

To Murshida

O Murshida, my Murshida, when I think of the sacrifices Thou must make—
Here—this lovely home—a temple of Peace, a place for inspiration.
Yet Thou must give up all—all for the Cause:
Home and family, pleasures and joy.
They may rob you and draw the very vitality from your marrows,
 but you do it all for Him, without hope of earthly reward or compensation.
Here I sit where you and Elias worked—to bring the Message of Elias to thy people.
Have they heard? Will they hear? And thou a woman, clothed in a woman's garb and
 facing all of woman's tasks and trials in life.
O Murshida, if ever I owe anything to mortal man, or woman, I owe it to thee.
O God, make me worthy to serve my Murshida's remaining days on earth, help to serve
 her and through her to serve Thee.
Make me a source of joy and inspiration to her as autumn comes.
Guide her path and be with her day and night.

By Samuel, at sundown, March 15, 1925. Read at Summer school, July 23, 1929
Murshida's birthday.