

Ridván

A Three Voice Dialogue

This is a useable draft, and will continue to be polished.
So do check for the latest version before using!
Latest version is linked at the end.

Hint - Short moments of music could be used for the gaps marked interim, and sound effects would be good in some places, such as for the crowds.

For the purposes of choosing people for performance, the styles are somewhat as follows:- A, informational; B, emotional; C, reflective (information and emotional)

[Night time]

A: *[Running, exhausted]* Have you heard the news?

B: *[Surprised]* What is it...!?

A: Bahá'u'lláh is leaving!!

B: *[Amazed]* NO!?!?

C: *[Sadly]* Yes, it's true - I was there too with my father! I've been crying all day, trying to come to terms with it, and I don't think I can.

A: Come back!!

B: *[Emotionally]* This is the end of the earth! - What shall we do?! what can we do! we will all die without Him; it will be worse than death!! - How will we live, without Bahá'u'lláh's loving words and guidance? I think I cannot go on if He's not here anymore. Are you sure this is true? How can it be! What has happened!?

C: We were outside the city in the fields, celebrating the New Year and singing, when Bahá'u'lláh spoke; *[pause]* and we all stopped, as an ode was read aloud. *[Slowly]* Our hearts dropped at our feet. Bahá'u'lláh said our tents were like the world, and told us to pack them up, and go home. *[Pause]* Immediately... *[trails off into silence]*

A: ...as we were doing so, a messenger arrived, summoning Bahá'u'lláh. We were at the mosque when He was given the order for exile.

B: Exile!

C: Exile.

A: Stay with us - don't go out now into the city;

you'll be caught in the mad confusion that has swept through the whole city this night with the news: go in the morning and stay with us here.

[Interim...]

C: *[Contemplatorily]* It's been some weeks now; Bahá'u'lláh will soon be heading far away, to another land. Yet, strangely, I do not feel upset or sad! Why is this? I want to be sad, and I sit up at night wondering, what this strange joy is, that I feel and cannot explain.

[Brightly] Sometimes, such a delight fills me, I cannot sleep, and I weep, until I must throw away my pillow for another.

B: Bahá'u'lláh's been speaking such wonderful words to us all! so full of joy, and delight! His exile seems so unreal... do you think we are all mistaken?

A: I have passed by His house some recent afternoons, and people and packages seem to rush in and out with such a bustle, that in my heart I am sure it will all happen sooner than we imagine. But why we feel such joy I cannot understand. It's been seizing us all, and no gift could ever match the letters we have all been receiving from Him daily, in His own hand - no one is missed; not even the little children!

B: I received mine only two nights ago; each time, I cannot bear to see those closing words, and every time place it down on the table... my other hand takes it up and I read it anew; the ink is almost washed away with my tears.

[Interim...]

C: Look - there's a wall! Let's climb it!

B: *[Impatiently]* Can you see Him?

C: No - Yes!... I don't know; there's so many people here. Virtually the whole of Baghdad must have come out to see Him. There's no space at all; He must still be indoors. I don't think even the Sultan and all his men could pass through this crowd!

B: See if you can pull me up! *[Pulled up - amazed]* I've never seen such a sea of people!

A: Tell me what you can see.

B: Why there are officials, merchants, tramps, everyone high and low, all mingling together all the way down the streets as far as I can see as if they were waiting for the king.

A: *[Surprised]* What's that great uproar and wailing!

C: *[Excited]* Look - everybody is rushing aside, Bahá'u'lláh must be coming out!

B: There are too many people for Him to move; they are throwing themselves and their children at His feet, imploring and crying, and He is speaking to them all, one by one. Slowly He is moving through the crowd.

C: It looks like Bahá'u'lláh is making His way towards the River, to cross into the Garden on a boat.

B: It will take Him a whole day, through this crowd. Did you ever see such a reception - It is like the gathering of souls for the Day of Resurrection!

[Interim...]

C: Wake up! Wake up!

B: Is it dawn already? I feel as if I have stayed awake all night listening to a nightingale singing out to me of the beautiful spring,

A: The River has subsided again. Let's hurry across to the Garden where Bahá'u'lláh is staying in His tent. If we don't go now, we'll never get another chance before He leaves.

C: How much you missed that first day - - what a day! the most beautiful place a man could ever be, walking in a paradise of flowers and roses, more roses than the heart can hold, every moment singing with the voice of Bahá'u'lláh, soft and loving, grand and majestic, as He unveiled a secret new Light upon the world and set our hearts aglow with each word He shed among us.

B: If only I could have been there with you!

A: And Bahá'u'lláh is changed - shining like the Sun! He wears a beautiful embroidered taj upon His head, as every day such wonders are spoken and new directions are given us.

C: So come! Let's go, miss not a moment more, and fill our hearts in the Garden of His

Presence!

[Interim...]

B: Such a day! How can we ever forget such a dream, such a wonder!

C: Who can have beared to load up the mules on such a day; they are all ready to go, and the women and the family too.

A: Did you ever see such tireless love, as young Abbas shows. There is no one like him!

C: Look! - Look! - Look! There's Bahá'u'lláh - riding on a red Arabian stallion! What riding!

B: Oh I cannot see; my tears are stinging my eyes. Tell me, what is He doing?

A: He's sharing out to the poor from a large sack, His final help. Who can live here after He has gone?! It will be like a land without a king!

B: What wailing of hearts fills the air! I wish that I might throw myself in front of His horse, that He might stay a minute longer!

C: That's the governor's cannon just fired... Bahá'u'lláh is on His way!

B: God is Most Great! What will we do! He and His whole family are gone, we don't know where, with a company of soldiers, and we are all left alone.

[Interim...]

C: Do you remember long ago, when we were in the Garden as Bahá'u'lláh departed. I still feel those days, as if they were now.

A: We were so crushed. We couldn't see then, what we know now. It was as if our hearts were buried in the earth, so that we would rise up.

B: Bahá'u'lláh rode out from our presence like the sun upon its journey; we were children then, and today we have grown in His light and love, and stretch forth from one end of the earth to the other.

Info

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