

Stories About Grieving and Comfort

(Lady Blomfield, *The Chosen Highway*, pp. 215-217)

A woman, full of sorrow and despair, came to ‘Abdu’l-Bahá: “I pray you remove my doubt, and give me consolation, I have lost my beloved husband.”

The Master answered her: “If you have a bed of lilies-of-the-valley that you love and tenderly care for, they cannot see you, nor can they understand your care, nevertheless, because of that tender care, they flourish.

“So it is with your husband. You cannot see him, but his loving influence surrounds you, cares for you, watches over you. They, who have passed into the Divine Garden, pray for us there, as we pray for them here.”

Another day a woman came to ‘Abdu’l-Bahá and told Him of a dream.

“Last night, Master, I dreamed that I was in a garden of such beauty that it seemed beyond the power of the most perfect human gardener to have created it. In this garden I saw a beautiful girl, about nineteen, who was caressing the flowers. As I came into the garden she lifted her lovely head and came towards me with outstretched arms, as though in great love and joy at my visit. I look at her amazed, and then I saw a startling resemblance to the tiny daughter I lost many years before.”

‘Abdu’l-Bahá smiled His miraculous smile: “My child, you have been permitted to see your daughter as she is now, walking in the sacred garden of one of the worlds of God. This is a bounty of God to you. Rejoice and be happy.”

Ridvaniyyih Khánum related that when her child was ill, the Master came and gave two pink roses to the little one, then, turning to the mother, He said in His musical voice so full of love: “Be patient.”

That evening the child passed away.

“Ridvaniyyih,” said the Master, “there is a Garden of God. Human beings are trees growing therein. The Gardener is Our Father. When He sees a little tree in a place too small for her development, He prepares a suitable and more beautiful place, where she may grow and bear fruit. Then He transplants that little tree. The other trees marvel, saying: “This is a lovely little tree. For what reason does the Gardener uproot it?”

“The Divine Gardener, alone, knows the reason.

“You are weeping, Ridvaniyyih, but if you could see the beauty of the place where she is, you would no longer be sad.

“Your child is now free, and, like a bird, is chanting divine joyous melodies.

“If you could see that sacred Garden, you would not be content to remain here on earth. Yet this is where your duty now lies.”

When my own mother made the “great change” from one world of God to another, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá wrote a very beautiful tablet to me, in which He spoke of my mother as being “in the garden of rejuvenation.” One day a friend, who had not yet heard of the tablet of the Master, told me of a vivid dream she had of my mother, whom she had known and loved. “I seemed to be in a marvelous garden, where every type of rare and beautiful flower was in bloom. Moving about among the flowers was a young girl. She seemed to be in a state of inexpressible joy over the loveliness of her garden. Her voice, as she chanted, was full of the ecstasy of a complete happiness. She listened to the song of birds, and inhaled the odor of the flowers as though she were filling her soul with their fragrance. Suddenly she turned towards me, as though conscious that someone was there beside herself. The young girl facing me with an enchanting smile was your mother, in the full beauty of youth.”