

He is the Almighty, the Self-Subsisting.

Glorified art Thou, O Lord my God! I call upon Thee at this time when the accents of the dove of separation are raised from the land of Iraq, and the warbling of the Nightingale of fervent longing is heard from the horizon of the world—at such a time do I call upon Thee, proclaiming: “Thou in truth art God, the King, the Mighty, the Beauteous. From everlasting, O my God, Thou hast been exalted in the supremacy of Thy might, Thy power, and Thy glory, and unto all eternity Thou wilt remain transcendent in the sublimity of Thy grandeur, Thy majesty, and Thy splendour. Every Prophet is filled with consternation when confronted by the manifold evidences of Thy wrath, and every Chosen One standeth dismayed before the revelations of Thy might. No God is there but Thee, the Almighty, the All-Powerful, the All-Compelling.”

I yield Thee thanks, O my God, in these days when the oppressors amongst Thy people and the rebellious amongst Thy creatures have arrayed themselves against us, and are rejoicing at the adversities which, through the mysterious workings of Thy decree, Thou hast caused to descend upon us as gems from the treasury of Thy providence. Such hath ever been Thy custom with Thy loved ones and Thy practice with Thy chosen servants. I swear by Thy might, O my Beloved, that though others may flee from tribulations suffered in Thy path, I am he who, in his love for Thee, yearneth after every woe and trial. I ask Thee, then, by Thy Name through which the seas of names have surged before the evidences of Thy transcendent oneness, and through which Thou hast been exalted above all creation in the hallowed sovereignty of thy Lordship, to send down whatever afflictions Thou hast destined for Thy loved ones upon this Thy servant, lest there should befall them that which would still the quickness of their love for Thee, or dampen the fervency of their devotion. I am he, O my God, who would ransom with his life and soul whatsoever proceedeth from Thee or befalleth at Thy bidding. To all this shall I be true, through Thy power and Thy might. No God is there but Thee, the Generous, the Subtile, the All-Knowing, the All-Wise.

I ask Thee then, O my God, by the lights of Thy divine unity, and the hidden mysteries of Thine ancient and everlasting Being, to preserve Thy loved ones after I am gone, lest their feet should slip upon Thy path. Gather them then together upon the shore of Thy munificence and bounty, and sever them from all but Thee so that they may stand in fear of no one, nor be overawed by any soul. Open then their eyes, O my God, through the wondrous evidences of Thy might and the sovereign potency of Thy dominion, in order that they may see all things held within Thy grasp, and all matters contained within the palm of Thine omnipotence. I swear by Thy beauty, O Thou my hope, that shouldst Thou cause them to ascend to this most sublime and all-highest station, they would tell of Thee continually, and would so completely return unto Thee that naught could cause them any perturbation, though all who are in heaven and on earth should rise up unitedly against them.

I ask Thee then, O my God, by Thy light which hath illuminated all beings, and by Thy glory which hath irradiated the whole of creation, to remember Thy servant who hath been designated “Jím” in the realms of Thine eternity and the canopy of Thy grandeur. Cause him then, O my God, to hearken unto the holy melodies of Thy tender mercy, that they may draw him away from himself and from whatsoever is not of Thee, and attract him unto the dawning splendours of Thy love and adoration. Potent art Thou to accomplish this through Thy transcendent might.

—Bahá'u'lláh