

Viladat Day Speeches 1921—1926, 1929 plus notes re 1927, 1932

Background

Within the Biographical Department there is a file with the original handwritten speeches made by different mureeds to celebrate Pir o Murshid Hazrat Inayat Khan's birthday on 5th July. These are now reproduced below, and the page numbers of the editions of *Sufism* where a report of the day have been added. As most of the speeches were handwritten there are instances where the words are illegible, this is noted by {...}. The nationality and full name with Sufi name where known has been added also between { } brackets and we direct readers who wish for further background to the excellent site www.sufipaedia.org where they can find further information and pictures.

Viladat Day -1921

Words Spoken by Pir o Murshid on 5th July 1921

Then Murshid spoke. After thanking us he reminded us that we were there not so much for him as a personality, but for the ideas and ideals he represented; then in terms of highest praise he spoke of the work done for the Order by Miss Goodenough—recently made Khalifa—as long as the Sufi Order existed, he said, thanks would be due to one who with unflinching perseverance and devotion collected the teaching and enabled it to be given to the world. She was worthy of his trust and our gratitude.

Also included in this file is the following titled Prayer for the Viladat Day but taken from Murshid's 1921 Notebooks

Prayer for the Viladat Day

God, Lord of the East and of the West, our Creator and Sustainer,
Thou art the power of the Masters, inspiration of the saints and the word of the prophets.
We beseech Thee on this Viladat day, and ask Thy blessings on the Sufi Order, and grant health, life and ease to Thy servant, our Pir o Murshid Inayat Khan.
Pray help further the Universal Cause and spread Their Message throughout the whole world.

First entry

God, Lord of the East and of the West, our Creator and our Upraiser.
Thou art the power of the Masters, inspiration of the saints and the word of the prophets.
We beseech Thee on this Viladat day, and ask Thy blessing on the Sufi Order.
Pray harmonize the brothers and sisters in the Order.
Grant Thy servant, our Pir o Murshid Inayat Khan health, life and ease for him to bear Thy Message.
Help us all to serve Thy Cause.

Second entry

The years of my life are passing
leaving me behind to live
a fuller and everlasting life
after the Message I give.

There is also a report of the actual day held in Wissous, France in the September 1921 edition of the quarterly magazine Sufism, written by Kefayat Gladys Lloyd.

Viladat Day 1922

Note : words by Murshida Goodenough for the illuminated address, presented to Pir-o-Murshid on Viladat Day 1922.

We sow our seed on the sand if God bids. The day of life broadens, the Sun mounts always higher and higher. Since dawn how many flowers you have strewn, some wind borne East and West, some caught by loving hands. The interpenetrating space keeps their forms, their fragrance floats around you. How many furrows you have ploughed through sand and over rocks and deep in the soil. The time of sowing came, and by your generous hand the grain is strewn far and wide. We are ready. We do not falter in the toil, to hoe and till, that God's Corn may stand for the harvesting of them who shall come; while grateful hearts shall hold the name and being of the Sower.

Viladat Day 1922
Address, signed by all mureeds present.

There is also a report of the actual day held in Suresnes, France with Murshid's response in the September 1922 edition of the quarterly magazine Sufism.

Viladat Day 1923

There is a report of the actual day held in Suresnes, France with Murshid's response in the September 1923 edition of the quarterly magazine Sufism.

Viladat Day - 1924

Murshida Martin {US mureed Mrs Rabia Ada Martin}

Our blessed Murshid and members of the Sufi Movement, In 1912 on May 24th at three o'clock in San Francisco, the doors of the Sufi Order were formerly opened to the Western world.

From those beginnings, as I look to the States now I see a slow but steady progress of the Message. It is just like a mother watching over my children that I feel of everyone identified over this Movement. Now that I look this day I thank God that I am the mother of so large a family. What we need in the Movement to-day is to have not the missionary method but that fine missionary spirit that brought many of the earlier Christians into strange lands with a great mission and who fulfilled it in every manner and form of sacrifice. And I believe to-day our greatest need is to fare forth and bring this Message to the whole of humanity.

In the name of our blessed Murshid and of the American members I send the greetings from our American country. I have felt your spirit of kindness and cooperation so that now I return to the States with a great feeling of spiritual joy. There never has been a time when the Message has been so greatly needed. I have now almost toured through the whole world, I saw no country which has not been blessed to the fullest extent by the Message that our Murshid brought to the world in 1910.

I pray that I may be privileged to be at this assembly again.

Miss Lloyd {English mureed Kefayat Gladys Lloyd}

Once again it is my privilege in the name of our English mureeds to offer to Murshid greetings of reverence, affection and gratitude; especially from Murshida Green who is close to us in spirit though her work keeps her away to-day, also from Miss Dowland, National Representative and Miss Sydney, Secretary, from all the Cherags and mureeds. Sometimes we are tempted some of us to feel a little disappointed that the growth of the Movement seems to be so much smaller than we would wish it to be. Then we are reminded that it is never at the street corners that the great movements have their beginning; that each one has its beginning in the heart of man. To-day at the exhibition at Wembley there is a little kiosk of the Sufi Message; it stands close by the Band Stand, in front of the Government buildings, where all the great and little ones of the earth can see it as it stands there as a little monument of what the Sufi Message will one day be. It reminds us of that parable: the smallest seed is the mustard seed and yet it becomes great that it grows into a vast tree and the birds of the air may take their refuge in its branches.

I think there is for us a special message in this symbolism. Its golden colour is the colour of light which is our colour.

In the name of all your mureeds, I would like to utter the prayer of our heart that next year when we meet again the number of your mureeds may be doubled and trebled. That each one for themselves might express in their lives the Sufi principles of love, harmony and beauty, and each one in his own place do his part in bringing about the kingdom of Heaven up on earth.

Baron van Tuyll {Dutch mureed Sheikh Sirdar Hubertus Paulus van Tuyll van Serooskerken}

Dear Murshid,

I have the pleasure to present birthday wishes from mureeds and friends of Holland. And to speak with the astrologers, a birthday is a renewal of force and vigour for the new year. I think that it is the privilege of those who are present at your birthday that they partake a little bit of this.

In the name of those my compatriots who are present I thank you for this. An old belief is that when a child is born there come all good fairies to give their presents. A new birthday is in some way a new birth. I hope that you will look on us your mureeds as the good fairies who bring you their good presents for the future. In the name of all your Dutch mureeds and friends I express you to-day their affection and attachment and all their good intentions and best wishes for the future which I lay most humbly at your feet.

Miss Alt {English mureed, Phyllis Alt}
Pir-o-Murshid,

In speaking for Italy I feel it is more fitting to say only a few words on behalf of the very youngest branch of the Sufi tree! The mureeds in Italy are deeply grateful to you for having come to them, bringing with you light and consolation. And we hope that you will feel that the time and trouble taken over your visits to us will be justified in the results.

A telegram from the Roman mureeds expresses their devotion to you on this Viladat Day and another one, from a mureed I know, also expresses the feelings of them all. " Murshid, well loved, we send great devotion, gratitude, respect, humility, silent love ..."

Baronne d'Eichthal {French mureed Sheika MC d'Eichthal}
My Dear Murshid,

It is a great happiness for me to wish you to-day, in the name of all the French mureeds the realisation of all your desires, with the continual progress and success of your magnificent Message for Humanity.

We, our French mureeds, those present to-day, as well as those who are regretfully absent, wish to express to you all our devotion, and our gratitude for the great help, the light, the strength you have imported to each of us individually.

Our group, though it has grown a little is not yet what we wish it to be. But I hope that this year after these three months in which so much is given to all your mureeds, we shall have acquired more strength, more knowledge, more comprehension of our duties so that, united, we shall succeed in enlarging our group, in finding and in bringing to you so many souls who suffer, who are in darkness, who seek the light.

Miss Furnée {Dutch mureed at that time Sakina, later Nekbakht, Johanna E D Furnée}
Revered Pir-o-Murshid,

It is a great honour to me and a privilege to be allowed to speak a few words on behalf of the Belgian mureeds who wish to express their feelings of gratitude and to send their respectful congratulations to Pir-o-Murshid on Viladat Day. They wish me to say that:

We hope that this day will be a day of joy for you, whose constant efforts to bring us the beautiful philosophy of Love, Harmony and Beauty we greatly appreciate. By the help of this we are better able to elevate our souls towards Him, Who is the Hidden Life of the Universe. Towards Him, Who can fill the shrine of our heart with joy and happiness.

We all have been most grateful for the beautiful teachings you have given to guide us wisely through life.

Madame Detraux {French mureed Mme Yvonne Detraux}

Qu'il me soit donné en premier lieu d'exprimer à notre Mourchid tous les vœux que nous formons pour le bonheur du Messenger et la prospérité du Message. Au nom de ses mureeds de France, je veux lui dire la joie très haute que nous éprouvons du privilège qui nous est dévolu, du privilège que sur notre sol se soit dressée sa tente, le feu de son foyer.

Ainsi, étrangers qui venez vous réchauffer à cette flamme, nous voudrions que vous vous sentiez chez vous, que vous puissiez dire avec le poète : « Chaque être a deux patries, la sienne et la France. »

La France est une âme ; nous sommes les membres de son corps, de son corps qui a cruellement souffert. Mais les mains divines pansent toute blessure, et nous voulons croire que si nous nous trouvons aujourd'hui tous réunis, ici, autour de notre Mourchid, c'est qu'aux plus durs jours de l'épreuve, l'espérance en nos cœurs a senti ses ailes croître pour un vol illimité.

Monsieur Dussaq {Cuban mureed Khalif Talewar Emilien Dussaq}

Dear and revered Murshid,

I should like to express the feelings of your devoted mureeds working at the Headquarters. It is difficult to express in words what this day means to your sincere mureeds. It is only in silence that our hearts can convey it to your heart. When we think of the work you have undertaken that which is not a man-made plan but a God made plan. All we can do for you is to think that all we do we do for God and humanity. What is it we can do for you in your gigantic work? One of the main things is to live up to your teachings. Not only to learn them, but to live up to them so that your teachings are rooted in our heart, and not only in our brain. In trying to live up to these teachings we may say to those who say that the Message is not new, we may answer that living up to the Message would be a new thing for the world. And besides living up to your teaching we partake of your life and we partake of your burden in life, and that your sincere mureeds consider their highest privilege. Besides they also partake of the blessing of your life, therefore all your sincere mureeds desire to offer you their boundless gratitude.

Murshida Goodenough {English mureed, Sherifa Lucy Goodenough}

(This contribution is incomplete)

Through all these years your unceasing courage, and the blessings that never have ceased to be given to those also who are not your mureeds, {...}

It is with grateful hearts that we turn to you, assuring you the most profound gratitude.

We are few workers in this {...}. But greatness is not size; greatness is in the aim that one pursues. Volume is not strength; strength lies in the life we put {...}. That strength and life is with us; and it is that which will give us in the future an unfaltering courage to pursue till the end.

Ronald A.L. Mumtaz Armstrong {English mureed}

A Message to the Pir-o-Murshid On Viladat Day.

A mureed, seven thousand miles away across the seas, greets you and all those gathered with you on this day.

Distance can in no way sever his heart from the Centre of Sufi Love. Nor shall distance from the goal ever separate a single Sufi from the ONE.

Peace be with you all, and the Blessing of God upon the Work.

Ronald A.L. Mumtaz Armstrong,
BUENOS AIRES, June 8th, 1924.

Viladat Day July 5th 1925

Laura Sophia Hoerber {USA mureed} read the address to Pir-o-Murshid on behalf of the American mureeds; also a letter from Murshida Rabia A. Martin.

“Salutations Pir-o-Murshid and birthday greetings from your devoted American Mureeds at home and from those in Presence. On behalf of my homeland I lay at your feet the tribute of their love, loyalty and homage.

As an appreciation and an expression of encouragement I shall present to your notice the following names of mureeds who are faithfully holding their charge in America and carrying their accepted responsibilities to a successful issue: Mrs Cushing, Miss Ketchum, Mrs Venable, Mr & Mrs Hobart, Khalifa Miller, Miss Hepburn, Mr Fatha Engle, and Mr Best. These names all recall faces illumined by earnest endeavour. We who are with you today are as pilgrims gathered here from many lands: from sunny Italy, the South land; from the land of the midnight sun the Northland; from the East out to the land of the setting sun that cradle land of a new nation, a new race and the first western home of the Sufi message.

Max Müller wrote a book called “Chips from a German Workshop”. He was then translating the ‘Vedas’ and these ‘chips’ were the by-products of his work. So I have sometimes thought of and compared this composite American nation as a nation built up and formed out of the chips that have been thrown off from the great empires of the world as suns are flung off from some giant sun.

It’s a far cry from the Murshid’s birthland of the East to the Western birthland of the Sufi Message: it is of this extreme West I shall speak because it was there that Murshid found his first mureed. San Francisco California – are like words of magic to those who love her. San Francisco – with its 42 square miles of City and 3 miles of Ocean Beach, has been called the dashing Western beauty with the eyes of an exotic ancestry, ever enveloped by the glamour of the sea.

Along its embarcadero you may see every craft under the sun; also you may hear every tongue spoken on the planet. Herb Caen called San Francisco the “Baghdad of the West”. Burned four times to the ground the last time in 1906, it is now the most modern of American cities – still it retains its spirit of adventure, romance and magic.

The winds, blowing from the Orient across the Pacific Ocean gave Murshida Martin her first aromatic breath of earth life, the gentle murmurings of that Summer sea was her cradle song and all her life till the time Murshid came she knew no other place than this magic city. The Murshid came in 1911. Her soul was awake ready and answered his call. It is said that “sometime on the highway going – on the hilltop or in the plain we hear a voice and without our knowing life is never the same again”. And so it was, like her great progenitor who said “I will to be what I will to be” she faced the East, the source of all the great rivers of light and life, never flinching, never counting the cost always firmly, steadily forging ahead, working in the Murshid’s vinyards for long years without the encouragement of his physical presence or the sound of his inspiring voice. Then he came again in 1923 to this land of Promise, out to

the Golden Gate, and her cup was filled with joy overflowing when he told her he found her garden growing fine—her talents had multiplied.

I now have the great pleasure and privilege to read to you Murshida Martin's greetings to her Pir o Murshid.

Murshida Martin {US Mrs Rabia Ada Martin} (*handwritten letter*)

Your blessed birthday approaches. A year almost since we were in Suresnes on the same occasion. May our Beloved Allah lift some of your earthly burdens – and grant you health to carry out His purpose. May your dear ones have every blessing and every material need granted:- dear Begum may the 'Giver of all Gifts' grant her strength that the joy, the beauty of motherhood may be a blessed fulfilment. To your dear brothers and Ali, success in their undertakings and all advancements in the spiritual life.

I send my 'spiritual salutations' to the mureeds who are having the blessed privilege of being with you on this great occasion. We are now confronted with a history greater than we can comprehend and this memorable event in my mind is of the nature of a 'universal sacrament', yet in a sense we cannot separate it from the land of your birth – where Divinity is more awake than in many other lands of the Western World. A civilization is only great when its spirit can triumph over matter and the 'Message' which you have brought to our land ushered in that blessed promise with a 'Reality' hardly measured today.

We in America offer you our sacred tributes of silent love, reverence and loyalty in that Cause which is Allah's cause. The whole world rejoices, the Heavens sing their paeans of praises on this your natal day: may all hearts rejoice with you.

Amen!

Miss Lloyd {English mureed Kefayat Gladys Lloyd} spoke for England, saying :

"Pir-o-Murshid, it is once again my privilege to speak to you on behalf of your mureeds of Great Britain. Their loyalty, reverence and thanks for all you have done and are doing in their spiritual life."

Then a telegram from England was read.

Miss Lloyd continued :

" We have not today the pleasure of having Murshida Green, whose heart is here today so much we can feel her presence, and Khalifa Dowland who is working every hour with us today, and many of those who are working quietly in the country of England, where I feel sometimes that the plants are not growing so fast as we would like to see them. We have the firm conviction that the precious seed once will bear full fruit in due season. We would specially like to mention here the Misses Wiseman, in organising work, such quiet workers in helping the National Representative. In our midst Mr. and Mrs. Jones who are going from here with the inspiration they have gathered during sacred moments , in Leeds, they carry with them our great wishes and thoughts of blessing that their work there may be very fruitful.

A short time ago a mureed had a dream, she saw the world as your birthday cake and candles upon it were the hearts of mureeds. My prayer is that as the years pass those kindled hearts may represent not even the days of your earthly life, but the minutes of your earthly life, even the seconds. They represent living and moving and your being among the

children of man. That is my prayer today. It is my offer and my wish that this would find a deep reecho in your heart that this may come to pass. May your prayer lift up your radiance and the King of glory shall come in.

Baroness d'Eichthal {French mureed M C d'Eichthal} (*handwritten*)

Pir-o-Murshid,

It is a great joy for all your mureeds to be gathered round you today. Every year brings in more members as the growing rose tree bears more and more blooms year by year. At first we were but a few buds; today there is a veritable blossoming, not as beautiful as you would wish, nevertheless our rose branches fall in cascades along the road, casting a shade for the weary traveller. Attracted by it, he rests awhile and charmed by the sweet perfume of the flowers, he communes with them.

Some pass by, heedless of their beauty, but later maybe they will pause in their turn, the eyes of their soul having opened. They also will become roses preferring to the turmoil of the world, the stem of vivifying sap, which beautifies their sisters.

They are there harmoniously grouped in beauty, and equal in the same perfume, one single heart forming their hearts, one single thought directing the all. Each year, the rose tree climbs along the façade of the Divine Abode, each year, God notes its progress. He knows from what stem these flowers grow. He knows who will train them up to the roof of His palace; His smile is the gentle spray that preserves the freshness of the plant and allows it to grow.

Certainly there are enemies of the rose tree, they are infinitesimal insects who, inch by inch, creep along the branches whitening the leaves and drying up the flowers. But what can they do if God does not permit them to arrive at the end. The rose tree has confidence in the goodness of God and it is impervious to attack. It is especially the young trees that the enemy attacks, and our plant is already growing up, and we desire with all our hearts, Murshid, that whilst you fortify the stem continually, you will increase our flowers, and thus our shade may expand still more; the further our fragrance will reach, the greater number of passers-by on the road will linger.

You are the sap, we are the flowers who also have our function in life, our duty. And today, Murshid, these roses tell you that they all love you and that you can have confidence in them to flourish and do their utmost towards bringing the plant to full development.

I thought I should have the pleasure of coming today my hands full with the books we publish this year; but alas, the publisher has failed me, and the circumstances also. So I come empty handed. It is a sorrow for me, but I come the heart full of deep gratitude for all your kind help, your patience, and all the precious knowledge you bestow so generously on us all, your mureeds.

I come also as the representative of the French group, they thank you today with all their heart and offer you, Murshid, their gratitude and devotion.

The regular efforts we have made this year in Paris have produced good results, full of promises. Next year with your help and the continued devotion of those who work with me, it will surely come out into beautiful blossoms, for there is in all sides a longing for your Message.

Our whole heart is in the work you have given us, we must succeed.

May God hear today our silent voices calling for all His blessings on you, our dear Murshid.

Mrs. Meyer, {Swedish mureed Sheika Safaraz Hilda Meyer von Reutercrona} Representative for Switzerland spoke:

“ Dear, beloved and venerated Murshid, how poor are words to express feelings which I feel in this moment more than ever when I would like to tell what you have told the mureeds in Switzerland, the country which I represent. In this rocky country there is a longing for God. We are seeking Him in the mountains, valleys, in the thunderstorm, the roaring sea, on earth and in heaven. We do not find Him; He was hidden to us. Then Thou didst come, and gave us the Divine Message of God, hidden Himself in our hearts. And this day, Viladat day, the most blessed one, I would like to interpret all our highest veneration, our deepest thankfulness, our purest love, to this our Master, our Friend, the Messenger, who brought bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty ones, who entered the locked hearts. Thou who came to give back to us what was lost, blessed be Thee, and blessed be Thy work on earth. And may we once be able to take a little of Thy burden to help Thee in Thy work, to have the right understanding of Thy Message, guided by Thee, supported by Thee, Who speaks the words of God, Who acts in God, Who realises Him every day of Thy life here on earth. May this life be long, long, and may this day have many, many happy returns; this is the prayer of us all, and the innermost desire of all the mureeds in Switzerland.

Among them I would like to tell the names of some workers, who have not the pleasure of being with us today: Baroness van Hogendorp, helping me in my work. Mr. and Mrs. van Notten, helping in many ways, Miss Burkhardt sends her love, and Mr. Bauer sends his best greetings.”

Furthermore different telegrams from Swiss mureeds were read.

Baron van Tuyll, {Dutch mureed Sheikh Sirdar Hubertus Paulus van Tuyll van Serooskerken} Representative for Holland then spoke :

“I have the pleasure of congratulating Murshid in the name of all the Dutch mureeds, as well from those who have the privilege who are here as from those who have not that privilege. It is a privilege to be here today because Murshid’s birthday is a day of rejoicing and thankfulness. They are felt in heart with this day and with this feast, for every mureed is as near as every other mureed, they all work for Murshid as much as they can.

There are two days of feast in the Sufi Order. The day which ends the year and the day which begins the year, Viladat Day and Hejrat Day. On Hejrat Day we pronounce the promises for the next year, on Viladat Day we remember the work of the passed year. Therefore I have the privilege and pleasure to memorise all those who have worked in the passed year. There is no distinction, they have all done their best. We want to mention some names. In the first place I wish to mention the National Committee, the Secretary, who has done such a great deal of work, who has the quality of doing his work, harmonising difficulties. Mr. van Meerwijk, the clever man, with great devotion which makes him able to pass by many things. The Committee this year had many troubles, with the state to get the approvement, and the publication of books. It is very difficult to please everyone. I hope the Committee will succeed to publish the books in a good way, nice and quick. I wish to mention the wife, Mrs. van Meerwijk, then Mr. Hoyack. From the other mureeds Miss van Braam, the brave Representative and Cheraga of Amsterdam, who does nearly all the work alone in that big town. Mrs. Eggink, Mrs. van Ingen, Miss de Ridder, who has done a great deal this year. I wish to mention them all, for instance Mr. Eggink, Mrs. Leembruggen, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Wegelin, Mr. van Ingen, Mr. Kluwer. All have done a great deal of

work regularly. Last not least we must mention our Shefayat Baroness van Wassenaer, who has done her work so devotedly. But it is not the work which counts the most, it is the spirit of mureedship. Therefore I wish to express the good spirit with which they have worked all. And this day I wish to memorise this before Murshid.”

Sakina Furnée {Dutch mureed, later Nekbakht Johanna E D Furnée} then spoke in the name of the Belgian mureeds:

“Revered Pir o Murshid

Once again it is my privilege on this day to be the bearer of all the good wishes and many messages of your mureeds in Belgium. The work has been going on satisfactorily there. This winter we again had the pleasure and the happiness of having Mrs. Meyer for some time in our midst, which proved to be of a great help and stimulance for the work and many of us were benefitted by her company and friendship.

M^{me} Marcks who has taken an active part in leading the groups this winter sends me the following words, signed by different members, requesting me to read them on this celebration of your birthday. Also the mureeds from Liège ask me to express to you their feelings of devotion and affection.

And I would like to add that although we are but quite a small number of mureeds at present in Belgium, we shall do our very best to spread and further the Cause and there is reason for good hope, for, especially after Murshid’s last visit there were the signs of a vastly growing interest in the Message.”

(Handwritten letter with signatures)

29th June 1925

The mureeds of Brussels are very happy to send their really affectionate greetings to their Pir-o- Murshid, on the occasion of his birthday. May his Message of love be more and more understood by everyone in the world. This is the heartiest wish of his devoted mureeds.

Signed

Mad. Marcks

Helene Graeffe

Mme Verstuarte

Augusta Journaux

(Handwritten letter with signatures)

Liège, le 26 Juin 1925

Chère Mademoiselle Furnée

A l’occasion de l’anniversaire de Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan, nous vous serions très reconnaissants d’être auprès de Lui l’interprète des mureeds de Liège et de lui exprimer les sentiments de dévouement et d’affection que nous éprouvons pour Lui.

Veillez croire à nos sentiments fraternels.

Signatures

(2 other unreadable signatures)

Respectueux hommage de Mme. S. Dechamps

.....

Mr. Armstrong, {English mureed Ronald A L Mumtaz Armstrong} Representative for South America:

“The heart of your workers will vibrate even more than usual with pride. The privilege of assisting you in your labours.” Some telegrams were read. “ I feel the children at present. I think that there are some grown up children. It is very tactless to mention birthday congratulations and not mention birthday presents. There should not only be a birthday present. Birthday presents are becoming rarer and rarer. Pir-o-Murshid is one of those, since his birthday presents become more and more what he wants. I mean just exactly what he wants most. And that is united and loving hearts, I should say heart, because the distinguishing feature of the Sufi Movement is that we are all united together in a great bond of affection and love. Each Viladat Day will bring us one stage nearer to that great goal. The greatest birthday of will be when the limited is born into the unlimited, and when every single human heart shall beat as one. “

Miss Alt {English mureed Phyllis Alt} spoke for Italy and read different telegrams from Italian mureeds.

“I carry the thoughts, reverence and loving wishes of many Italian mureeds today. You will not measure the depth of their devotion by the pooriness of my words for the expression of our devotion will be better measured as times goes on in our lives rather than in any speeches we may make.

At Rome Mr & Mrs Craig continue the work with vigour and enthusiasm. The sympathetic presence of Mrs Hanifa Sheaf near Florence is a help and encouragement to the work.

In the days of old when the Roman power held sway through all the world, Italy drew strangers from nearly every country to her shores. Now, with that dominion of force changed to a gentler influence, that over the hearts and intellects of man, Italy attracts in like manner strangers from all lands who come to learn and admire. Pir-o-Murshid when you honour Italy with your presence, you not only speak to Italians but your Message is heard by strangers, some of whom return to their countries, carrying away the seed in their hearts – others have joined the Italian groups to follow together your teaching in the Sufi spirit of Unity.

Therefore many hearts in that beautiful country are today full of gratitude, hearts which have become richer, more joyous, more alive for the Blessing brought them by your presence.”

And a letter from a mureed in Florence, translated by Angela Alt:

“I beg you to offer my good wishes to Pir-o-Murshid on his birthday and to tell him that this day the Face of the Compassionate God has smiled benignly upon the world through his birth. May the Master for many long years have the joy of beholding the world endeavouring to see more with the eyes of God. All his mureeds pray intensively that his beneficent and harmonising inspiration and influence be endowed by God with means temporal as well as spiritual for the furthering and diffusion of his word amongst humanity which so sadly needs rebuilding and fortifying.

Would I could render the homage I feel to the person of the Master! Instead I thank God today for having sent us His Interpreter so full of wisdom and loving kindness.”

Miss Rosenberg {Swedish mureed Miss Margit Rosenberg} spoke for Sweden.

“Dear Murshid

They have given me this great privilege to be the single voice expressing to you all the good wishes from the mureeds in Sweden. Though we are not many I feel that the thoughts of love are greater; and as cold our country as warm and sincere the homage we bring you today. May your inspiring words continue to fall upon earth as a long desired rain bringing new life to the plants, making fresh the air, subduing the dust, so that at last the sun will shine over a world of love, harmony and beauty.”

Miss Kjösterud {Norwegian mureed, Miss Susanna Kjösterud} spoke for Norway.

“As the Representative of Norway I say a few words to Pir-o-Murshid today. I know my country is the smallest and the last that has joined the Sufi Movement. Although we are few I hardly believe that you have more faithful and devoted mureeds than you have in Norway. My mureeds are today celebrating the day and they all have asked me to express to you the most devoted love and wishes and to express all that you are to us, every day of our life. It is today exactly eight months since Murshid received his first mureed in Oslo. I happened to be the first one. When Murshid took me up he told me there were no more members. In the evening we were ten. Today we are twenty. I know that my mureeds and I myself consider this day the most blessed day of our lives. I sincerely hope that the new life we all try to live may be increasing.

We were always told that the light comes from the East, and so it also did this time. And the gratefulness we feel for you to come to bring this light also to our far country is beyond words. I sincerely hope that the light kindled in a few hearts may steadily increase and may some day perhaps be noticed as a grand light. And when you come in the winter to see us again I hope that you will find many hearts prepared to receive you and your divine Message. My mureeds and I will do our very best to prepare the way for you.”
Then Miss Kjösterud read a few telegrams from Norwegian mureeds.

Miss Kismet Stam {Dutch mureed, Kismet Dorothea Stam} spoke for Germany.

(handwritten)

“Most venerated Pir-o- Murshid,

It is in the name of the German mureeds that I should like to express what hardly can be said in words. We feel like standing before the glory of the rising sun. What can we do but worship in silence. And what is the sun compared with the Light of Truth? We will make the future speak of our gratitude and our devotion; we will in the service of the Cause that is Murshid’s own personality, show what words are unable to express.

The work in Berlin is going on regularly. Since the departure of Mrs Hoeber from Munich, Baroness von Rommel has taken charge of the work there. The German nation has gone through great tribulation and there are many souls eagerly waiting for the call of the Message. We shall do our utmost best to reach many of them and to show to them the Light. “

Mrs Cnoop Koopmans {Dutch mureed, Mrs Fatima Cnoop Koopmans} is speaking for Africa.

(handwritten)

“It is my privilege to bring to Pir-o-Murshid and you all the greetings from the first Moslem country, the country of the Arabs. When I planted the Sufi - flag, as Murshid called it, on the

coast of North Africa, I had no idea how to bring the Message in a country where I could not speak the language of the majority of the population and where I had no friends except two who by private circumstances could be of no use to me. Also the epidemic of small pox which had broken out just before I came, attacking their house moreover sitting in a lonesome summerstay built on the ruins of Carthage. But the more we are left alone the nearer to God, and our prayer, that the Message may spread far and wide is certain to find a response.

And so opportunities presented themselves on lonesome walks, even in the train and when I left I had given Gatheka classes in Dutch, English and French and held a conference in a society for metaphysical studies, while the books could be sold in a well known firm in Tunis. I found that the work in these French colonies will be threefold: amongst the tourists, amongst the French inhabitants and for the Arabs. I made a few friends amongst them, visited the palace of an Arab princess and the cottage of a simple workman, feeling great sympathy for the women of that country for whom much is to be done.

We may be sure that there is a fruitful soil for our Universal Worship in a country where so many religions are established and where day by day all the inhabitants invoke the name of the Lord through the influence left behind by their great Prophet. The Brotherhood idea must find an echo in many hearts in those colonies where different races have to join hands and many are already sufis in spirit and ready to join the Order.

May we hope this for the future to be so – difficult as it may seem – knowing that with God everything is possible and may we express this hope with the sacred formula of the Arabs: Bismallah el Rachman el Rachim.”

July 5th Fatima Cnoop Koopmans

Mr. van Stolk, {Dutch mureed, Sirkar Apjar van Stolk} the Director of the Summer School, spoke.

“Dear Murshid, I have the great privilege and the pleasure to speak to you in the name of the members assembled here in the Summer School. This day is a wonderful time to realise the last year that has passed in the blessing of your presence among us, even if not always physical, at least in the inner presence. You are a constant source of inspiration, of upliftment, that we may try to live up to our ideal.

Therefore I say on a day like this the sun is present, even if not always the physical sun. If we see the clouds we know the sun is shining above in all its radiance. So here we only we can pierce our personal self we feel the unity of your sun being present in and among us. Now I wish to thank all the members who have helped in the preparation of the Summer School. To begin with Mme. Wattedled, Miss Moore, Sakina, Kismet, Murshida Goodenough and Baroness d'Eichthal. Also Mr. Björset, Mr. Salomonson, Mr. van Essen, Miss Schuif, all have worked with wonderful zeal and inspiration. I wish to add that I hope that a great many years we shall have the privilege to have our Murshid among us, that Murshid will go on to inspire us and uplift us so that we shall realise our life and manifest among us the spirit of brotherhood, affection and tolerance.”

Murshida Goodenough {English mureed Sherifa Lucy Goodenough}

“Revered Pir-o-Murshid,

When we assemble on this day to bring to Pir-o-Murshid once more the renewed expression of our allegiance, to celebrate this day and to rejoice in it, we consider the height, the depth, the vast field of his work, and every day we see Murshid's work and life extending more and more and covering a vaster field. And those of us knowing to what extent every instant is given to the work, how in this one year his influence has extended from Bergen to Naples, East and West, how every moment is given to all of us mureeds and humanity. It is heard sometimes: it is too much, will he not rest for a little while. Sometimes different plans are made how he could be a little less taken up for a short time. And yet we should do a better thing for the work. We should be merely to accomplish this. If we were to say: we will do more to prepare the way, the field. We will plough, that he may come and sow. We will water after he has sown. That the new plants may not seemingly disappear again beneath the earth. That the hand may not be set to the plough afresh, that there may be those who till the soil. Let us all say this: We will do more and more. Now I will read an address that has been written on Viladat Day." She reads the address and hands it to Pir-o-Murshid. After which Pir-o-Murshid himself spoke.

Address, words by Murshida Goodenough for the illuminated address presented to Pir-o-Murshid on Viladat Day 1925 (handwritten)

"Revered and most Blessed Pir-o- Murshid Inayat Khan

Year after year from month to month and day by day, your voice proclaims tidings of Truth. Yourself the Messenger, the Message is Your Being, far beyond what words can speak.

Where you tread thorns blossom into flowers, storms are stilled, rancour turns to goodwill, foes meet as friends, strife becomes peace, things unachievable are done, things insurmountable are overcome, hard things are easy, heavy burdens light, sore hearts rejoice, wounds are healed and happiness abounds.

For the felicity that reigns within is spread without and is reflected on all sides. Clouds of confusion break, the sun shines out. The rays grow stronger still and stronger, till the sorry world shall become a place of conscious faith, the abode of men whose heads reach Heaven while they walk firmly on earth.

Therefore O Venerated Pir-o- Murshid Inayat Khan, we shall not cease to proclaim and to extol and to repeat Your Name; and to declare ourselves with pride, the very humble servers of the Message shrined in You. "

Viladat Day 1925

Viladat Day 5th July 1926

Mr. Talewar Dussaq {Cuban mureed Khalif Talewar Emilien Dussaq}

Most Revered Pir-o-Murshid,

I beg to speak in the name of the workers at International Headquarters.

What Viladat Day means to your sincere mureeds cannot be expressed in words; besides the significance of this day is in accordance to each one's realization of the Message.

Now what is it that can be offered to the one that leads us towards the goal, the ultimate goal, from whom we receive all inspiration? What is it that can be offered to the one from whom we receive all that is most sacred? We only beg that you will accept our devotion and deep feeling, as burning incense, coming from the depth of our heart. Now what is the prayer we make this day? That you will enlighten us, so that your wishes will never be covered by our personal limitations. And, led by your wishes, that we may become better instruments in the service of God and humanity.

Miss Genie Nawn {US mureed Munira Genie Nawn}

Beloved and Revered Murshid,

It is my joy and holy privilege today, on behalf of our beloved Murshida Rabia Martin, the head of all the Sufi centres in America and all the American Sufis and those who are as yet {...} to you, on behalf of all these I bring you our loving gratitude, and wish your birthday as happy and blessed as the blessing and happiness you have brought to us in America, and to the world. You spoke yesterday of the work in America, and said it was not yet even begun. And perhaps it will be more convincing if I give some instances of the devotion there. When I went to say good-bye before leaving for Suresnes, I said to one of them: "You are going to Suresnes this summer?" "No, I am going to stay here and continue the work". Cheraga Frey also answered "No, I am going to stay here and work, the work needs us." I had a letter from Chicago, I asked Mrs. Cushing, the answer was "No Khushi is going to stay right here, and do the work." These are instances of the spirit of self-sacrifice. Religion is so necessary in the world. Surely the Message has inspired the hearts of the workers.

Now I shall read a telegram from Chicago:

This shows some of the first fruits of that sacrifice. We want your message in America, dear Murshid. You have brought to us an ideal of God of {...} or the very cold and personal God of New Thought. But you have taught us of a God, Who is Love, Harmony and Beauty. And there is the desire in every kind of that God.

The teachers have come who satisfied the mind and the soul, but starved the body. Others have come who satisfied the mind and the body, but starved the soul. You have come and showed us how to work, how to play. You have come and taught us the simple way of life, to have children, to work, to play, and you have taught us that in this simple fashion of doing good to each other we shall one day know the conscious union with that God of beauty. It is said that we, Americans, must have the best of everything that is. I do not know if it is true. I hope that it is true. We shall all want Sufism, Beloved Murshid.

Murshida Green {English mureed, Sophia Saintsbury-Green}

Most beloved and revered Pir-o-Murshid,

It is this my great privilege and joy to offer to you the birthday greetings from the National Representative of England and all members there. You have received a telegram from the National Representative. I must again express great devotion and love.

It seems to me there is a difference between Hejrat [sic] Day and Viladat Day. On Hejrat Day we think what our beloved Pir-o-Murshid gave to us, but on this day we surely think of what we may give. What is there that we may give, can offer?

Perhaps a little story of the life of Buddha may illustrate what we may give to him. It is told that as the Buddha was travelling through a very lonely place with a disciple, he sat down in the desert, and said to the disciple "I thirst, go you to the foot of the hills below the Himalayas and bring me to drink." And the disciple bowed low and went. At the foot of the hills he found a little house, he knocked, it was opened to him by a very beautiful girl. She offered him something to drink, he accepted, he went in, he forgot his mission, he forgot the waiting master. When the parents of the girl came home they asked him to remain. He was married to her, and had sons and daughters.

At last his wife passed away. Then there came a great storm, an avalanche and earthquake, and his house was taken away, and he awoke to the memory of his mission. He thought "I must go back and find the Buddha, and tell him that I have failed in my mission." So he went back, and when he came to the place which he had left, there sat that patient beggar. And as he flung himself upon the ground, with sorrow and devotion, a gentle voice said "My son, I thank you that you have brought me to drink." Then he knew that he had been sent out by his master into life itself, and what he had brought back, was what we can all bring to the master, a heart filled with the interest, knowledge of life, with the water for which the great ones thirst. Not that they drink it themselves, but that they may turn the water of human experience into the wine of the only Beloved.

What is the heart but the cup of Saki? It is that wine of experience that we must bring to our Murshid today, that it may be turned into the true wine for the only Beloved, to drink. Therefore we offer to you, Beloved Pir-o-Murshid our hearts."

Baronne d'Eichthal {French mureed M C d'Eichthal}

Once more Pir-o-Murshid we have the happiness to be gathered round your birthday – all your faithful mureeds and workers of all the parts of the world – after your very long absence in the {...} of which you have continued to bring forward to the world the Message - sowing on the way in the human hearts the seeds of love, harmony and beauty.

Although we felt much your absence, we knew that there was no distance for you, that you were always in our hearts to give us courage and faith in the success of the work that you had confided to us.

I feel happy to be able to tell you that our French Movement is at last progressing – friends, members and mureeds have been regular in attending our Saturday meetings and our Universal Service – all the year! If we can find a good hall for the next season and if you give us a little, the help of your presence I am sure we shall be very successful.

Murshida Goodenough was very kind in giving us most regularly a course of lectures, for which I thank her heartily. I thank also all those who worked around me with so much devotion and regularity – we want that devotion {...} for the Cause it is the principle source of our sure success.

We directed our efforts this year in the creation of the French *Soufi Revue*, one of your wishes, Murshid. I am very happy to be able to tell you that it was received with great appreciation by the public. I think that it will help very much the spreading of the Message in all French speaking countries. This and the publication of the *Mysticism of Sound* having been

our last continual efforts, allow me to offer them to you Murshid on this happy day with the expression of love and devotion of all your French mureeds, and my own, on your birthday.

Madame Meyer {Swedish mureed Sheika Safaraz Hilda Meyer-von Reuter-crona}

Pir-o-Murshid,

I have the privilege to speak to Murshid in the name of all mureeds in Switzerland. But where shall I take words that have not been spoken, and how shall I realise thoughts that have not already been put in words.

Murshid, you know our country, it is filled with lakes and mountains, and it is called the heart of Europe, surrounded by great powers, but deep as our lakes is our affection and love, and as high as our mountains is our aspiration to follow our Murshid in the inner life.

As all running waters are going to the sea, as all thoughts and all wishes of all the mureeds in Switzerland are going to Murshid on this Viladat day, and all good wishes are sent through the air.

I can only express them in the words out of the Gospel: Blessed be He Who came and Who comes in the name of the Lord.

Mr. van Spengler {Dutch mureed Shanawaz Jonkheer Gerard Willem van Spengler}

Pir-o-Murshid,

It is a great privilege to me to act as the Representative of my country and to be the interpreter of all the Dutch mureeds, all those who are present here and all those who are not here. They all join in their feelings of love and devotion to you. Especially those who are left behind. Before leaving for the Summer School, every mureed came to me, saying 'Please tell Murshid our great respect and devotion.' It was not only in The Hague, but in all different towns where centres exist, they came up to their group leader to ask to offer you their devotion. I am very happy to say that the Message is spreading more and more in Holland, and we all hope that you will honour us with another blessed visit.

Miss Furnée {Dutch mureed Sakina, later Nekbakht Johanna D E Furnée}

Venerated Pir-o-Murshid,

It is a great pleasure and happiness to speak today in the name of your mureeds in Belgium, who wish to offer you their respect and homage, on the occasion of Viladat Day. As yet, there is but a small group of persons in that small country; but during the past winter we have continued regularly to come together in the different places to listen to Pir-o-Murshid's words, to try and receive his teachings in the silence, to be present at the services of the Universal Worship.

These are the words which they have asked me to pronounce this day in their name : The mureeds of Liège present their respectful and deepfelt wishes to their venerated Murshid on the occasion of his birthday. They most heartily hope to see his work crowned with success, and the Sufi Message spread all over the world, bringing more light and happiness to the hearts of man.

They hope to have the deep joy of seeing Murshid before long in their town, to be able to profit by his personal teaching.

Miss Alt {English mureed Phyllis Alt}

Pir-o-Murshid,

I bring you the homage and good wishes of all the mureeds in Italy. They are scattered here and there, so greetings come to you from Northern Milan, that busy industrial city, from Florence, home of intellect and art, from Rome, city of traditions, religion and antiquity, from the island of Capri, representing the perfect beauty of nature, and from romantic Ravenna, where lie the bones of Italy's greatest poet, Dante.

From all these points, hearts are beating in devotion and sympathy with you today.
(Reading of some telegrams from Florence, Rome, Salso Maggiore, and the Romagna)

I have a letter from a Florentine mureed, and as he does not speak or write in English I cannot do better than translate it now, instead of further words of mine, for it represents the sentiments of the mureeds in Italy. *(no copy found of the translation of this letter)*

Miss Oliver {English mureed, Nancy Annie Oliver}

Beloved Pir-o-Murshid,

In the name of all mureeds in Germany, I bring you heartfelt greetings of love and reverence and gratitude. We ask that your blessing may rest upon each one of us, that we may become as pure mirrors, reflecting only the Divine Light, that we may prove faithful sowers of the seed of Truth, that you give us, that it may bring forth fruit a hundred fold, that the Message may spread through the length and breadth of the land. We will go forward with goodwill and self-confidence, and with a hopeful attitude towards life, that victory at the last may crown our efforts."

Miss Haglund {Swedish mureed Elsa Ulma Haglund}

Beloved Pir-o-Murshid,

It is a great thing for me to speak to you on this day in the name of the Sufi Movement in Sweden. It is a great happiness and too great honour for me, but I do not know how to give words to my own deepest feeling, and so much less for other persons. I have to give you the greetings and the love from your Swedish mureeds, and from other longing souls in my country. We are few, your mureeds in Sweden, and you have called us your infant Movement. An infant cannot tell what it feels, it cannot give the reverence and honour that is due to the great one. It can only show its joy and happiness, in laughter and outstretched arms, when it sees the mother and father of whom it depends in every little thing. And so does your Swedish little infant, it stretches out its arms towards you on this day, and the only thing it can give you is the sign of its own happiness.

Miss Susanna Kjösterud {Norwegian mureed}

On this blessed day, the Sufi birthday, where our Pir-o-Murshid came to this earth, I have the great honour to congratulate him on behalf of myself and my dear mureeds, as well those here present today as all those who are obliged to stay at home.

I know my mureeds in Oslo will be gathered today and that they in thought and mind are with us when we express to our Murshid our love and gratitude, our most hearty congratulations, wishing for himself, his dear family and his work Gods Highest Blessings, and at the same time thanking him for coming to every one of us. We know that every good mureed to a small extent has the same desires and wishes as our great Master, so in this we are all able to unite to feel as one, because we all love our Murshid and want to serve him, even if we are not all able yet to see and understand fully what a privilege it is, what it really means to have met and found him.

May I be allowed to mention that we in Norway have something, that perhaps no other country yet has. We have as members of the church taken up two twin babies, two beautiful boys, born on Murshid's birthday last year. The mother is a mureed. Today on their first birthday, I have on Murshid's behalf sent to our Sufi children, Jemal and Jelal, a telegram with Murshid's blessings.

Since last year 10 new mureeds are received in my country. It is no great number but I know that many are prepared and want to join in the autumn, and I can assure you, dear Pir-o-Murshid that the whole country lives in an expectation that you will find many open hearts when you in the winter is coming to Norway and I know we can give you no better present than open hearts and souls willing to receive and spread the message.

May I be allowed to close by thanking our beloved Pir-o-Murshid for every guiding help, every inspiration, every blessed day in his service. I know that I myself and my dear coworkers have the feeling that no matter what may meet us on the journey towards the goal, we need not fear, we have a teacher, a Master, who always stands by us with his loving help.

I know everybody will join with me in thanking our Murshid especially for what he every day is pouring upon us at this summer school and I wish with my whole heart that his attempt and desire to harmonise us all may be a great success, that we may be leaving Suresnes as a brotherhood in the small prepared to give out to humanity his message of love, harmony and beauty.

Mr. Armstrong {English mureed Ronald A L Mumtaz Armstrong}

Pir-o-Murshid, members of the Sufi Movement, and friends, I might spend some time in offering congratulations to the Pir-o-Murshid on behalf of hundreds of readers of the Magazine. I might join my congratulations with those of Mr. Dussaqa, on behalf of Switzerland, and on behalf of the vast country of South America, but I want to pass one on something practical. I want to come back to what to me, and I am sure the children will agree with me, what is the most important thing on a birthday. Birthday presents. When birthday comes round, we go to the friend, and inquire what he needs most. And if we can afford it, we go to a shop, and buy it. There is no greater joy. Now in this case today, what our Pir-o-Murshid wants most? I am not aware that he collects stamps, or beautiful pictures. Those things would please him, but there is something that he wants far more than these, which only you and I can give him. That something, if I may express it so, is a complete harmonious goodwill between ourselves. But, and here is a very important point, when you want to give a person a birthday present very badly indeed, and you cannot afford it. But business has helped us. You want to give something very {...}. You can go to the shop, and get it, and pay on the instalment system. Every month you will come back until the sum total is reached.

Mahatmas are rich enough to offer a whole year's goodwill in advance. What I want to suggest is this. We should buy it all the same, and buy it on the instalment system. It is not so easy as it sounds. From the heart of everyone of you a firm resolve to be bound together in harmonious goodwill. Are you sure that that will last a whole year? What about the fifth of November? Viladat Day is passed, perhaps forgotten. A cold wet day, the little energy that remains in a person, {...}, in having a good meal of spite against Mrs. so and so. If we do not pay our instalment, the man of the shop comes and says: "You give me that back please." Is there anything more shabby to ask it back? Or still worse, to ask them to give it themselves? Now then I suggest that if the {...} and every month comes round, to see if one of your neighbour has not paid it. Pay it for him.

If you give your Pir-o-Murshid this present it will not be as so many presents of this year. It will be a present {...} its culminate effect. When a was a child, I was with parents who were not rich, who would like to give their little girl a pearl necklace. Every year they gave one pearl. When she was twenty years she had a pearl necklace.

One beautiful pearl of goodwill, one bought, at whatever sacrifice, at the end of that time he will have a necklace so glittering, so shining, so full of hope and inspiration, that it will shine across the sea of humanity, until the very end of time.”

Miss Lloyd {English mureed Kefayat Gladys Lloyd}

Beloved and deeply Revered Pir-o-Murshid,

The country that I represent today is world wide, for I speak for the healing branch of the Sufi Movement. Wherever the Sufi Message is spread, the healing branch of the Sufi Movement will be found. On behalf of all the members who are interested in that important branch of the Movement, I offer you our homage and our deep devotion. Those who are specially trained in healing know more perhaps than some what spiritual wireless means. We know that there is nothing to obstruct the Message that will come from the heart full of love, and devotion.

Wireless messages of love are passing constantly through this hall. They come from East and West, from North and South, they come from grateful, loving hearts.

On behalf of all your healers and of all members of healing groups and on my own behalf, once more it is my privilege to offer you our love, our gratitude and our revered devotion.”

Mr. van Stolk {Dutch mureed Sirkar Apjar van Stolk}

Dear Murshid,

It is a great pleasure for me to speak to you again on behalf of the whole Summer School, of all the mureeds and members gathered here together. When last year I knew that you were going to America for practically the whole year, I had a doubt whether the Summer School would be as successful as last year. Events have proved that my doubt was wrong. When you look round, not only old mureeds, but many new ones, who have come here, full of hope and expectation. I know that your blessed influence will help some to profit for this time. After nine months having been down in the planes of humanity, also down among other people, now they have ascended here on a mountain, for obtaining deeper insight, larger inspiration, through your blessed guidance. I hope that your ideal, your wish for the Summer School may be realised soon. And that as a symbol the temple will soon stand on this land, in which you will give your lectures and guide further your mureeds.

Murshida Goodenough {English mureed, Sherifa Lucy Goodenough}

Most Revered Pir-o-Murshid,

We read your words in the Gayan, that love in the human soul is affection, in the Jinn soul it means admiration, and to the angelic soul glorification.

We see that it is natural that, according to the note that our soul is tuned, we offer in different tones our devotion, our homage to you. But when the soul feels within itself the revivifying influence, when the soul, in accordance to its capacity catches a glimpse of {...} and when it catches a glimpse of the divine then there are no words, it is only silence that can

express our devotion. Nevertheless, on this day I wish to renew our homage, our fealty and our allegiance.

Arrangements for the Silence at Fazal Manzil on Viladat and Hejrat Days 1927

To the Organizer:

A week beforehand show the Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh a typed list of all mureeds present at Summerschool (ask for list at the office), 1 copy for Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh and one for yourself. Arrange 4 lists, placing the Monday group (yellow robes) in the 11 o'clock Silence and dividing up the others conveniently. (Ask the French mureeds which Silence is more convenient for them: 11.15, 11.30 or 11.45).

Write list on 4 envelopes, putting inside tickets (typed at office), marked 11.15, 11.30 or 11.45 and hand out a ticket to each person on the list, a few days beforehand. For example:

Hejrat Day Silence at Fazal Manzil at 11.15

Ask someone to announce the Silence for Hejrat Day (or Viladat Day) the Sunday beforehand so that visitors and mureeds from Paris are reminded. (Also to announce the afternoon fête).

Ask office for a notice and place it outside entrance-door of Fazal Manzil before 11 o'clock. in English and French: Please remove shoes in the Salon, not in the corridor.

Ask Jelila for notice "Silence" to place at Gate in Fazal Manzil garden.

Be at Fazal Manzil at 10.45 and wear soft slippers.

When the family is grouped ready in the Oriental room let Murshida Sophia know (she robes in the small room) and she will join them. Then beckon to the 11 o'clock mureeds who are waiting in the garden. (If possible get them up when the Family is grouping itself and when the Oriental door is shut). See that they enter Salon quietly and then remove their shoes (not outside) and leave them near their chairs.

Open Oriental door and with a sign ask if S.u.M is ready. Then open Salon door and beckon to mureeds. When they are seated, see if all is well (doing it all slowly) and softly close door. In ten minutes softly open front door and make sign to your helper to send up the 11.15 mureeds. They must come in very quietly and go into Salon and sit down and remove their shoes. Shut door. You have meanwhile carried all the shoes of the 11 o'clock mureeds into the further room.

When the 15 minutes is over softly open Oriental room door wide and the mureeds come out and go into the corridor through the swing door into further Salon and when they have got their shoes and departed, look into Oriental room and see if Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh is

ready again. Then open Salon door and beckon. See that only right number of mureeds enter (if too many, some must wait till next Silence). But notice if the French mureeds are there to let them in (if they have to return to Paris).

Follow same procedure till last Silence. Arrange for a helper to stay in the Salon so as to allow of you going into Silence at 11.45. And the helper must softly open door at the end of a quarter of an hour. (The shoes of the last mureeds may be left in the first salon).

Ask Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh whether you are to open the window between each Silence.

Tell helper to hold up a paper with 11 o'c., 11.15 or 11.30 written on it when he beckons mureeds up. So that the right mureeds come up and the room does not get too crowded. In the 11.15 Silence no paper is needed as whoever is left comes up.

Important. The helper must make the mureeds come up by further staircase (and descend by the usual one). They must wait at foot of stairs until you finally beckon to them. They can wait in the lower garden until helper holds up card and beckons.

Viladat Day 1929

Address of Murshida Sherifa Goodenough

Pir-o-Murshid has sometimes quoted the words, "The bringers of joy have always been the children of sorrow", the children of sorrow themselves are happiness itself, bringing with them their own happiness, a happiness of their soul, yet formed by the sorrow in the midst of which they live. For the world cannot understand them, the world rises up against them on every side, opposing them, causing them pain. Someone doing hard work for the Sufi Movement one day in the hot sun said, "Why does not Murshid make it easy for his mureeds?" Why? Because it was not easy for Murshid himself, harder for him than for any other.

Someone said to me once, "But he does not look sad." Our beloved Master was happiness itself, - to stand before him was happiness, to hear him was happiness, to see him was happiness, - and that in the midst of suffering and of feeling the world's suffering more than any other could.

For the bird that comes from above, to walk on the earth is a suffering; it longs to return to the heavens from which it has come; and if such a soul while living on the earth remains on the earth plane, it is only to bring to others the happiness he himself enjoys. Murshid has said, "Not only upon the cross was Christ crucified, every step the Messenger takes is a crucifixion, Christ and cross cannot be separated." He comes amongst those who strike the hand outstretched to bless, the hand that brings them bread. And then for that love of the freedom of nature, for that love of beauty, to dwell, by his choice, a captive among lack of beauty, in closed rooms, in the crowd, to bring to that crowd or to some few among it, the Divine Message, is the hardest thing.

Rumi says of the prophetic soul which he likens to the reed flute: "Everyone becomes my friend from his own thought," listening to the music of the flute. We read in the Gayan, "I go on playing my music while everyone sings his song." What is this music? The same music of the reed flute, to which the song of each fits, by which each is won. Rumi says further, "Hearing my plaint, women and men weep." We read in the Gayan, "My presence keeps alive in you that feeling which must always be there." It is the same music from the depth of the soul that causes that weeping, that feeling. Rumi says, "I have met with the well-conditioned and the ill-conditioned." Pir-o-Murshid says, "It is easy for the kings on their thrones, for the dervishes in the solitude; but to meet with all natures, all temperaments, and to please all is difficult."

That gives the picture of that nature, of that character. To the ordinary person it seems that to be a king is difficult, to be a dervish would be hard, but to him to be in a crowd is a very comfortable thing. He does not mind its pushing, its jostling. But for the fineness of that nature, for that love of solitude, it is very different, instead of honor, of comprehension, to meet with lack of understanding.

And so he suffers and rises above it all. He meets it with a smile, he is thankful under all circumstances. We read in the Gayan, "Nothing can take away happiness from the man

who has the right understanding of life." He had this more than any other, whose knowledge of life was so extensive, whose understanding deepened at every step he took. And this could be plainly understood by what he spoke, how the distinctions and differences faded away in the light of unity, where at last there was no more any dividing line separating man from God. It is a happiness beyond comparison. The Messenger saw, on looking at every being, his nature, his character, his merits, his strength, his weakness. He knew in a hall full of people, in the most crowded audience, the condition of each one, the state of his physical being, his condition of mind, his aspiration, the tendency of his soul. Happiness is his, whose soul is disclosed and discloses to him the secret of every being and every object. Happiness is his, who has found his soul, which is happiness itself, and who lives in his soul, who has probed the depth of it where there is only love and happiness. How should not happiness be his indeed, who is the source of all beauty, the creator of harmony.

The happiness of innocence is seen in the innocent child, who stands as a king in the midst of the representation of the Messenger, free from all, who giving, does not seem to give, who, all unconsciously it seems, heals and inspires, whose first impulse is to believe, to accept, to love. The innocence of Jesus has been known to the Sufis. This innocence is found in every Messenger of God. And then there is that of which Rassoul has spoken but once, the consolation if he has brought the Message of God to some few souls, and if it has helped them in their lives. If all here will think what their lives were, what they were before they met Murshid, what it was they were after, they will agree with me, as someone said, whose soul was bound to Murshid, that gratitude is too gross a word.

In the Vadan we read, "Thou moulded my mind and body to make the clay, and kneaded it to make a new universe," the clay of a new universe, the substance of a new universe and the example for a new universe. Asia is full of Buddhas, of personalities moulded by the contemplation of that calm and peace, of that compassion. There will be more beauty in the world, more harmony and more love, the more mureeds by their concentration, by their meditation, by their union with Murshid, will show in their lives a glimpse of that Perfection which was here.

Viladat Day 1932

RE. KHATAM of PIR MURSHAD INAYAT KHAN ON HIS TOMB IN NIZAM-UD-DIN, DELHI, held on 5th. July 1932, the date of his birth

In accordance with the order of the Devotees and Disciples of Pir Murshad Inayat Khan, Khatam Ceremony was performed on 5th July 1932, to commemorate the birth of Pir Murshad Inayat Khan. A large quantity of rose flowers were spread on His Tomb and a large quantity of sweatmeats were distributed to about 60 people who partook on this occasion and this celebration cost Rs.10/-/-/ (Rupees Ten only).The Khatam Ceremony was very much appreciated by the audience and everybody present expressed great curiosity for the disciples who, though living so far away from Delhi, are taking so much interest towards the Great Soul.

(was signed) Syed Bashiruddin