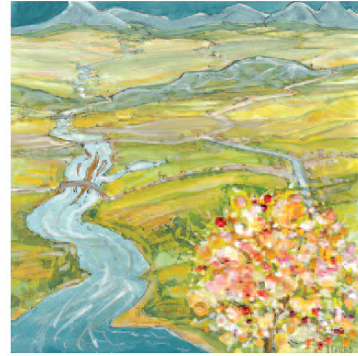


The following story is from the book

*The Central Figures*

*Bahá'u'lláh*

*Volume Two*



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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Graphic Design by Pepper Peterson Oldziey

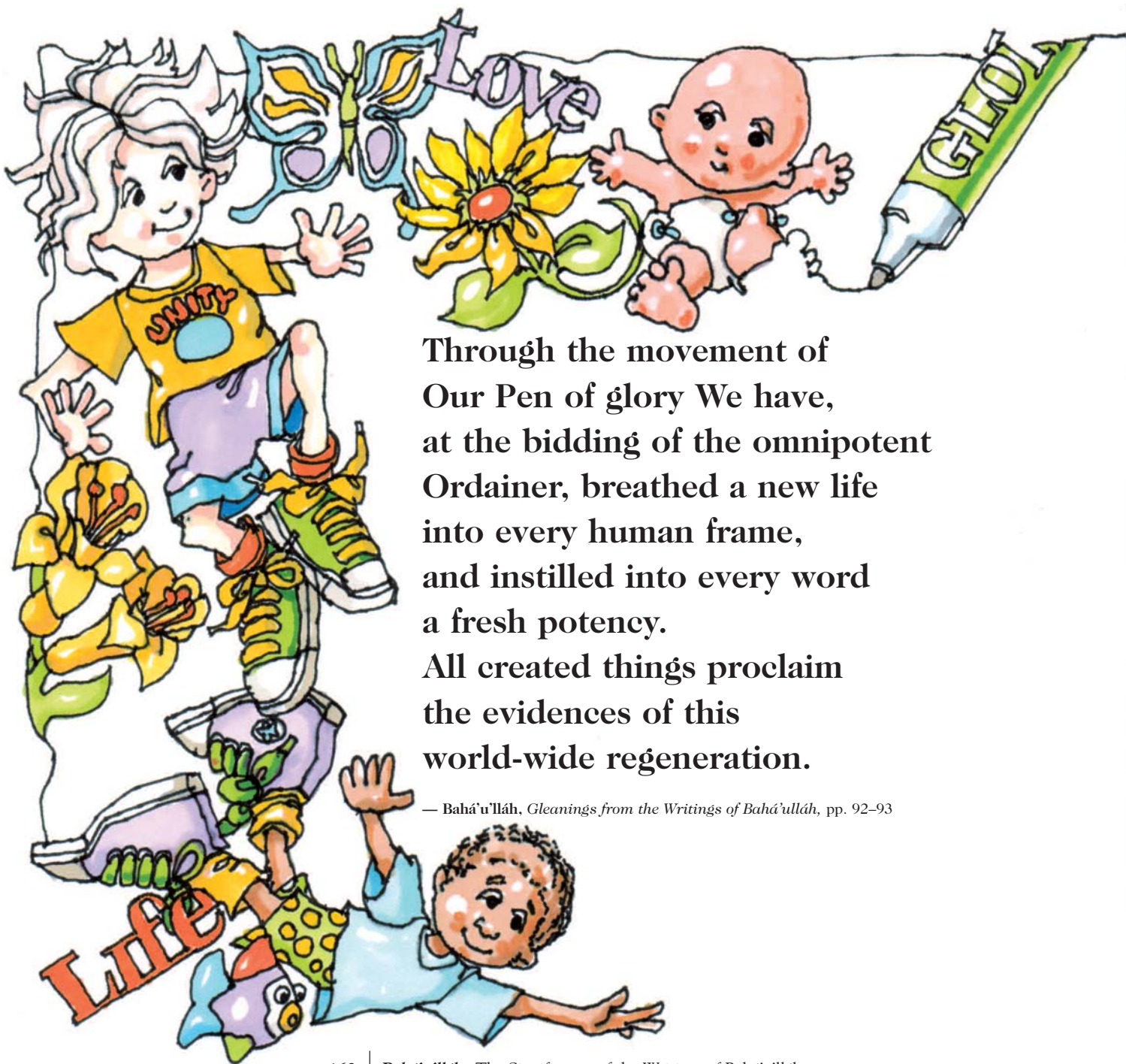
Bahá'í Publishing Trust, Wilmette, Illinois 60091-2886  
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Published 2002  
05 04 03 02 4 3 2 1

Printed in the United States of America

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National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States

  
**Bahá'í Publishing Trust**  
Wilmette, Illinois



Through the movement of  
Our Pen of glory We have,  
at the bidding of the omnipotent  
Ordainer, breathed a new life  
into every human frame,  
and instilled into every word  
a fresh potency.

All created things proclaim  
the evidences of this  
world-wide regeneration.

— Bahá'u'lláh, *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*, pp. 92–93

GO! Bamba! GO!



## Bamba and the Rainstorm

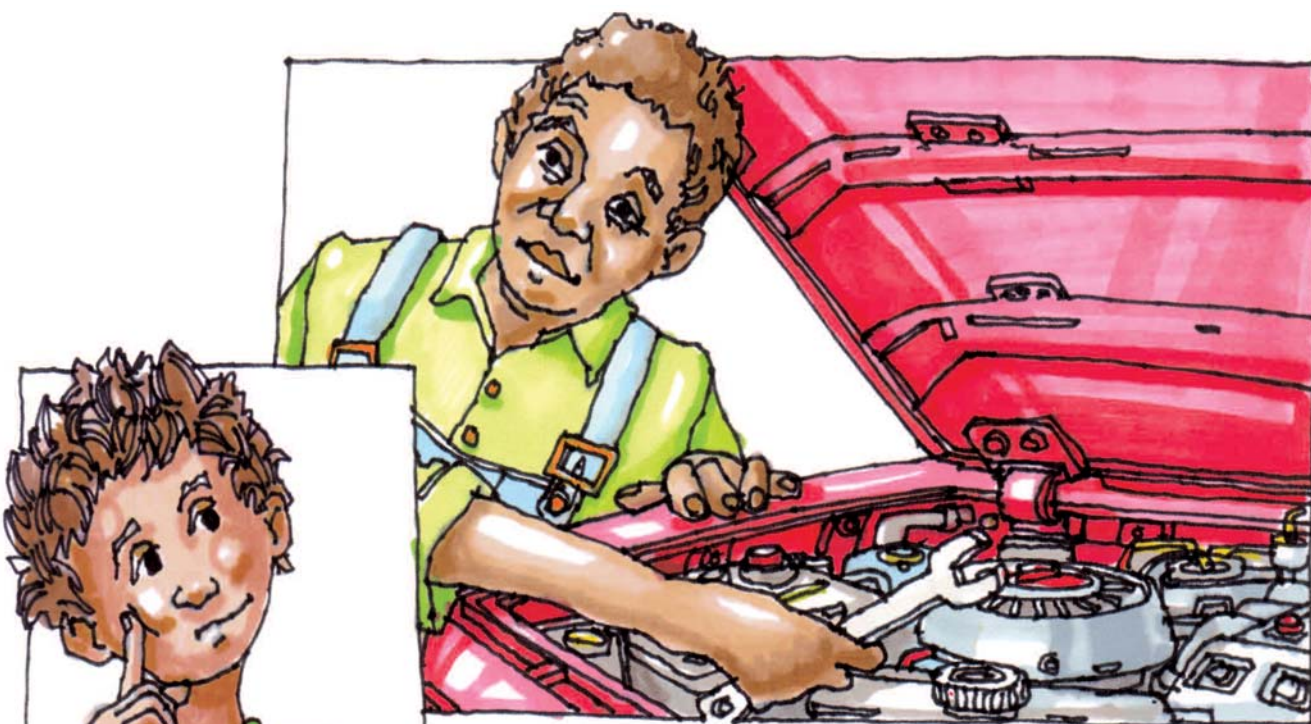
I love to run. Drivers along the roads know me well: “Go, Bamba, Go!” they shout. “Bamba” is a nickname my friends gave me. I win races so often, and I hear people screaming, “Go, Bamba, Go!” so much that my feet seem to say it as I run.

Each time I win another race, friends chant—“Bamba! Bamba!” It’s great!

One day, coming back from a run, some friends in the road yell, “Bamba, the Greatest!” As I pass Papa, who’s working on an engine, he greets me, then asks, “Ahmad, why do you like to run?”

“Bamba’s the greatest!” I reply. “And when I win, I want to win again!”

*Written by Rick Johnson  
Illustrated by Keith Kresge*



THINKING

Papa keeps working. “Ahmad,” he says at last, “will you run when no one cheers anymore? The day will come when you won’t win every race, and someday, I may be able to out-run you!” Papa had a twinkle in his eye, but I could tell he was serious.

“When Bahá’u’lláh asks you some day why you ran all that way, what will you tell Him? Will you tell Him it’s because you’re ‘Bamba, the Greatest’?” I don’t respond, but I think about what he is saying.

Some days later, I dream I am running across a dry treeless desert. It’s hot and dry. The sound of my feet hitting the dry ground says, ‘Bamba! Bamba!’ I desperately want to stop, but feel like I must keep running, or the cheers will stop. Just as I feel like I am going to die from the heat, it begins to rain.

## O BLESSED BEAUTY

It rains as if the sky has broken open . . . I keep running, and it rains harder and harder. Lightning streaks in huge bolts. The harder it rains, the faster I want to run.

As I run, the pouring rain drowns out “Bamba!” Each bolt of lightning dazzles my eyes with such power that as I run, my feet splashing in the water seem to sound out—“O God! My God! O Blessed Beauty!”—over and over. I keep running, not wanting anything to ruin this precious run.

Next morning, when I go running, it’s just as in the dream—those beautiful rhythmic phrases sounding in my steps! I run faster and further than ever before. It’s astonishing how wonderful I feel—never have I loved running more!

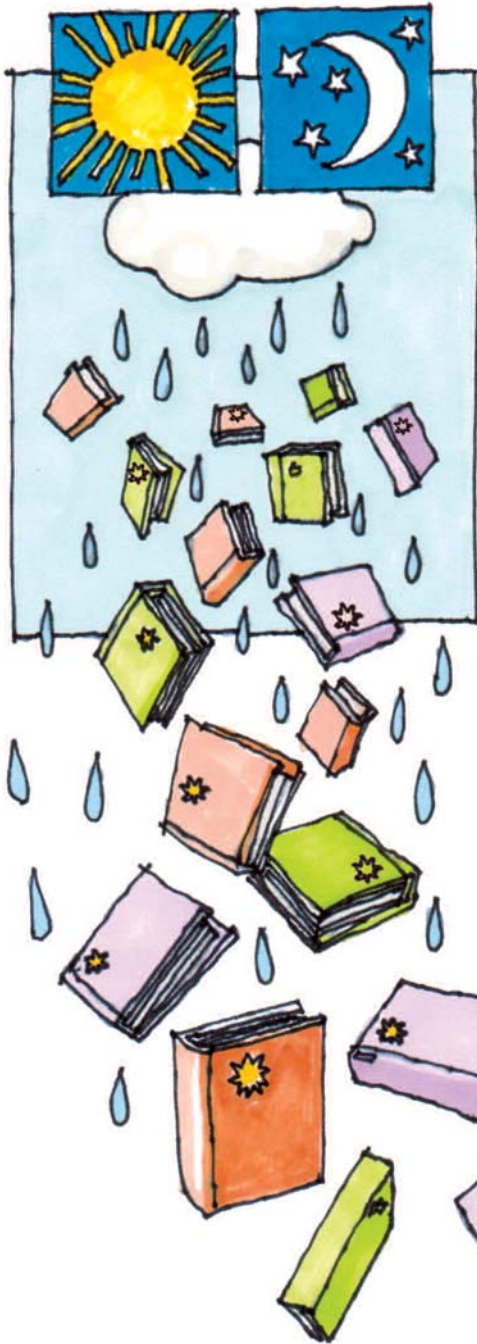
“Papa,” I say when I come back, “I want to tell you something wonderful!” I tell him about my dream and the run I’ve just completed. “I don’t know what to think about it” I continue, “but somehow it feels like an answer to your question . . . what do you think?” I grin at him.

“Ahmad,” he smiles, “did you ever hear of Bahá’u’lláh’s ‘shrilling Pen’?”

“No,” I respond, “but you think it has something to do with my dream?”

“Yes, Ahmad . . . Bahá’u’lláh says that when we’re far from Him, it feels like our souls are burning with thirst. But His Words are like life-giving waters pouring down on us. The powerful lightning flashes in your dream make me think of Bahá’u’lláh saying that His Pen speaks with a ‘shrilling voice’ . . . the shrilling Pen is like flashes of lightning in a dark night.”





“It’s amazing, Papa . . . the more it rained, the harder I wanted to run. It was like I was getting energized by the storm!”

“Ahmad, it’s good that you like to run. Just remember why you run,” Papa smiles.

“I realize, Papa, that I was focused on what other people were saying about me—‘Bamba, the Greatest!’—rather than what I can say to them. I think I have something to say.”

“Give them the rain, Ahmad,” Papa says. “The driving rainstorm in your dream reminds me of the way Bahá’u’lláh revealed His Writings. Day and night He would reveal verses so rapidly that it was like raindrops coming down too fast and numerous to count! That’s what I think the rainstorm means in your dream. His secretaries and helpers were unable to keep up—sometimes Bahá’u’lláh revealed one thousand verses an hour!”

“The amazing thing to me, Papa, was the energy I felt running in that rainstorm! It was a powerful feeling. I’d like to run like that all the time!” My legs are almost vibrating with energy—and I know in my heart why I really want to run. “Papa, I want to run for the Blessed Beauty!”

“Ahmad, each of the hundreds of volumes Bahá’u’lláh revealed is like that rainstorm in your dream. He revealed as much as all the previous Prophets put together! Give that rain to the people who watch you run.”

“Papa, I’ll give them what I can. I know the sound that I’ll hear now, as I run, will be that beautiful sound from my dream ‘O God! My God! O Blessed Beauty!’ And that’s why I’ll run.” ★

