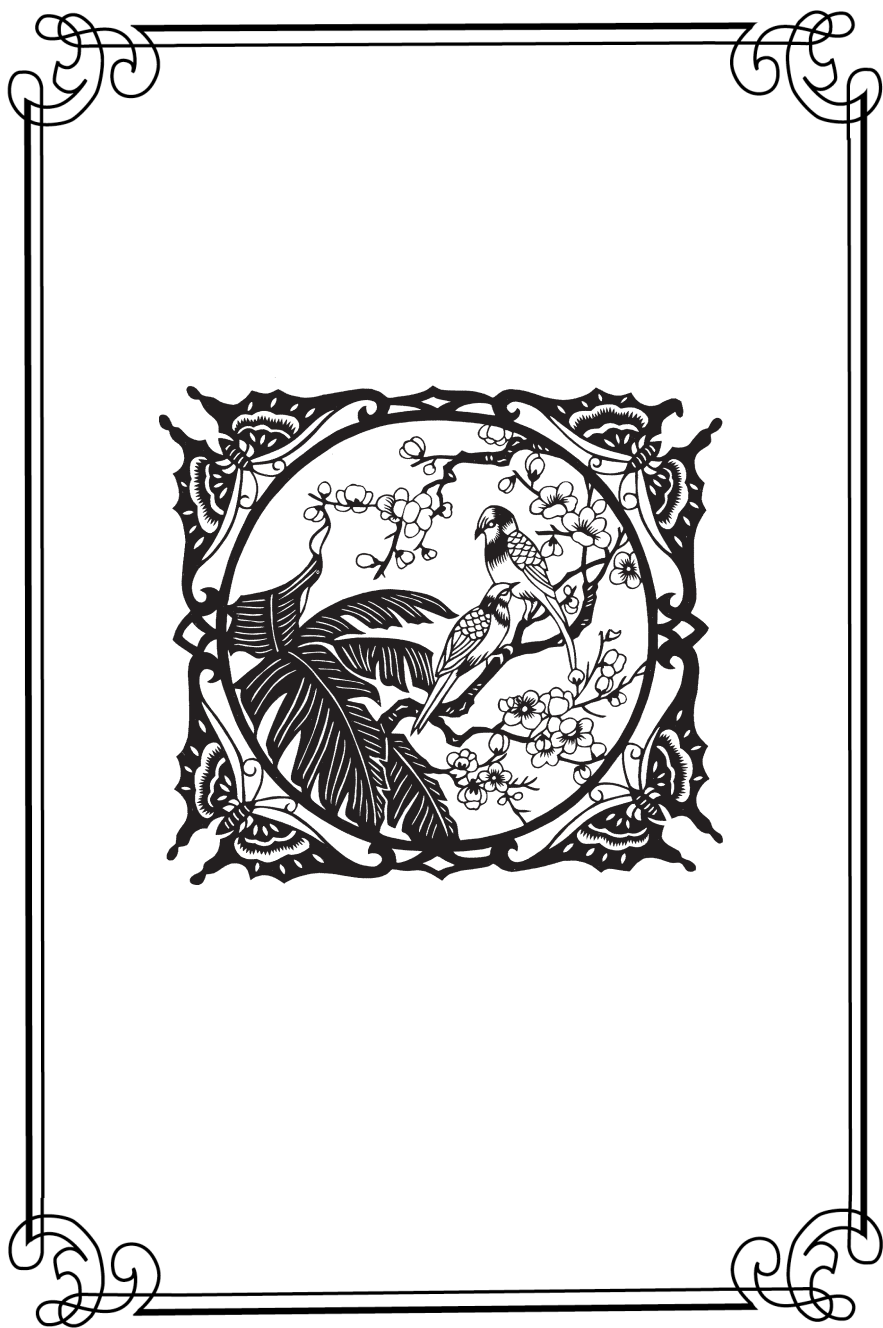
Then a man who had lived the days of his life prayed with all his heart and soul and said, “O Master Spirit of heavens! Speak unto us of death and dying.”

Then a voice was heard from heaven, saying:

O children of the earth! You are travelers on a journey to a world of peace and wonder.

You are guests of the earth for but a little while, and then you shall depart for your home in heaven.







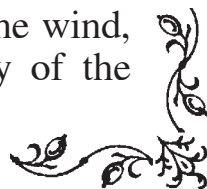
passing pilgrims!
How fleeting is your life!

And how swiftly your days fly!

A little while, and you will be no more.

You bloom like a rose, spread your fragrance
near and far, then fade and fall like autumn
leaves.

Your days vanish as the whispering of the wind,
and your memories wane as the glory of the
garden.







O my beloved friends! Gather blossoms of joy while you may. Hang your troubles upon the trees, and cast your cares to the wind.

Banish the night with your love, wake the dawn with your praise.

Sing and dance and be merry, but know that there are other songs to sing.

Live, but do not cling to your lives. Own, but do not be attached to your treasures.

Cherish your pearls and rubies, let them dazzle your eyes, but know they are not yours. They belong to the earth.

Celebrate life, but be ready to depart the moment the banquet ends.

When life bids you farewell and death greets you, embrace her with open arms.







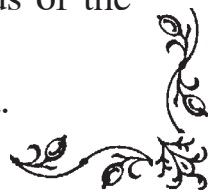
Qchildren of peace! Some of you have said that life is only a dream and death the end of the dream. You wake up, and it is no more.

But I say unto you that death is waking up to the Dawn, to a vast world of charm and wonder. It is a journey from the gloomy nest of the earth to an everlasting and ever-blooming garden of joy and peace.

It is passing beyond the clouds and basking in luminous lights of the heavens in all their beauty and splendor.

It is setting the soul free from the bonds of the earth.

It is returning to the mansions of God.







passing voyagers! Death does not put out the light. It only shatters the lamp. The light does not die. It only departs and joins the heart of heaven.

Like a breeze that stirs the forest, and spreads the fragrance of flowers, death lifts the veil and sets the soul free on its journey home.







O my beloved! Death is not the pit of despair and sorrow, but the paradise of peace and joy.

It is not a prison of grief, but a garden of enchanting blossoms.

It is not a path into the grave, but to a place of peace and calm.

It is not the loss of a loved one. It is a journey to the light.

It is not a vale of shadows. It is the splendor of the sun.

It is not the gloom of darkness. It is the glory of the dawn.







O children of dream! Some of you have called death a curse written upon your brow.

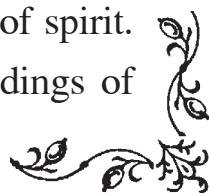
But I say unto you that death is not a curse, but a blessing.

It is not farewell to living, but a greeting to a messenger of joy.

It is not a voyage to grief, but a glorious journey to God.

It is not a tragedy of life, but a triumph of spirit.

It is not the tale of nothingness, but tidings of victories and wonders.







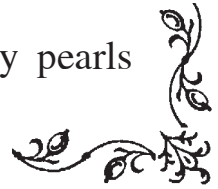
my heavenly sons and daughters! Let not the wintry breath of fear pass over you.

Despair not!

Death has no power over hearts and souls.

It is but a call to wake you, and a light that shall lead you to the presence of the Adored One.

Only shells are shattered; the heavenly pearls live on.







children of spirit! When the angel of
death summons you, say unto him: Even
as the snow flakes dance to the wind,

I shall dance to your call.

I shall bathe in your light.

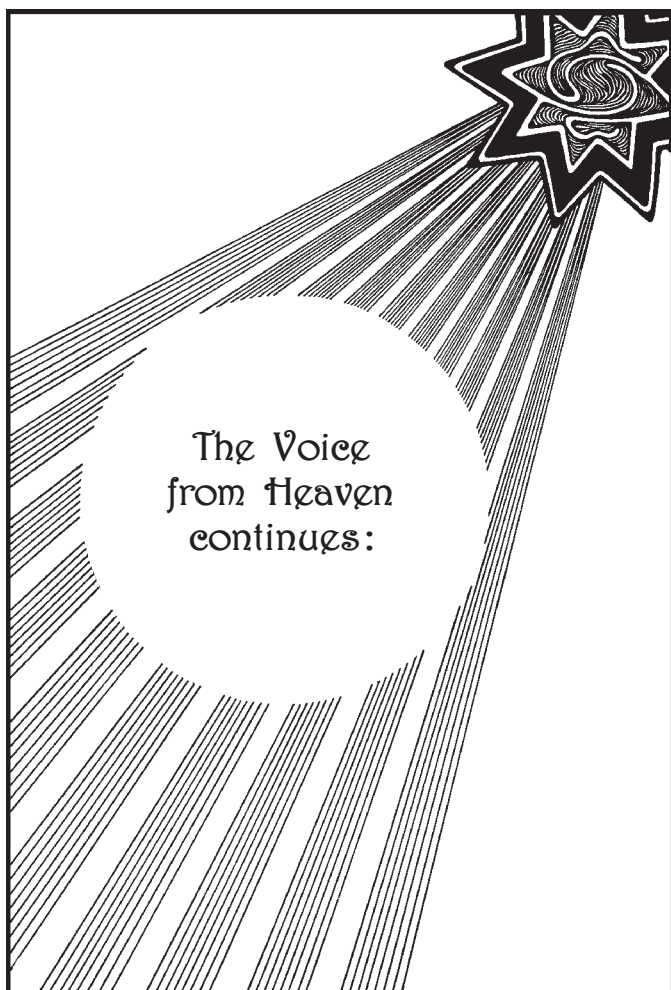
I shall bask in your charm.

I shall rest in your arms.

I shall rejoice in your love.

I shall repose in your peace.







O pilgrims to paradise! I am the Master
Spirit of the heavens and the earth.

How luminous is my light, and how infinite is
my glory!

How splendid are my deeds, and how wondrous
are my words!

I am the fairest of the fair.

Grace pours from my lips.

Glory sits upon my brow.

The sun, with all its splendor, pales in my
presence.



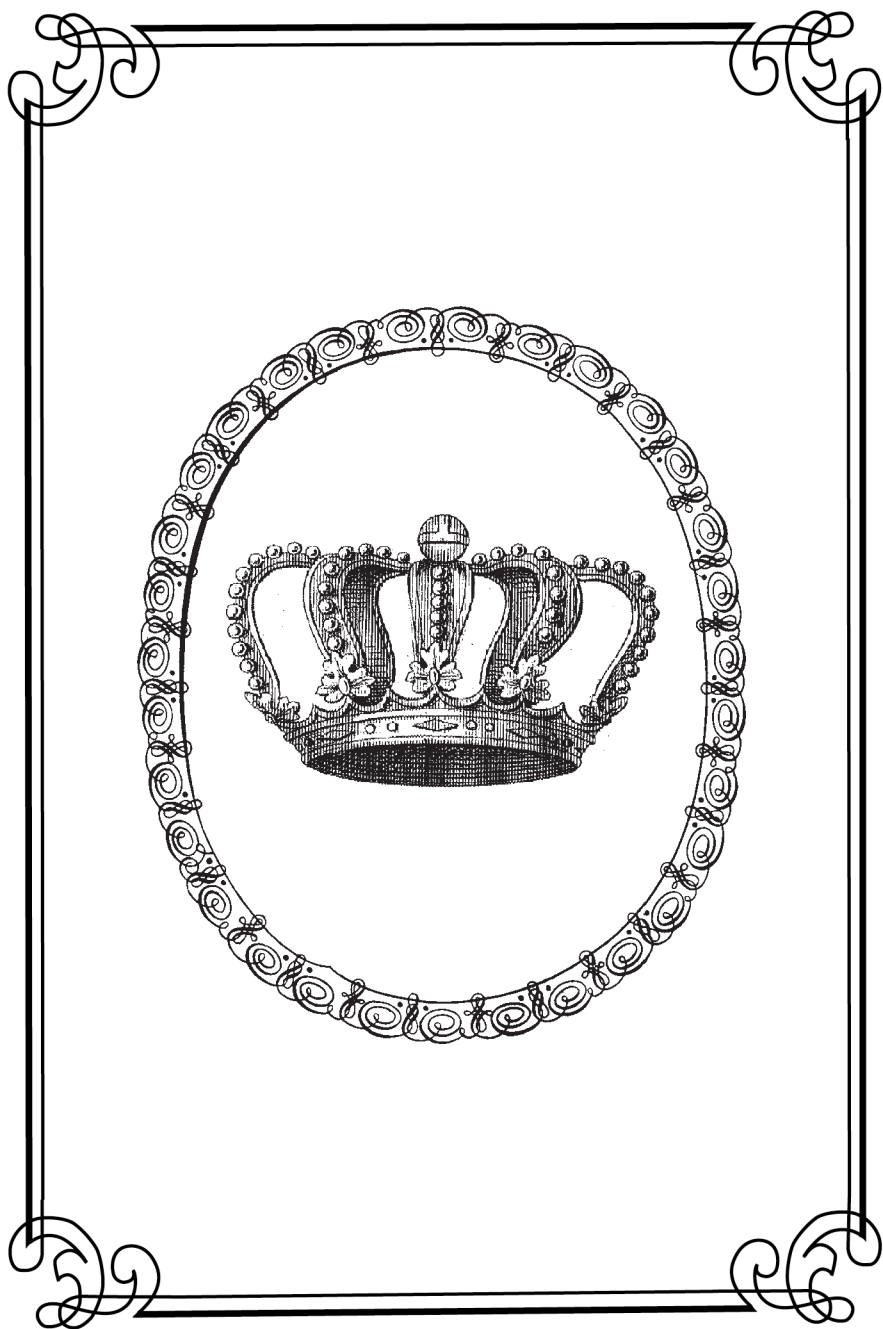




my dear ones on earth! How splendid
you are!

You are the image of my Self.
You are the echoes of my song.
You are the jewels of my crown.
You are the joys of my heart.
You are the pearls of my throne.
You are the solace of my soul.
You are the flowers of my garden.
You are the fruits of my vine.
You are the treasures of my kingdom.
You are the rays of my love.
You are the halos of my light.
You are the shadows of my glory.
You are the signs of my grace.
You are the source of my wonders.
You are the mirrors of my might.
You are the stars of my heaven.
You are the letters of my Word.
You are the glory of my works.
You are the reason for my joy.







children of spirit! Your joy is my joy.
Your grief is my grief.

Though My throne stands high in the heavens,
yet my hand reaches and rests on the humblest
soul.

I weep at your sorrows, and smile on your
victories.

I mourn at your pains, and rejoice in your
peace.

You are my celestial sons and daughters, the
jewels of my soul.

I shall hold you in my heart.

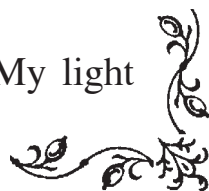
I shall bless you with my grace.

I shall adorn you with my pearls.

I shall delight you with my praise.

I shall lead you in my ways.

My love enfolds you like a rainbow. My light
enchants you like the morning breeze.







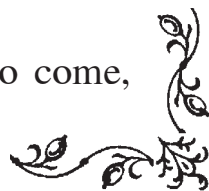
my beloved! In death lies the essence of living, and in separation hides the secret of togetherness.

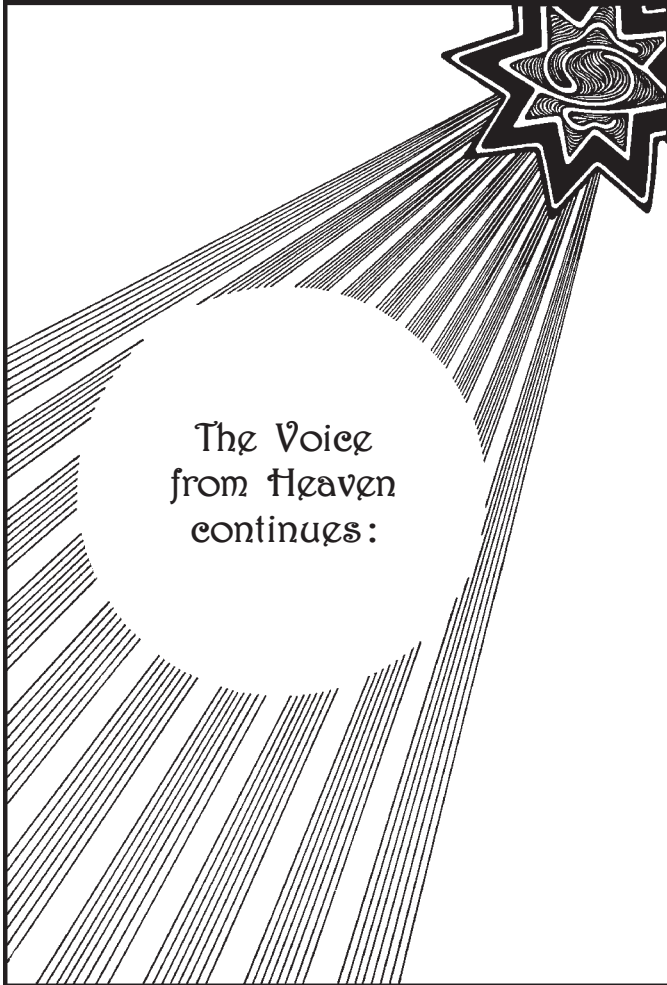
The flower withers and dies, but its fragrance lives on. The snow melts, but the water joins the streams.

In your birth there is a wisdom, and in your death a wisdom greater still.

Behind the veil hides the glory, and behind the stranger the face of the friend.

Your life is but a shadow of what is to come, an echo of the music from above.







O children of joy! I am the Master Spirit of the heavens! I shake the earth and lay the forests bare. I speak, and it comes to pass. I say “Be!” and it “Is.”

Set your hope in my heaven. Put your trust in my love.

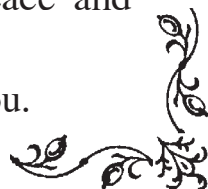
Walk in my ways. I will lead you to springs of living water, to worlds of wonder beyond your fairest dreams.

Let not fear grip your souls. I shall hold you in my arms.

I shall guide you to my jeweled mansions, where shadows are no more, where love, laughter, joy, and peace blend and blossom into rainbows of many colors.

Let my love enfold you. Let my light embrace you and crown you with pearls of peace and jewels of joy.

The eye of heaven will watch over you.







passing shadow! Let your heart be pure
as the light. Let your soul be warm and
radiant as the sun.

Let your faith be as high as the heavens, as
sure as the sunrise, as firm as the everlasting
mountains.

Walk with me, and I will set you free from toil
and tears.

I will lift your heart on my wings to heavens
on high.

I will make you soft as the breeze of the dawn,
pure and fragrant as the blossoms of paradise.

With the breath of my love I shall fill your
soul, and with glimmers of my grace I shall
bless your days.

I will be your rock and refuge. I will sustain
you through all seasons.







O children of divine destiny! When the shadow of death falls on you, fear not, neither sigh nor mourn.

Death is a messenger of joy and peace, not an angel of wrath and rage.

It shall lead you to my restful arms.

It shall bring you to the nest of your dreams and desires.







my beloved! Fear not the fall of your
earthly temple.

You are the crown of my joy.

I shall cherish my crown.

You are the echo of my song.

I shall rejoice in my song.

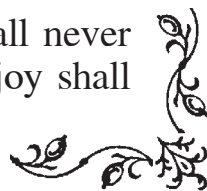
You are the light of my hope.

I shall bask in my light.

You are the joy of my heart.

I shall delight in my joy.

My crown shall never fall. My song shall never
cease. My light shall never wane. My joy shall
never end.





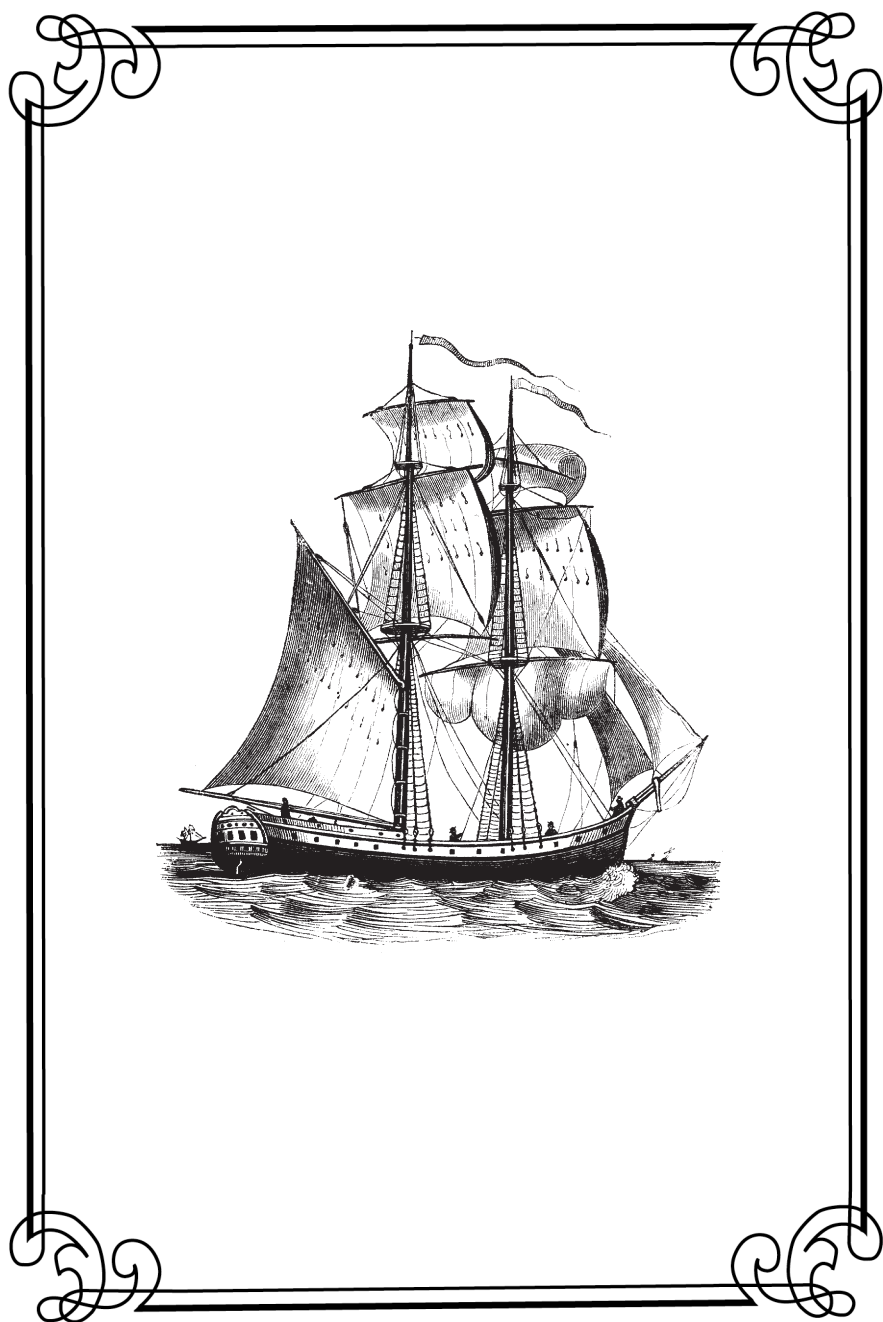


my beloved! I will quench your thirst
with living waters. I will feed you with
the grains of heaven.

Before you ask, I will answer.

Before you call, I will stretch out my arms.







Sail on, my ship; sail on to the sea of tranquility, to the dawning place of celestial joy and rapture, where silence is broken by deeper silence, and peace by greater peace.

O beloved voyager! Welcome to paradise, your new home, where time is no more, where past and future blend into eternal now.

All your paths shall be peace, all your ways shall lead to victory and wonder.

You shall not be a fading shadow deep in a forest or on the slopes of a hill, but a star glittering in the heart of heaven.

Eternity shall rest in your right hand; in your left, there shall be bounties and blessings forevermore.

Your soul shall be filled with jewels of heaven, and your heart shall burst with joy.







Qchildren of heaven! When you tear the veil of the world and enter your celestial home, the hosts of heaven shall surround you, with your names on their lips.

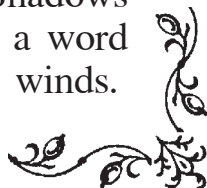
They shall greet you, comfort you, and guide you in all your ways.

They shall adorn you with garlands of joy.

To each of you they shall say: Welcome! Rest in peace, O beloved friend! Your earthly days have passed. You are now the guest of the angels.

Soon shall you soar upon the wings of dreams unto the heavenly mansions, the paradise of peace and rapture.

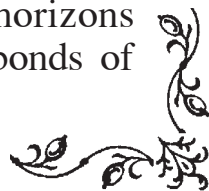
Glimmers of light shall surround you. Shadows you shall see no more. Sorrow will be a word forgotten, grief and despair cast to the winds.







children of peace! Like a bird that sings and eats of the fruits of the orchards for a time, and then soars to gardens and hills beyond, sing your melodies of joy and gratitude, but keep your wings ready for the long journey to your home in heaven. Like the morning dew that clings to petals for its life, but at the breath of the sun rises to horizons on high, set yourself free from the bonds of the earth.

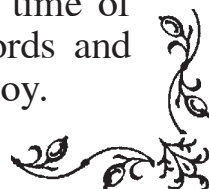


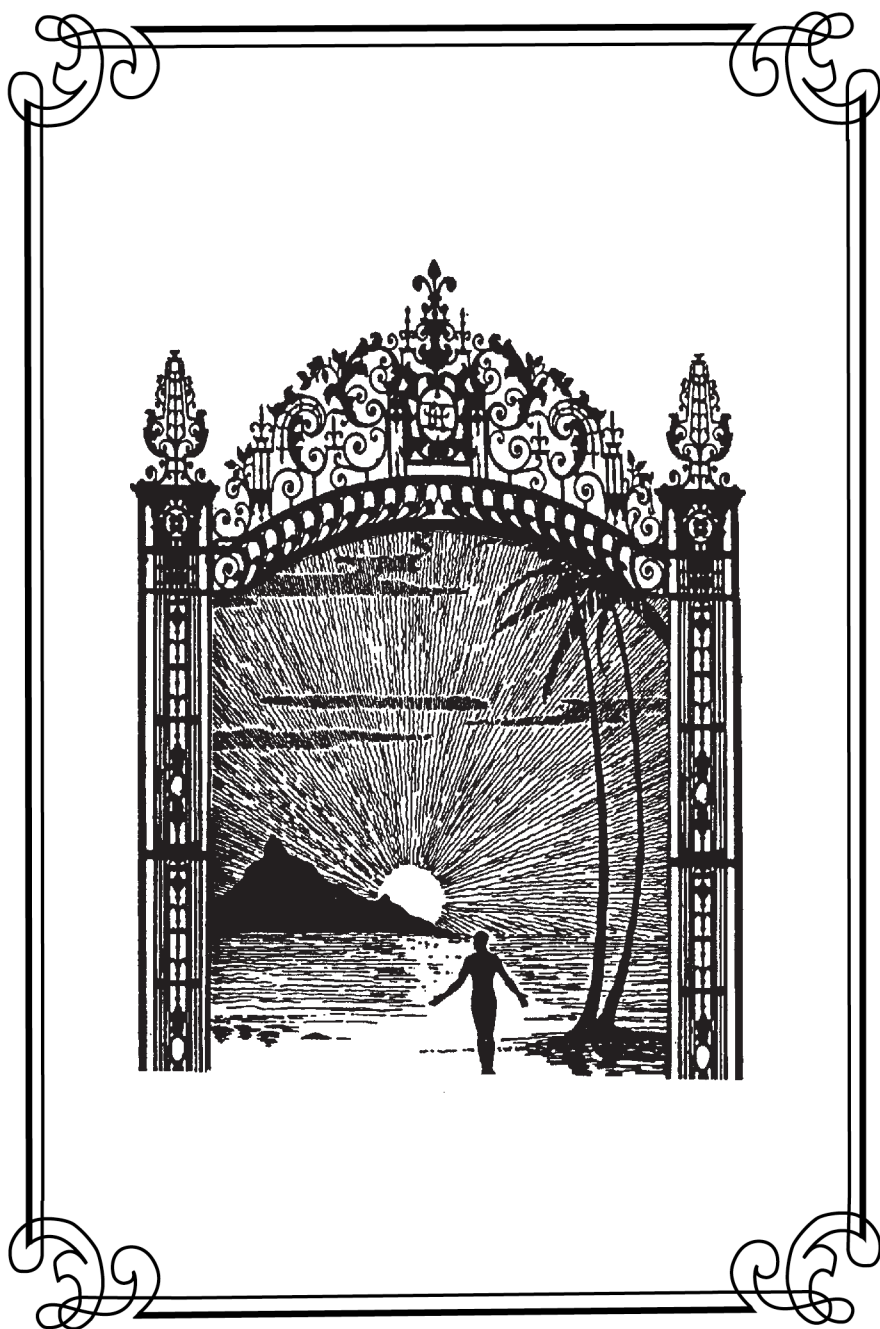




Like a guest who arrives, eats, drinks, laughs, and then leaves with songs of thanksgiving on her lips, cherish the time you are given as a guest of the earth. But be ready to go home the moment you are called.

Laugh, dine, and dance, and when the time of departure arrives, say your parting words and embark on your voyage with grateful joy.







O that you would enter the gates of heaven with songs of gratitude upon your lips, and with gleams of love and happiness in your heart.

O that you would weave your days and hours into a crown of glory, that will shine forevermore.

O that you were detached from the world as the wind. O that you were radiant as the lights of heaven, fresh as lilies of the valley, gentle as the breezes of the dawn, fragrant as the blossoms of the spring.

The heavens abound with the spoils of the earth, with noble acts and tender thoughts and memories.

Gather virtues while you may; they will be yours forevermore.

Plant flowers while you can; their fragrance will enchant your soul.

Spread love while you may; its light will enfold you all your days.

Share joy while you can; its halos will surround you and follow you to your home in heaven.

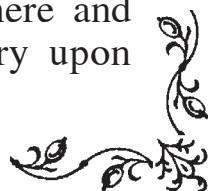






children of love! Everything gives birth to its like. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. Life leads to life, and death leads to death.

Those who love and dance to the song of their destiny shall be blessed with peace here and beyond. Theirs is joy upon joy, glory upon glory, blessing after blessing.





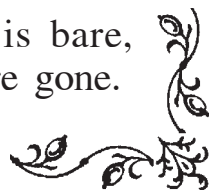


dear ones! Let your thoughts be noble,
let your souls be at rest.

So live that when the mantle of life is lifted,
you will not find your soul naked.

Live as if you shall die tomorrow. Die as if
you shall live on forevermore.

Smell the flowers before the forest is bare,
cherish the garden ere the blossoms are gone.



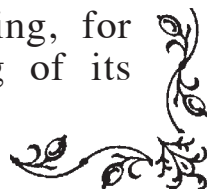


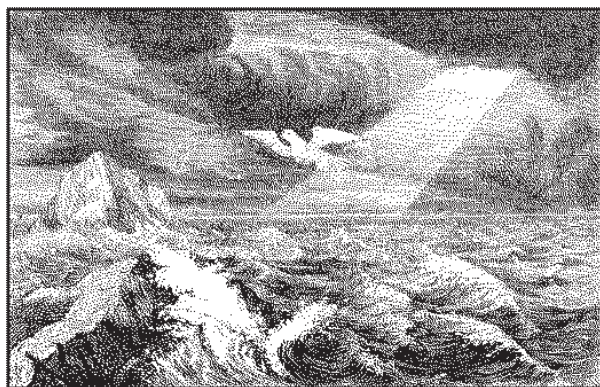


O my beloved! Life is a choice. Choose the blessing, not the curse; pursue peace, and not pain.

Love is the light that shall lead you, and the wing that shall lift you to the heavens on high.

O dear ones! Grieve not for having labored and died, but for dying before living, for leaving the vineyard before tasting of its immortal fruits.







O birds of paradise! When the Master Spirit of heavens calls you, say to him in your heart: You have been my joy and my desire.

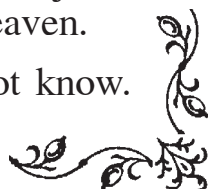
You gave me a temple to abide therein for a little while.

And now that the temple is fallen, I shall rise to my home, to a paradise of peace and splendor.

I shall rise on the wings of joy and rapture to the nest of my hopes and dreams.

I shall come to the mountain top, and rejoice and sing and dance to the songs of heaven.

Toil I shall not see. Troubles I shall not know.

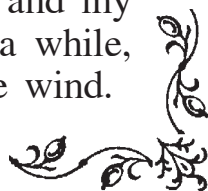






O children of destiny! When death summons you, say to yourself: My earthly days were naught but a dream and my nights a twinkling star that is lost in the vast expanse of heavens.

My life was like a dew in the desert, and my days like drifting clouds that rest for a while, then vanish with the whispering of the wind.





Part II



*Then a Soul Spoke
from Heaven*

The Lady of Bahá

*If she could speak to us from heaven,
what would she say?*

*This part is a tribute
—the beautiful angel
who made her final
only mansions.*



*to Rúhíyyih Khánum
of joy and peace,
voyage to her heav-*

*Her Book of Life glows with countless jewels of service,
courage, and love for all, even for the humblest and the
lowliest. She was the model of spiritual beauty, the queen of
celestial splendor, who shared and spread her vast treasures
of wisdom to enrich and illuminate the heart of humankind.*



*To get a glimpse of her glorious life, see page
91 for a tribute paid to her on the occasion of
her passing away to the heavenly kingdom.*



Then a Soul Spoke from Heaven



my loved ones on earth!

I dwelt on earth for a little while.

I drank from the purest waters, and ate of the sweetest fruits.

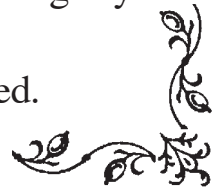
I walked through meadows and mountains, and smelled the fragrance of flowers.

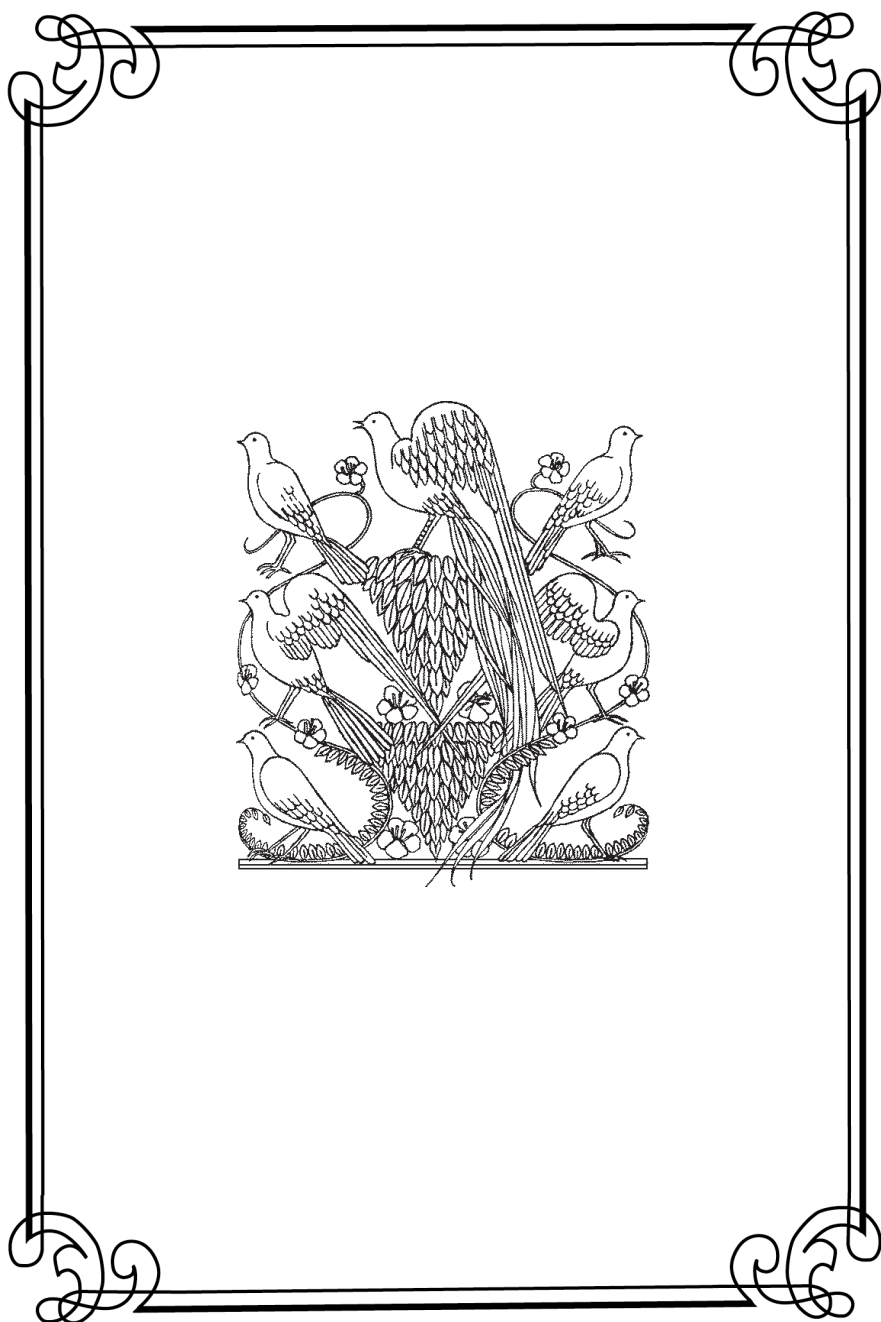
I saw the radiance of the sun and the splendor of the stars.

I witnessed the fury of the thunder and the peace of the forest.

I beheld the gloom of the night and the glory of the dawn.

I dined and danced, I laughed and cried.







hen like a hunter in pursuit of prey,
death made me its target.

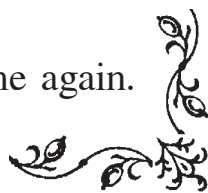
I fell as a bird, but rose again.

Death had no power over my soul.

I am crowned with glory, and robed in rapture
and peace.

I am the immortal bird of heaven.

The hunter cannot find me or follow me again.







am a drop, but as vast as the seven seas.

Yea, I am the pure breath of the heart of heavens.

I flow and fly as the soft silk of light.

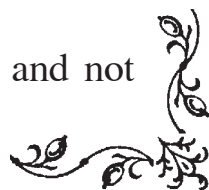
I ride on the winds and roam with the clouds.

I bathe in the sun and dance on the moon.

I rest on the laps of angels and behold the Beauty and Glory of God.

I am embraced by love and peace, and not strained by pain and grief.

I am circled with hope and happiness, and not torn by toil and tears.

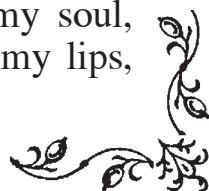






that the earthly ones could witness my wonders.

O that they could see the rapture in my soul,
the heaven in my heart, the praise on my lips,
and the glow on my face.







O my dear ones on earth! Cry not for me.
Let not the wintry wind of grief and
gloom grip your souls.

Sing and dance and be merry.

Your joy is my joy. Your grief is my grief.

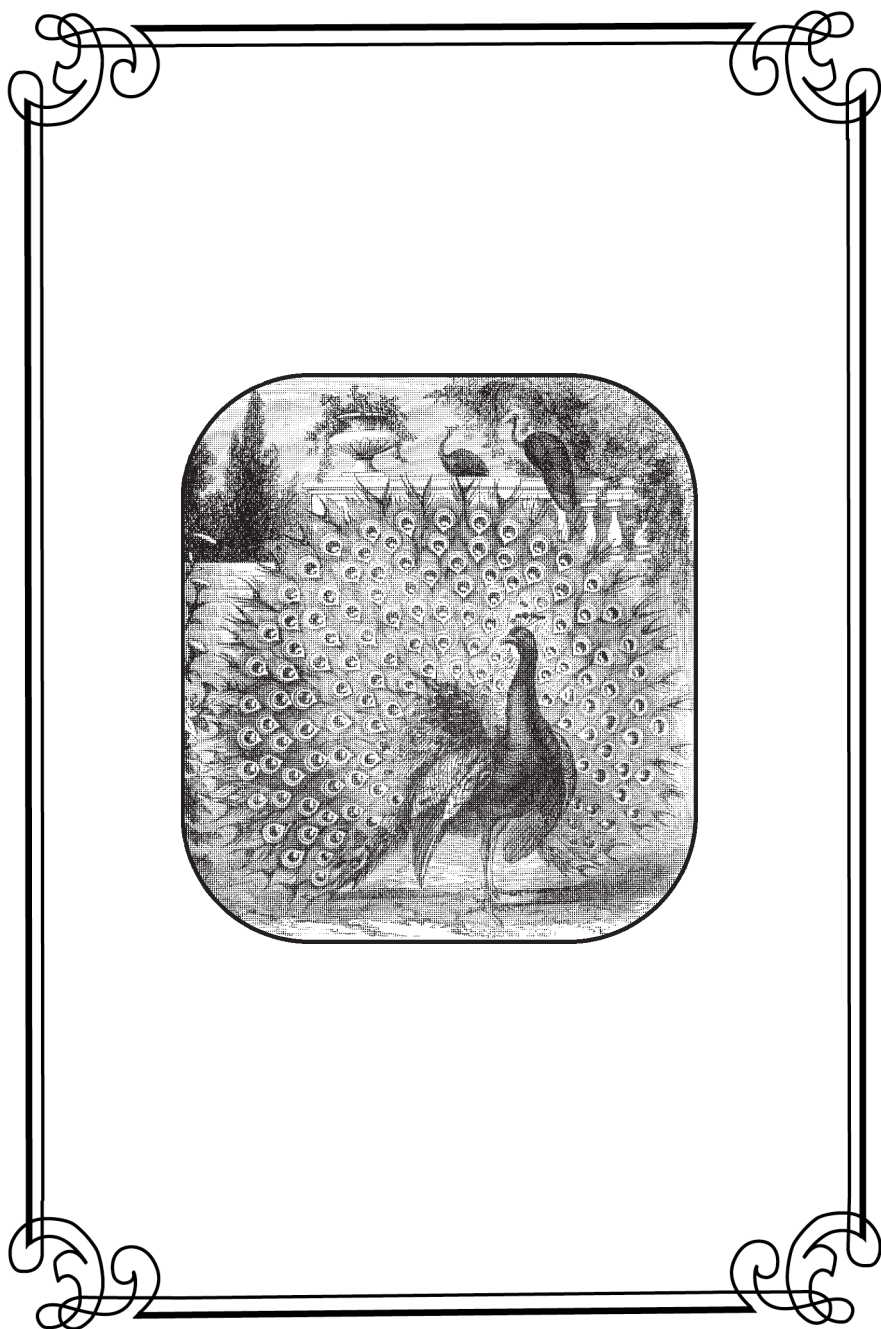
Your peace is my peace. Your pain is my pain.

Let then your hearts be laden with fruits of
love, and your souls cheer you with laughter.

Let music arise from your soul.

Let your life flow like a sweet song.







children of desire! The garden is near
and in full bloom.

The blossoms are bursting with joy.

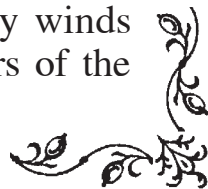
The songs of the birds fill the air.

The Lord of the vineyard is calling aloud.

Enter the Gate while you can.

Cherish the Glory before the silver cord is
severed, ere the golden pot is shattered.

Greet the spring before the blossoms are gone.
Embrace the flowers before the wintry winds
have plundered the charm and wonders of the
forest.







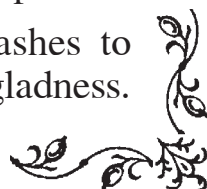
my friends! Do not mourn for me.

Let your lips sing naught but songs of gratitude.

For my joy is boundless.

Grace is my garland, and peace is my path.

A glimmer of my tender love turns ashes to
gold and jewels, and grief to joy and gladness.







he spring, with all its splendor, pales
in my presence.

I am not asleep, but awake as the dawn.

I am not lost, but found by the hosts of heaven.

I soar as the wind, I sing as the birds, I dance
as the leaves.

In my presence, the moon blushes in shame,
and the sun hides behind the clouds.

I leap over the valleys and bounce over the
hills.

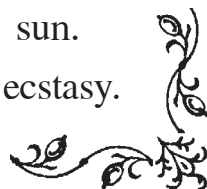
I play a melody with the harp of heaven, and
sing a new song.

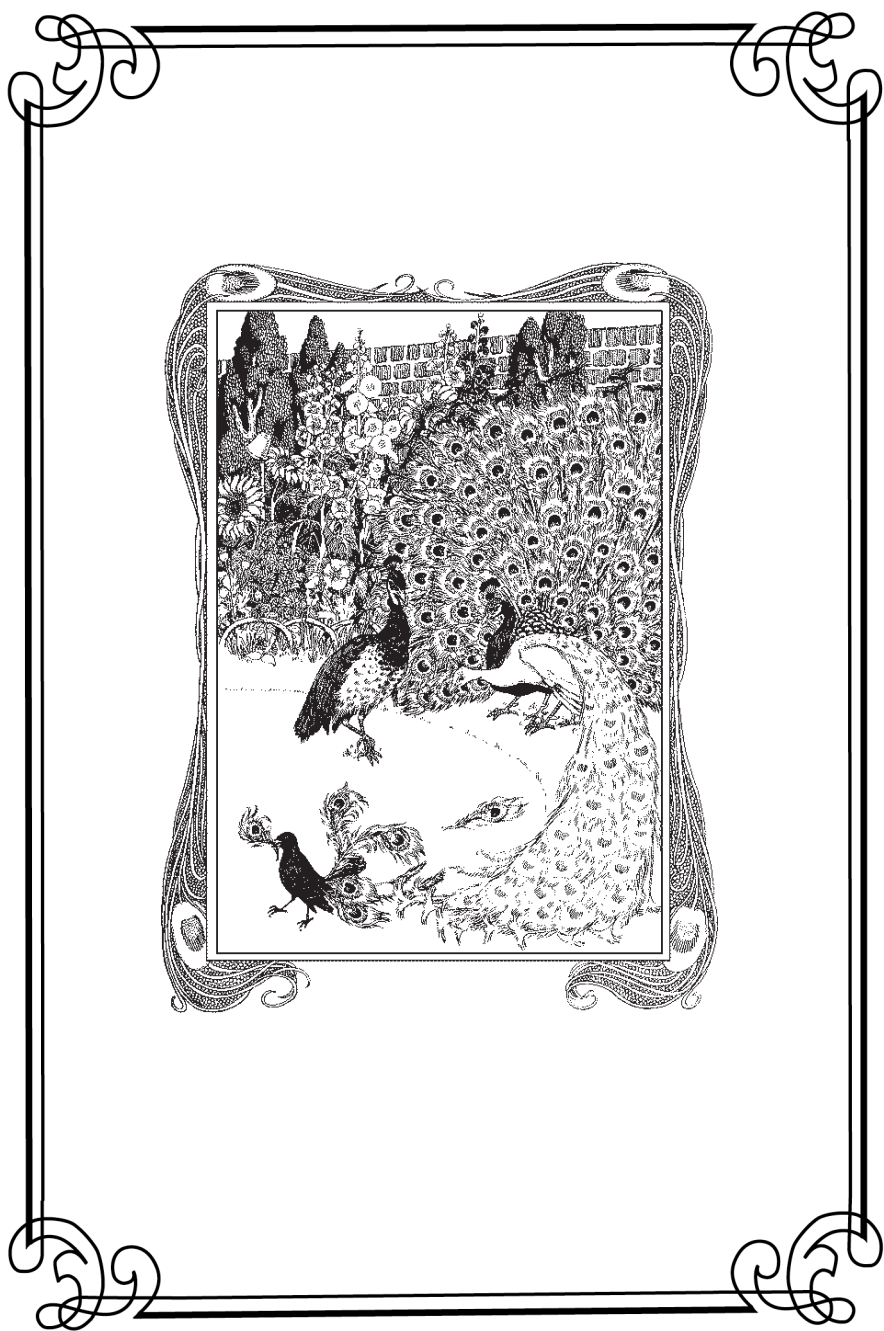
I am girded with gladness and robed in rapture.

I glow like the silvery breath of the moon, with
a song on my lips and a lamp in my hand.

I race with the wind and rise with the sun.

I burst with the fragrance of peace and ecstasy.







O my loved ones on earth! Let not your eyes be dimmed with tears of sorrow. Do not sigh and weep in vain.

Shed naught but tender tears of hope and happiness.

Raise naught but shouts of joy and triumph.

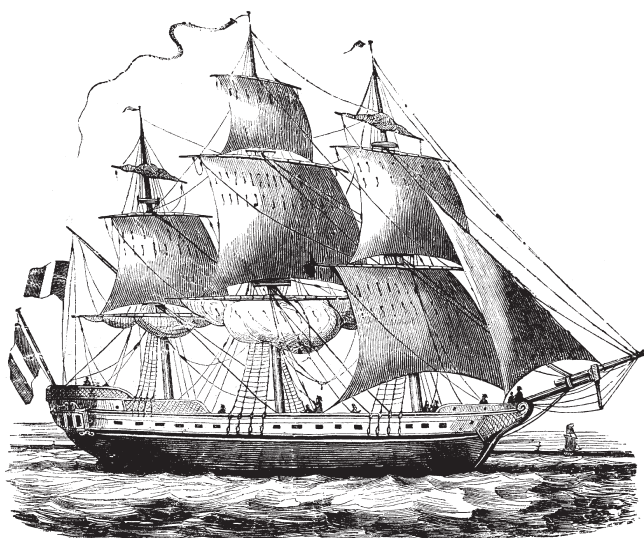
Lift up your voices, and let praise pour from your lips.

Sing a new song, and play on the harp of heaven.

Let your song never cease.

Be jubilant, filled with rapture and joy.



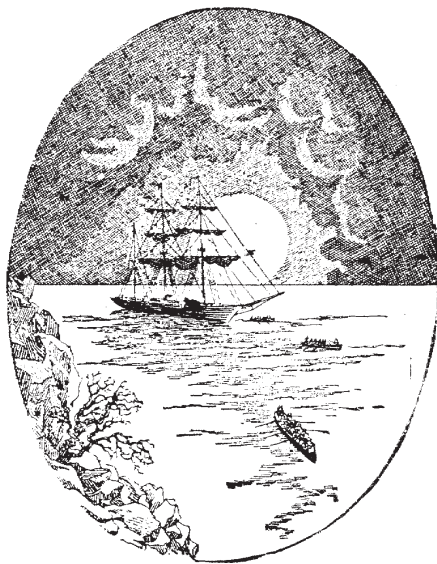


Rejoice!

Rejoice!

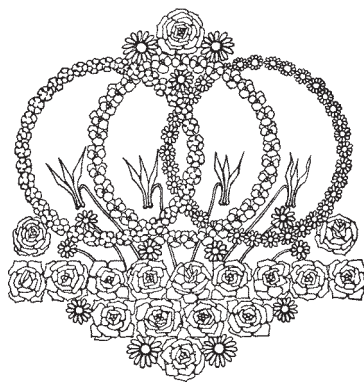
Rejoice!

The dawn has broken!



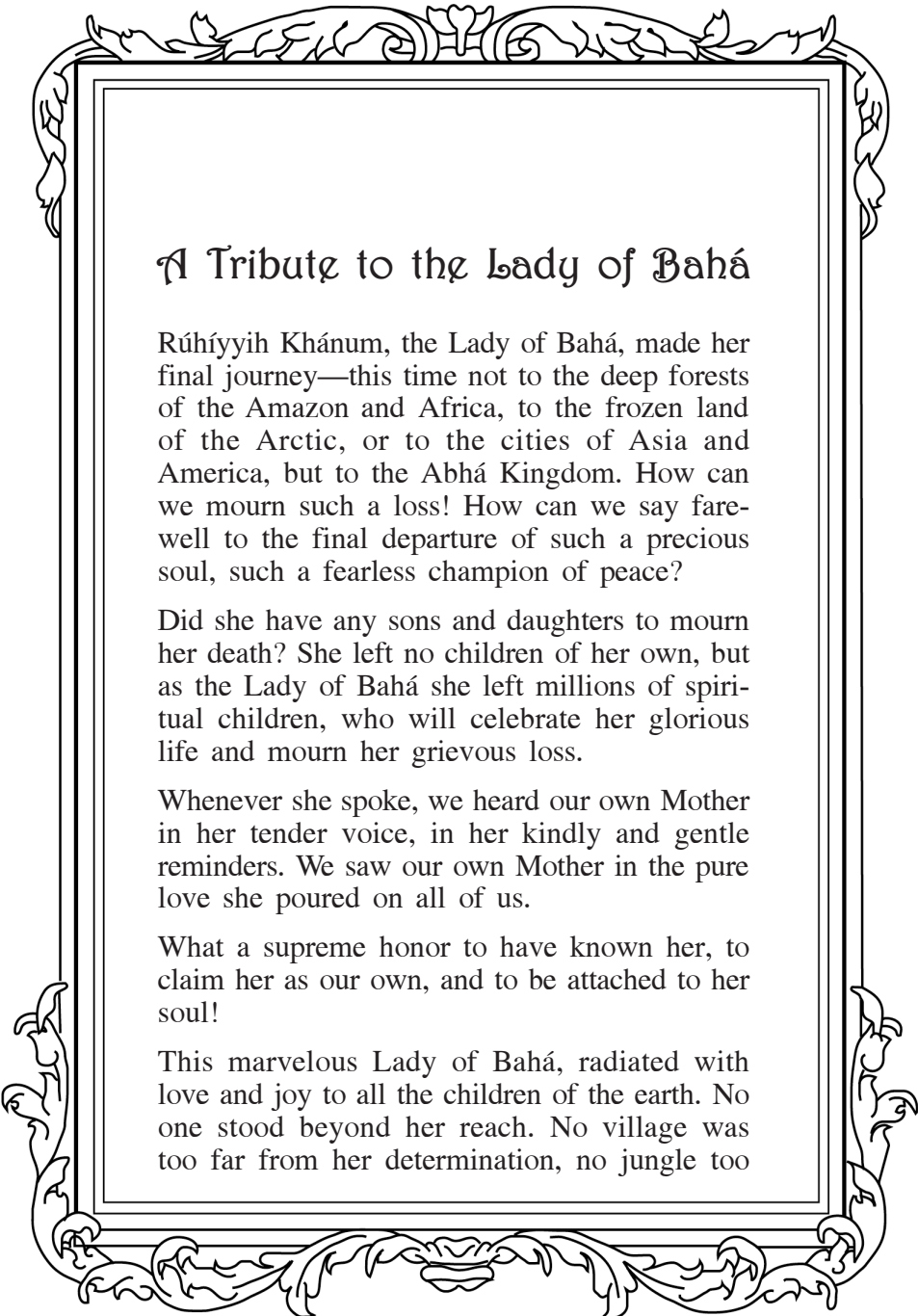
The voyager has arrived!

Part III



A Tribute to the Lady of Bahá



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A Tribute to the Lady of Bahá

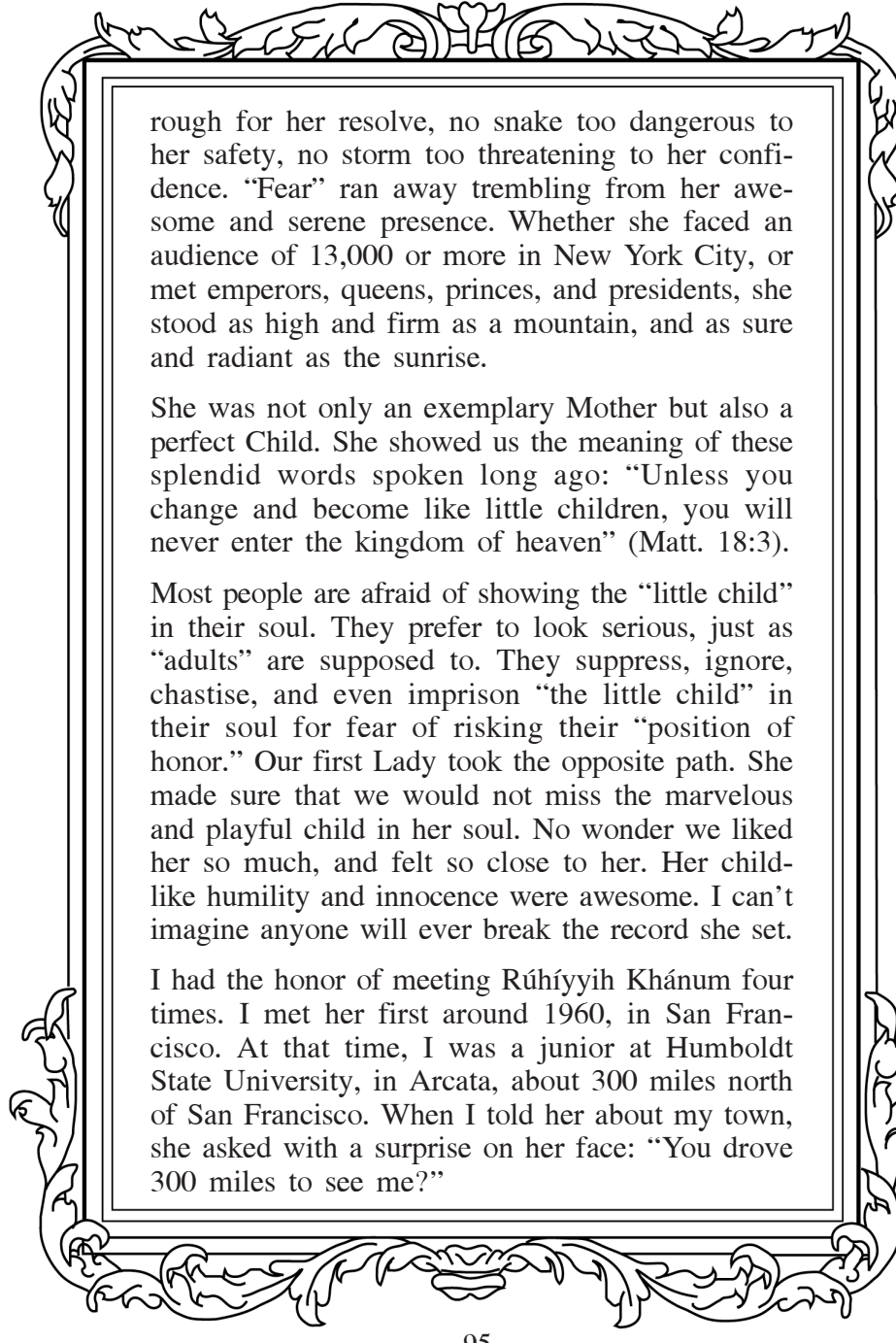
Rúhíyyih Khánum, the Lady of Bahá, made her final journey—this time not to the deep forests of the Amazon and Africa, to the frozen land of the Arctic, or to the cities of Asia and America, but to the Abhá Kingdom. How can we mourn such a loss! How can we say farewell to the final departure of such a precious soul, such a fearless champion of peace?

Did she have any sons and daughters to mourn her death? She left no children of her own, but as the Lady of Bahá she left millions of spiritual children, who will celebrate her glorious life and mourn her grievous loss.

Whenever she spoke, we heard our own Mother in her tender voice, in her kindly and gentle reminders. We saw our own Mother in the pure love she poured on all of us.

What a supreme honor to have known her, to claim her as our own, and to be attached to her soul!

This marvelous Lady of Bahá, radiated with love and joy to all the children of the earth. No one stood beyond her reach. No village was too far from her determination, no jungle too

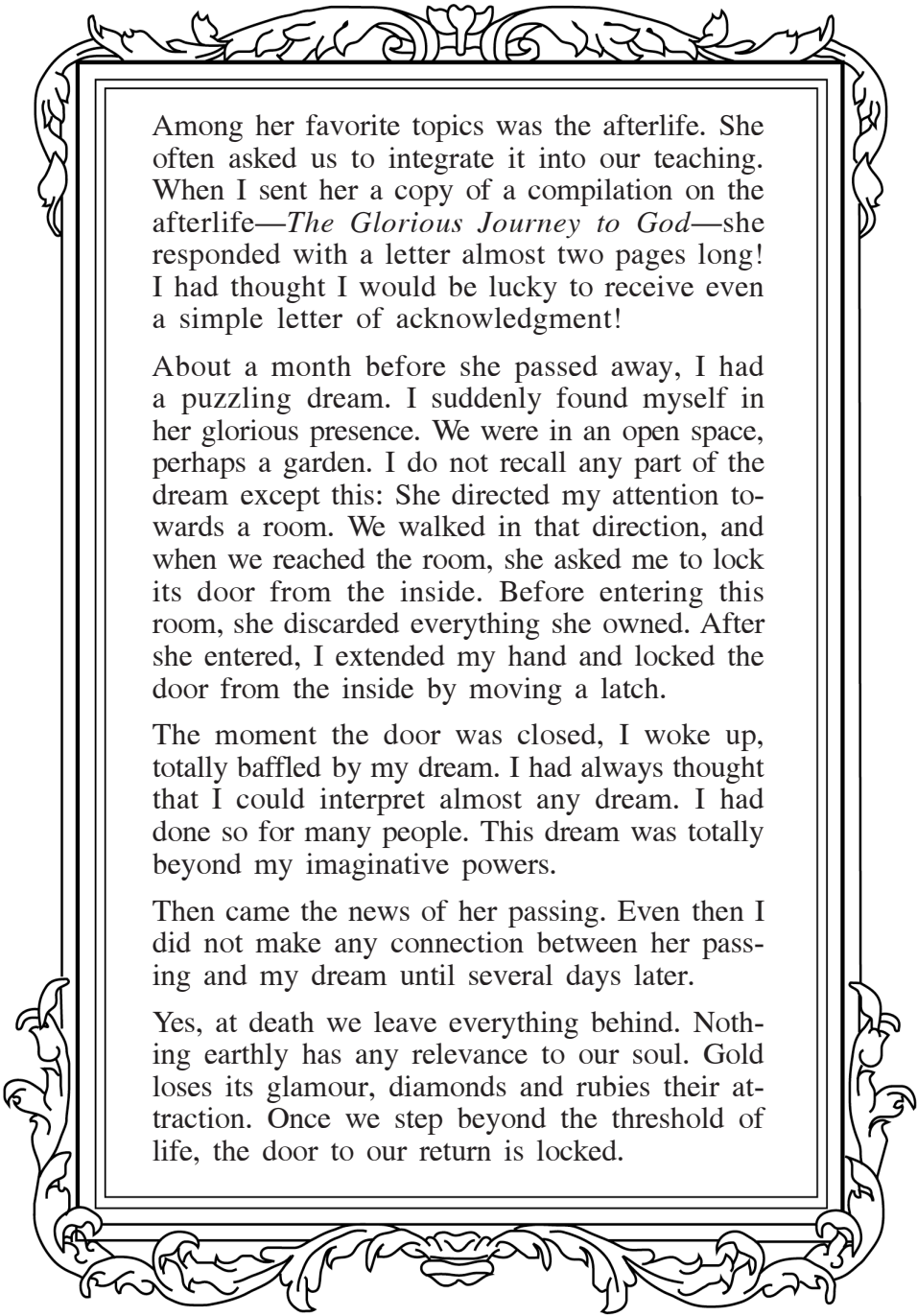
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. The border is composed of a top and bottom section with symmetrical designs, and two side sections with vertical scrollwork.

rough for her resolve, no snake too dangerous to her safety, no storm too threatening to her confidence. "Fear" ran away trembling from her awesome and serene presence. Whether she faced an audience of 13,000 or more in New York City, or met emperors, queens, princes, and presidents, she stood as high and firm as a mountain, and as sure and radiant as the sunrise.

She was not only an exemplary Mother but also a perfect Child. She showed us the meaning of these splendid words spoken long ago: "Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:3).

Most people are afraid of showing the "little child" in their soul. They prefer to look serious, just as "adults" are supposed to. They suppress, ignore, chastise, and even imprison "the little child" in their soul for fear of risking their "position of honor." Our first Lady took the opposite path. She made sure that we would not miss the marvelous and playful child in her soul. No wonder we liked her so much, and felt so close to her. Her child-like humility and innocence were awesome. I can't imagine anyone will ever break the record she set.

I had the honor of meeting Rúhíyyih Khánum four times. I met her first around 1960, in San Francisco. At that time, I was a junior at Humboldt State University, in Arcata, about 300 miles north of San Francisco. When I told her about my town, she asked with a surprise on her face: "You drove 300 miles to see me?"

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text area.

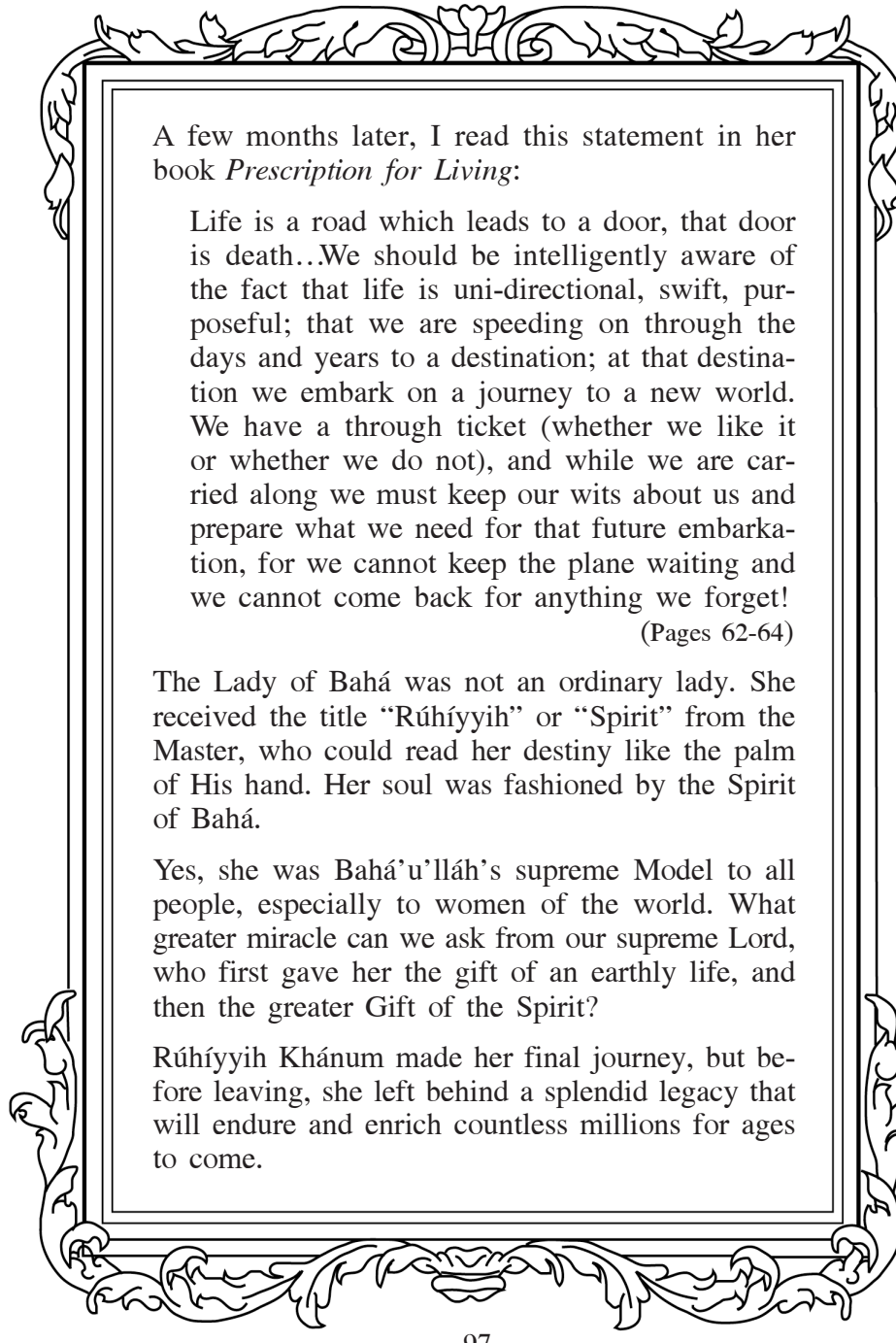
Among her favorite topics was the afterlife. She often asked us to integrate it into our teaching. When I sent her a copy of a compilation on the afterlife—*The Glorious Journey to God*—she responded with a letter almost two pages long! I had thought I would be lucky to receive even a simple letter of acknowledgment!

About a month before she passed away, I had a puzzling dream. I suddenly found myself in her glorious presence. We were in an open space, perhaps a garden. I do not recall any part of the dream except this: She directed my attention towards a room. We walked in that direction, and when we reached the room, she asked me to lock its door from the inside. Before entering this room, she discarded everything she owned. After she entered, I extended my hand and locked the door from the inside by moving a latch.

The moment the door was closed, I woke up, totally baffled by my dream. I had always thought that I could interpret almost any dream. I had done so for many people. This dream was totally beyond my imaginative powers.

Then came the news of her passing. Even then I did not make any connection between her passing and my dream until several days later.

Yes, at death we leave everything behind. Nothing earthly has any relevance to our soul. Gold loses its glamour, diamonds and rubies their attraction. Once we step beyond the threshold of life, the door to our return is locked.



A few months later, I read this statement in her book *Prescription for Living*:

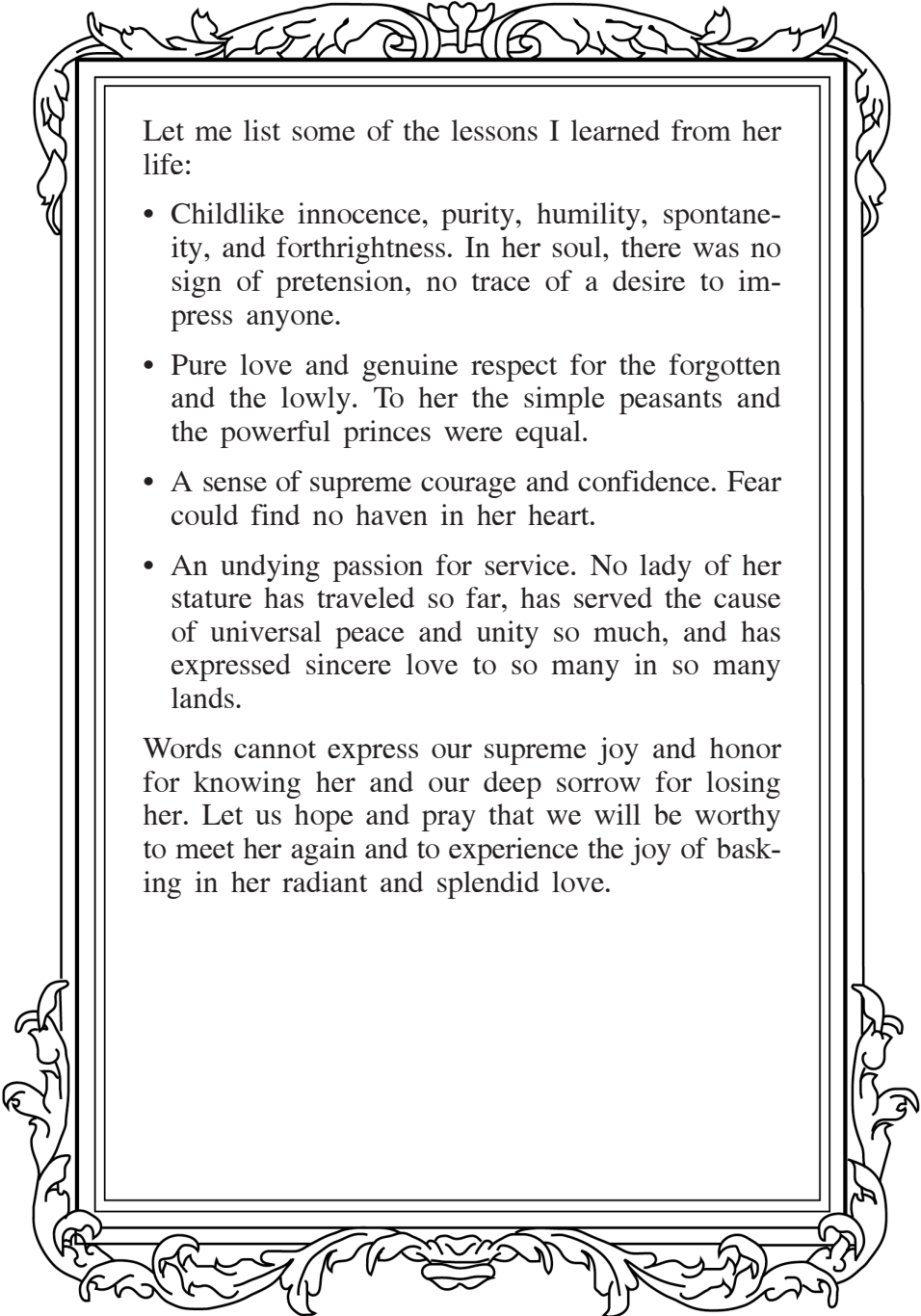
Life is a road which leads to a door, that door is death...We should be intelligently aware of the fact that life is uni-directional, swift, purposeful; that we are speeding on through the days and years to a destination; at that destination we embark on a journey to a new world. We have a through ticket (whether we like it or whether we do not), and while we are carried along we must keep our wits about us and prepare what we need for that future embarkation, for we cannot keep the plane waiting and we cannot come back for anything we forget!

(Pages 62-64)

The Lady of Bahá was not an ordinary lady. She received the title “Rúhíyyih” or “Spirit” from the Master, who could read her destiny like the palm of His hand. Her soul was fashioned by the Spirit of Bahá.

Yes, she was Bahá’u’lláh’s supreme Model to all people, especially to women of the world. What greater miracle can we ask from our supreme Lord, who first gave her the gift of an earthly life, and then the greater Gift of the Spirit?

Rúhíyyih Khánum made her final journey, but before leaving, she left behind a splendid legacy that will endure and enrich countless millions for ages to come.

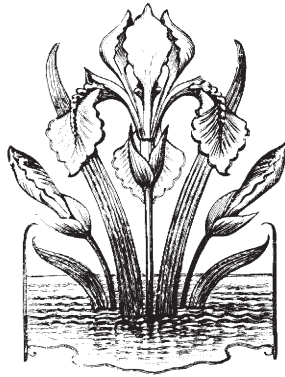
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central floral motif at the top and bottom, with symmetrical scrollwork extending to the sides.

Let me list some of the lessons I learned from her life:

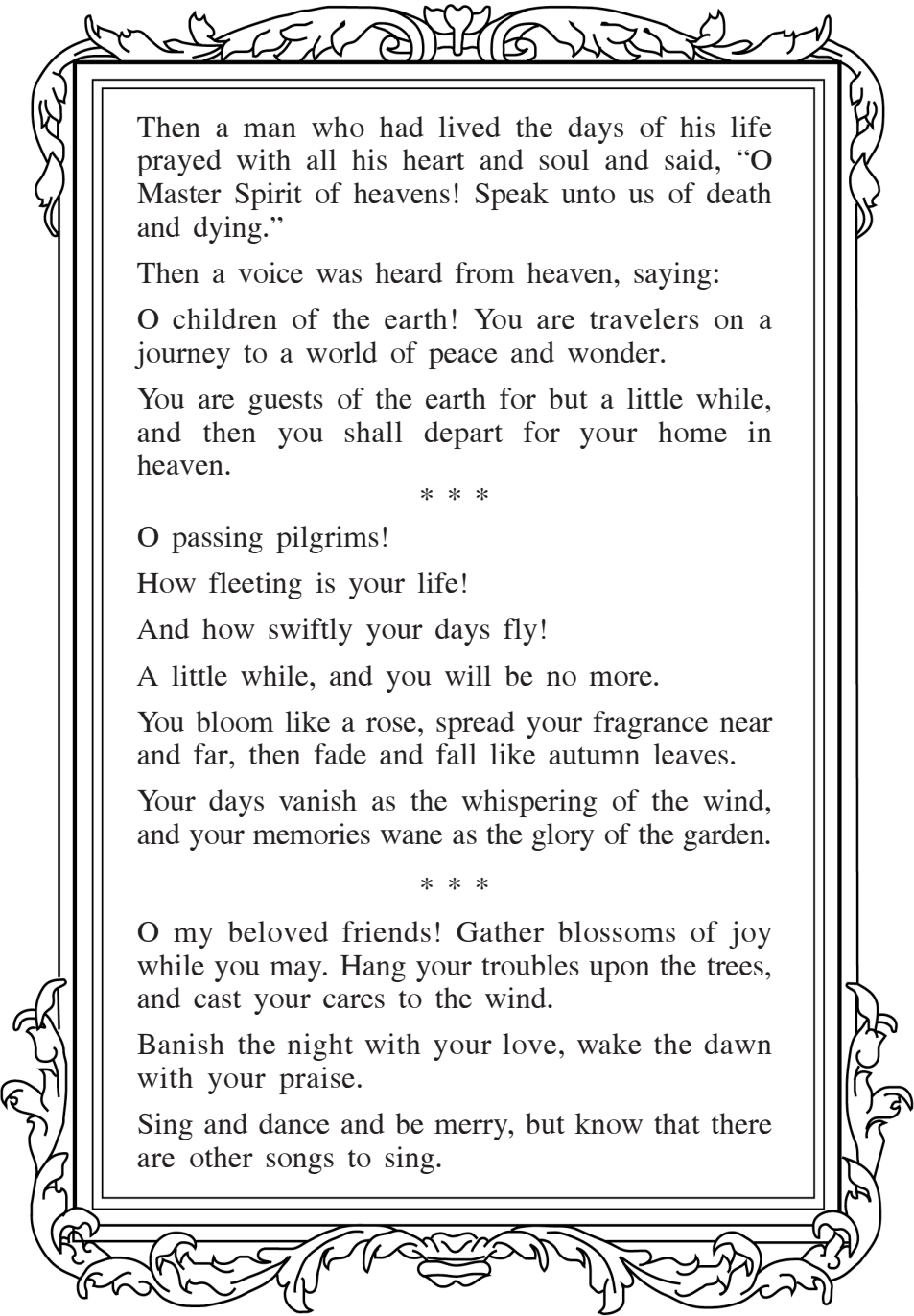
- Childlike innocence, purity, humility, spontaneity, and forthrightness. In her soul, there was no sign of pretension, no trace of a desire to impress anyone.
- Pure love and genuine respect for the forgotten and the lowly. To her the simple peasants and the powerful princes were equal.
- A sense of supreme courage and confidence. Fear could find no haven in her heart.
- An undying passion for service. No lady of her stature has traveled so far, has served the cause of universal peace and unity so much, and has expressed sincere love to so many in so many lands.

Words cannot express our supreme joy and honor for knowing her and our deep sorrow for losing her. Let us hope and pray that we will be worthy to meet her again and to experience the joy of basking in her radiant and splendid love.

Part IV



Selections for
Recital at Memorials



Then a man who had lived the days of his life
prayed with all his heart and soul and said, "O
Master Spirit of heavens! Speak unto us of death
and dying."

Then a voice was heard from heaven, saying:

O children of the earth! You are travelers on a
journey to a world of peace and wonder.

You are guests of the earth for but a little while,
and then you shall depart for your home in
heaven.

* * *

O passing pilgrims!

How fleeting is your life!

And how swiftly your days fly!

A little while, and you will be no more.

You bloom like a rose, spread your fragrance near
and far, then fade and fall like autumn leaves.

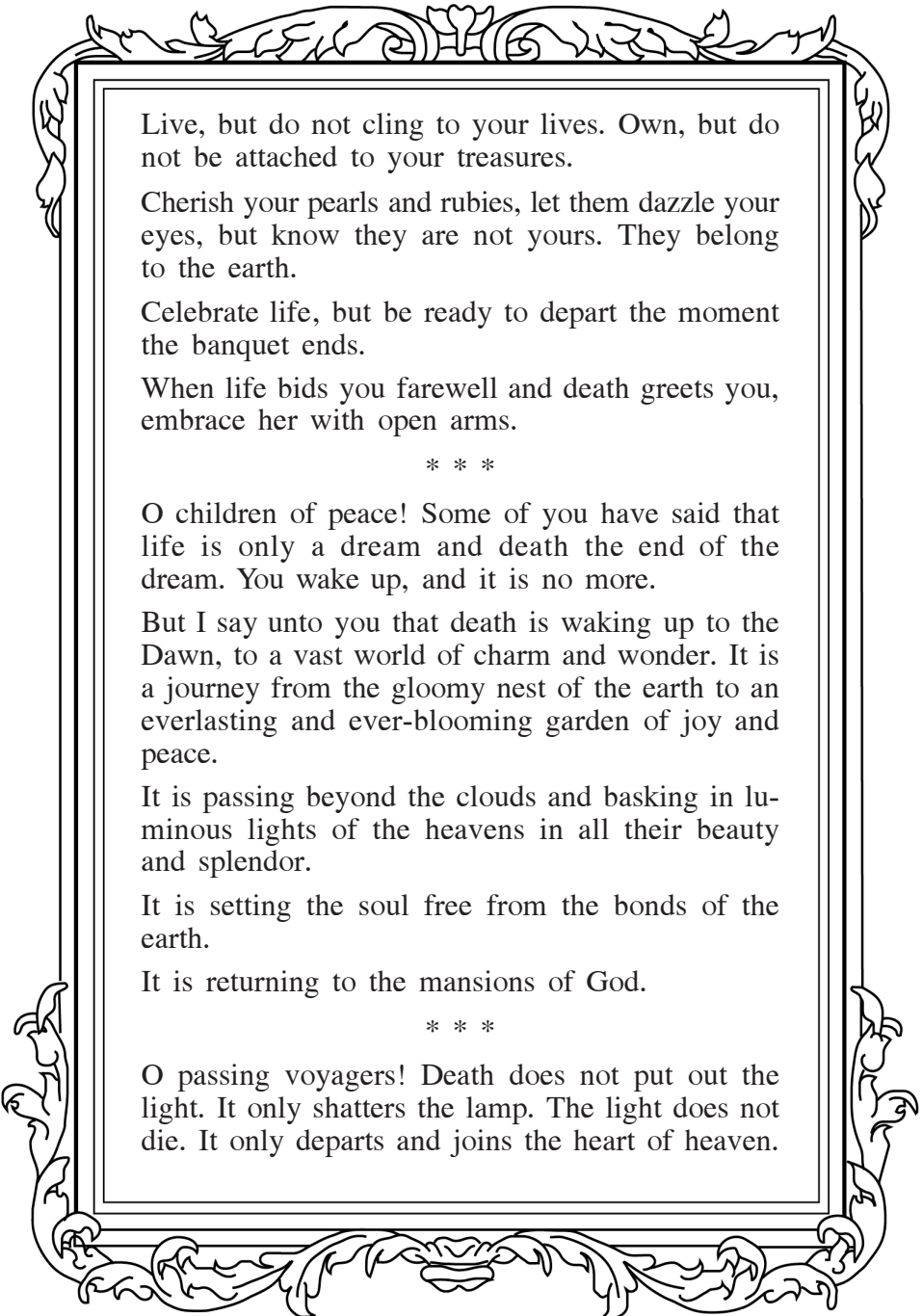
Your days vanish as the whispering of the wind,
and your memories wane as the glory of the garden.

* * *

O my beloved friends! Gather blossoms of joy
while you may. Hang your troubles upon the trees,
and cast your cares to the wind.

Banish the night with your love, wake the dawn
with your praise.

Sing and dance and be merry, but know that there
are other songs to sing.



Live, but do not cling to your lives. Own, but do not be attached to your treasures.

Cherish your pearls and rubies, let them dazzle your eyes, but know they are not yours. They belong to the earth.

Celebrate life, but be ready to depart the moment the banquet ends.

When life bids you farewell and death greets you, embrace her with open arms.

* * *

O children of peace! Some of you have said that life is only a dream and death the end of the dream. You wake up, and it is no more.

But I say unto you that death is waking up to the Dawn, to a vast world of charm and wonder. It is a journey from the gloomy nest of the earth to an everlasting and ever-blooming garden of joy and peace.

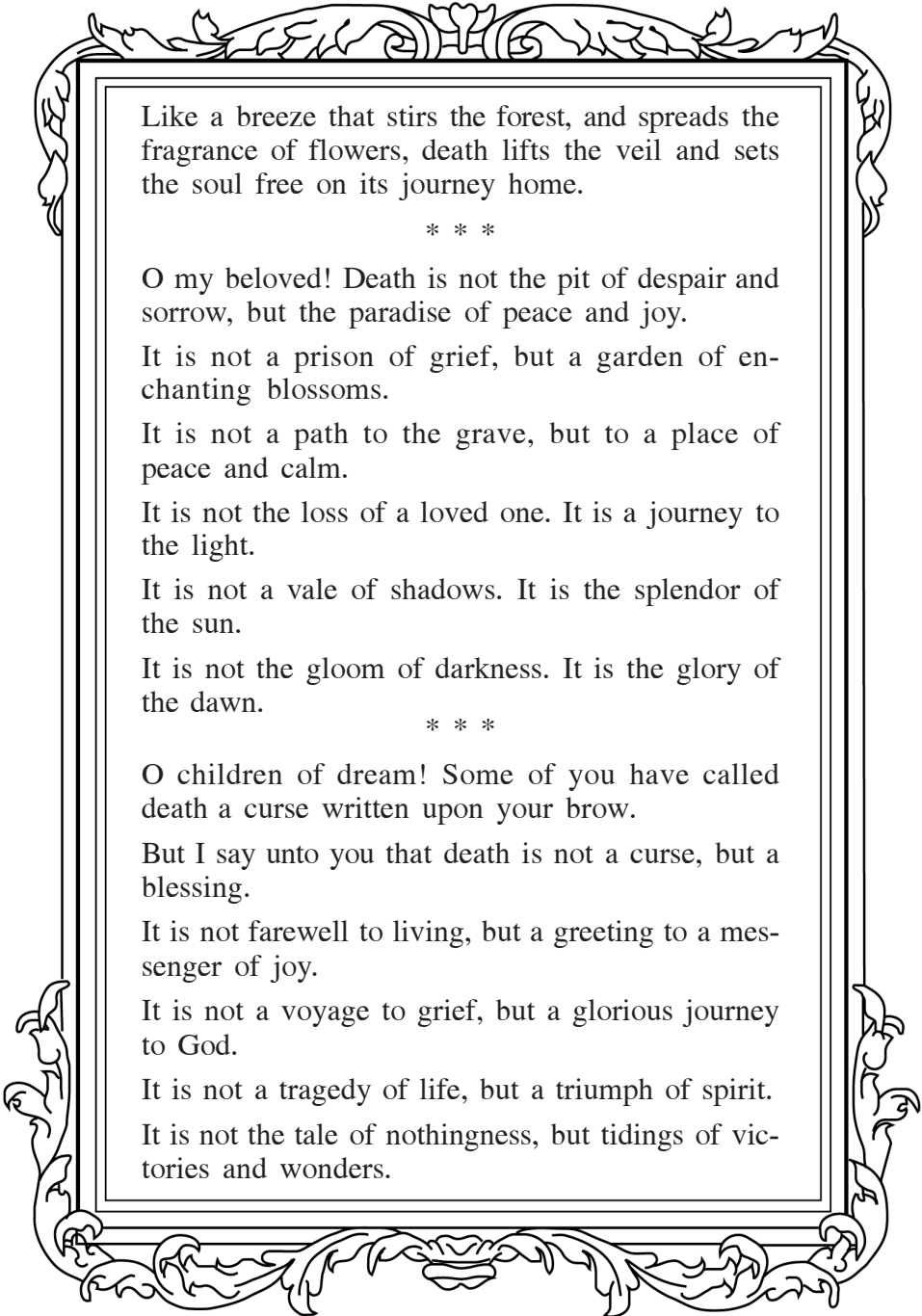
It is passing beyond the clouds and basking in luminous lights of the heavens in all their beauty and splendor.

It is setting the soul free from the bonds of the earth.

It is returning to the mansions of God.

* * *

O passing voyagers! Death does not put out the light. It only shatters the lamp. The light does not die. It only departs and joins the heart of heaven.



Like a breeze that stirs the forest, and spreads the fragrance of flowers, death lifts the veil and sets the soul free on its journey home.

* * *

O my beloved! Death is not the pit of despair and sorrow, but the paradise of peace and joy.

It is not a prison of grief, but a garden of enchanting blossoms.

It is not a path to the grave, but to a place of peace and calm.

It is not the loss of a loved one. It is a journey to the light.

It is not a vale of shadows. It is the splendor of the sun.

It is not the gloom of darkness. It is the glory of the dawn.

* * *

O children of dream! Some of you have called death a curse written upon your brow.

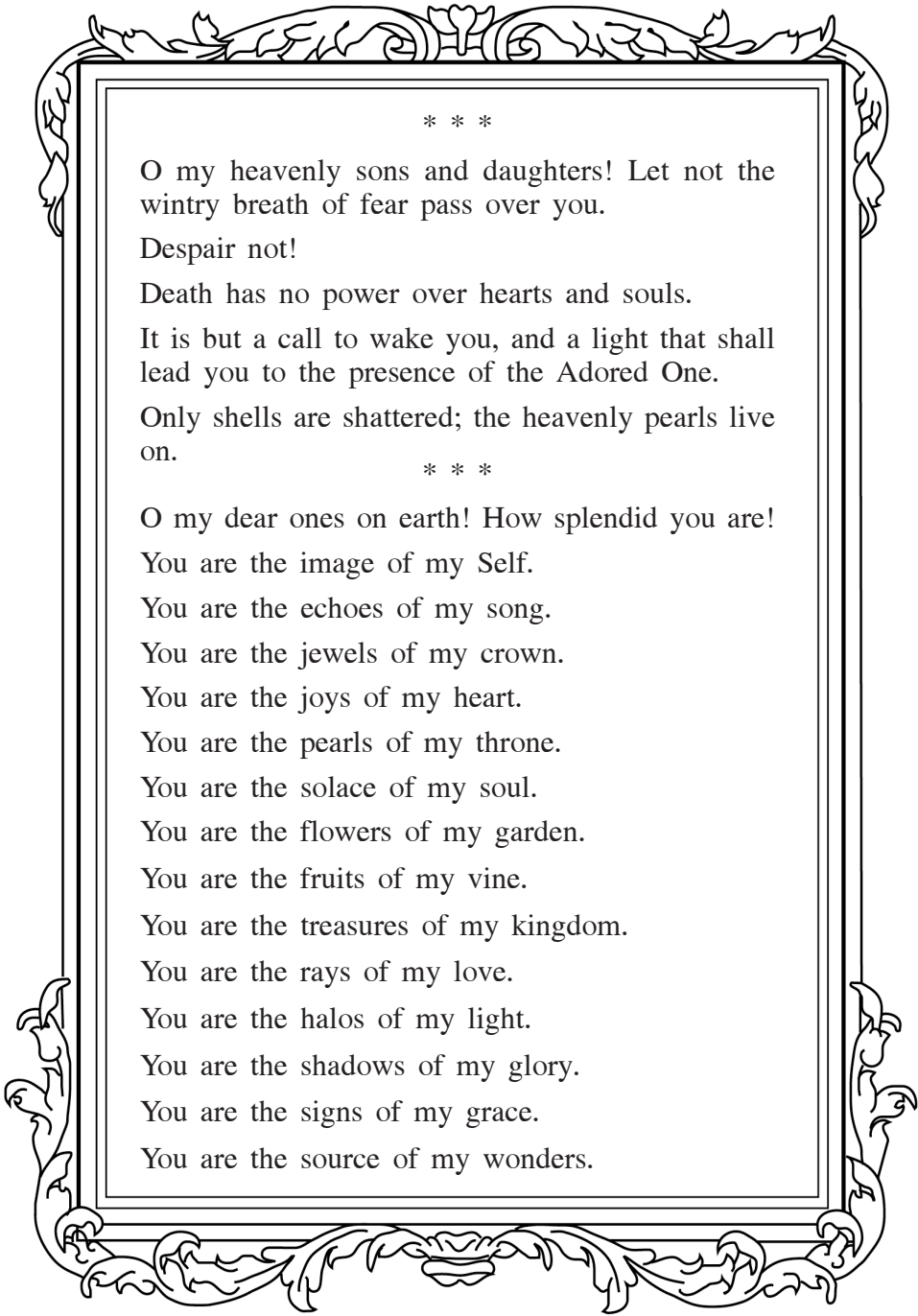
But I say unto you that death is not a curse, but a blessing.

It is not farewell to living, but a greeting to a messenger of joy.

It is not a voyage to grief, but a glorious journey to God.

It is not a tragedy of life, but a triumph of spirit.

It is not the tale of nothingness, but tidings of victories and wonders.



* * *

O my heavenly sons and daughters! Let not the
wintry breath of fear pass over you.

Despair not!

Death has no power over hearts and souls.

It is but a call to wake you, and a light that shall
lead you to the presence of the Adored One.

Only shells are shattered; the heavenly pearls live
on.

* * *

O my dear ones on earth! How splendid you are!

You are the image of my Self.

You are the echoes of my song.

You are the jewels of my crown.

You are the joys of my heart.

You are the pearls of my throne.

You are the solace of my soul.

You are the flowers of my garden.

You are the fruits of my vine.

You are the treasures of my kingdom.

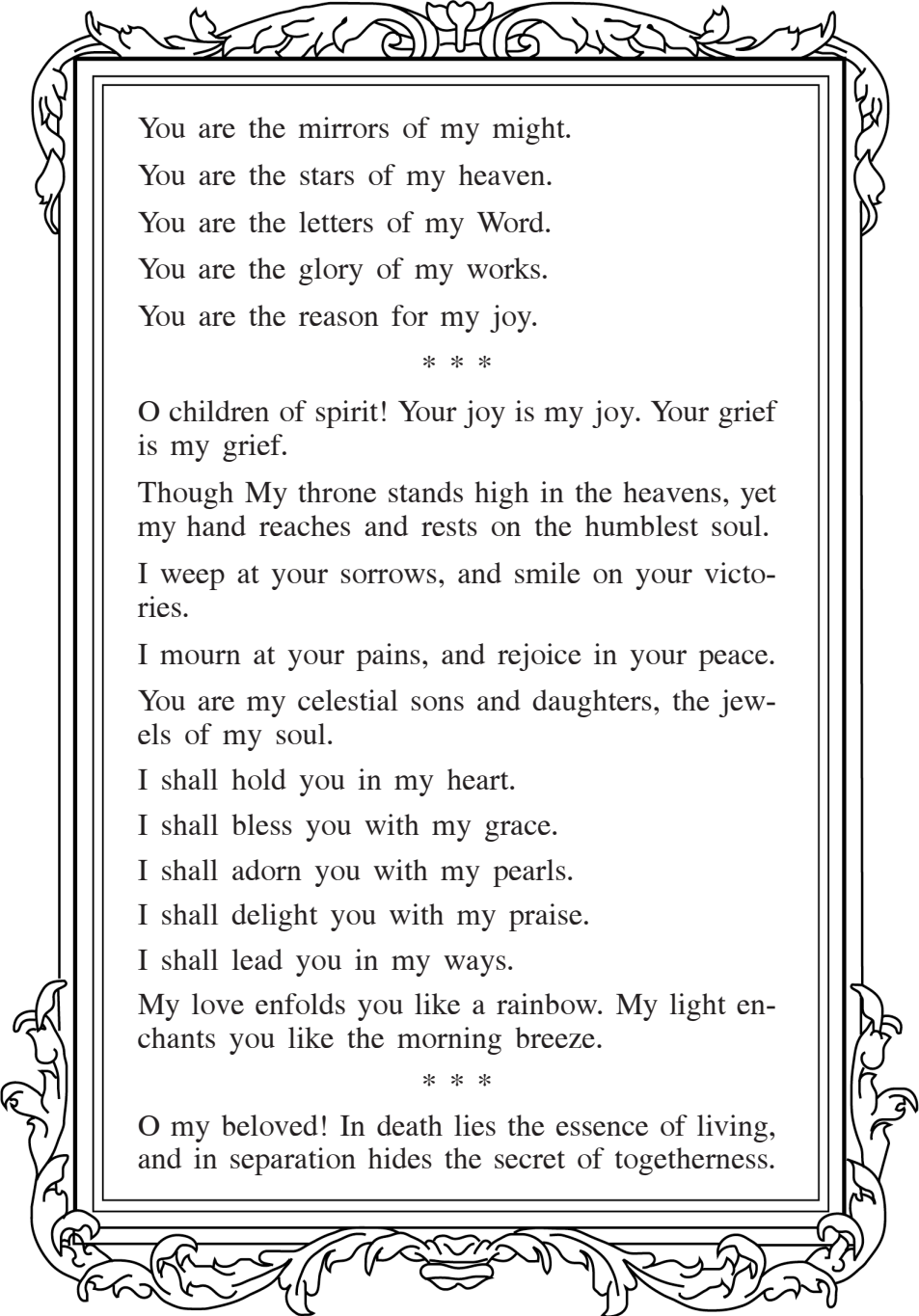
You are the rays of my love.

You are the halos of my light.

You are the shadows of my glory.

You are the signs of my grace.

You are the source of my wonders.



You are the mirrors of my might.
You are the stars of my heaven.
You are the letters of my Word.
You are the glory of my works.
You are the reason for my joy.

* * *

O children of spirit! Your joy is my joy. Your grief
is my grief.

Though My throne stands high in the heavens, yet
my hand reaches and rests on the humblest soul.

I weep at your sorrows, and smile on your victo-
ries.

I mourn at your pains, and rejoice in your peace.

You are my celestial sons and daughters, the jew-
els of my soul.

I shall hold you in my heart.

I shall bless you with my grace.

I shall adorn you with my pearls.

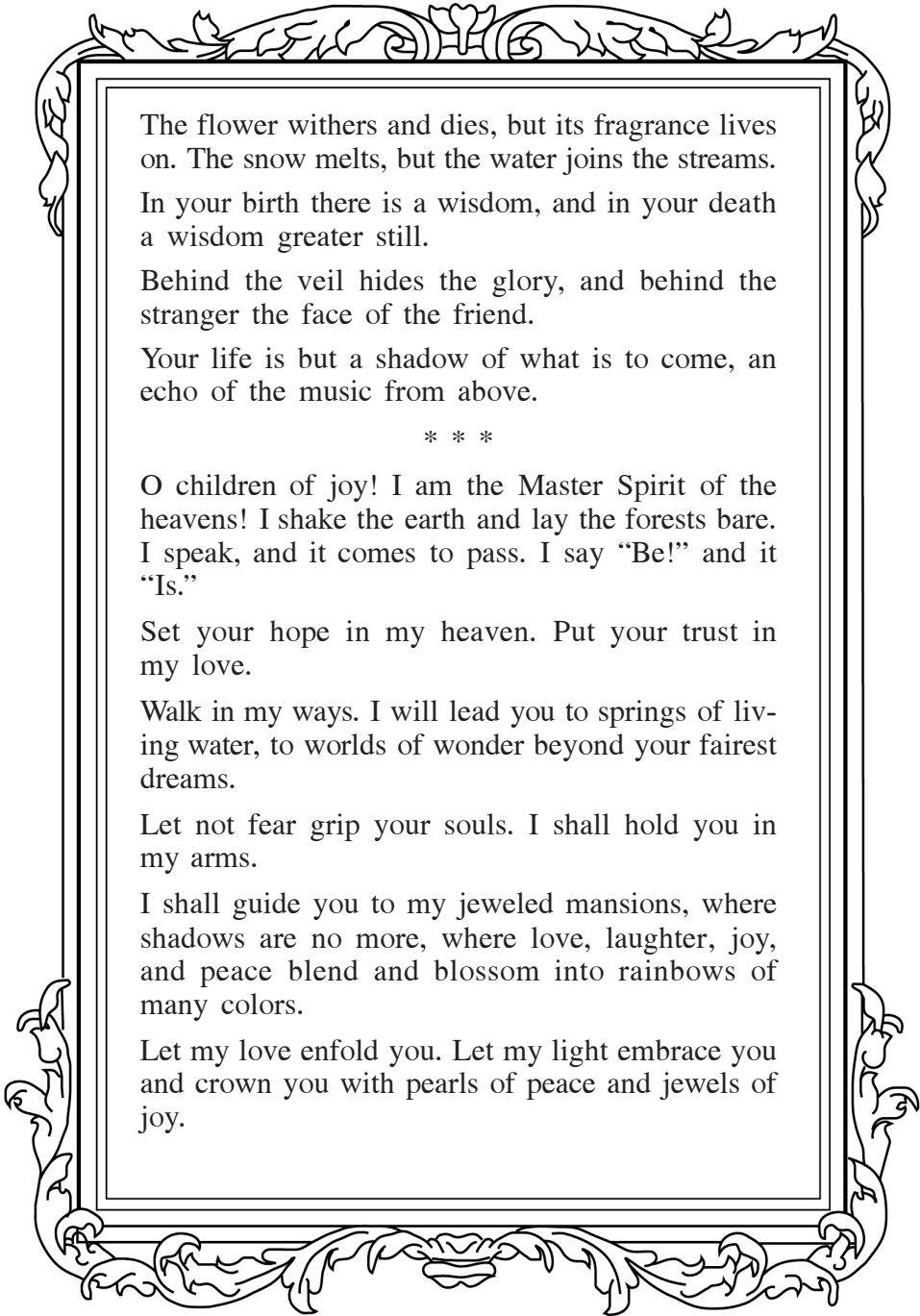
I shall delight you with my praise.

I shall lead you in my ways.

My love enfolds you like a rainbow. My light en-
chants you like the morning breeze.

* * *

O my beloved! In death lies the essence of living,
and in separation hides the secret of togetherness.



The flower withers and dies, but its fragrance lives on. The snow melts, but the water joins the streams. In your birth there is a wisdom, and in your death a wisdom greater still.

Behind the veil hides the glory, and behind the stranger the face of the friend.

Your life is but a shadow of what is to come, an echo of the music from above.

* * *

O children of joy! I am the Master Spirit of the heavens! I shake the earth and lay the forests bare. I speak, and it comes to pass. I say "Be!" and it "Is."

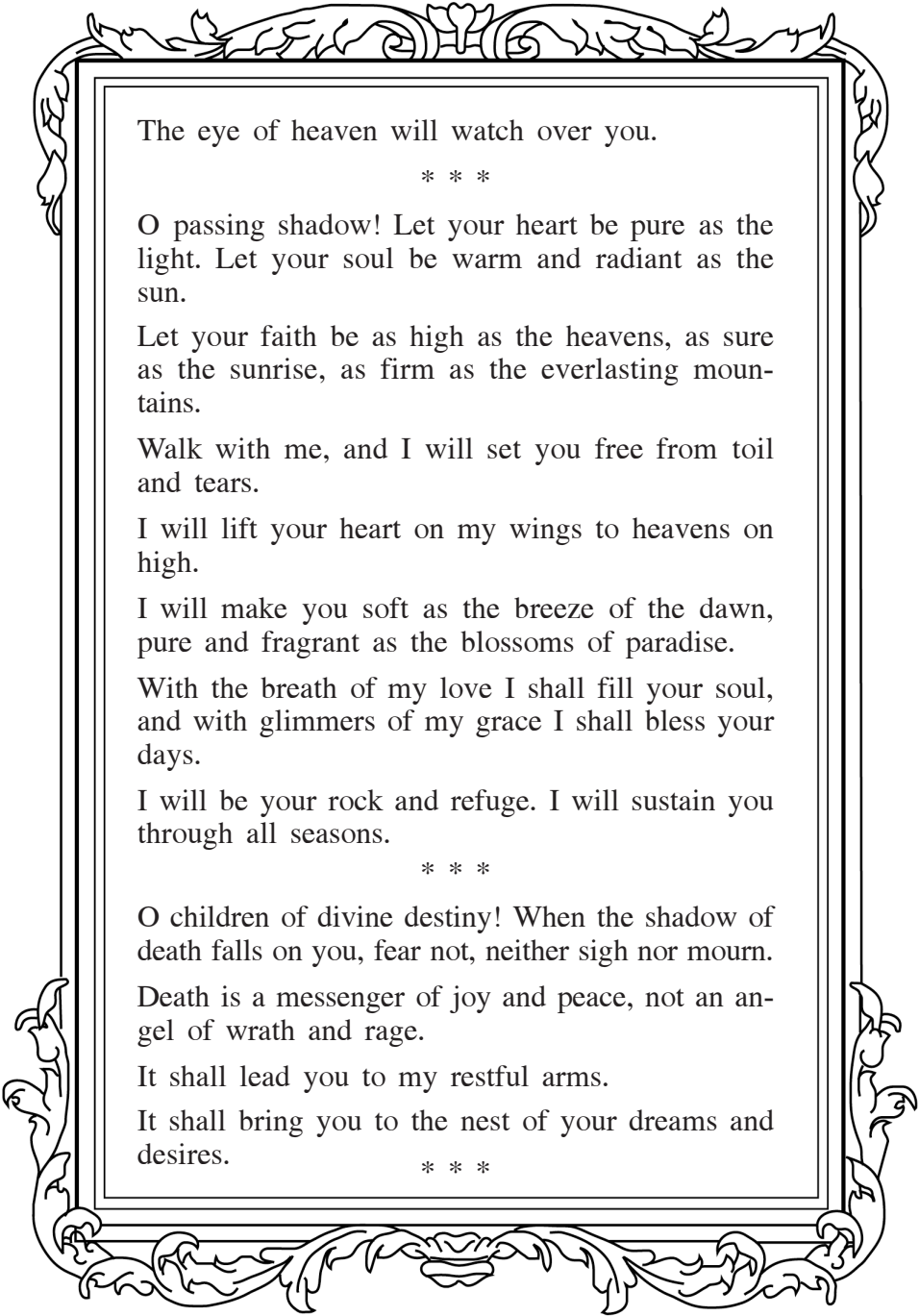
Set your hope in my heaven. Put your trust in my love.

Walk in my ways. I will lead you to springs of living water, to worlds of wonder beyond your fairest dreams.

Let not fear grip your souls. I shall hold you in my arms.

I shall guide you to my jeweled mansions, where shadows are no more, where love, laughter, joy, and peace blend and blossom into rainbows of many colors.

Let my love enfold you. Let my light embrace you and crown you with pearls of peace and jewels of joy.



The eye of heaven will watch over you.

* * *

O passing shadow! Let your heart be pure as the light. Let your soul be warm and radiant as the sun.

Let your faith be as high as the heavens, as sure as the sunrise, as firm as the everlasting mountains.

Walk with me, and I will set you free from toil and tears.

I will lift your heart on my wings to heavens on high.

I will make you soft as the breeze of the dawn, pure and fragrant as the blossoms of paradise.

With the breath of my love I shall fill your soul, and with glimmers of my grace I shall bless your days.

I will be your rock and refuge. I will sustain you through all seasons.

* * *

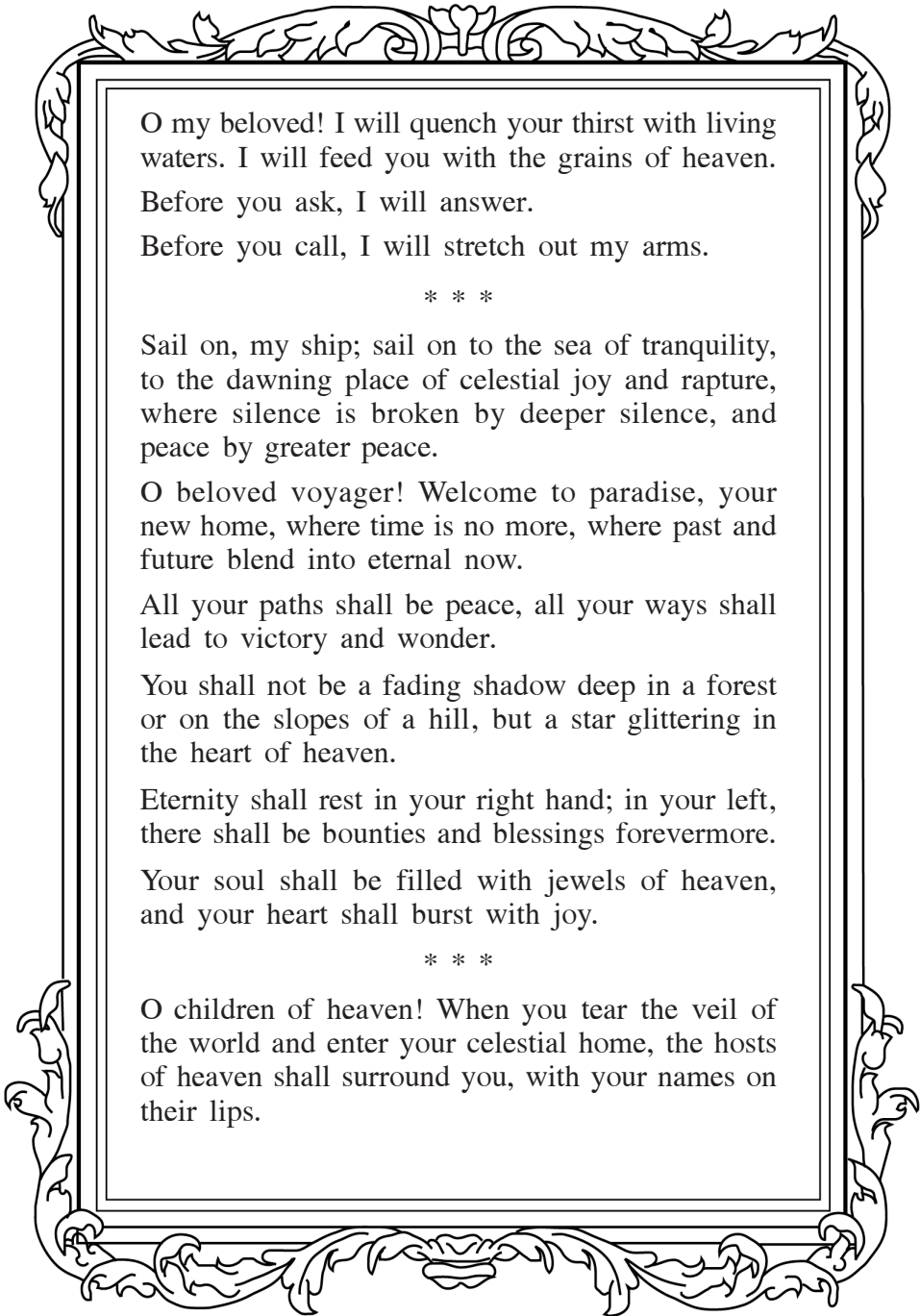
O children of divine destiny! When the shadow of death falls on you, fear not, neither sigh nor mourn.

Death is a messenger of joy and peace, not an angel of wrath and rage.

It shall lead you to my restful arms.

It shall bring you to the nest of your dreams and desires.

* * *



O my beloved! I will quench your thirst with living waters. I will feed you with the grains of heaven. Before you ask, I will answer. Before you call, I will stretch out my arms.

* * *

Sail on, my ship; sail on to the sea of tranquility, to the dawning place of celestial joy and rapture, where silence is broken by deeper silence, and peace by greater peace.

O beloved voyager! Welcome to paradise, your new home, where time is no more, where past and future blend into eternal now.

All your paths shall be peace, all your ways shall lead to victory and wonder.

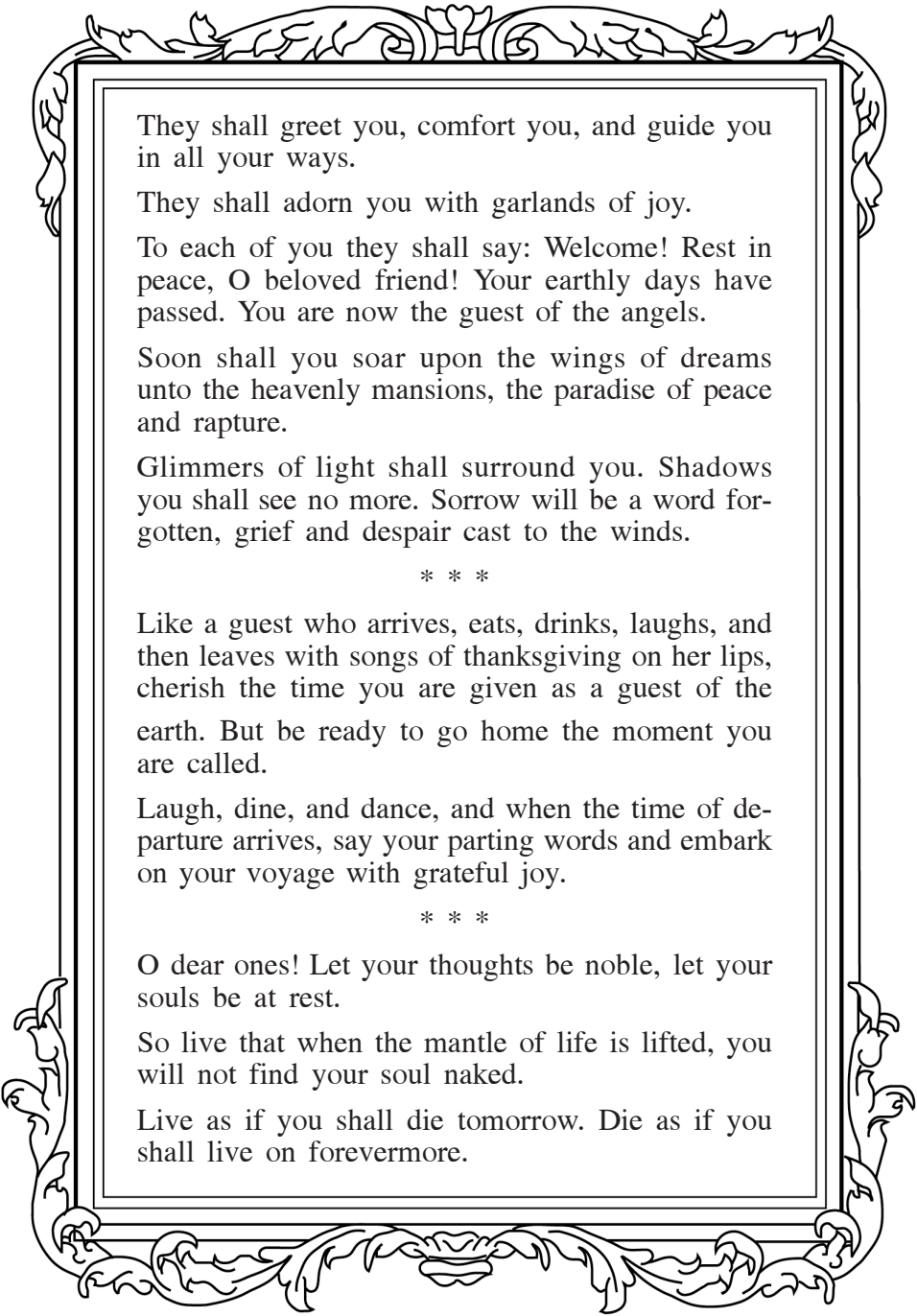
You shall not be a fading shadow deep in a forest or on the slopes of a hill, but a star glittering in the heart of heaven.

Eternity shall rest in your right hand; in your left, there shall be bounties and blessings forevermore.

Your soul shall be filled with jewels of heaven, and your heart shall burst with joy.

* * *

O children of heaven! When you tear the veil of the world and enter your celestial home, the hosts of heaven shall surround you, with your names on their lips.



They shall greet you, comfort you, and guide you
in all your ways.

They shall adorn you with garlands of joy.

To each of you they shall say: Welcome! Rest in
peace, O beloved friend! Your earthly days have
passed. You are now the guest of the angels.

Soon shall you soar upon the wings of dreams
unto the heavenly mansions, the paradise of peace
and rapture.

Glimmers of light shall surround you. Shadows
you shall see no more. Sorrow will be a word for-
gotten, grief and despair cast to the winds.

* * *

Like a guest who arrives, eats, drinks, laughs, and
then leaves with songs of thanksgiving on her lips,
cherish the time you are given as a guest of the
earth. But be ready to go home the moment you
are called.

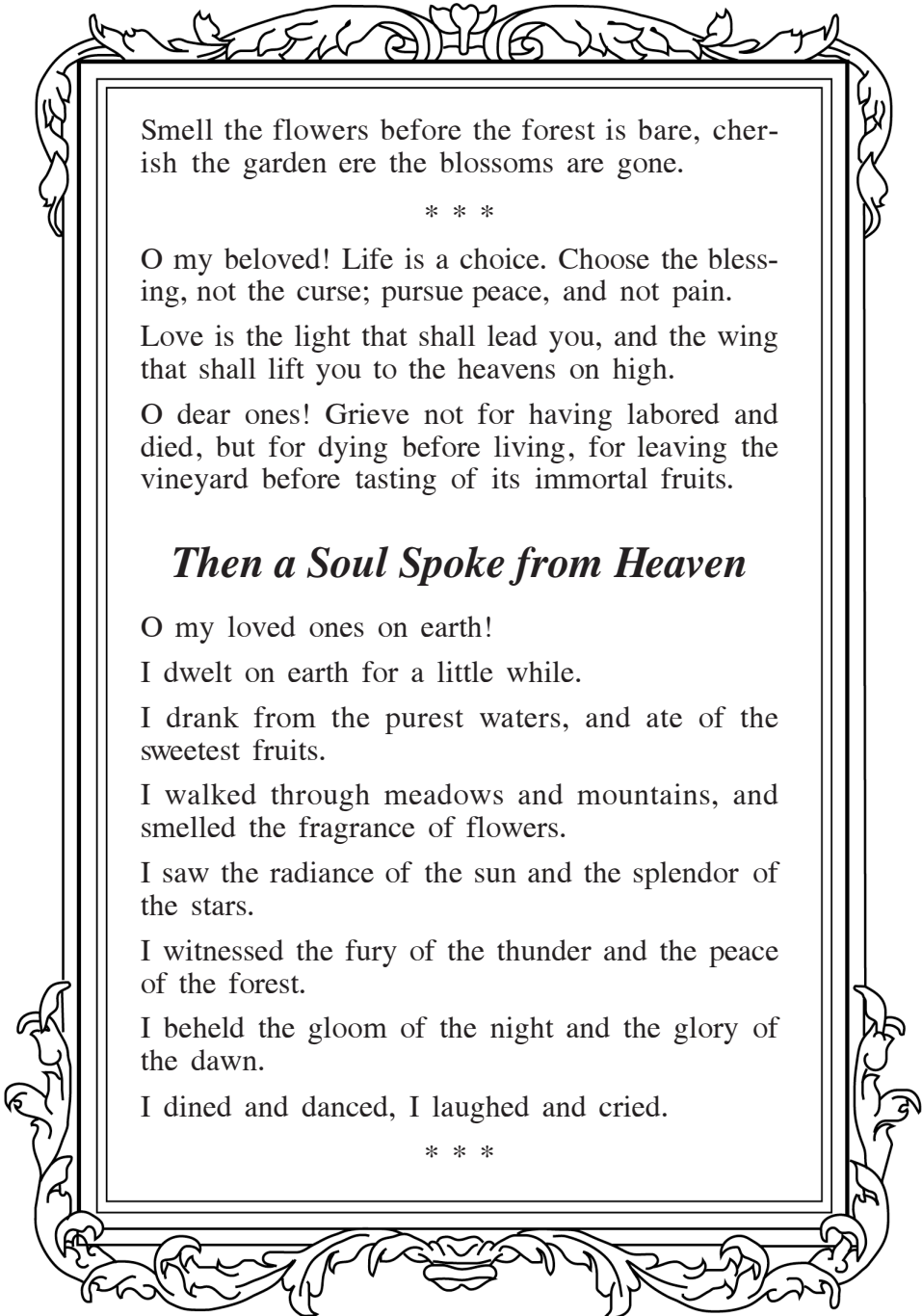
Laugh, dine, and dance, and when the time of de-
parture arrives, say your parting words and embark
on your voyage with grateful joy.

* * *

O dear ones! Let your thoughts be noble, let your
souls be at rest.

So live that when the mantle of life is lifted, you
will not find your soul naked.

Live as if you shall die tomorrow. Die as if you
shall live on forevermore.



Smell the flowers before the forest is bare, cherish the garden ere the blossoms are gone.

* * *

O my beloved! Life is a choice. Choose the blessing, not the curse; pursue peace, and not pain.

Love is the light that shall lead you, and the wing that shall lift you to the heavens on high.

O dear ones! Grieve not for having labored and died, but for dying before living, for leaving the vineyard before tasting of its immortal fruits.

Then a Soul Spoke from Heaven

O my loved ones on earth!

I dwelt on earth for a little while.

I drank from the purest waters, and ate of the sweetest fruits.

I walked through meadows and mountains, and smelled the fragrance of flowers.

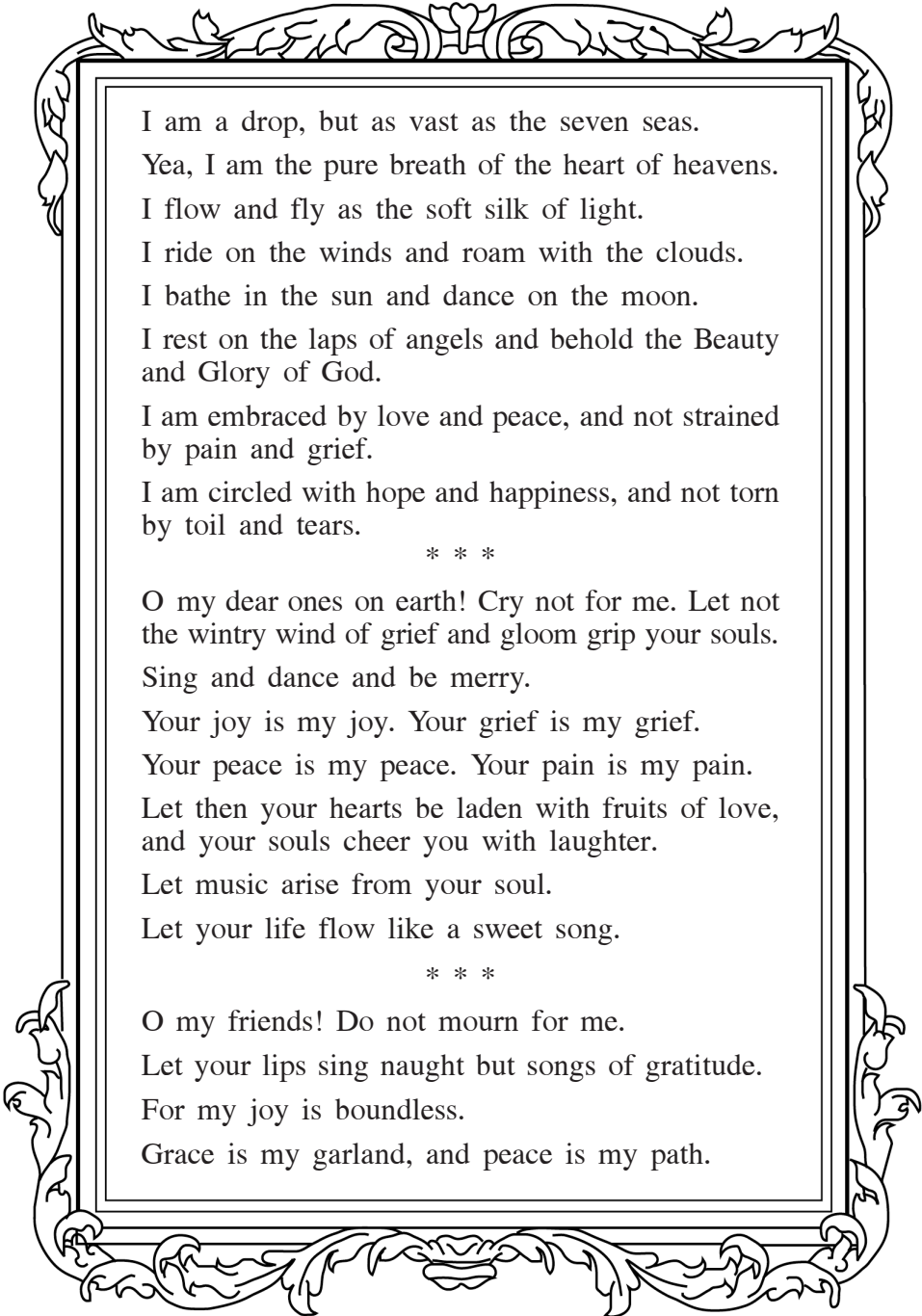
I saw the radiance of the sun and the splendor of the stars.

I witnessed the fury of the thunder and the peace of the forest.

I beheld the gloom of the night and the glory of the dawn.

I dined and danced, I laughed and cried.

* * *



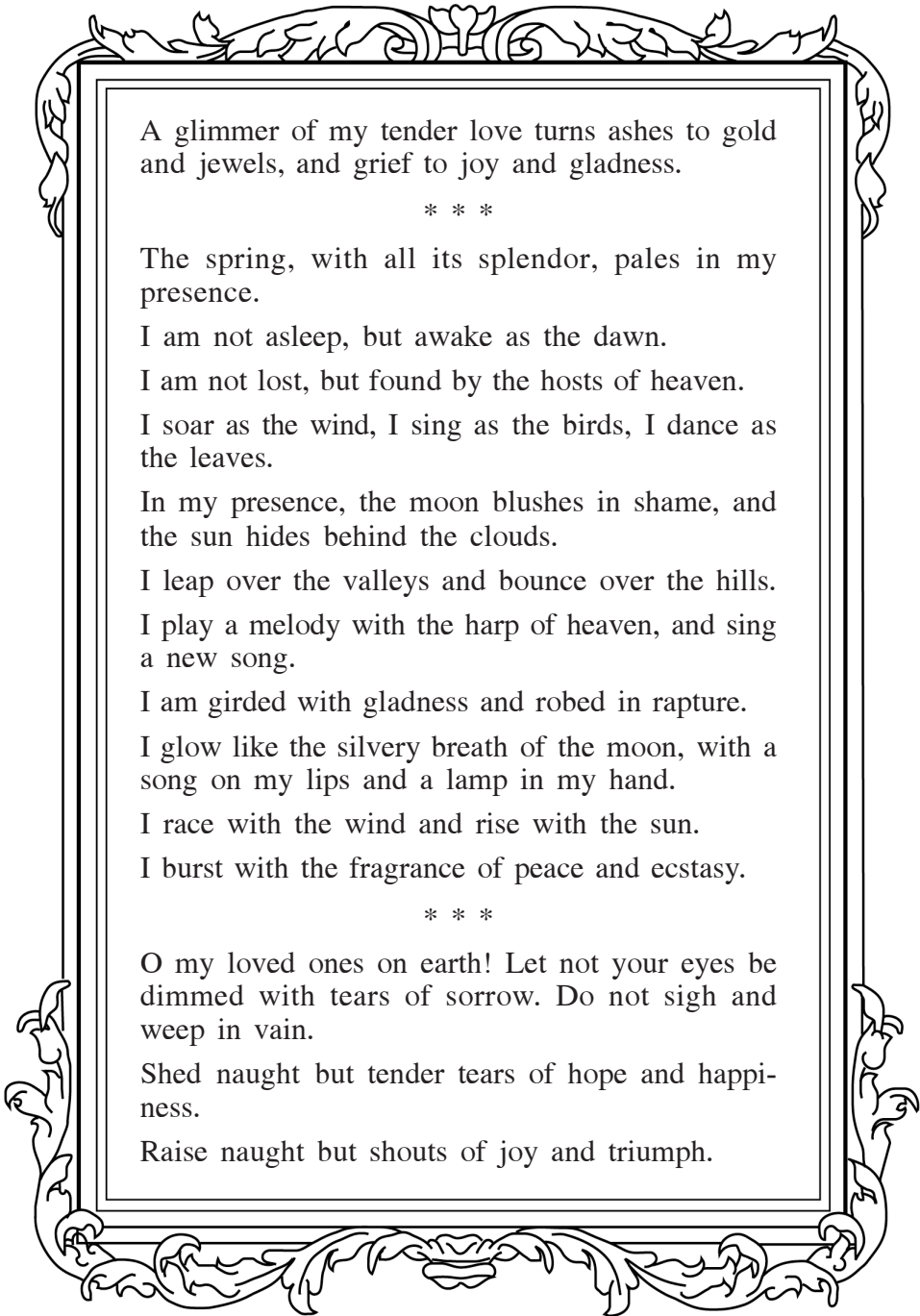
I am a drop, but as vast as the seven seas.
Yea, I am the pure breath of the heart of heavens.
I flow and fly as the soft silk of light.
I ride on the winds and roam with the clouds.
I bathe in the sun and dance on the moon.
I rest on the laps of angels and behold the Beauty
and Glory of God.
I am embraced by love and peace, and not strained
by pain and grief.
I am circled with hope and happiness, and not torn
by toil and tears.

* * *

O my dear ones on earth! Cry not for me. Let not
the wintry wind of grief and gloom grip your souls.
Sing and dance and be merry.
Your joy is my joy. Your grief is my grief.
Your peace is my peace. Your pain is my pain.
Let then your hearts be laden with fruits of love,
and your souls cheer you with laughter.
Let music arise from your soul.
Let your life flow like a sweet song.

* * *

O my friends! Do not mourn for me.
Let your lips sing naught but songs of gratitude.
For my joy is boundless.
Grace is my garland, and peace is my path.



A glimmer of my tender love turns ashes to gold
and jewels, and grief to joy and gladness.

* * *

The spring, with all its splendor, pales in my
presence.

I am not asleep, but awake as the dawn.

I am not lost, but found by the hosts of heaven.

I soar as the wind, I sing as the birds, I dance as
the leaves.

In my presence, the moon blushes in shame, and
the sun hides behind the clouds.

I leap over the valleys and bounce over the hills.

I play a melody with the harp of heaven, and sing
a new song.

I am girded with gladness and robed in rapture.

I glow like the silvery breath of the moon, with a
song on my lips and a lamp in my hand.

I race with the wind and rise with the sun.

I burst with the fragrance of peace and ecstasy.

* * *

O my loved ones on earth! Let not your eyes be
dimmed with tears of sorrow. Do not sigh and
weep in vain.

Shed naught but tender tears of hope and happi-
ness.

Raise naught but shouts of joy and triumph.

Lift up your voices, and let praise pour from
your lips.

Sing a new song, and play on the harp of
heaven.

Let your song never cease.

Be jubilant, filled with rapture and joy.

Rejoice!

Rejoice!

Rejoice!

*The dawn has broken! The voyager has
arrived!*

