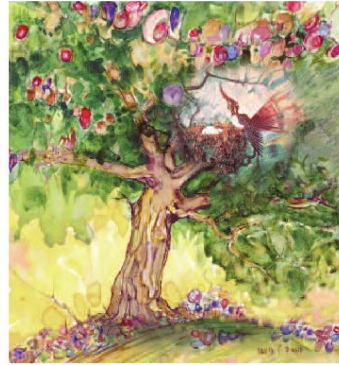


The following story is from the book

The Central Figures

Bahá'u'lláh

Volume One



These stories are lovingly provided to download as a convenience to teachers or communities otherwise unable to acquire the book. Each book in this storybook series also includes an appendix with questions for discussion and reflection, a glossary of words and phrases used in the stories, a bibliography, and an index.

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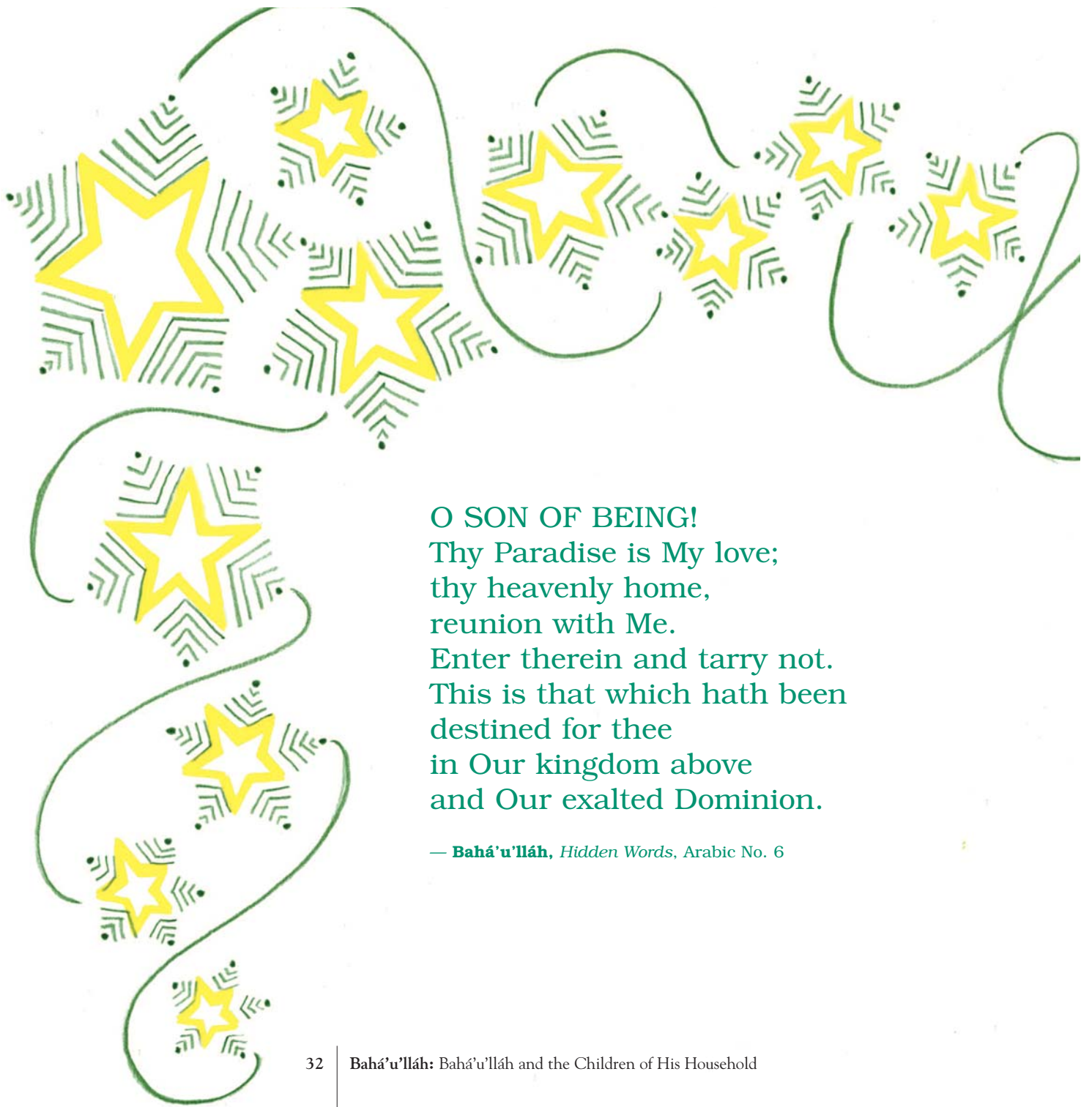
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O SON OF BEING!
Thy Paradise is My love;
thy heavenly home,
reunion with Me.
Enter therein and tarry not.
This is that which hath been
destined for thee
in Our kingdom above
and Our exalted Dominion.

— Bahá'u'lláh, *Hidden Words*, Arabic No. 6



Summertime

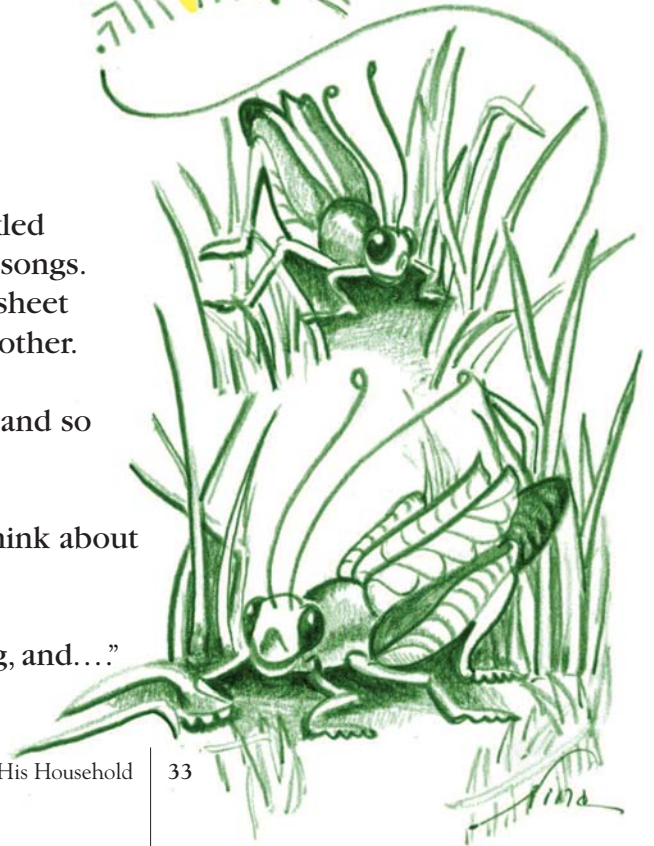
*Written by Alexander Haskell
Illustrated by Nina Scott*

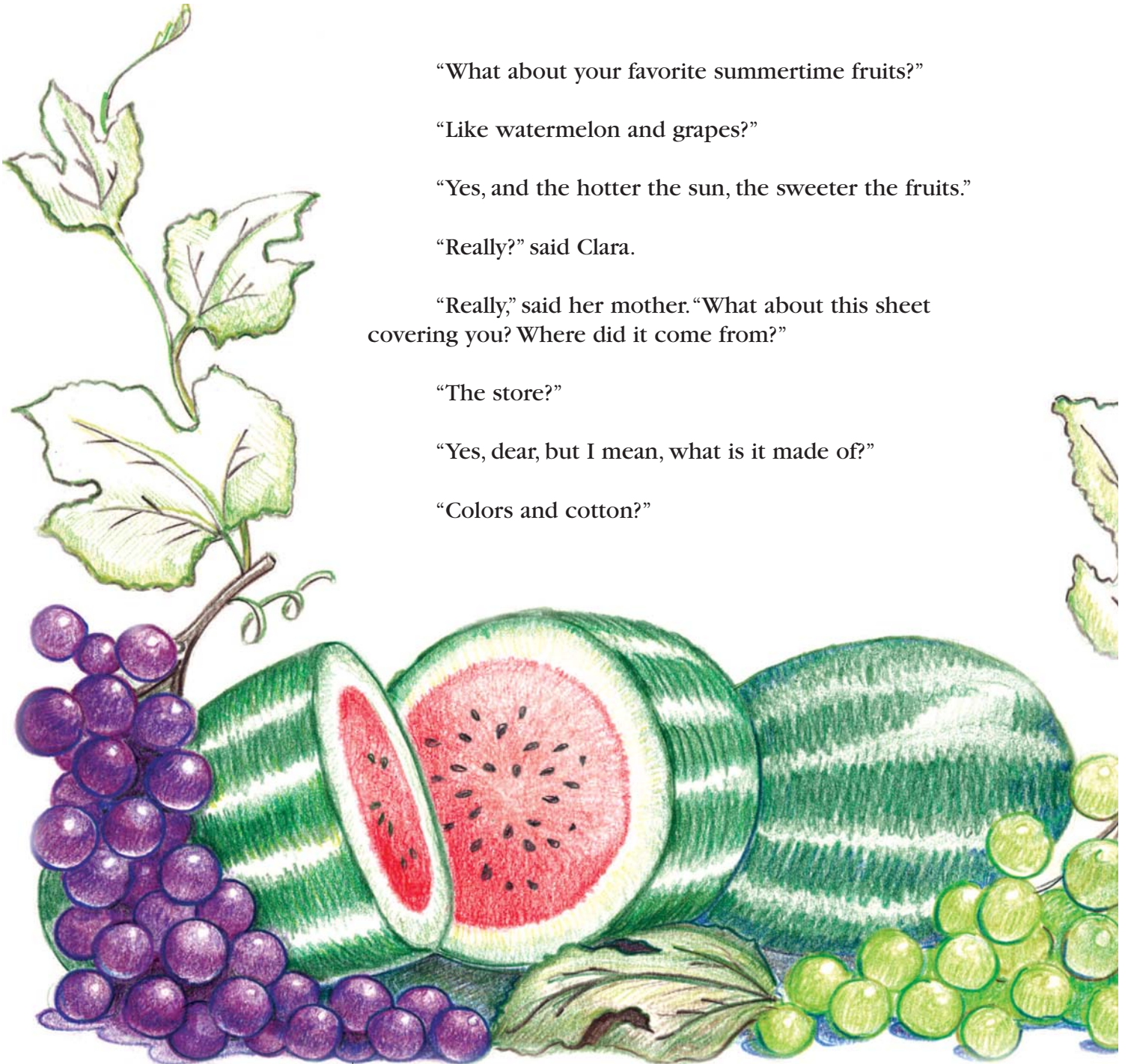
The night was warm. Outside, the stars twinkled brightly, and the crickets were singing their nightly songs. Clara, lying in her darkened bedroom with a single sheet pulled up to her chin, waited expectantly for her mother.

“Why did God make it so hot in the summer and so cold in the winter? It’s just too hot!”

“You’re right, it does seem too hot, but just think about what you like in the summer.”

“Well, playing with my friends, and swimming, and...”





“What about your favorite summertime fruits?”

“Like watermelon and grapes?”

“Yes, and the hotter the sun, the sweeter the fruits.”

“Really?” said Clara.

“Really,” said her mother. “What about this sheet covering you? Where did it come from?”

“The store?”

“Yes, dear, but I mean, what is it made of?”

“Colors and cotton?”

“Good. And cotton comes from?”

“A plant?”

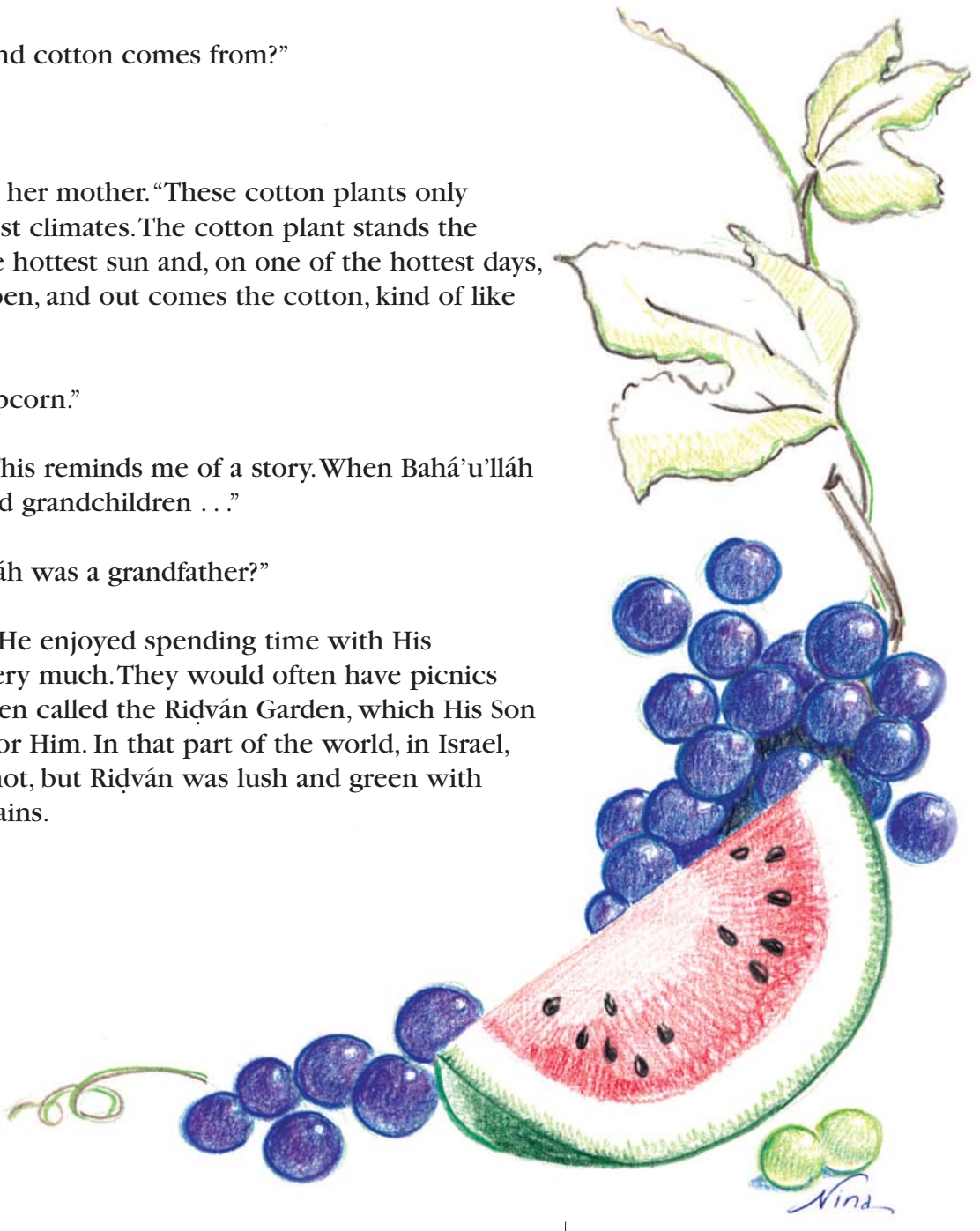
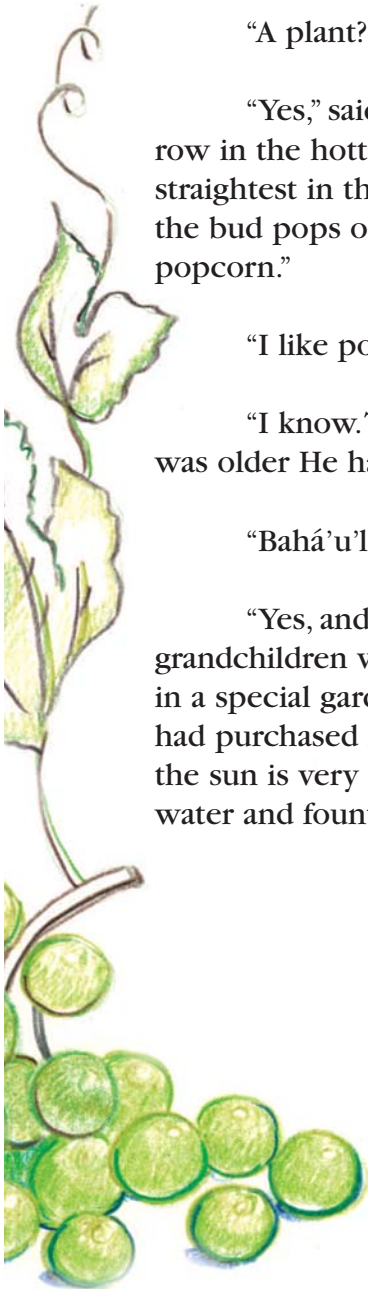
“Yes,” said her mother. “These cotton plants only row in the hottest climates. The cotton plant stands the straightest in the hottest sun and, on one of the hottest days, the bud pops open, and out comes the cotton, kind of like popcorn.”

“I like popcorn.”

“I know. This reminds me of a story. When Bahá’u’lláh was older He had grandchildren . . .”

“Bahá’u’lláh was a grandfather?”

“Yes, and He enjoyed spending time with His grandchildren very much. They would often have picnics in a special garden called the Riḍván Garden, which His Son had purchased for Him. In that part of the world, in Israel, the sun is very hot, but Riḍván was lush and green with water and fountains.



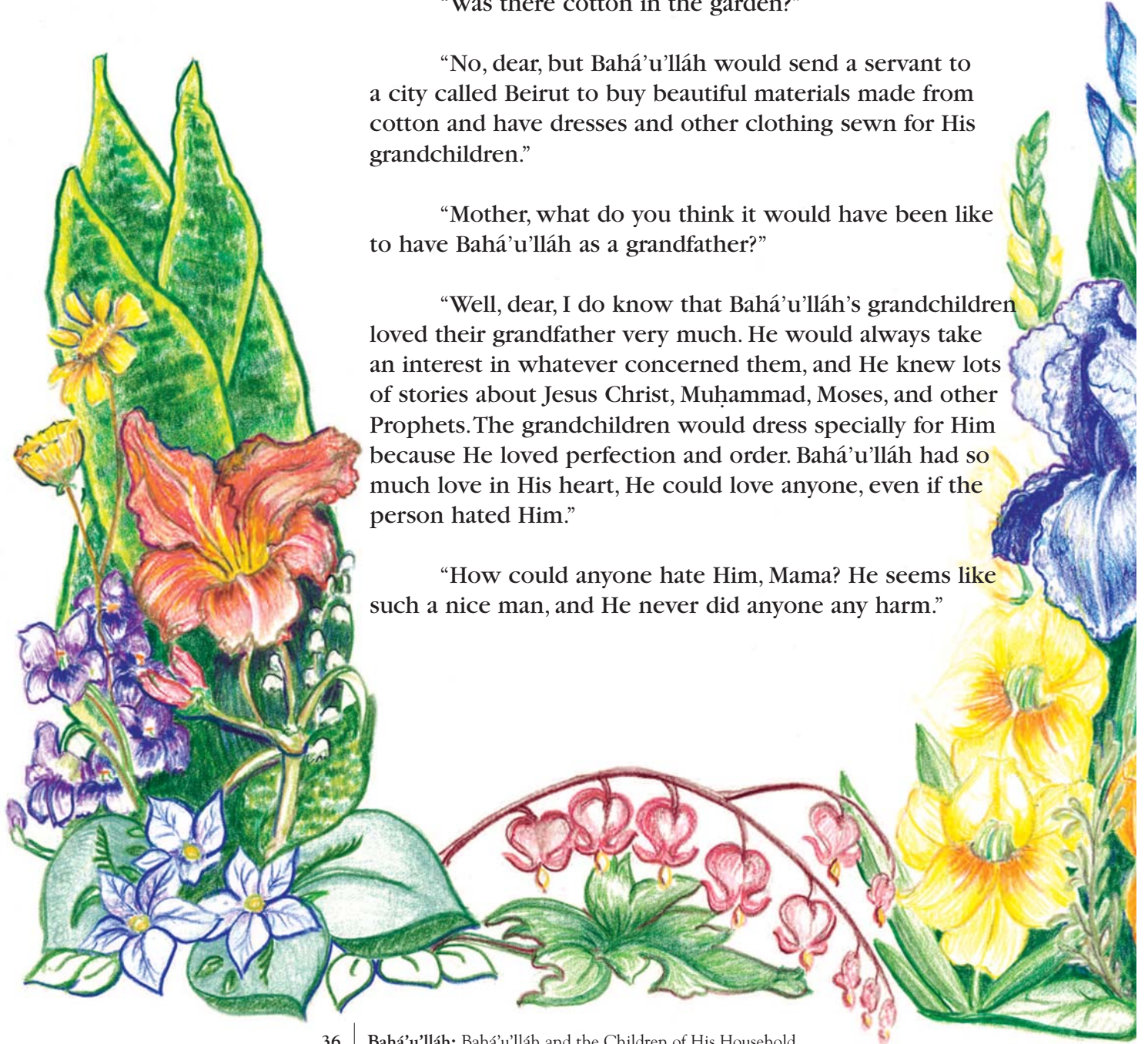
“Was there cotton in the garden?”

“No, dear, but Bahá’u’lláh would send a servant to a city called Beirut to buy beautiful materials made from cotton and have dresses and other clothing sewn for His grandchildren.”

“Mother, what do you think it would have been like to have Bahá’u’lláh as a grandfather?”

“Well, dear, I do know that Bahá’u’lláh’s grandchildren loved their grandfather very much. He would always take an interest in whatever concerned them, and He knew lots of stories about Jesus Christ, Muḥammad, Moses, and other Prophets. The grandchildren would dress specially for Him because He loved perfection and order. Bahá’u’lláh had so much love in His heart, He could love anyone, even if the person hated Him.”

“How could anyone hate Him, Mama? He seems like such a nice man, and He never did anyone any harm.”



“Well, dear, some people had very difficult lives, and they knew nothing but envy and hate. Bahá’u’lláh was like a rose, and His love was like the fragrant perfume from the rose. The breeze carried this fragrance to everyone, whether it was to a friend or an enemy.”

“That’s nice, Mama. Roses are something else that like the summer heat, too, aren’t they?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Mama? I guess there are a lot of good things about summer, and I’ll try not to complain when it gets too hot. I’ll just try to find a cool place in the shade. Now, every time I smell a rose, I’ll remember this night, and Bahá’u’lláh, and how we need to find that love in our hearts for everyone.”

“And don’t forget about yourself, dear. You are also very special, like the breeze that carries that fragrance.”

“Thank you, Mama. I love you.”

“I love you too, dear. Good night.”

“Good night, Mama.” ★

