

Gladys

She came to me this morning, her face aglow in beautiful golden light;
The seraphs danced about her, dispelling the gloom of the passing night.
The Messenger was there with her, Murshida and He her guardians twain—
Their Spirits her consolation, their prayers had not been in vain.

She came to me this fair morning, a phoenix arose from the land of the dead,
Like a snake she cast off her outworn skin, the Lotus blossomed in her head;
As empty cups her mind and heart, in blissful realization her soul,
For Peace had come, thank God! thank God! For He hath made her whole.

Baptized was she this morning, by the won'drous Grace of the Holy Ghost,
Purified in the sacred fire, she has joined the Angelic Host.
For all she suffered here on earth, for all she has gone through,
In a twinkling the Veil was lifted away, and God hath made anew.

Let us praise God this morning, for His Blessings and His perfect love,
Let every breath be a prayer of praise to our maker within and above.
Some take eons to reach their God, some need years, others but an hour,
But in eternity it is the same, for balanced are God's Grace and His power.

We, who cannot read the signs how can we know the length of the Way?
A journey through Eternity? Or the infinitesimal of a day?
God's purpose appears hidden to all, yet in Truth is open to every one,
And when we let His Light shine out—God's secrets? —there are none.

Dedicated to Muzafar, by the Grace of God
July 31, 1928
Between 8 and 9 A.M.
Through Samuel, in purdah.