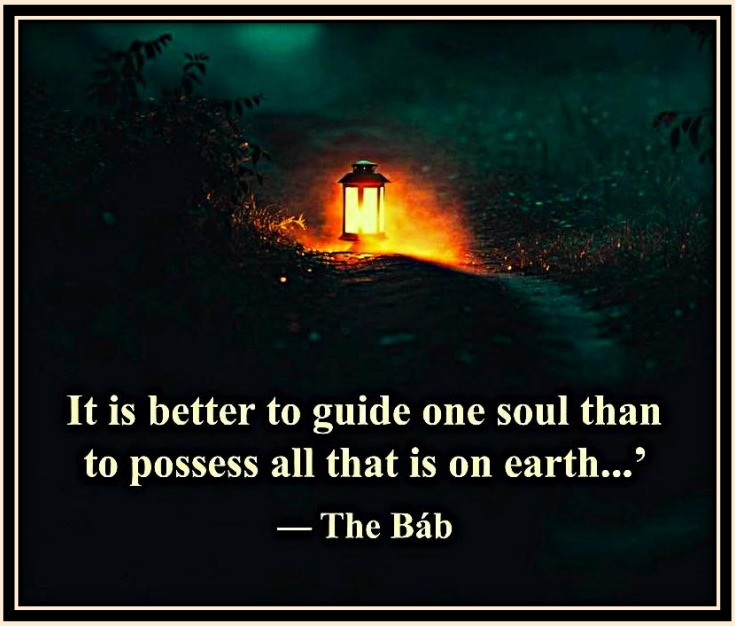
The Nuggets

95th issue

Volume 5, Issue No.15



Baha'i Stories

Poor

Among the most touching contacts the Master had with the poor in the Occident were surely His visits to the Salvation Army headquarters in London and to the Bowery Mission in New York City. 'On Christmas night, 1912, 'Abdu'l-Bahá visited a Salvation Army Shelter in London where a thousand homeless men ate a special Christmas dinner. He spoke to them while they ate, reminding them that Jesus had been poor and that it was easier for the poor than the rich to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The men sat enthralled. Some were so impressed that in spite of hunger and the special dinner before them they forgot to eat. When, on leaving, 'Abdu'l-Bahá gave the warden of the Shelter money with which to buy a similar dinner on New Year's night, the men rose to their feet to cheer Him as He went, waving their knives and forks in the air. They little realised that He had experienced trials, hardship and suffering far greater than any they had known.' **~Honnold, Annamarie, Vignettes from the Life of 'Abdu'l-Bahá**

Events and News

A Country of Many Worlds, Weaving a Shared Future

LA PAZ, Bolivia — *Holding up an aguayo, a traditional woven cloth, Julia Pachacopa Llacsa traced a zigzag pattern with her hand.*

"This weaving is like a book," she told participants gathered at the Bahá'í National Center in La Paz. Her mother had taught her to understand the pattern as the path of life—with moments of difficulty and joy, mistakes and learning, and the need to keep moving forward.

For Mrs. Pachacopa, an Indigenous authority of the Yampara people, the cloth carried knowledge passed from one generation to another. It also gave vivid expression to an idea animating a series of forums organized by the Bahá'í Office of External Affairs of Bolivia: "Tejiendo Futuro" ("Weaving the Future").

"To weave, you need many threads," said Rosmery Chambi, a member of the Office, in a conversation with the News Service.

The forums have brought together people from Indigenous communities, government, academia, faith communities, and civil society organizations—some representing sectors that have not always found it easy to enter into conversation with one another.
The first forum, "Indigenous Women as Builders of Peace and Development," explored the contribution of Indigenous women to education, family life, community leadership, and the preservation of knowledge.

Participants reflected on the understanding of complementarity found in Indigenous cultures, including the Andean concept of chacha-warmi, which views men and women as interdependent partners, and its points of connection with the Bahá'í teaching that women and men are like the two wings of one bird, whose flight depends on both being equally strong.

The discussion also broadened conventional ideas about education.
"Education has always existed," Mrs. Pachacopa said. Her mother had never attended school and neither read nor spoke Spanish, yet through weaving, observation, stories, work, and play, she had passed on a rich body of knowledge. A pattern can become a lesson in perseverance; spinning wool, an occasion to speak about how one lives an upright life. Knowledge of land, family, mathematics, and culture passes naturally from one generation to the next.

Other participants spoke of combining this inherited knowledge with formal and spiritual education, particularly for girls and women who in previous generations often had little access to schooling. The conversations suggested that equality does not require cultural differences to disappear. Rather, participants explored how differences in experience and knowledge can enrich a common undertaking when relationships are characterized by mutual respect and equal participation.
What equality looks like in practice was explored further in a second forum, "Without Equality There Is No Peace."

The gathering examined themes from a Bahá'í International Community (BIC) statement, Reconceptualizing Justice: Laying Foundations for a Gender-Equal World.
Participants were invited to consider justice as extending well beyond legal and judicial mechanisms to encompass the values, relationships, and social norms that shape the daily lives of women and girls.

"There can be no justice without equality," said Nidya Pesántez, Resident Representative of UN Women Bolivia, "and there can be no peace if there is no justice."
A culture of peace, she said, requires people to place differences openly on the table, listen to one another, and seek common ground rather than resort to violence.

Mirna Inturias, a researcher at NUR University—a Bahá'í-inspired educational institution—has worked for years with Indigenous communities in Bolivia's lowlands, and particularly with groups of women organizing to govern their territories. While theories of justice are debated elsewhere, she told the forum, these communities are already building practical models of justice.

Indigenous women in the lowlands have long participated in organizations made up of both women and men, Dr. Inturias said, though established patterns of interaction within some of these spaces often left limited room for women's participation.

Drawing on principles of collective organization, listening, and assembly already present in their communities, these women have also formed their own organizations. This has given rise to additional spaces in which they can develop capacities and bring greater clarity to the priorities of their territories.

"It is not enough simply to ask to participate," Dr. Inturias said. "We have to develop capacities for that." She emphasized that such a process ultimately involves women and men alike, even as this particular effort begins by strengthening women's leadership. In this way, she stated, new structures and social spaces emerge that "generate processes of greater justice and greater participation."

That insight has taken shape through a collaboration between NUR University and the National Confederation of Indigenous Women of Bolivia, where women are strengthening practical capacities in governance, environmental stewardship, project administration, and leadership. An initial class of 38 women completed training in environmental governance.

The concerns motivating the training are those of daily life in the territories: who decides about land, how water sources and forests are protected, how food security is sustained, and how present choices will be felt by children and grandchildren yet to come.

For Dr. Inturias, these experiences gave concrete expression to a broader conception explored in the BIC statement: "justice as a community's freedom to conceive and pursue its own path of development."

The qualities emerging through these processes, she said, are cooperation rather than competition, decisions taken in assembly, and a mutual care that extends to protecting the biodiversity on which a whole community depends.

"These are processes that are taking place," she said, "and they generate hope."
The Office will continue the series under the same name. "Our future is not yet fully built, but we are in the process of building it," Ms. Chambi said. "Who participates in that process, and how we do it, is already in our hands."

The Twin Community of Jaipur

Junior youth groups, Ruhi study groups, children's classes, home visits, and devotional and prayer meetings continued across Jaipur and Rajasthan.

The Malakheda cluster opened for the 2nd milestone, with Ruhi Book 1 classes starting with 7 people, a children's class beginning, a friendly get-together and a community feast.

The 19-day community feast was held at Shri Ram's Nangal (Gulistan) with great joy and warmth. Many friends attended this auspicious occasion and made the moment memorable together.

Food for the Mind, Heart and Soul

GOOD NEWS NETWORK

Quarter Million N95's Sent to the Democratic Republic of Congo

A California relief organization is sending more than a quarter million N95 respirators to help protect health workers on the front lines of the Ebola outbreak in the Democratic Republic of Congo.

Responding to widespread PPE shortages, the aid package, which also includes eye protection and protective coveralls—all donated by 3M—is the largest announced shipment of N95s to date in response to the Ebola crisis.

The nonprofit Direct Relief, now in its 69th year, shipped the aid from its warehouse in Santa Barbara headed for Bunia, in the eastern region where the outbreak is centered.

Friday's shipment also contained essential drugs—including antibiotics, deworming treatments, medications for cardiovascular disease and diabetes, gastrointestinal drugs, oral rehydration salts, and water purification supplies—to ensure primary care continues unhindered by the current public health emergency.

"An effective Ebola response has to do two things at once: contain the virus, and help the broader health system keep functioning," said Dr. Jeffrey Samuel, a clinical pharmacist and Direct Relief's regional director for Africa.

In addition to deaths from the Ebola outbreak itself, many die from loss of access to primary medical care. For instance, during the 2014 Ebola crisis in West Africa, more than 10,000 people died from malaria, HIV/AIDS, and tuberculosis because clinics shut down, people stopped seeking care out of fear, and health systems buckled under the strain.

That death toll nearly matched the 11,325 lives Ebola itself claimed in the outbreak.

"That is why Direct Relief is delivering not only PPE and supportive care medicines for Ebola, but also medicines and supplies that help partners continue primary care, chronic disease care, maternal health services, and other essential healthcare during the outbreak."

Since May, Direct Relief has shipped more than $10 million in medicine and medical supplies to DRC to treat patients, help protect health workers, and limit the spread of the disease.

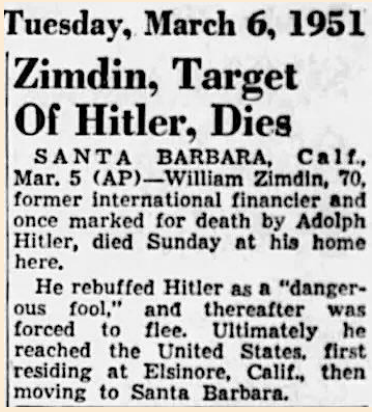
They partner with VillageReach, a global health nonprofit working across Africa to transform health care delivery to reach everyone. VillageReach will coordinate the distribution with DRC's Ministry of Public Health to ensure these critical resources reach frontline health workers wherever they are.

VillageReach will train and mobilize 600 community health workers and facilitators for early case detection and contact tracing, strengthen diagnostics through secure transport of lab samples, maintain routine immunization services, and combat misinformation about treatment.

"The arrival of this PPE is critical to protecting frontline health workers and stopping the spread of Ebola," said VillageReach's DRC Country Director Freddy Nkosi. "Working alongside the Ministry of Health, and with support from Direct Relief, VillageReach is helping ensure these supplies reach the last mile — so health workers can safely continue providing essential care to their communities."

Since 2023, Direct Relief has provided $17.5 million in medical support for diabetes care in DRC, including insulin, needles, test strips, and refrigerators for cold storage of temperature-sensitive medications. Headquartered in Santa Barbara, Direct Relief has quite an origin story:
William Zimdin, a wealthy Estonian businessman who had to flee Nazi Fascism in Europe, settled in the coastal California town in 1945, and began using his fortune to mail thousands of relief parcels containing food, clothing, and medicine to refugees and displaced people rebuilding their lives in postwar Europe.

He established the William Zimdin Foundation in 1948 and following his death three years later (obit below), his friend Dezso—a Hungarian wartime refugee whom Zimdin had helped rescue—took over management. Mr. Karczag expanded the mission globally and renamed the charity the Direct Relief Foundation in 1957.



Tuesday, March 6, 1951

Zimdin, Target Of Hitler, Dies

SANTA BARBARA, Calf., Mar. 5 (AP)—William Zimdin, 70, former international financier and once marked for death by Adolph Hitler, died Sunday at his home here.

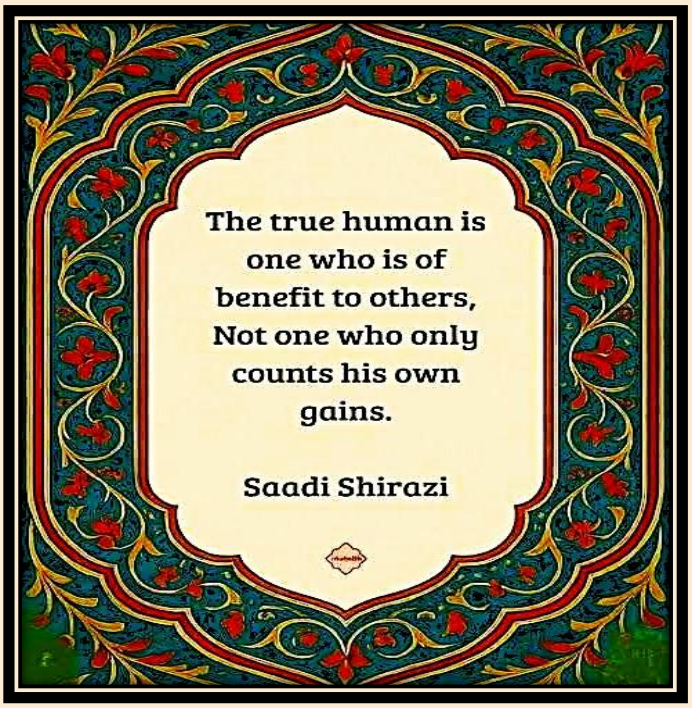
He rebuffed Hitler as a "dangerous fool," and thereafter was forced to flee. Ultimately he reached the United States, first residing at Elsinore, Calif., then moving to Santa Barbara.

Since then, it's consistently earned a perfect four-star rating from Charity Navigator and a perfect fundraising efficiency score from Forbes magazine.

According to its website, Direct Relief serves people affected by poverty or disasters across all 50 states and in more than 90 countries "without regard to politics, religion, or ability to pay".

Poetry

By Saadi Shirazi:



From the Pages of History

Tahirih's confinement in Qazvin

These officials were in their turn tempted to derive every possible advantage from the liberality of Baha'u'llah. They summoned Him to their presence, protested against His action, and accused Him of complicity in the act for which the captives had been condemned. "The kad-khuda," replied Baha'u'llah, "pleaded their cause before Me and enlarged upon their sufferings and needs. He himself bore witness to their innocence and appealed to Me for help. In return for the aid which, in response to his invitation, I was impelled to extend, you now charge Me with a crime of which I am innocent." Hoping to intimidate Baha'u'llah by threatening immediate punishment, they refused to allow Him to return to His home. The confinement to which He was subjected was the first affliction that befell Baha'u'llah in the path of the Cause of God; the first imprisonment He suffered for the sake of His loved ones. He remained in captivity for a few days, until Ja'far-Quli Khan, the brother of Mirza Aqa Khan-i-Nuri, who at a later time was appointed Grand Vazir of the Shah, and a number of other friends intervened in His behalf and, threatening the kad-khuda in severe a language, were able to effect His release. Those who had been responsible for His confinement had confidently hoped to receive, in return for His deliverance, the sum of one thousand tumans,[1] but they soon found out that they were forced to comply with the wishes of Ja'far-Quli Khan without the hope of receiving, either from him or from Baha'u'llah, the slightest reward. With profuse apologies and with the utmost regret, they surrendered their Captive into his hands.

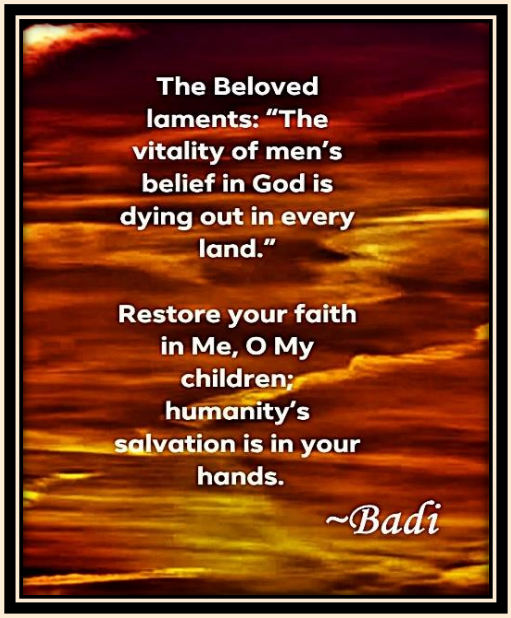
The heirs of Mulla Taqi were in the meantime bending every effort to avenge the blood of their distinguished kinsman. Unsatisfied with what they had already accomplished, they directed their appeal to Muhammad Shah himself, and endeavoured to win his sympathy to their cause. The Shah is reported to have returned this answer: "Your father, Mulla Taqi, surely could not have claimed to be superior to the Imam Ali, the Commander of the Faithful. Did not the latter instruct his disciples that, should he fall a victim to the sword of Ibn-i-Muljam, the murderer alone should, by his death, be made to atone for his act, that no one else but he should be put to death? Why should not the murder of your father be similarly avenged? Declare to me his murderer, and I will issue my orders that he be delivered into your hands in order that you may inflict upon him the punishment which he deserves."

The uncompromising attitude of the Shah induced them to abandon the hopes which they had cherished. They declared Shaykh Salih to be the murderer of their father, obtained his arrest, and ignominiously put him to death. He was the first to shed his blood on Persian soil in the path of the Cause of God; the first of that glorious company destined to seal with their life-blood the triumph of God's holy Faith. As he was being conducted to the scene of his martyrdom, his face glowed with zeal and joy. He hastened to the foot of the gallows and met his executioner as if he were welcoming a dear and lifelong friend. Words of triumph and hope fell unceasingly from his lips. "I discarded," he cried, with exultation, as his end approached, "the hopes and the beliefs of men from the moment I recognised Thee, Thou who art my Hope and my Belief!" His remains were interred in the courtyard of the shrine of the Imam-Zadih Zayd in Tihran.

The unsatiable hatred that animated those who had been responsible for the martyrdom of Shaykh Salih impelled them to seek additional instruments for the furtherance of their designs. Haji Mirza Aqasi, whom the Sahib-Divan had succeeded in convincing of the treacherous conduct of the heirs of Mulla Taqi, refused to entertain their appeal. Undeterred by his refusal, they submitted their case to the Sadr-i-Ardibili, a man notoriously presumptuous and one of the most arrogant among the ecclesiastical leaders of Persia. "Behold," they pleaded, "the indignity that has been inflicted upon those whose supreme function it is to keep guard over the integrity of the Law. How can you, who are its chief and illustrious exponent, allow so grave an affront to its dignity to remain unpunished? Are you really incapable of avenging the blood of that slaughtered minister of the Prophet of God? Do you not realise that to tolerate such a heinous crime would in itself unloose a flood of calumny against those who are the chief repositories of the teachings and principles of our Faith? Will not your silence embolden the enemies of Islam to shatter the structure which your own hands have reared? As a result, will not your own life be endangered?"

The Sadr-i-Ardibili was sore afraid, and in his impotence sought to beguile his sovereign. He addressed the following request to Muhammad Shah: "I would humbly implore your Majesty to allow the captives to accompany the heirs of that martyred leader on their return to Qazvin, that these may, of their own accord, forgive them publicly their action, and enable them to recover their freedom. Such a gesture on their part will considerably enhance their position and will win them the esteem of their countrymen." The Shah, wholly unaware of the mischievous designs of that crafty plotter, immediately granted his request, on the express condition that a written statement be sent to him from Qazvin assuring him that the condition of the prisoners after their freedom was entirely satisfactory, and that no harm was likely to befall them in the future. **~ The Dawn Breakers & Nabil's Narrative**

Sharing



Social Action

In Conversation: Local Spiritual Assemblies and the Bonds of Trust

BAHÁ'Í WORLD CENTRE — *In places around the world, Bahá'í Local Spiritual Assemblies are increasingly becoming a trusted presence in their communities, standing with families in hardship, helping young people find direction, and working alongside local officials.*

In the latest podcast episode of "In Conversation," three members of the Continental Boards of Counsellors—Billy Silva of the United States, Townsend Lihanda of Kenya, and Niroshni Saleh of Sri Lanka—reflect on how the relationship between the Assembly and the community is taking shape.

Comprising nine members elected annually, the Local Spiritual Assembly is a distinctive institution. Mr. Silva describes the spiritual character of its election, in which there is "no campaigning, there is no

competition or electioneering." The process is conducted by anonymous ballot, with each person "turning to God" in an effort to choose those who would "serve most selflessly in the community."

These Assemblies' concerns extend to the whole community. Mr. Lihanda describes their members as "humble servants in the community who are part of the community itself," attentive to "the social and material and, at the same time, spiritual progress of these communities."

Mrs. Saleh describes how, in one locality in Sri Lanka, the Assembly has earned such trust that "the local health authorities, the local government agent," and other public services rely on it.
She explained how this trust can change the character of encounters that might otherwise feel formal or intimidating. In one locality in Sri Lanka, a number of families had not registered for birth certificates or identity cards that would be essential for children to enroll in school and for families to access public services. Because the Assembly was already in close contact with households, local authorities turned to it for assistance.

"When the Assembly approached these families," says Mrs. Saleh, "they felt at ease, not tense," as people sometimes do when government agencies visit. It was the Assembly's loving guidance and its way of approaching families that encouraged them to register.

District and local authorities later trained the Assembly to assist with documentation and asked how they too might build such trust with the population.

The discussion then turns to young people. Mr. Lihanda recounts a story about a community where, after two young people had taken a few belongings from a neighbor, a mother, rather than calling the police, asked the Assembly to help. The Assembly opened a conversation with the youth and their families, exploring how difficult circumstances and a disconnection from community life may have shaped their choices.

From that understanding, a response took shape: the young people were drawn more fully into the life of the community. Their increased participation in educational activities nurtured qualities such as service and humility; friends working as carpenters helped them learn the trade; and others nearby lent support. They now earn their living, Mr. Lihanda says, and the experience shifted how the whole community responds to such situations, coming to see "everybody as part of one family."

Mr. Silva describes a Local Spiritual Assembly in the Midwestern United States responding to a long history of racial prejudice as something to be examined and worked on together, over the course of years, even generations. Drawing on words of the Universal House of Justice—that "the power to transform the world is effected by love"—he explains that "one of the aims of Local Spiritual Assemblies is to help their communities and individuals build havens of peace, havens of unity, where humanity can find safety in the face of so many challenges."

These Assemblies, in the words of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, are "shining lamps and heavenly gardens, from which the fragrances of holiness are diffused over all regions... and the lights of knowledge are shed abroad over all created things." Reflecting on those words, Mr. Silva speaks of "the special bounty that it is to have these Local Spiritual Assemblies in communities around the world."

The podcast episode is part of the "In Conversation" series, a collective exploration by several individuals of the practical application of Bahá'í principles to the building of peaceful societies.

History, News and Nuggets from Other Religions and Communities

A Living Miracle of Guru Ram Das: Seva (service) in Action

"Blessed, blessed is that humble servant of the Lord who performs selfless service for the Guru. Performing seva, peace and poise enter the mind, and the illusion of duality comes to an end." ~ Siri Guru Granth Sahib, Ang 164

"Serving Your slaves is the ultimate good deed." ~ Guru Ram Das Ji

"If you do not do seva, selfless service, you have just let your soul go hungry. Selfless service to others is the food of the soul." ~ Siri Singh Sahib, Yogi Bhajan, September 16, 1990
It began with a simple act of service.

At just four years old, Bhai Sahib Manjit Singh Ji's mother encouraged him to help wash plates at Gurdwara Bangla Sahib. That small act of seva planted a seed that would ultimately blossom into a remarkable life of service through Guru Ram Das Ji's grace.

In 2005, under the inspiration of Baba Nidhan Singh Ji of Hazur Sahib, Manjit Singh Ji began an annual walking pilgrimage from Delhi to Amritsar prior to the birthday celebration of Guru Ram Das Ji. Walking for eight or nine days, sleeping on the streets, and continuously chanting Naam Simran, the pilgrims traveled without elaborate plans, relying instead on faith, devotion, and prayer.

Throughout the journey, Manjit Singh Ji carried a simple prayer in his heart:

"Guru Ram Das Ji, how can You use me to serve?"

Through those prayers, a beautiful hukam emerged. Under the guidance and mentorship of Giani Pinderpal Singh Ji, he began serving langar in government hospitals, shelters, and centers for children with disabilities throughout Punjab.

At first, he funded the seva from his own personal resources. Before long, however, support began arriving from across the globe. Individuals and organizations, many of whom had never met him, were inspired by the vision and impact of the seva and began contributing to the mission.

What began as a heartfelt prayer has now manifested into a thriving humanitarian effort through the nonprofit organization ***Dhan Guru Ram Das Ji Langar Sewa****.*

Today, the organization operates two world-class kitchens located in Purhiran, Hoshiarpur, and Madhir, Sri Muktsar Sahib, with a third kitchen currently under development near Amritsar. Its mission is simple yet profound: to provide nutritious vegetarian meals to underserved populations who lack reliable access to adequate nutrition.

Recently, Manjit Singh Ji's son asked him to once again undertake the Delhi-to-Amritsar walking yatra together. Reflecting on the journey after many years, Manjit Singh Ji admitted it took a little longer than it once had. His son, who had recently completed medical school, reminded him of the extraordinary path that Guru Ram Das Ji had unfolded before him.

"You arrived with nothing," he told his father. "Guru Ram Das Ji chose you for this seva. Every resource entrusted to this mission should be used to expand and serve more people."

Today, Dhan Guru Ram Das Ji Langar Sewa serves approximately ***125,000 meals every day*** *through service at* ***28 civil hospitals****, elementary schools, and other locations throughout Punjab, utilizing specially designed mobile food trucks to reach those in need.*

In recent years, the organization has also received the blessing and honor of preparing and serving langar during the celebration of Guru Ram Das Ji's Birthday at Darbar Sahib, the Golden Temple.

From the Editor's Desk

My Little Fighter and his Message

I love birds, have had many as pets, and let them fly around the house. But starlings are on my hate list. They come in great numbers, like a gang of ruffians, attack my fruit orchard and, in a few minutes, destroy the result of my hard work and leave a devastating scene behind. They eat and throw away my black cherries, my black and white prized mulberries, and my figs.
I spend most of my summer rushing out of the sunroom into the garden to shoo them away. Their recent chirping made me rush out to the garden to discourage them from hanging around.

Irritated, I clapped hard and threw water at the big cherry tree, thinking they were there, even though I could not see them. The chirping continued, and I felt helpless to defend my fruit. This went on for a couple of days, and I could still hear their loud voices, but I couldn't find them. On the third day, early in the morning, I heard movement very close to me in the bathroom wall.

My house is 110 years old, with many places where different creatures can enter for a visit. I have accepted that I must co-exist with them, even though it makes me unhappy. I listened carefully and realized the sound was behind the wall, and the creature couldn't get anywhere. I thought it couldn't be

a rat, since they run away fast when they hear a sound, and I made a noise to scare them. My efforts were useless, and the noise sounded like a bird flapping its wings.

After some thought, I concluded that it could be a bird that had fallen through, meaning there was a nest in the attic. I knew it must be the pesky starling nesting there, with babies torturing me with their cries and ready to destroy more of my fruit. So, in anger, I took a flashlight and went into the dark, narrow attic, where I could hear the chirping. There he was, a loud mouthpiece of meat with eyes closed and beak open, making a scene as if being beaten by me. I lifted him, and he tried to bite me, wanting to get away. I was angry and confused. My enemy in my house, at my mercy, fighting me. How dare he? What does this little thing think he is? He was away from any nest. With a little distaste, I put the loudmouth baby on the floor, thinking the parents would take care of him. Later I realized that was a mistake because, for some reason, no parents appeared, and two chicks were left hungry and out of the nest. The quiet one found a hole between two wooden studs that were a few inches apart and fell to the floor behind the wall. Because he was quiet and did not make a sound, I assumed that he had died shortly after.

On a later visit, I found the nest on a platform half a meter above the floor. The nest was shallow, and any movement of the chicks would have caused them to fall, which is exactly what happened.

I felt terrible for the chick's death and thought to do something for the other one, and against my dislike for starlings, I decided to take care of him, remembering these words:

"Ye must not only have kind and merciful feelings for mankind, but ye should also exercise the utmost kindness towards every living creature." ~Abdu'l-Baha.

So I went up to the attic, looked for him, and could hear him but could not see him. Then I discovered a poorly constructed nest.

I looked everywhere, but he was under the insulation beneath the attic floor, and I couldn't reach him. I gave up and returned, but I could hear him, which made me miserable because I couldn't help him. I felt he was calling me for help, and since his parents had abandoned him, I was his only saviour.

I made the TV sound loud so I could not hear his cries. He was a bundle of energy, crying loudly and continuously without pause. It tore my heart out. I didn't know what to do but repeat, "I am so sorry, I cannot help you," or "It is not my fault that your parents built a bad nest." I talked to him to ease my conscience.

I knew there was a lesson in this for me, but I didn't know what kind. Maybe he was born to teach me a lesson about the love and the preciousness of life.

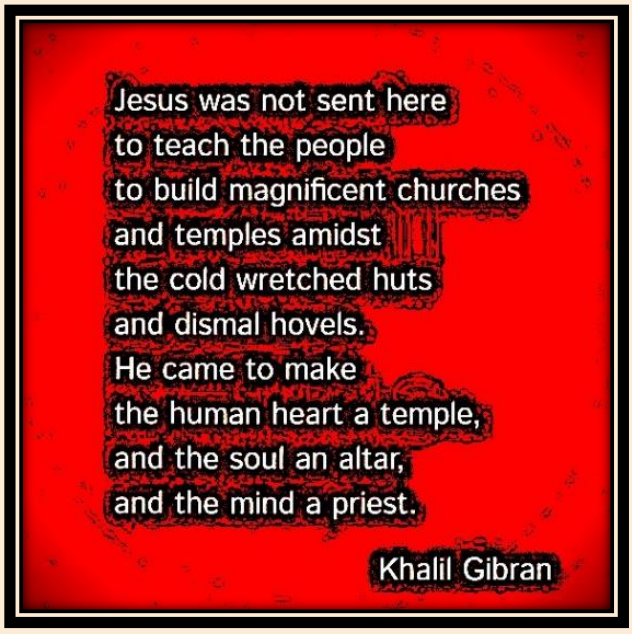
I was in emotional hell, and I knew the end. But the end was not coming soon enough for him and me. I heard his flapping now; he was also on the floor behind the wall.

My misery knew no limits, since now I clearly understood the agonizing end of my unwanted guest, whom I now deeply cared for, wished for, and prayed for his survival, which was impossible because he had fallen behind the wall behind the bathtub.

I called him the "Little Fighter," who would not give up easily and was fighting for his life. I cannot describe the change in my feelings from indifference when I held him in my hand to now my praying for the cries to stop.

The cries mercifully stopped the following day, and as I pondered this sad event and tried to find the lesson in it, I realized the little bird taught me that the gift of life is precious and worth fighting for. He taught me not to hate the starlings that destroyed my fruit. They, like me, want to live. He taught me that I can still love even the people and creatures I see as enemies.

I thank my Little Fighter for showing me I am still emotionally alive and capable of loving and changing my attitude. In your short lifespan of a few days, you triggered emotions I did not know I had.



Writings to Ponder and Practice

"If others hurl their darts against you, offer them milk and honey in return; if they poison your lives, sweeten their souls; if they injure you, teach them how to be comforted..." ~Abdu'l-Bahá

For sharing materials and questions, write to bshams@telus.net