

4 September 1981

The beloved of my heart and soul, my children:

Finally, after months and months I am sitting down to write to you, what a dreadful mother I have become! To be honest there have been so many momentous and exciting events that have surrounded us that I have had neither the time nor the strength to sit down and write. And [your] weekly phone calls also induce a degree of laziness. In any case, it has been a while that I have wanted to write to you and, today, after this long delay, the opportunity finally availed itself. My heart aches and misses you three greatly and the desire to see you and embrace you, like an unattainable dream, comes after me daily. And these astonishing events that we are wrapped in also impact this impossible dream and rekindles the flame of hope, no matter how farfetched it maybe.

But my dear ones, there is absolutely no news of your dad¹. What has happened to him and where he and his friends are staying, I have no clue. The whole thing is shrouded in a dark and obscure curtain. It has been a while since I last dreamt of him². I am certain that he and his friends are under the protection of the Blessed Beauty, after all it was because of Him and by His consent that they became ensnared in difficulties. Undoubtedly, they must be happy and pleased.

For us these are not mere empty words but reality and truth. These days we see with our own very eyes how those who patiently endure the tribulations for the love of Him have such an unending and indescribable sense of joy and delight³. They feel no pain and know no sadness. I wonder what it is that His Holiness Bahá'u'lláh bestows on them that they become like this.

One of the young women—the wife of one of our martyrs from Tabriz—came to Tehran for a few days and had asked to see me. Alas, I did not have the honor of meeting her. My situation was so complicated, life at that time so complex and convoluted—and I also had to go on a work trip— all in all it was impossible for me to see her blessed face. A friend explained that her insistence on wanting to see me was because she thought that she was losing her mind. She has just lost her kind and dear husband and has been left alone with young children. Her house and all her property have been confiscated, and she has been evicted from their home. Yet in the face of this, she felt no sadness or grief. She has even found it difficult to shed tears but instead is happy and cheerful! I sent a message to this dear soul that her worries are unfounded because nearly all the wives of the martyrs share similar feelings, and not only show no sorrow but instead succor and comfort those around them who may be sad and despondent.

¹ Refers to the abduction of Mr. Mahmoudi as part of the first NSA of the Bahá'ís of Iran on August 21, 1980.

² Of potential importance. In her letter of 7 June 1981 she writes, “I sense his existence with a sixth sense, or seventh, or tenth, I don't know; but he exists. And the rest of them, too, I sense their being. Sometimes I even seem to sense whether on that day they are well and happy or they are in discomfort. I feel that today Daddy is very tired of waiting. I feel they are saying to themselves, why is nothing happening? Why is there no news from anyone? Why doesn't their waiting come to an end so they can go back to their tasks?”

³ From the Hidden Words: “O Son of Man! For everything there is a sign. The sign of love is fortitude under My decree and patience under My trials.”

I am speechless and in awe to describe these strange and extraordinary events. These are indescribable feelings and experiences. I have been meaning to write about them for you so that you may get a simple taste of this but realized that I have something already prepared: the account of the martyrs of Hamadan⁴. My hopes and desires are that you only, my children, read this. I am sending it to Tíni by mail and after reading it he should send it to Mona and then Mona reads it and sends it to Náná.

My request is that you do not make photocopies of this nor read it for anyone other than Farshid and Kayhan⁵. You can describe the events and tell the story, but because I have written this for Grandfather⁶, it is not appropriate that others have access to copies of this.

After reading it if my beloved Náná wants to copy down some of the events in her notebook that is ok but then please destroy the original. What is important is that you three, with your spouses, read the story of this astonishing event. I will send it in multiple envelopes so as not make it heavy⁷.

I really would like Tíni to take it and read it also for Ms. Mrs. Homá- Homá Roshan-Zamír. My beloved Tíni, I know how hard you work but I would like you to do this for me. Of course, please make no copies for her either. I know that despite your busy schedule, you will fulfill this wish of mine.

I will of course block out certain names that are not essential to the story. Please accept this and the letter that is coming as a token of my deepest love and affection for you. I will try and write you more often but if not possible, I will send you additional writings such as these. I love you all and every single member of your own families dearly. Please pray for me and for your father who is the beloved of my heart. May my life be a sacrifice for you.

Mother

Mahmoudi
F O U N D A T I O N

⁴ The seven martyrs of Hamadan were members of the local spiritual assembly of that city and put to death on 14 June 1981 (see letter by Zhinus Mahmoudi dated 27 June 1981)

⁵ Mrs. Mahmoudi's two sons-in-law

⁶ Code name for the Universal House of Justice

⁷ And thus, risk it being confiscated by the authorities.