



In
In
God's
God's
Name
Name

***Memoirs of a Former Bahia Freed
From Baha'ism***

The Ominous Shadow

By: Mahnaz Raoufi

***Translated by:
Ali Asghar Emdadi***

سرشناسه: امدادی، علی اصغر، ۱۳۵۴

عنوان: سایه شوم

مشخصات ظاهری: ۲۷۲ صفحه

مشخصات نشر: همدان، نشر روزاندیش ۱۳۹۳

شابک: ۹۷۸-۶۰۰-۶۶۳۳-۷۵-۶

رده‌بندی کنگره: ۲ الف ۹ س PQ ۲۸۵/۲۷

رده‌بندی دیویی: ۳۶۵/۲۲۴

شماره کتاب شناسی:

نشر روز اندیش

مدیر مسئول: رضا قمریان، همدان، خیابان میرزاده عشقی جنب تالار معلم

تلفن: ۰۸۱۱-۸۲۵۰۰۷۲ تلفکس: ۰۸۱۱-۸۲۵۲۴۳۹ همراه ۰۹۱۸۱۱۱۸۷۶

عنوان: سایه شوم

مولف: مهناز رئوفی

مترجم: علی اصغر امدادی

ناشر: روزاندیش ۱۳۹۳

چاپ و صحافی: یوسف

تیراژ: ۳۰۰۰

شابک: ۹۷۸-۶۰۰-۶۶۳۳-۷۵-۶

قیمت: ۱۰۰۰۰۰ ریال

Table of Contents

Titles	pages
Introduction	9
Summary	12
At Loneliness window.....	23
I in a rusted mirror.....	24
A hidden letter	34
Parviz's remembrance	42
Miracle	50
contradistinctions and I	52
Unanswered questions.....	55
Another letter	70
A conflict between education teacher and me.....	79
Mehran's mission.....	91
Visiting brother	98
Parviz's returning from the mountain.....	104
Imam's departure and the coterie`s illusions	125
A house like heaven	131
My restless spirit and Sufism.....	136
I am being called by the coterie again	141
The coterie' impact with Nasim	150
Rezaee and I	155
Azita`s engagement.....	167
A young person who became supernal	171
Reluctance and Marriage.....	184

The visit in hospital.....	215
Tending to appearance.....	225
Music classes and a master who... ..	237
Crucial study	242
The coterie anger	253
Hidden visit with mother	280

To:

The head of the women of Paradise,

the Excellency

Fatima (peace be upon her)

Introduction

Baha'ism which is originated from Babism is a sect attributed to Mirza Ali Mohammed who was known as al-Bab. He initiated his call in 1260 AH (1844 AD), claiming his aim to reform the corrupted conditions of Muslims. He made his call public in Shiraz—south of Iran—where he gained some followers. Later, he sent a group of his followers to different parts of Iran to announce his advent and spread his claims, mainly that he is a messenger sent by Allah.

Generally speaking, Baha'ism is a fabricated deviant cult; it includes elements from Buddhism, Brahmanism, idolatry, Judaism, Christianity and Islam.

Muslims have unanimously agreed that Baha'ism is not an Islamic doctrine and that whoever believes in it, is not a Muslim but an apostate from Islam; an apostate is a person who abandons Islam for another faith.

Allah Almighty says: “If anyone desires a religion other than Islam (submission to Allah) never will it be accepted of him; and in the Hereafter he will be in the ranks of those who have lost.” [Qur'an 3:85]

There have been many writers and literary men and women who have written against the deviant political party of Baha'ism and revealed its ominous aims. One of these authors is the writer of the present book.

I am going to make dear readers familiar with the author of the book Mrs. Mahnaz Raoufi.



Mahnaz Raoufi

She is the baby of a 12-people Raoufi family. She was born in 1349 in Kurdistan. Her father's name is Seyyed Ismael. She was one of the active members of Baha'ism organization of Kurdistan during the time when she was Baha'i. After getting married with a Baha'i youth from Hamadan city, she was transferred to this city in 1370. She was the center of attention of the Baha'ism organization of Hamadan; since she was active and the center of attention of the heads of Baha'ism. She was active in different gatherings and commissions under the power of organization; so they paid attention to her talents in writing. In winter 1375, she turned against the cult and announced it in nationwide newspapers. Then, she officially turned to Islam in the presence of one of the scholars of Hamadan city. Thus, she continued her activities in writing articles against Baha'is in order to reveal this deviant cult's nature. So far, she has written and published some books in this regard; such as why did I become Muslim, a letter to my brother, love slaughterhouse, and the present book in your hand the ominous Shadow.

The book you have in your hand is the memoirs of a Baha'i woman turned to Islam. The author explains how she became a Muslim. She criticizes Baha'i behaviors and aims. The author reveals the destructive and deviant activities of Baha'is on kids' minds and also explains how Baha'ism organization captivate men and women by their programs using the name and the title of equality of men and women.

After turning against Baha'ism, she was boycotted and deprived of visiting her parents and her family; but by asking for God's help, she tolerated all Baha'i coterie punishments.

I hope this book proves useful and enjoyable for all the readers and make them familiar with extensive and destructive aim of the deviant cult of Baha'ism.

I pray to the Almighty Allah to shower His blessings on us and to grant His mercy and favors to all the readers in getting inspiration for reading more and more regarding the Islamic teachings.

Lastly, I would request all the readers to kindly send their suggestions to me for further improvement of the works like this; so that these could be incorporated in the subsequent editions of this book.

Ali Asghar Emdadi
Hamadan - 2014

Summary

The study about the events of the contemporary history or the study of what has happened for the Muslim community of Iran in the past can be considered as an effective means to know the present generation in particular and to know the future ones in this land.

The book “The Ominous Shadow”, the memoirs of a Baha’i woman who has turned to Islam, is one of these means. The author explains clearly in the book her reason for being a Muslim. Construing mentally influenced by the adventures happened due to living with Baha’is, the author criticizes their behaviors and rituals and writes about their hegemonism in the cult.

In the book, the author narrates and reveals Baha’is extensive, purposeful and destructive actions against the pure minds of kids and makes the readers pay attention to the mixed Baha’i camps aiming method breaking in the Muslim community. Additionally, she narrates the equality of men and women according to Baha’ism cult accurately and influentially and how the human being will be captured by Baha’ism organizational programs.

The book is the memoirs of a woman who turns against lies and darkness bravely to say hello to the reality sunshine in the mirror. A girl who stands against the oppressor (the Baha’ism organization); but she never returns to darkness. She is excommunicated; but she tolerates all the crimes committed by the mafia coterie of Baha’ism asking God’s help due to her firm faith and having the truth light in her pure heart in order to be proud among the people of her land and to act as the revealer of this deviant cult.

Today, she has destroyed this wall. She hopes other naive followers of the cult to feel the fearlessness and to break the cages in which they are captured in order for them to say hello to the reality sun and to escape from darkness.

The author scrutinizes the issue of educating spies, and taking care of each other in the organization and being distrustful towards each other. The publicity of lie and perverseness among the Baha'ism heads, the movement and the compulsory living even in determining the place of living, the method of electing mates and divorce are of the issues pointed out by the author. She deems the organizational behavior as an effective means in forming these issues.

Moreover, the author narrates Baha'is happiness regarding the destruction of Iran by the Iraqi troops and the lack of affection and friendship among the members of the cult.

The book "The Ominous Shadow" is the narration of the life events of a person who has spent the best years of her lifetime and youth exploited by the most antihuman political organization called Baha'ism. "The ominous shadow" has presented the bitter realities in which the most primitive human rights have been stampeded and ignored. The reader becomes familiar with Baha'i lives after the victory of the Islamic Revolution. The Baha'is who have devoted their life for Baha'ism organization unwillingly and they deign their owners' tyranny and treason.

This book is the biography of a person whom the Baha'ism organization hasn't let her express her idea like her deceived coreligionists. However, a miracle happens and puts her in another world. A world which is free from whip and scourage. She gains the real concept of freedom, love, faith, cognition and Gnosticism. She understands the great differences between a heavenly religion and a political cult.

The book "The Ominous Shadow" is the biography of a person who overlook all the mundane enjoyments, entertainments and hedonism. She forbears all the mundane belongings to achieve the real perfection. She tolerates all the difficulties and changes her life method. She recognizes the great deceits in the small Baha'i community!!! She observes the inhumane and immoral deeds being done by

the Baha'i heads and overlooks. She tries to find her real identity after discovering the idleness of Baha'ism and the lack of spirituality in this notorious cult.

In this book, the author selects the name of Raha for herself and labels her various adventures of her life. At first, she narrates her loneliness and the unclear sense which has negated her tranquility. Her exchanging words of love with God hasn't stopped even for a moment to ask Him to put her in the way that He likes and to wipe off her feeling of negation. She thinks of a great transition in her unconscious self in order to make her distant from the daily and entertaining events. The beautiful nature around her living place which has been away from the city and its noise has granted her the wonderful inspirations in order to be changed into a pure and worthwhile spirit under all those beauties and to move in the path of love of God and to serve people. She tells about her family who has been trapped in the deceptions of Baha'is and has been distant from their nobility. Her family was of the descendants of the holy prophet (P.H.); but they had been trapped by the Baha'ism. They worship Bab and Baha as gods and believe that Baha is Imam Zaman. Her 12-member family are innocuous and kind. They have been educated really innocently. Because they have inherited purity, affection and helping poor people and this issue has characterized them out of their coreligionists. Raha starts retelling her biography in the form of a real story. She describes her living place and its big gardens of the yard beautifully. A house which has been surrounded by the beautiful nature, raspberry, strawberry and wild plum gardens and hills full of anemones and has been changed into an inspiring and animating heaven. He is influenced by the collective prayer of Muslims and monotheists at school. There are many questions for her to ask regarding the Baha'ism principles when she is a teenager. The questions which aren't answered. She encounters several slogans which aren't proportionate with Baha'I deeds and the founders of Baha'ism such as Bab,

Baha, Abdul Baha and Shoqi Effendi and those slogans don't satiate her. She realizes that Baha'ism is in contrast with Islam in spite of its claim. They answer to the questions in brief like clichés. They show other faiths as the humble ones full of superstitions and imitations in order to magnify their faith. Evil proselytisms against Islam and other religions is the Baha'ism policy against the Baha'i elements being influenced by these religions.

In the first part of the book called "I in a rusted mirror", she introduces her family and describes her living environment in Sanandaj (the city of Kurdish and Sunni people) and the method of Baha'i proselytizing. The Baha'i organization forces them to move to one of Hamadan villages from Sanandaj. According to Baha'i teachings, everybody must obey the government rules. The movement is a contradiction. This is a null slogan. Baha'is should proselytize secretly. The author points out the different proposers from the people of all walks of life. Because she knows she isn't authorized to get married with a Muslim man; so she rejects her Muslim proposers.

Raha realizes that Parviz, her brother's friend, who is living next door loves her. Parviz joins the Komeleh band due to his love failure because he knows he can't get married with Raha. He seeks asylum to mountain. Raha feels responsible and tries to make him come back. On the other side, brainwashing project for saving Baha'is via holding continual meetings, offering numerous mendacious responsibilities and endless missions make her tired and those activities become meaningless and boring for him. She feels she has received another mission by her humane and heavenly spirit and she deems it her duty to achieve it.

Raha points out the Baha'is compulsory ceremonies and says everybody must obey the organizational orders without disputing. They couldn't satisfy us even by holding continuous meetings and mixed and attractive classes such as: mountain climbing, swimming, recreation, camping, private classes and etc. These issues weren't attractive for

me. They were even disturbing, too. However in spite of being at a loss to understand, she participates all those meetings and classes compulsorily. Because she hasn't distinguished right and wrong ways yet and she hasn't also found any religion to be substituted by Baha'ism.

In another part of the book called "I and contradistinctions", she listens some insults against those who have turned against Baha'ism and have written some books against the cult in one of the compulsory classes. She observes the Baha'ism organization members' sensitivity. The Baha'i heads prevent their followers to study these kinds of books written by ex-Baha'is and great ex-proselytizers. Those who were admired and praised by Abdul Baha, one of holy and innocent leaders of Baha'ism. They create false and superstitious stories about them to prevent their followers to study these books by frightening and excommunicating them from the childhood.

Raha narrates about her brother Salim who is one of the members of the Baha'i coterie and the fact that Baha'is must obey his orders. Salim is ordered by the organization to force Raha to become Baha'i formally [Tasjil]. Raha realizes that the slogan of the independent investigation of truth and the freely selection of the path by 15 years of age is a null slogan just used for deceiving people. Additionally, all the youth must compulsorily select Baha'ism and be Baha'i formally in order for their names to be sent to the Universal House of Justice where it takes over managing all Baha'is in the whole world. She has elude this issue for two years to prove herself that the slogan is null. She has been tired of Baha'is, family and relative's ironies. Eventually, she accepts this issue.

In a part of the book called "unanswered questions", she narrates the following issues: the untoward relationships among Baha'i youth and the quests coming from other cities or countries for proselytism, the gap between poor and rich Baha'i families and not spending any money gathered every 19 days for helping the poor.

In the middle of the book, Raha writes some beautiful, agreeable and literary texts for Parviz which are inspiring and tranquilizing. Those letters are as a result of the tender spirit of the author. Eventually, Raha finds a way to communicate with Parviz, she sends him her beautiful letters and poses. She asks him to come back and then she receives the answer for her letter. She understands the issue that Parviz can't come back, too and that compulsion was from Komoleh political subgroup organization. Raha finds out the similarities between Baha'ism cult and the political subgroup.

In another part of the book, Raha points out the inculcations affected by the organization on her thoughts. She narrates that the trainer of education proselytizes the children and their parents become aware of the report of this action. Following this issue, the education trainer tells the kids all the things about Baha'ism and the trainer disagrees the teacher severely. The debate becomes intensifies and they refer to the chairman of the education office. This issue makes the trainer become famous among Baha'is. Thus, the trainer argues with the teacher more. Then the members of the coterie order the trainer to complain the chairman of education office.

The author writes about her familiarity with a person called Mansouri. Mansouri has been excommunicated because of this turning against Baha'ism; so that, Baha'is aren't allowed to say hello to him. He narrates his doubts concerned with Baha'ism for Raha and encourages her to study the books written by excommunicated missionaries. Mansouri narrates the new facts regarding Baha'ism for Raha. Several days later, she buys those books from a peddler and studies them secretly. She studies about the horrible teachings which Bab has brought for people as the divine revelation and Bab's letter of repentance which has been kept in the archive of the national library and the debate between Bab and the scholars of Tabriz where Bab is accused of the disorder of wisdom and the foul languages

used by Baha and Abdul Baha against the scholars of other schools in contrary to the slogan of the unity of human world and philanthropy and also the treasons committed by Abdul Baha that caused him to receive the “Sir” and “Knighthood” medals and the duplicities and lies of the founders in the false interpretations and the clear changes in the holy Quran and other schools’ books. Raha decides to follow the reality. The organization understands her change in behavior gradually. The organization commissions a young boy to change her via each possible way. The youngster tries hard to change her through amateness but he wasn’t successful. However, Raha isn’t following anything in the world and is thinking nothing but achieving God’s satisfaction. She is searching for tranquility in achieving reality and sublimity not in obeying frivolity. She becomes anxious and restless because her relationships and observations make her be distant from her aim.

In another chapter of the book called “visit with brother”, she has some writings which aren’t related to the mundane love; but she narrates the unsafe and hideous relationships and recreations that have made her be destroyed. So she seek asylum to innocence.

In the other chapter of the book by the name of “Parviz’s return from the mountain” Raha thinks about the soulless and unfriendly world of Parviz in which there isn’t God’s light and she also thinks about the souvenir brought by Parviz from the mountain including a letter and some pellets. She thinks about the Baha’is false inculcations concerning this issue that they are condemning Muslims to be war lovers and violators without offering any answer for the enemy’s aggression. However, the false proselytism doesn’t have any effect on Raha’s spirit and soul. She points out the obvious treason committed by Baha’is during the war between Iran and Iraq with the excuse of nonintervention in the policy and being disagree with violence; so that, the Baha’is are so happy with Muslims to be killed. They didn’t fight with the enemy against Iraq’s

aggression during the eight years of people's defense and didn't defend their country (Amrullah's home). Whereas during Pahlavi's period of time, all key posts and the governmental ones had been occupied by Baha'is such as premiership and some posts in the cabinet.

In this part of the book, Raha engages in the political battlefield; so that, one of her friends wants one of subgroups to support her as one of politicians in order to escape poverty, to go abroad and to seek asylum... . After being aware of the terrorist subgroup's condition concerning performing a terrorist operation to provide her desire, Raha asks the coterie for help and the coterie doesn't help her. The coterie advises her not to meddle. Nevertheless, Raha doesn't listen to their advice and befriends the family's daughter to tell them the truth gradually. The family tries to make her familiar with Islam as they realize she is Baha'i. Raha becomes gradually fond of this family's natures and traits. She becomes familiar with the real Islam and envies their sincerity. In this part of the book, Imam Khomeyni departs and Raha observes this family's laments while the Baha'is celebrate and look forward to the government being overthrown. The terror becomes obviated. This family's boy is martyred in a searching operation. He asks his family to help Raha turn to Islam in his will. The family realizes that the boy has been fond of Raha because he had written this issue in his diary and in a letter to his friend.

In a part of the book, she writes:

Parviz regrets, comes back the mountain and continues his education. He loves Raha amorously. They believe they will be prosperous living with each other. Eventually, Parviz sends his family to Raha's house to ask for her hand. They reject because Parviz isn't a Baha'I individual. Parviz speaks with Salim about the marriage; but Salim gives a negative answer firmly each time.

In spite of the organization disagreement, Raha decides to get married with him; but her family disagree and prohibit...

Raha starts her marital life by getting married with a Baha'i individual whom the organization elects. She leaves there for Hamadan to start her common life while none of them is interested in each other because Behrouz has had the same biography as Raha's one. He has divorced a person whom he's lived forcefully and he has remarried compulsorily...

Deep differences arises forming this soulless life. Behrouz is continually showing bad temper and disturbing Raha. Raha encounters some obvious offences such as drinking alcoholic beverages among Baha'is of Hamadan city specially by Behrouz's family. Because espionage is a duty in Baha'ism, she informs all of her observations to the organization. It causes Behrouz's parents to have a dispute. Because Behrouz's maternal uncle is one of the members of the coterie, he keeps the issue secret and defends the family. Eventually, Raha can't stand and returns to Sanandaj. The marriage and the following problems create conflicts between the coteries of Hamadan and Sanandaj...

At last, Raha is ordered to come back to Hamadan city. She lives with Behrouz who has hospitalized at hospital 6 months out of a year of their differences because of having an accident. During that period of a year, Raha travels to Tehran and works for a famous Baha'i individual who has an illegal institute in which all expelled Baha'i teachers work. She encounters immoral issues there in spite of her conception. These behaviors disturb her a lot. Eventually, Raha returns to Hamadan city ordered by the central organization of Iranian Baha'is. She takes care her husband round the clock for two years. She searches again and secretly studies the books written by those who had turned against Baha'ism and the book written by martyr Morteza Motahhari while she reviews her bitter adventure and the clear interference of the organization members. She achieves the reality. Achieving the reality becomes a second birth for her. She understands that all blind people attached to Baha'ism are being exploited by an anti-religious

organization. The Baha'i organization exploits their money, time, talents and capabilities by the name of religion and tramples their most rudimentary rights. She is aware of the consequences of this awareness; but she keeps on these sweet investigations. She looks like a silk worm which has come out a small world of cocoon. She can think and act freely and can achieve the humane honor. She observes a fast for three days and just worships and prays during this period of time. She asks God to make her achieve the eternal tranquility.

Raha recites most of the verses of the holy Quran and compares it with the books written by Bab and Baha. Finally, she believes in the holy Quran and the holy prophet Muhammad (P.H.) amorously. She achieves prosperity and tranquility of spirit. Nevertheless, she knows she will have many difficulties ahead. Raha narrates all of her cordial and intellectual knowledge and intuitions for Behrouz in the form of a long letter and invites him to Islam. Raha writes for her husband in a part of the book called "a crucial study":

"...Dear Behrouz

There isn't any sign of lewdness and prurience in Islam and we can have an intact life which is away from each uncleanness and impurity if we are real Muslims and if we aren't similar to those resembling Muslims who drag the name of Islam and; in fact, they are westernized and deviant. We can be prosperous and can decided for our great issues of our life. We can get rid of the circle of the organization oppressions and live freely. We can discover our real identity and not be aimless and null. Behrouz, Islam bestows us dignity. Islam promotes us to reality. We approach God through Islam because this is the only path to approach God..."

Reading the letter, Behrouz changes his mind towards Baha'ism and joins Islam. Referring to Islamic Propagation organization, they recite the formula of Islamic religion and enter into the Islamic marriage contract. They announce

their turning against Baha'ism in newspaper. Of course, from that time on, the Baha'ism organization tries extensively to return both of them to the cult.

Raha is really attached to her parents. She hasn't seen them for months after she turns against Baha'ism. She is continually being threatened for being spiritually excommunicated.

Eventually, both of them are being excommunicated and can't visit their families. Raha suffers pains for not visiting her mother. She isn't successful even to call her mother. Zahra, their daughter, is born after a year. They grow their daughter for years without having grandparents and relatives. During this period of time, Raha's father is struck with apoplexy and dies. Raha goes to Sanandaj for his father's funeral; but her family misbehaves her. She comes back to Hamadan city sadly the next day. Raha prays and vows at one of the nights of the lunar month of Moharram and asks Imam Hussein (P.H.) to help her visit her mother. A week before the next Ashoora (the tenth of the lunar month of Moharram), she is invited to one of her Kurdish friends. She asks one of the neighbors to invite her mother to their house in order for Raha to visit her mother. Raha visits her mother there and makes her mother promise to visit each other in the neighbor's house from that time on. She is happy to be able to see her mother secretly.

At Loneliness window

I was restless like a bird whose wing had been broken. I was thinking nonstop. I wasn't stopping exchanging words of love with God for a moment. I was asking for His help with standing up, living properly, depending on others and freedom I was asking Him not to leave me alone. I was asking Him to make me free from my nearby small world pattern. And to make me close to Himself. I was just asking Him Himself. I was asking Him to help people. I was just wishing Him for real love and theosophy. I was wishing Him for approaching the real excellence. The daily events wasn't making me busy and wasn't preventing me from thinking. As if I was seeking for something in the galaxy that I felt it isn't far. I was considering the earth as much smaller than thing that I was looking for it. I was uttering about changing in my childish leaping. I was evasive of staying and spoiling. When I grew up, the thing that was making me follow it, was warning me to strengthen the power of perseverance in myself. It was warning me that there is an evolution ahead of me. A great evolution, prepare your spirit. Practice lovemaking. Practice being alone. Don't depend on the world's appearances. Come out of bodily comfort. Struggle by wearing down your soul. As if, a person was telling me to pick spoiled apples up the apple trees. Destroy the pests of trees. Storks have built nests on the roof of your high house. Be careful about them. I was passing the day in the hope of sunset. When sunshine was hiding behind the mountains, I was going on the roof and was enjoying the heart some atmosphere of nature nearby the house. The sky was gradually being filled with stars; so that, it was surprising and astonishing. What was God's purpose of creating us as His most cherished creatures which he has created the world beautifully? What could we do? Wouldn't staying still be

considered as a betrayal to humanity world if we were to do an action? Beautiful star spangled nights were inspiring me that you will approach to what makes you close to reality. What makes you return to humanity.

I in a rusted mirror

We were Bahias. At first, I should say that Bahias consist of two groups: One group consists of unaware and deceived people who have been trapped and are ignorant and they have received Baha'ism heritably or they have been trapped in Baha'ism because of their lack of enough knowledge about religion which has been sent down by God. This group worship God like other followers of other religions and sometimes they do charitable and nice deeds and they are praying and exchanging words of love with God. But there are people who are ignorant and deceived. They have accepted the Baha'ism lords' claims without the slightest convincing reason. They consider Bab and Baha as God's prophets and Saheb-al-Zaman. they worship Baha as much as God and sometimes more than God. They have a relationship with God according to Baha's order and command. They replace God's name by Baha's one and ask Baha to forgive them. They address Bab and Abdul Baha -his son -in their prayer and exchange words of love. These people perform fast and prayer that they have determined for them as their liturgical deeds and the second group are those who are heads of Baha'i organization and they are quite aware that this cult is quite political. But they don't confess in order to maintain their mundane position and dominance on a group of unaware people. They misuse deceived followers and exploit them economically and politically and my family belonged to the first group that is the deceived people. My parents were

Seyyeds and were so calm and kind. They were never saying hideous words. Unfortunately, they were always performing special Baha'i worships and this blind love didn't let them think. They were always getting into trouble in holding organization meetings in theirhouse. They were more innocent than their other coreligionists; although, they had lived in such indecent intellectual environment. They were preventing their ten offspring to be away from world's impurity. Ten offspring whom all the people of our small city Sanandaj were mentioning their names. They were living together with other people honorably, respectably and harmlessly. We had an extended family. Boys and girls had got married and left the house and one of my brothers who was 2 years older than I and was going to do his military service and I as so-called the baby of the family were at home. Our neighbor's son-Pouya-who was four younger than I was living with us; because his parents had divorced. Pouya's parents were Baha'i. But his father-according to his words- had discovered Baha'ism as an idle and invalid cult by studying Islamic books and a slight thinking. He had been boycotted by turning against Baha'ism. Pouya's mother who was a deceived Baha'i person divorced her husband. She went to Qazvin. His father got married with a Muslim woman, too. Poufy loved my parents so much. He wasn't feeling bad living with us. My parents were getting old. I was grateful for them. I adored them at the bottom of my heart. And all of my wish was serving those two likeable essences. I liked to compensate all of their past troubles. I liked all of their wishes to be answered by me. We were living under the trees in the yard together with my father and talking about my vague problems of my thoughts. My mother was continuously working. She was baking bread and she had various occupations in different seasons. I didn't see her rest even for a day. As soon as she became free from working, she was visitingpatients. She was taking fruit, potato, bread and food

out of the house and was going to the poor houses. Everybody loved her. We were financially good; that is we have never been poor yet. I spent lively and intimate days with my family. There wasn't any difference among my relatives. When everybody was gathering in our house, neighbors was thinking that there is a wedding ceremony in our house. Our house was becoming crowded and everybody was having an appointment and was coming together to our house. My parents were both seyyeds. And we were Tabatabaee ones. But since my grandfathers had become Baha'i; as a matter of course my parents were Bahi, too. In fact, they were deprived of the honor of being seyyed and they had been negated of the valuable name of seyyed. But my mother was accustomed to call my father as seyyed. Our house was five kilometers far from the city. There were green gardens and hills around our house. The plain which was in front of our house was full of clematis in spring every year. And a river which was passing across our house was becoming full of water so much that traffic was difficult. Our big house had two fairly big yards. In one of them, we had a workshop pertaining to facilities and workers were always working. It had a room assigned for the rest of workers. It had a vineyard, some apple and apricot trees that my father was working there in the morning before sunrise. He was using a well located in that yard bearing a water engine to irrigate the trees of garden. In a part of this garden my brother had built a pool which was nearly enclosed. In summer all of us were using it. In the next yard, there was a residential building located at the middle of the yard. That was showing off with its white cement siding. When I was younger, I assumed this two-floor house as the highest one. Around the house were grape bushes which had been poured on the arbor ceiling and they had surrounded all over the yard. There was a small basin in the middle of the yard that the gold-fish were adding to its beauty. Black cherry, cherry, walnut and apricot trees which were bearing

many leafages had surrounded for corners of the basin. The yard had been covered by mosaics. We had even spring flowers which were adding beauty to our house yard. Hung grapes, grafted black cherries and ripe cherries had changed that house to a paradise that its each moment was inspiring and delightful for me. Round the house were windows. It had a lot of light. When we were looking out of each window, we were visiting a beautiful landscape which was exactly the same as the painting. We had a tame dog which was barking for strangers. But it was every member of the family and relatives' friend. It was escorting me from our house to school since I was a child and then it was coming back. It was tame and understood us. When it died, everybody cried. We buried it near a hill. We had most animals in the house yard. Rabbit, cat, hen, ramus, rooster, Chinese rooster, horse and fox which were being kept by us for a period of time. We were all together going to the nearby plains every Fridays. And most of the time, we were picking strawberry, hawthorn and blueberry in nearby garden accompanied by our guests. People were kind with each other and everybody welcomed us cheerfully. We had put a ping pong table in one of the rooms downstairs. Sometimes neighbors and friends were coming and playing. There was a lot of traffic in our house.

In such a house with such circumstance, when each word had still its meaning and each phenomenon was interesting and attractive for me to such an extent which was betraying its inner fact and when winter was still winter and I had passed sixteen summers, I came back home from school and kissed my mother's beautiful face, as usual. I thanked her because of good food that she had given to me for recreation and entracte time between classes. Cheese, which she was making was proverbial. My classmates were pricing my mother's morsels at school. Mom said: What's new by school? I said: Nothing mom, everybody went for group prayer; but I didn't go, as usual. Really mom, why don't we

have group prayer? Mom said according to her rote learning: Group prayer means pretending to pray. We don't need pretense. It was a beautiful slogan. I went to my room and I ran into the yard after changing my clothes. My father was cutting additional branches of grape trees. I said: Hello daddy, have strong in your elbow. He said: Thank you, my daughter, did you come? Yeah, I came. Daddy, can you tell me how my grandfather became Baha'i? Yes, I can, why? Nothing, my educative teacher asked: Why did you become Baha'i? I said: My grandfather became Baha'i. She said: Why did your grandfather become Baha'i? Daddy said: Don't speak with her at all. Don't argue with her. Tell her that inspection of beliefs is forbidden! I didn't know what inspection of beliefs meant? I said: What is the meaning of inspection of beliefs, daddy? He said: It means that questioning about others' beliefs is forbidden. I said: well, why? Is questioning problematic? He said: This is the organization's command. We should speak concerning religion. I said: We say now that inspecting about beliefs is forbidden? He said: Before the revolution, we were allowed to proselytize on behalf of government; but now the government doesn't permit. I said: Should our religion obey the government? Don't we have an independent religion? Then, we should act according to religion commands not the government ones in any period of time. He said: One of our religion's command is compliance of the law. We must obey the law. I said: Then, why have we stayed here. Let's go to Tehran and live there. Hasn't the organization sent us here to proselytize? He said: It has sent us here to be emigrant in order for everybody to be familiar with Baha'ism. I didn't argue with him, anymore. I felt he has been tried; although, he was telling contradictory statements. If I wanted to question very much, I wouldn't receive correct answers. But I said to myself: Anyway we are proselytizing secretly. If being obedient to the government belongs to our religious

orders, we really mustn't proselytize, anymore; but we were secretly proselytizing and asserting ourselves.

We had a big swing in the yard. I went to sit on it, as usual. I swung myself quickly. When I was soaring, I was feeling the sky, as if. And when I was coming back in order to test a higher and better peak, I was thinking of a real flight. A flight that takes me higher than my nearby world. And no unknown spot confuses my mind. I wanted to dominate everything and nothing is insolvable for me. A moment later when my father approached me and became busy cutting additional branches of grape trees of this part of yard, I asked: Daddy, why doesn't Israel free Palestine? Why has Israel occupied Palestine, at all? Daddy said: Because Palestine people don't know how to govern and they are disable to establish an independent government. I said: why? He said: Because they are Muslims. I said: Isn't the government of our country Islamic? He said: For this reason it won't be in existence and it will collapse soon. I said: Daddy, how do you know these statements. He said: The Excellency Baha Allah has predicted. I realized that the organization has imposed a series of statements to its community, as usual. And my father has repeated them by rote. I didn't know what were the reasons for all of these hates and enmity of the organization towards Islam? And why did they accept Jewish and Christian governments. I said to myself: While we believe that Islam is a perfect and comprehensive religion which has come after Christianity and now it has been expired and been abrogated, then why isn't Islam respectful for us like other religions and even they say: Muslim aren't able to govern?! But Jewish and Christian people who have lived longer than Islam are able to do so? I rode on my bike and I left the yard after orbiting round the yard. I headed off a long soiled road ended in one of neighbor's gardens. It was nearly dusk. It was gradually getting cool. That is, it was nearly dusk and according to neighbors riding bike for a girl who

had become mature wasn't advisable. But everybody knew that I wasn't similar to girls since childhood and I was constantly climbing berry and hawthorn trees and I was always busy shooting, hunting, fishing together with my brothers and their friends. Nothing could take my freedom and I was doing every action that I thought it was correct and true. And I didn't fear from other people's judgments towards me. I was nearly approaching the garden, while the neighbor girls who were my friends were waving for me. Eventually, I approached them and rested my bike against a tree and went beside them. They were busy picking up apricots and were filling boxes of apricot and were pouring leaves over them. They were making them ready to be sold. I said great job to them. I joke a bit with them and threw crushed apricot towards them. Then I became busy helping them. The kid's mother said: My husband has said: If Raha wasn't riding a bike, I would let Nariman get married with her. I said: It isn't a proper time for me to get married now. Shesaid: How old are you? I said: I am younger than Nashmin and Naqshin, why don't they get married? Nashmin said: If we hadn't been imprisoned, we would have had children. These two sisters been accused to two years imprisonment; because they had been influenced by the advertisements of counterrevolution cells and they had entered into political currents. Naqshin said: Don't meddle with our affairs. Do you get married with Nariman? I said: We are Baha'is and you know we don't get married with Muslims. Naqshin said: What are the differences between Muslims and Baha'is. And according to organization order, I had learnt to proselytize; so I stated the statements word by word which I had learned since I was six till that day and I introduced Baha'ism as a religion which has sent down by God. Here, I wasn't telling that inspecting beliefs is forbidden !Because no danger was threatening me.And this was exactly the policy of the organization. Nashmin sighed and said: You have been ensnared by a group of power-

seeking politicians like us. (she meant counterrevolution cells) which religion? Hasn't the holy Quran stated that the prophet of Islam is the last prophet of God? Some minutes later, Nariman and his father who were working upper parts joined us. I said hello to them. The kids' father was so kind and sociable. A forty five-year-old man who was always cheerful and smiling. He greeted me with his constant smile and said: Did you come here again riding a bike? I said: Should I have come this long path on foot? He said: Then, we come this long path on foot, too. And then we came back on foot. I said: If you had bicycle, you wouldn't come on foot. Everybody laughed. Some years ago, Nariman was my classmate. In our school, boys and girls were mixed. Nariman was weaker than I in his lessons at school. But Parviz and I were top students in our class. Nariman was competing with Parviz. Parviz and I were getting the same marks and awards. Nariman asked: Didn't you meet Parviz? I said: No, I didn't see him today. The kid's father said: O' girl, you have grown up. You were classmates before. Why should Parviz come to your house? I said: He is coming to play ping pong with Pouya and Bahman. Nariman said: Parviz himself doesn't go there. They are asking him to come to their house. I said: Parviz is a good boy. I assume him as my brother. Nariman lowered his head and said: Which brother has an eye for his sister? My blood ran cold. Stating this statement by Nariman was very unlikely. And such impudence seemed very unlikely by Parviz. I said: What about? Nariman said nothing and made himself busy working. That day passed and I had been sensitive about Parviz's behaviors. I was intimate with him like my brother. He was tall and heavyset and nobody believed that he is my classmate. But he was one year older than I and he had gone to school a year late. He was really sapient and polite and nearly shy. Most of the time our house gate was open and everybody who knew us was entering the garden easily. But

according to Nariman,, he was never coming until my brother was taking him to our house. I was permanently thinking that: Has Parviz spoken about me with Nariman? I couldn't understand this matter out of his behavior. I was sure that Nariman hasn't stated this statements without any aim. But these thoughts didn't cause me to change my behavior. I was behaving him as before. I didn't like him to behave so that I have to behave him differently. And we wouldn't have this friendly relationship as before. He was a thoughtful boy and I was sure that he would achieve a lot of success in life. I was constantly busy studying foreign novels and every matter. Which was interesting for me, I would tell him. Some months passed. Some days before starting educational year, Parviz appeared at our house gate. And I had sat in the yard and was busy studying books. I ran and invited him to come in. He entered while his two hands were in the pockets of his casual coat. He was slowly approaching toward my father and greeted him. I realized that he was gloomy. He seemed really sorrowful. I felt he was going to say something. I said: What's wrong? Parviz said: Nothing, why do you ask? I said: You are too gloomy. He said: I am leaving here. I asked surprisingly, where? I want to get to my paternal uncle's house in Tehran. I am to work and study there. I became gloomy a bit, too. But it wasn't so important for me. I said: Well, why are you sad now? Is it going for you not to come back anymore? He said: I am not sad, but I can't come back soon. I said: Ah, Tehran is not too far. You can come here on Thursdays and come back on Fridays. He said: No, I won't come back by the end of the year. I should work. (It wasn't so important for me again) I asked: Where are you going to work? He said: My paternal uncle has a company producing shampoo. I am to work there. I said: It will be worthy if the salary is good. Be careful about your lessons. My father said: Work my son until you are young, but you should study your lessons. Studying is really important. Parviz said respectfully:

All right, sir. Parviz took the book which was in my hand and looked at behind its cover and said: What is this book about? I said: It is a novel. It is the biography of van Goque written by Roman Rollan. Have you ever read it? Parviz said: No, I haven't. Is it a good book? I said: It is great. It is fantastic. It really gives the reader enthusiasm for life. He asked about my mother and brother. I said: My mom has slept and Bahman still hasn't come, too. He said: Then I'll go and come back again. I had come to say goodbye. He said goodbye to my father and became far apart him and he picked up some oranges and yellow leaves and stared them. He said to me after hesitating for some moments: I may come back too late. I said :Why? Do you want to travel abroad? He sighed and exited out of the

gate. Then he turned back and looked at me deeply for the first time and said: I have put some things among the bricks of the workshop for you. Look for to find it. I realized that this matter is related to me and him. I said : Why did you put it there? Don't you give it to me? He said: No, it is impossible. I said: Which bricks? The garden wall which was nearly too long was the workshop wall, too. He pointed out towards the big workshop gate and said: This side, and he left. I turned back and said to myself: At last the vent happened that it shouldn't have happened. I wish he were so sapient and mature that he could hide his heart word. He knows that it is impossible for him to get married withme. Anyway, it wasn't so important for me. Although I was so young. The issues which were related to love and falling in love and the relationships between girls and boys seemed minor and childish for me. The book which I had read in this regard had taught to me that I shouldn't change my destiny by minor and limited thoughts. I was searching for other things. Something that will satisfy my spirit. Something that makes me became free from narrow-mindedness and simplicity. Something that gives me honor and soars me in order to make

me satisfied with myself and to make God be satisfied with me. At that beautiful amorous nature, I was just thinking of God. And I was sure that His Great, Holy and Merciful essence asks me something. I knew that I have a mission in this world. This thought wasn't just mine. I thought every purposeless person has a duty in this world, too that s/he may neglect and doesn't perform it. But I was certain that I haven't been born in vain .

A hidden letter

Parviz's statements disturbed any thoughts and damaged my studying. I closed the book and went home. My mother had been awake. She was making tea. Although she was becoming old; but she was so intimate with her offspring that nobody was hiding her anything. She herself was always hitting her chest and was saying: Here is secret reservoirs. I said to her: Mom, Parviz had come. He was saying: I am going to go to Tehran to work. She said: What about his lessons? I said: He will study, too. His paternal uncle has a shampoo company. She said to be successful. I said: He had come to say goodbye. But you were asleep. Bahman wasn't at home, too. He was to come back at night, again. After a pause, I said again: Mom !Parviz was different from previous days in his behavior. He was too gloomy; as if he was going forcefully; as if he was not going to come back. Mom said quickly :Wow !God has forbidden. I said: Before leaving, he said: I have put something among bricks of workshop wall for you. Pick it up after I left. Mom thought a bit and said: Why has he put it among bricks? Nothing can be inserted among the bricks. I said: I don't know. It is certainly a letter. She laughed and said: Certainly, he has fallen in love. While she was carrying a tray after for my father, she left the room. She

said humorously: Mad people. Parviz's house could be seen out of the window of the room. I went towards the window. Drawing the curtain, I sat next to the window and I stared at their small house. There wasn't any excitement; because I was sure that everything between us will remain to such an extent. He is Muslim and I am Bahai. Meanwhile, I wasn't interested in getting married with him at all. My dream man was a person who was superior to him with regard to knowledge in order for me to advance with the help of him and to gain more knowledge and to gain more success. Eventually it became dark and Parviz came to our house. Pouya was joking him a lot. He was constantly wrestling with him in order to make him be lively. He had become more silent than before. I brought tea and fruit. He just ate a piece of apple and; as if the house circumstance was tight for him. He couldn't sit. He said goodbye to everybody and left. I wasn't enthusiastic about reading his letter. Maybe it wasn't a letter and it might be a small souvenir or something which referred to childhood period of time that reminded the past. But I thought more that it is a letter full of amorous words. Anyway, the next day I went towards the gate of the workshop. It was nearly noon. But, where should I look for among all of those bricks? How could I find something that he had hidden ?I searched for a while and I was becoming enraged. I was angry about Parviz. What was this action that he'd done? How childish and

stupid. What would a person say if a he/she saw me that I was searching among bricks? I was searching throughout the wall as long as my height let. Eventually I paid attention that a piece of white paper is seen exactly under one of bricks which were located on the corner of wall. I took it out hard and went into the yard in order to read it more easily. I sat on the swing and opened the folded paper. It had been written with cursive handwriting:

Hello

Beyond my heart, I was constantly whispering myself surprisingly and astonishment and unbelief dominate on my soul. I am not that strong tree that can resist and I am not that pure morning glory that can creep and go up the high porch of love. I go, not to be aware of the nihility of my essence. I go to let the sun shine and to let the sun not be captured at the darkness of my selfishness cloud. The sun is free and shines everywhere it likes and everywhere that should be warm and bright. Be free, free ... Fly in peak like a bird which is flying far from the afield horizon in high expanse of the sky; because the earth is yours. The echo of my heart summons me towards you. Alas the sky is a tenacious rival. I know that I can achieve you. Then, I leave here in order for anybody not to find out my restless inner being. I leave not to be stigmatized. I go; because I don't like my pride to be crushed under your cruel kick of your shadow that one day it will come and take you away with itself. I go not to be ashamed by mercies of good father, kind mother and dear Bahman. I leave to show appreciation for you; because I was eating at your table. Raha, I beg you to be grateful for yourself. You are so lively and enthusiastic about your life. You are fantastic. Don't let the blind events of epoch swallow you. Forgive me that I didn't give the letter to you. I know these statements are nonsense to you. Be firm forever .

Goodbye forever

I knew that Parviz's compositions is good. He was writing good compositions in class. But I didn't think he writes very beautifully. I thought deeply. I thought about every sentence of the composition. How was he so certain that he wouldn't get married with me? Just because he knew that we don't join Muslims? Or he was thinking that I didn't love him? But why didn't he try? Why didn't he expose his feelings? The sun was extremely shining. I couldn't stay in the yard, anymore. I went into the room. The smell of Kebab had covered all over the room. Mom put some Kebabs into a morsel and gave it to me. But she was making some kebabs ready for my father in the barbecue. My parents loved each other very much and they were expressing their love to each other forever. I went to my room. I thought deeply. I couldn't totally understand what Parviz meant. But I was feeling that not only his action wasn't childish; but also my feeling changed towards him. I wasn't thinking that I would be influenced by expressing kindness by somebody. I hadn't understood the meaning of love by that time. And as long as I hadn't understood the concept of this word totally, I hadn't accepted it and hadn't called myself lover. But after reading the letter my thoughts had become restless. I wished he wouldn't leave to meet him once more and to speak about his heart's hidden things. I liked this goodbye to be a childish game. I wish he would come back. Mom called me for lunch. I came back to my room after eating lunch. I wasn't relaxed. I even couldn't sleep. I was sleeping easily in the afternoon or I was studying so much that I felt asleep and I didn't know when I slept; but now I couldn't study I sat and stared at the letter so much that my parents woke up. And mom brought me fruit. She saw the letter in my hand. I Said: This is the very thing that Parviz has given; but you can't believe if I read it for you. Mom said: Surely he has written I love you. And I can't live without you. I said: No, mom. He has said: I will leave here; because I can't join you. Mom said: Do you

tell the truth. Is he so wise? I said: He was so zealous and we didn't know. He has thanked you and said: " I didn't like to be ungratefulness by staying here". Mom smiled and said: I wish he would be successful everywhere that he is. Now, why are you thinking deeply ?I said: Nothing, I wasn't thinking at all that a person would transfer his/her place for my sake. What would happen if he stayed here? I wouldn't have let him leave here if he had already told me. She said: Now when nothing has happened some people say Parviz loves Raha. People would speak more concerning this issue if he stayed here. He has respected us that he left here. I said: People's statements aren't important for me, at all. They can say everything that they like. Mom said: Now you are telling so. If he said the fact to you, you would tell him that you misuse our trust. Now when he has left, you tell so. I said: Yeah, you are right. Mom said: eat fruit and stand up. You should sort out the rooms . We have Ziafat [:reception] tonight. I became quite gloomy. we had reception every other 19 days and every time the same people came and the same statements repeated. It was too tiring that I liked to be ill in order not to participate in the reception to be excusable. Participating in reception was obligatory for all Baha'is. That is, all Baha'i ceremonies were obligatory. If a person didn't take part, they would consider him/her as a faithless person. And everybody who was known as faithless among Baha'is, he/she was merited for any kind of accusation. He/she would be tried so that he/she couldn't resist and would accept to take part in the meeting forcefully. In this way, he/she was getting rid of frequent questioning by the establishment. I stood up and became busy dusting the house impatiently. Before revolution, special meetings and ceremonies of Baha'is were held in Hazirat-al-Qods; but after the revolution all of those places were closed and they were holding ceremonies in houses. That night, it was our turn to entertain the guests. Of course it wasn't held just in our house; but the people were

divided and they held the 19-day reception in some houses. Nearly twenty five people came to our house. Our reception members consisted of old and young people. That is, they consisted of seven or eight small families. They sat on furniture and chairs of drawing room which my mother had decorated them by putting some big vases full of natural flowers beside them. At the chest of the wall, a photo of Abdul Baha, Baha's son, was seen that every one of us was praying in front of this photo which was towards the Baha'i kiblah which is in Israel at the time of worship. And then we became prostrated. Of course, we didn't assume him as God; but we didn't assume him separated from God, too. Because Baha'ism is a political cult and in fact, it has adapted some teachings out of other cults, too. It has faded God like one of cults of Sufism and believes that Baha and Abdul Baha are means for human beings to have relationships with God. Using this policy, they gradually assumed Baha and Abdul Baha instead of God for Baha'is and in fact it is this cult's definite atheism. Thus, we worship Baha as much as God and now and then more than Him. We assumed his commandment as God's one. After Abdul Baha's death, the members of the organization were his main successors consisting of nine members of the coterie who were deployed in Israel and were at top. Then nine people had been elected in the capital city of each country and then nine people who had been elected in each city by Baha'is of that city and that country. We assumed these people as Baha's successors and in fact they were God's successor and they were innocent. Their commandments were God's ones. And we must obey their orders unquestioningly and this was Baha's order that you must obey my orders and commandments unquestioningly. After his death the organization members took over managing affairs. Baha'i people had been dominated by them. As long a person is Baha'i, they will give him/her so many responsibilities and will make him/her too busy that he/she

can't think. Everybody who has more responsibilities, he/she will be respectful and valuable for everybody; although, he/she is the most sinful person on the earth. But if a person be the most honest and oppressed and participates in meetings less or doesn't take over the organization responsibilities or thinks more about earning a living for the sake of his /her family, he/she won't be respectful and valuable. Thus, everybody especially Baha'i youth and adolescents try to memorize more statements belong to Bab and Baha, Abdul Baha and Shoghi Afendi who are founders of this cult or they try to take part in meetings and classes in order to be more valuable and important. But they weren't important for me. And it wasn't important for me what society thinks about me. Because it was obvious for me that those who are respectful for this reason are in a low level of humanity. And I preferred to be a perfect, honorable and free person and not to be a good and active person who served the organization.

My mother understood that "Amri" meetings and classes which "Amri" was an expression among Baha'is don't attract me and she knew that I am evasive of these classes and ceremonies; but she was trying to encourage me to make her feel honored. As usual, the meeting started by one of incantations of Abdul Baha. And some pages of these great men's books were read. We recited collective prayer all together. When collective prayer were being recited, I remember my mother's statement that said: Group prayer means pretending to prayer. I said to myself: Then, our collective prayer means pretending to prayer? Because Baha'is are opposed to Islam, they are making fun of all Islamic commandments and teachings; whereas they themselves may have such teachings. When my mother was construing group prayer of Muslims as pretense; as if she had forgotten that collective prayers in Baha'ism with a loud voice are similar to pretence more; especially there isn't any spirituality in it. And it doesn't make anybody tranquil. Of

course, one of their collective prayers is Imam Sadeq's(P.H) prayer that says: "O' God, O' All-praised, O' All-holy, Our Lord and the Lord of the angles and the spirit. " We should recite this prayer 9 times with special music melodiously all together. This prayer and all collective prayers which affected on us so much had been originated from the Shiite Imams (peace be upon them). But Baha and Abdul Baha had registered them by their names and we knew this issue. Not only we didn't have time to study Islamic books; but also the organization advertisements against Islamic books and Muslims were so much that we weren't enthusiastic about studying Islamic books. Even we called Muslims as strangers because of extreme unawareness of others' world and ideas. We thought that just Baha'ism has prevented people in doing immoral problems and has ordered to do nine deeds. As usual, a box was put on a table at the middle of room to gather money. This part was one of important parts of 19 –day reception. Money is gathered in this form throughout the world especially by Iranian to be sent to Israel and to be spent for the organization problems. Every time, they were receiving messages from Israel; that is Bait-al-Adl which was the center of and organization administrative affairs that Baha'is of Iran are giving money more than all countries and they were thanking. They were promising paradise and gaining favor to Baha to their followers. When everybody threw money into the box based on his/her financial ability and money was gathered and was given to treasure or trustee, I understood that the supervisor of the meeting who was fairly young 29-year-old girl who had devoted all her life to organization activities paid attention to me. With the excuse of having melodious voice, I was responsible to start and finish the incantation meetings. Or I should sing a song, an anthem or a chanson in entertainment part. I was sad about this issue, too. Because even I didn't like to sing in public they were insisting so much that I had no way but obeying. I

had thought quite truly. Zahra Khanom looked at me and said: Now, Raha khanom will sing the final incantation with her melodious voice. I was getting too nervous because they were encouraging me like children. Their flattering encouragements were never making me happy. Anyway, I had no way. I recited one of small incantation which I had learned by heart and fortunately the meeting ended. At the end of meeting everybody was feeling asleep. They were yawning. As soon as the ending incantation was being recited, everybody was standing up, saying goodbye and leaving .

Parviz's remembrance

After the guests left, I gathered and washed fruit small dishes and cups of tea. Then, I went to my room. I wasn't ignoring Parviz's remembrance for a moment. This wasn't the first time that I was receiving someone a letter. In the way of school, a boy called Houshang was continuously bothering me. He was putting letter on the bench of bus station. And I had to pick it up in order for some body not to pick it up. But I never spoke to him. And I didn't permit him to confront me even for one time to speak and tell his words. I hate being friend, giving and taking letters and being captured in whim. While it was popular to have friends secretly among my friends and classmates at school; but I was really hateful of doing such actions. I believed that it had no reason for me to promise to anybody; because it wasn't time for me to get married. Specially, I wasn't thinking of marriage in general. And I wasn't generally going to get married. I believed that doing such actions were wasting time and transgressing human values. I was thinking of Parviz till midnight. And I felt I was guilty; because I had caused him to change his place and course of his life for the sake of me. Maybe I was guilty.

If I hadn't behaved him so intimately, this even wouldn't have happened. What was this feeling that had made me restless? Why did I believe his love? !Why did his words touch a cord in my heart? ! Why had my thoughts concentrated on him instead of being angry and assuming him young ?

I got ready to buy stationery for academic year in the morning. I went to market. But I was going to pay a short visit to Parviz's house to get news of him. I had an appointment with one of my friends who was very intimate with me. Her name was Nasim and we were coreligionists. And we were classmates for several years. Before going to our resort, I rang Parviz's house. Parviz's mother opened the door. She saw me and greeted me kindly as usual. She invited me to go to the house; but I didn't accept. I asked Talieh Khanom, Parviz's mother: Did Parviz leave? She said: Yeah, he left. I said: We missed him. She said: Thank you, my dear. I swear you by God to come in and sit. I said: No, I should go. When does he come back? Didn't he tell you? I said: Yeah, he said he was going to Tehran. Parviz's mother nodded and said surprisingly: where? Tehran? I said: Yeah, he went to his paternal uncle's house, didn't he? She said: should I say? I said: Hasn't he gone to Tehran? Talieh khanom sighed and said: I wish he had gone to Tehran. I said: Then, where has he gone? I swear you by God to tell the truth. She said: I thought he has told you; because he has told to many people. You weren't strange to us. I said: No, he hasn't told anything to us. Where has he gone? She said: Come in to tell you. I said: I have an appointment. I should go and buy stationary for school. Tell me here. She tightened her scarf a bit and said: My brother's son had come back the mountain. He encouraged Parviz to go to mountain, too. I said: Mountain? That is, he has joint counterrevolution cells? She said: Yeah, unfortunately. We had become contented

with this one son. He quitted everything and went. I said with nearly a loud voice: My God, why did you let him? She said : Today, children don't obey their parents. He isn't a child to listen to us. He is nearly twenty years old. I said : He has made a mistake to go and leave here. Maybe something may happen for him. She said: I have asked the Excellency Qous Gilani to save and keep him. I said: Willing God. Nothing will happen for him. Can you keep in touch with him ,now? She said: We don't know where he is. We just know they are in mountain near Marvian. I said: Didn't he say that when he would come back? Or when will he send a letter for you? She said: No, he didn't say anything at all. I said: Can you take your brother the address? She said: My brother knows where their address is. He has paid a short visit to Mahmoud. I said: Then ask him to bring news of Parviz or to go to speak with him. Maybe he can make him come back. She said: He will certainly announce us; because, they themselves live in Marivan. They are near Parviz. I said goodbye to Talieh khanom with staggered and dumb manner and left. My thoughts became anguished. I felt I was responsible for this problem. What will happen if he is affected by a calamity or he is killed in conflicts or is captured? Why did he endanger his destiny so much and with a price? Why did he do such a stupid action? This action means welcoming death. O' God, what should I have done? I couldn't be indifferent. Tolerating such news was too heavy for a young girl like me. And accepting it was heavier. Because I was responsible for this dyspeptic news. I felt I couldn't step. I was afraid. I knew that Parviz isn't so convinced and militant to introduce himself to counterrevolution cells and to fight in the paths of their aims. He has just escaped this situation and the circumstance in which I was. I remembered summer days. I was going to the roof every sunset and walking. I was singing. I was reading books. I was there till it was completely becoming dark. Exactly in front of the window of their house. My long hairs

were disheveled on my shoulders and were moving everywhere by blowing wind. And I was displaying my clothes which each one was more beautiful than the other and every viewer was attracted by me. I had trapped him without having any aim. This action was usual among us as Baha'is and even we assumed ourselves better than any other communities by not having cover among aliens and singing of women and etc. We were proselytizing these beliefs and deeds. I thought if he is killed, I will be responsible. But I could do nothing and he wasn't available. When I thought to a way, I remember another issue and made the solution to reach a dead lock. I saw Nasim waiting for me at station. I got off the cab and went towards her. I was bored. Nasim said: What has happened? What are you thinking about? I narrated everything for her in general. She said with cool manner: None of your business? That guy likes to be killed; but he mimics lovesick lovers. It is none of your business. I said: Nasim, you don't know him. I grew up with him since childhood. He is a researched boy. He speaks less. But he doesn't speak aimlessly, at all. I haven't been able to find fault in him, at all yet. He has deep thoughts. I don't know why he did such action? !Nasim said: What are you doing now? I said: I don't know, at all. But I will find him with any possible way to make him come back. Nasim said: Are you certain? That is, do you want to answer him positively? I said: No, I want to tell him to come back. I said: What's your purpose of his returning? Has anything changed? You can't get married with him. I said: I am getting mad, Nasim. Tell me what I should I do. Nasim said: Don't think of him. Be cool. If you tell him to come back, it will mean I love you. If you tell him to return, too to be with each other like before and to burn and tolerate, it will be better for him to be there and to burn and tolerate. I said angrily: Nasim, don't be spoil. Speak seriously. Tell me what to do? How can I make him return? Poor his mother. Nasim laughed and said: Tell he

has got caught in my throat. Now when he has gone, he has become dear. If he were here, you would wait for king of fairies. Now when he has gone, you have been captured by him. I said: No, I swear by God ... I wish it wouldn't happen. I couldn't believe, at all. What will happen if he dies? Nasim said: Nothing. One Majnoun will add to the other Majnouns of the history. I said: Damn ! I am speaking with you seriously. Nasim laughed with a loud voice and said: Well, deliver a message to him to come back. I love you, too. But, I don't promise to you to get married with you. I said: How can I send a message? She said: One of my brother's friends has gone to mountain and has come back. I asked: That is, has he done penance? She said: Yeah, he was taken under protection. You can refer to him and ask how you can send Parviz a message. I said: This is a silly action. Well, he will say me to send a message through a person who knows his place. She said: Well, he may have a better way to solve this problem. I said: You are right. It is better than nothing. Our shopping and speaking in the way took nearly two hours. When I arrived home, mom had prepared requirements of expander. My father had put his red radio on his chest leaning on his special cushion near the radiator, as usual. Mom called me from the kitchen: Did you come, my dear? I said hello to my daddy. First and then I went to the kitchen. I was really hungry and no food was better than my mom's foods. They were delicious and appetizing. My mom was often making salad full of sauce which was made of yoghurt, olive oil and pepper. I said: Have strong in your elbow, dear mom. She said: You too. Did you shop? I said: Yeah, I did. She said: Expand the expander. We didn't eat lunch because of you. I said: Except daddy's kebab. She laughed and said: A jealous person can never have peace. Poor your father has been woken up before dawn and he has been up till now. You expect him not to eat a little kebab and to die of hunger, God forbidden. I said: I am damned wrong. I wish he would be

alive for one hundred fifty years. My sweet heart. I was kidding. Daddy heard our speech and said: What has happened? What are you saying? My father's gesture who was wearing glasses which was displaying his eyes bigger than usual and his sunburned wheat-skinned face and his lips and mouth which was fit with his face was attractive. He started making fun of us. I had heard that he was making all the parties in our neighborhood and locality come to life. And he had the cream of the crop among all friends and relatives. But now when he had been nearly old and he had been nearly seventy years old, he was making fun less. He said like a moaning old woman: Bring the food sooner. I laughed and prepared the expander and arranged the requirements of expander, rice and black soup. When I sat near the expander enthusiastically, I had no appetite when I remembered Parviz. I was just mixing my food with my spoon; but I wasn't eating. Mom said: Why don't you eatwhile you were too hungry? I said: Mom, do you know what has happened? Parviz has gone to mountain. My father nodded and said: Alas ! My mother said: Poor his mother. Why has he done such an action? I said: I don't know; but it was unlikely that Parviz does such an action, wasn't it? Mom said: Poor kids are influenced by counterrevolution cells. They are decided. My father said: If they knew how much this regime's lifetime is, they wouldn't make themselves to be killed. I said: Daddy, are you certain so much? Is this one of the Excellency Baha Allah's predictions? Daddy said: Yeah, my daughter. It is totally true. This is the end of theirlifetime. I said: What has happened? He said: There are some conflicts in some cities. After lunch, mom said: Now, the kids are coming here. Gather the dishes and wash them soon. She meant my brothers and sisters who were coming to our house once or twice a week to pay a short visit. Of course, not all of them. Because my two sisters had gotten married and left Sanandaj. One of my elder brothers had traveled to Africa for

proselytism and he has a detailed narration. One of my brothers had gone to Germany. Bahman was a soldier, too. He didn't go on leave. My elder sister came with her husband and three offspring, first. Then, my three brothers along with their wives came each have three offspring. The house became too crowded. The kids were playing in the dinning room. The adults were speaking with a loud voice and laughed. And I had a strange feeling. I thought a great event has happened in my life. But this issue was slight and minor in comparison with other phenomena that happened for me later in my life. I wish all the problems of my life had been as minor and simple as this one. But I don't know why God had assumed me as a powerful person that He had made the problems of my life too complicated and difficult. Anyway, I loved every moment of my life; although, I had many problems and difficulties. I never wished I hadn't been born or I had died. I loved life with its ups and downs. I was fighting with all difficulties and shortages in order to achieve ideal aims and the real paragon and the development of human spirit. The only thing that was annoying me in my life was ignorance and inability. I was trying to eliminate both of them. I was still at the beginning of the way. And I had passed teenage years recently. I was confronting everything with special enthusiasm. And everything was beautiful and attractive for me. I was making a beautiful meaning and concept for every moment of my life. I was valuing all my moments with my spiritual excitements. All members my family had responsibilities in the organization. My second brother along with his wife had many activities that each one was members of some panels and some Lajnehs. Thus they were trustful more than the other people; so that in our house, my brother was deciding first and nobody was acting against his will and decision. In any case, everybody was consulting him and at last his decision was being performed. Of course, it is worth to be mentioned that his moral characteristics had

caused other people who didn't belong to Baha'ism were counting on him and trusting. But in the house, this problem was severe; because, his wife and he were active in the organization more than other. And they were so-called more faithful than others. His name was Salim and his wife's name was Soudabeh. After some minutes speaking about job and daily problems Salim turned towards me and said: Mr, Parsa had sent me a message for me to speak with you. I said: What about? He said; concerning your Tasjil: [becoming formally Baha'i]. Repeating a problem that had made me to be tightened spiritually, again. I said: Has he started this issue again? He said: What do you mean? You should make your position obvious. You can't continue so. Eventually you should be Baha'i formally, shouldn't you? I said: It won't be late I will be Baha'i formally. He said: Well, the sooner, the better. I said: Now, I am going to study more. Soudabeh said: Are you in doubt? I said: No, not at all. I should just be Baha'i formally with complete understanding. Both of them said: This isn't a good excuse. If you want to have more information, you can gain after becoming Baha'i formally. Mom said: Aren't you ashamed? Is there anybody among your friends who are in the same age of you and has not become Baha'i formally yet? I said: It is none of my business. I am in charge of my deeds. My mother said: Be ashamed. Don't argue with me.

Our groom, Farhad, said: Raha is flying. She isn't at the sea. She leaves others alone. He was accustomed to tell his statements ironically. Especially he disagreed me very much. I said: I don't understand. My becoming Baha'i formally is none of others business. I may become or not. My elder brother said: Then, tell us that you are planning in your mind. I said: What about? My elder brother's wife wanted me not to become sad about my elder brother's statement. So she said: Nothing. He is joking. Bearing all those multilateral attacks was difficult for me. I said: Tell Mr. Parsa to speak

with me if he has a word. I stood up and went to my room. Mom called me immediately. Where are you going Raha? Come and entertain. I said with nearly a loud voice: I am sleepy, mom. Tell the kids to entertain. My mom's catch phrase was (mad) I heard she said this word; but I didn't like to hear anything. I was quite bored. But after some minutes, I understood that they were speaking about going to picnic collectively. I stood up quickly and went to hall. Soudabeh said: The youth committee has planned a recreational program for the youth. Do you go there? I said: Yeah, of course, where? And when? She said: The youth are to go to mountain after ethic class two weeks later on Friday. I said: The ethic class will finish nearly noon. Early morning is more suitable for hiking. Soudabeh said: Anyway, it has been passed. You should take lunch, evening meal and junk foods with yourself. I said: The youth committee has troubled. Anyway, I was enthusiastic and became happy. I knew we would have a great time. But, two weeks later when we went, I was tormented and moments weren't intolerable for me; because, I had become more aware than before.

Miracle

In previous picnic which was a recreation park that was located some kilometers away from city. All Baha'is had come. I was endangered. Men and women were swimming in a shallow river. The river was located next to a high mountain which had a vertical and sharp ramp. Nasim, two boys, one girl and I decided to break the record. And I who was the most brave and obstinate went to a part which couldn't be called ramp. It was completely vertical. I was afraid for a moment so much that I saw death was approaching me. I reached to a place that I couldn't proceed or come back. If I

moved slightly, I might fall down horribly. I just appealed God. I said prayer so much that I saved miraculously. One time at the same place I dived into the deepest part of the river out of a big rock; but anyway my head smashed to the bottom of the river. Its sound was so extreme that I thought my head has ripped. But when I swam towards the shallow part of the river I understood that it has swollen a bit. Of course, I was swimming with covered clothes; because, I was very sensitive and bigoted to myself; additionally, my brothers were bigoted, too. This behavior was completely against the commandment of not being bigoted in Baha'ism. And as if the reason was that they were seyyeds. In Baha'ism any kind of bigotry is forbidden. And this belief has been originated from Colonialism. They deprive humans beings of having bigotry to his/her hometown country and religion and of any interest and zeal by preaching this belief in order to exploit easily. My family were bigoted and zealous in contrary to this belief. But there were many women who were wearing thin clothes and were making too hideous views. The organization heads weren't saying anything to them. They had given those ladies the absolute freedom. Nobody could oppose, anymore. Meanwhile, opposition was generally banned among Baha'is. Even parents' opposition towards their children. That is, that meant the rescinding of the commandment of admonishing fellow believers to do right and to avoid sin in Islam. Farhad said: This "boyish girl" won't come back healthily from the mountain! Once you will see she has gone vertically and has come back horizontally. By the word "boyish girl" he meant those girls who are doing boyish behaviors and deeds playfully and aren't doing girlish ones. I was annoyed because of his statement; but I pretended not to hear it. For some moments I forgot being worried about Parviz. I was fond of nature so much that nothing could decrease my love and enthusiasm because the virgin natural were so attractive for me.

contradistinctions and I

That night passed. The next day we had Mofavezat class. This book was one of Abdul Baha's compilations. Although it was possible to understand all of the materials of the book; but the organization had held such class. Agha Kamal, Zahra Khanom's brother who was a young man was the instructor of this class. When I arrived, the class had been started. Nasim, Nava, Navid, Nader, Hamid, Shamim, Arman, Sepideh were all the students presented in this class. Agha Kamal welcomed me and continued teaching and speaking about Abdul Baha's enemies. He said: There is always darkness next to the light and light illuminates the environment which is farther than its environment. Next to this shiny sun, there were some people who were the Excellency's enemies and envied him and wished to be in his shoes in order to have numerous followers, fans and lovers. Because these people weren't merited for this holy creed, they turned against it and were boycotted spiritually. These people have been damned by divine threshold. For example, the Excellency Abdul Baha's brother and his offspring and the Excellency Baha's son. For example, Avareh. He wandered as his name was Avareh [;vagabond] and like Fazl Allah Mohtadi who was affected by heavenly calamities because of his opposition to Amr Mobarak. They were severely punished. I immediately understood he meant two people who were intimate with Abdul Baha and they were of the greatest missionaries of Baha'ism. One of them was the author of divine message. He was writing whatever Abdul Baha was saying and claiming to be addressed. He was living closely with Abdul Baha and his grandson Shoghi Afendi who was entitled to Vali Amr Allah. That writer's name was Fazl Allah Mohtadi entitled Sobhi. Many tablets had been issued by Abdul Baha in praising and confirming him. But he turned against Baha'ism at once. He

writes some books to disagree and oppose this cult. He was confessing some issues inside Baha and Abdul Baha's family. For this reason they are boycotting him spiritually. And the other person was Mr. Abdul Hussein Ayati entitled Avareh. He was entitled Avareh by Abdul Baha; because he was commissioned to different countries so much for proselytism. At the first line of one of tablets concerning this entitling, Abdul Baha had told: You are Avareh [:wanderer] I am Avareh [:wanderer]. This person was one of Baha and Abdul Baha's relatives. They had issued many tablets for him. And Abdul Baha himself had valued him so much that Baha'is trusted him as Abdul Baha himself. But when Avareh found out Baha'ism is invalid, he turned against it and wrote some tattling books against this cult. Baha'is were definitely ordered not to read the books of these two people and everybody who has opposed to Baha'ism. I was such a person who wasn't obeying this order and I always loved to have these two people's book to read enthusiastically. I loved to know their confabulations. I didn't deem it sufficient to listen to Baha'ism advertisements. Agha Kamal was vilifying these two persons like other instructors and people in the organization. He was introducing Abdul Baha as an oppressed person in both worlds. I asked Agha Kamal: Excuse me. I have heard that these two enemies have written some books against our religion; but we aren't allowed to read them. Can you explain why? Agha Kamal said: Because all of their statements are false. I said: Well, it isn't matter. He said: Why should we read their lies? Especially, they have insulted Jamal Mobarak [:Baha Allah] and the Excellency Abdul Baha and we can't tolerate. I said: These people have some reasons for turning against Baha'ism and they have pointed out these reasons in their books. I love to listen to these reasons. Agha Kamal said: They don't have any reason. They have just turned against it. It is better for us to read our precious books instead of reading nonsense and not to waste

our time. I said: But we should be able to read and study every kind of book according to the commandment of reality. And Agha Kamal didn't answer back truly. I didn't urge, anymore. He really didn't have any convincing answer. Navid said: Shouldn't we read a series of books which have been published and written by other authors who weren't Baha'is that have become Muslims against our religion? Agha Kamal said: No, we aren't allowed, at all. Because, they have just insulted and they don't have any reason for rejecting our holy religion. Meanwhile, if we buy their books, the circulation of these books will be more. Neda asked: Can we borrow these books from public libraries and give them back after reading? In this way we haven't purchased them Are we allowed? Agha Kamal said: No, they have insulted us a lot in these books. For example: They have said: Baha'is get married with their close family members (that is, with their fathers and brothers) or they have said: Baha'is are tainted. Or; for example, they have said: Because the Excellency Muhammad (P.H) is the last prophet of God, Baha'is prophets are invalid. There isn't any reason for reading these statements. Our great men have certainly read these words. They haven't advised us to read them. They wouldn't prevent us if it weren't necessary. Sepideh said: Last year, one of my classmates told me: The last prophet of God is Muhammad (P.H). This one reason is adequate for invalidity of your path. I answered back according to our ethics course. I said: The meaning of Khatam-al-Anbia doesn't mean the last prophet; but it means: The setting of ring. This is, the prophet is similar to setting and he is so valuable among prophets and I said, too: It is impossible that a religion has been sent down for all periods of time and God doesn't send any religion, anymore. Arman who was a fat curly-haired 20 -year -old boy said: I have said this reason for some of friends. They laughed me a lot. They were saying: Your statement is similar to this word that says: The name of the prophet (P.H) hasn't

been Muhammad, at all. Because the Excellency Muhammad (P.H) has been pointed out as the last prophet of God by thousands of accounts and hadiths of holy Imams and other great men in Islam. Bring a reason which can't be easily rejected. Agha Kamal was wearing glasses. He drew his glasses back a bit and said: For legitimacy of our religion, it is enough for us to know Jamal Mobarak and to become intoxicated with his love. Sunshine came as the reason for sunshine. Is there any reason better than it ?

Unanswered questions

I found out that they can't bring any convincing answer for our questions and their most maneuver was strengthening of our love. They had made us become enamored enough. Were Baha and Abdul Baha really our beloved people? And if we obeyed any command by the organization unquestioningly were for this reason that we were lovers not wise people and we were tolerating each service and trouble for Baha'is Amr[:creed] to proceed. At that time, I hated most Baha'is. I was feeling that none of them was honest. I was feeling that all of them pretentious. All of them are thinking of the benefits of organization and of vaulting ambition. I knew that something's wrong in one part of their actions. But I was thinking that I didn't like to be Baha'i formally; because Baha'is aren't good people. And; meanwhile, I wanted not to be similar to people in the organization and in classes and I liked to have perfect knowledge and information about my religion; so that, I accept them with tranquility and I proselytize it with tranquility of mind. And I myself suspect it, too. Most of the time, I was exchanging words of love with God and appealing Him to show me the reality to sacrifice myself for that reality at the bottom of my heart. I wished to be martyred in the path of reality. And this was the

sweetest wish in my heart. The Mofavezat class lasted for about two hours. Everyone of us was reading a page of Mofavezat book and Agha Kamal was explaining about those pages. I had many questions while I was reading those pages; but I wasn't lively and cheerful as usual in order to cross-examine the instructor. The collective prayers and ending incantation were recited. Then we had free time. During entertainment, the boys were misbehaving with girls. Navid was doing misbehave so much. I had heard Navid and Neda have recently befriended and they have hidden affairs with each other. Of course, Neda had many friends. Nasim and I had seen that when she was returning from school, a boy was occasionally waiting for her. And Neda was cheerfully approaching him and Neda was going with him. But Baha'i youth usually had hidden winning and dinning with the young people who weren't Baha'i and if they fell in love with their coreligionists, they would be to get married, most of the time. Because they were trying not be known as fickle among Baha'is. Thus, they were doing wrong of any kind out of Baha'i community. Girls were promising Muslim boys to get married with them falsely. At the time of marriage proposal, they were ending the issue with this excuse that their family disagree with their marriage. Mental harms and damages of Muslims boys weren't important for them, at all. I extremely hated these immoral and inhuman problems. Navid was a good-looking boy and Neda might elected him as her marriage partner; because Navid's father was absolutely wealthy. But why Navid had fallen in love with Neda while he knew Neda's nature? Nasim and I were speaking about this statements forever. And we were always analyzing the behaviors of our classmates and coreligionists. Navid made fun of others a bit. He turned to me and said: Do you know why the container is deep? I said: Leave me alone, Navid. I am bored. Navid said: I will become so pleasant when I bother girls and they fret. I love when girls are fuming. I

turned toward Nasim without paying attention to him and said quietly: Eat less, stand up quickly to leave. Nasim said: Where? Don't be in a hurry. Wait. Navid turned to me again and said: What socks you have? Do you give them to me to take a photo with them? And he laughed with a loud voice and other people laughed, too. I joked and said: Why do you need socks while you are similar to socks? Navid said: Goody !She spoke, now she is fretting. Look at her. Seriously, where did you buy these socks? I said: The shop that you buy your socks. He said: I bought it from a retailer. I said: He had come to our house and he said that he has sold socks to you. Navid said: Look at her. She is fretting. She is getting worked up. I said to him ridiculously: No, why should I get agitated. Why should I get worked up while there is a tasteful boy like you? He said: That is, can you eat me? I said: I don't eat rubbish. He said: I swear you by God to look at him. Her face is full of pimples. Agha Kamal felt that this is a quarrel not a joke; so he turned his head towards us and said: That's enough, kids. Neda laughed at Navid's words with a loud voice. I felt that they have conspired to bother me. I said: Neda, what's happened that you are so happy? Did you buy new ring? Congratulation !She said while she was laughing: Yeah, I am going to sell my previous ring. Do you buy it? I said: You can have it yourself. Neda also had a funny gesture. She was always fastening her curly coarse hair forcefully in order to be displayed smoothly. She was dancing really well, too. Neda was an important member to make everybody happy and amused in most picnics or collective recreations. Bahman and I were singers and were singing Iranian classic songs or religious anthem. Our family members were mainly melodious and they inherited this blessing from our parents. When entertainment was over, we thanked landlords who were newly married couples and said good bye. Nasim showed Neda and Navid while they were standing with their back. Nasim said: Lucky Neda. Navid is buying

some foreign chewing gums and chocolates for her now. I said sadly, too: But with a price? Now, if you like, I'll buy some for you, too. We headed off walking. I said to

Nasim: What's new by your brother's friend? She said: Did you think about the issue? Do you want to see him? I said: Yeah, of course. If he is killed, I won't forgive myself till the day of judgment. Nasim said: As if you have forgotten that we are Baha'is. I said: I didn't say that I want to get married with him. She said: I didn't meant this statement. You say the day of judgment. The day of judgment has been finished. I said: Yeah, you are right. The day of judgment has been finished by emerging Jamal Mobarak. Now, I don't forgive myself everlastingly. Nasim said: I have brought you his telephone number. She opened her sportive bag and brought out a piece of paper and gave it to me. There was a telephone number written on it. The number had been underlined and under the line it was written Mr. Qaderi. I said: I can't speak with him through the telephone; because he doesn't believe. She said: No, it is better for you to have an appointment with him. Don't tell him that I have introduced him to you. I said: Well, what should I say? She said: Tell nothing. Ask him to guide you. I headed off towards the phone box along with Nasim. A woman picked up the receiver. I said her in Kurdish: Is Mr. Qaderi there? She said: Yes, hold on. And some minutes later a young 25-year-old man said: Yes, please. I became panicky. I said with childish voice: Mr. Qaderi, I have a problem and I should see you. He asked me surprisingly: Who are you? I said: Excuse me, you don't know me. But somebody has introduced you to me and said that I can consult with you. At first, he thought I want to trouble him; but at last I satisfied him and he said: Come to my house and he gave his address. I took a taxi and got there quickly. I was wearing a black gown and a white kimono casual coat which was more similar to Karate experts clothes. I was also wearing an enlivening, colorful

scarf that most of my friends and relatives knew me with that scarf from a distance. As soon as I arrived at their house and before I rang, a young man who had thick beard, eyebrows and eyelashes and big eyes exited the house. We met each other. I said hello and he said: Come in. I said: I don't want to trouble you. He said: My mother is at home. Come in. I said: Thank you. I have heard that you have returned from the mountain. He said: Yes, but how did you become aware? I said: Well, it is a small city. Everybody knows each other. He said: Well, many people returned from the mountain. Why didn't you refer to them? I said: I know nobody. A person who knew you, introduced you to me. He said: Well, what is your problem? I narrated the issue secretly. He said: I can help. But you should wait for some days. I said: Why? He said: There is a person who goes and meets his brother. Accidently he is to go there to satisfy him to come back. I will say him to find your neighbor by any possible way. If you have a message, you can tell him to send it for him. I said: Then I will refer to you tomorrow. I'll write a letter to give it to him. I would be grateful if you convey the letter to him. He said: I will do any action that I can. But you didn't say who gave my phone number to you? I said: He/she begged me not to tell you anything. He said: All right. Then, I am waiting for your letter. When I wanted to leave, he said: What's your name? I said: I am Raha. And I said goodbye. I headed off towards our house happily. In the way home, I felt I have found a suitable way. And I got rid of idleness. What should I write for Parviz now? What should I say to him? I shouldn't have advised him; because he has thought about everything that he has chosen this way. Eventually, after thinking a lot I arrived at conclusions. I decided to write a letter as soon as I'd arrive our house and go to my room. When I arrived, it was afternoon. It was blowing hard. The weather was nearly stormy. It was extremely dusty. I had hold both my hand on my eyes to take care of my eyes. I was stepping hard. Mom

was looking at me out of the window. I realized that she was waiting. I rang the bell. She opened the gate. I entered the yard. The tree branches were hitting each other severely. The yard floor was full of dry and yellow leaves. Roosters and chickens had held each other fast in the nest which we had made for them. I went to store house quickly and picked up a thick, big cloth which I usually have seen that my mother usually cover their nest with it. I covered the nest and put a carton on it. I put four bricks at each of its corners. When I went in the room, I saw that Bahaman had come. We kissed each other. Bahman asked: Where were you? I said: I was in class. He said: How; late? I said: Do you interrogate? He said: I am dreaming bad dream for you. I said: You are kidding. What about? He said: I'll tell you later. Be careful about yourself. I didn't believe his statement at all. My mom and I were dreaming truly. And everybody knew if we were dreaming it would turn into reality. But it wasn't true about Bahman. Bahman was really funny. He was kidding with me. He was narrating so many sweet and enjoyable memoirs. After lunch, Bahman and I went to my room as usual. Daddy and mom slept. I narrated Parviz's issue for Bahman. And he was surprised so much. He said: Parviz is a smart and intelligentboy. My God help him not quit his education. We spoke with each other about everything for a while. Then my mother called: I had forgotten to say. Soheyla Khanom called and said: Raha should come to our house at 5 p.m. That is, Mr, Shahidi's house. Why? She said: As if they have some guests from Tehran. I said: Gush! We don't have any free time. Mom entered the room carrying a tray with some cups of tea. She frowned me horribly and I didn't continue. I didn't like to be separated from Bahman who had recently come back. I said: Bahman, do you come, too? He said: I am bored. I said: I won't be interested to go there if you don't come. Mom said: You are damned wrong. Bahman said: I don't come because I have excuses. I said to my mother:

What will happen if I am not present there? She said: You have some guests. They have come for the sake of you. You must be present there. Be ashamed. Be a human. According to my mom, and other Baha'is being a human meant participating in organization classes and meetings; but I became angry when I thought a bit. I said: Don't we have any tasks except going to classes and meetings? Saturday mornings we have a class of the treasure of commandments and punishments. In the afternoon, a class of artist associations. Sunday mornings: Education in the afternoon "Ama-al-Rahman", Monday mornings: Arabic class in the afternoon As I was stating, I heard daddy's voice who said: Well, my dear, is it bad? Are you sad that organization is thinking of you. It doesn't like you to be involved in immorality. It does like you to be deviated. Serving in God's path and Jamal Mobarak and trying is beneficial for you. I said: Lucky you, daddy. There weren't so many Lajnehs and meetings in your period of time. You were comfortable. Daddy said: Stand on formality, my daughter. We weren't relaxed those days like you to go to a house and to be entertained. We should head off several farsangs on foot in winters in order to reach Hazirat-al-Qods. You don't have proselytism now. We should take part in propagandistic classes and then we should have spent all of our time day and night to proselytize. I said: Then, how did you earn a living? He said: The organization was helping us a bit for going on a trip and spending for our house expenses. We were content. We were lovers. We didn't have extra expectations. Now you are just learning to proselytize when the regime changes. We should have memorized quickly in order to deal with bigoted people. We were commissioned to remote villages to proselytize. Thousands of dangers were endangering us. But we were tolerating all of them. And we weren't moaning like you. I said: Oh ! we don't have any free time, daddy. I have been tired. It is summer now. I didn't understand how the

summer passed. We have classes in the morning and in the afternoon and we have pop meetings in the evening and reception [:Ziafat] at night, too. Or we have prayer meeting or ascension. We aren't relaxed for even a day. We don't have any holiday. Muslims are off on Friday. Friday prayer isn't obligatory for them, too. Everybody who loves goes to Friday prayer. But we have Ehtefal of young people [:Youth association] and ethics on Fridays. My friends are always telling me: Where are you? You are always absent. When I tell them that I have religious class, they are telling me: Which things have you learned more than we. How much has your knowledge become better and more than we. How much have these classes been useful for you? When I was telling them what I am learning or when I was showing them my ethics book, they were just laughing and saying: We know all of these materials. Let's not tell a lie, let's not backbite, let's not eat illegitimate things, let's help the poor, let's cut our nails once a week, let's take a bath in winter once a week and in summer twice a week. Each child understands these things. They were saying: Learn a material that is useful for you to be superior to others. Daddy said: You shouldn't speak with them about the materials that you are learning in class, at all. They don't understand. Our classes and meetings are spiritual. Everybody can't understand. Jamal Mobarak's light exists in these classes which gives existence to human being. Bahaman said humorously: See; for example, what a light Mr., Safari has; because he has participated in these classes very much. And I laughed with a loud voice. Mom said frowning severely: The hell, stand up and get ready .

Mr. Safari was one of very active Baha'is in the organization. He was tall and he was previously the member of coterie in the city for some years; that is, the highest rank in the organization . His dark-skinned face was an indication of some problems. Everybody knew that he was drinking alcohol and taking opium. Once I said to my elder brother:

Why isn't he boycotted while everybody knows he is doing wrong? He said: Some people have gone to his house unannounced; but his wife helps him be hidden. She tells a lie and says he isn't at home. But once Farhad said: If Mr. Safari weren't, the members of the coterie could do nothing. He instructs the members of the coterie. He has quitted the membership of the coterie apparently; but everything is ordered by him. He is always advising us: My dears, don't let your children leave Iran. Iran is Jamal Mobarak's hometown. But as he instructs us with his long arms, he tells his sons: My sons, come and go here while he was pointing under his hands. All of us laughed. I stood up obligatorily. I got ready and headed off towards Mr. Shahidi's house. When we arrived, some people had recently arrived, too. All together entered the house. There were a lot of shoes in the entrance part of the house. It was obvious that there were a lot of people in the house. When I entered, I looked for my friends in order to sit in a suitable place. But the assistant supervisor of the meeting who was Soheyla Khanom and was three years older than I came toward me and said: It's good that you arrive. You should recite the incantation to start the meeting. Meanwhile, prepare an anthem along with several kids to sing. I asked: Have all anthem kids arrived? She said: Yeah, and she showed them. They called me to join their gathering when they saw me. I joined them and sat beside them with difficulty. They were Neda, Nasim, Navid, Shamim, Shirin, Farzin, Sepehr and Andalib. And I was their ringleader. We had practiced enough in anthem class. We just consulted with each other in order to sing a common one. One of anthems was selected. Some parts of this anthem had solo singing which had been taken over by me. I said to Soheyla: If it's possible, I'll perform one of programs. The beginning incantation or anthem. She didn't accept. I urged; but she didn't accept. I was forced to agree. But I was tormented because of this issue forever. Because I couldn't be relaxed in

meetings at all. Everybody had tightly sat next to each other. Woman and man, boy and girl were nearly one hundred people. But the majority of them were young. This meeting had been held by youth panel. I picked an incantation book up when Soheyla pointed out me and I started reciting one of its incantations. There was a person in the gathering who had come from Tehran as guest. He seemed to be 30 and as if he was good-looking and cheerful. He had protruding teeth and thick lips. But he had elongated eyes and eyebrows and soft hair that had made him specially glamorous. After primary incantation and performing some short programs, Soheyla introduced the guest and welcomed him. She asked the guest to give a speech for the youth. Mr. Behnam starting making a speech. After a short introduction, he said: Accidentally, I am not to speak too long. I like to be familiar with you as dear youth of this land more. Then, it is better to start from this row. But I beg you to be relaxed and intimate with each other. Meanwhile, nobody should be angry about my questions. You can ask if you have questions whether it is private or not. Dr. Mrs. Sanaee stood up and introduced herself from the row which had been started. This lady had white skin and a small body. She was always well-dressed. Her hairs always been set. She had light and pleasantly colored hair. Her husband was an obstetrician. He didn't limit himself to this lady; although, his wife had so many superiorities and she was so attractive. He was too voyeur and swinger. Ladies were always speaking about his lechery. Mr. Behnam said to that lady: Mrs. Sanaee, how old are you? The lady laughed and said: You know ladies don't like to speak about their ages; but I am 32. Behnam asked: What are your responsibilities except child rearing? Mrs. Sanaee said: Because I have two little and playful sons, the attendants have had mercy on me and haven't assigned many responsibilities to me. I am just a member of the panel of make-up classes and the teacher of ethics in fifth grade. I am a member of Lajneh, too. He said:

Bravo, bravo. Having two little playful sons, you can take over such services. Mrs. Sanaee, do you have any wish? Tell the truth, of course except general wishes. Mrs. Sanaee thought a bit and said: So many wishes. He said: I mean, a quite private wish. Mrs. Sanaee laughed and said: Is it psychological test meeting? Behnam said: No, believe it. I just want to make this gathering close to each other. I just want to be friend with each other. Our Amr (: Baha's order) emphasizes on friendship more than any other thing. Dr. Sanaee said: I wish to come back to Tehran and live there. Behnam started making fun with Dr. Sanaee and said: Do you like to go alone or with your husband? Dr. Sanaee had nearly been red. She laughed and said: Gush! God forbidden. He said: Tell the truth. She said: Gush! Mr. Behnam ! In short, each young person was standing up and introducing and Mr. Behnam wasn't asking rerun questions with his special trick. For instance, he was asking some people that: What's your favorite color? Why were you wearing this color? Or tell the truth, what do feel about me? What makes you so angry? And the like. But he was asking everybody one question. Which service do you offer? What are your responsibilities? When it was my turn to answer, he said: How good. Melodious lady! I said: I am Raha Rastegar. I am 17. I am student. I am from a Baha'i family from Sanandaj: He asked joking: I have heard you are too talkative. I said quickly: Not the same as you. He said: Tell a joke. I said: I'll be sad if everybody laughs ...Everybody laughed. He said: Which issue do you like to talk about? I said confidently: "Love". Everybody cheered. Behnam made everybody quiet. He said admiringly: How good. I promise to all of you that Raha will be successful. She is so brave and adventurer. I am sure that Raha will achieve so many successes. I said: Now, when do we speak about love? He said: At the first opportunity. And then asked: What do you do if you get stuck in public? Do you become ashamed? I said: No, I'll cry if I become painful and I'll

laugh if I don't become painful. Everybody laughed. He asked: What are your responsibilities? I said: Didn't I say that I'm from a Baha'i family. That is, I still am not Baha'i. I haven't become Baha'i formally. He suddenly became sad and asked: Why? Do you have any problem? Or are you a lover? I said: I still didn't have time. He said: You don't need time to become Baha'i formally. I'll write your name and introduce you to the heads. You are pretty and melodious. You should be ours. It is a pity that you are kidnapped by Muslims. I said: You didn't ask me what had been my wish? He said: All right. Tell, what is your wish? I said: I wish to become Baha'i formally [:Tasjil] whenever I like. He said: It isn't a good wish. The Excellency Baha Allah said: Don't think that whatever you wish is advisable for you. We know what is advisable for you better than you. Among the gathering, there were some people who were living badly financially. I had listened to their confabulations over and over. They had hated the organization heads extremely. They had hated all Baha'is who were wealthy. They were saying: Everybody are shouting slogans and nobody values us, at all. We aren't behaved like others. They are sowing discord so much between us and others and we are always ashamed in public; because we can't wear like them and we can't entertain in the meetings like them. Nobody pays attention to us and nobody has social intercourse with us. Nobody counts on us. They are just shouting slogans. Why don't they help us financially while they are gathering so much money in receptions and earning so much income? A person who had told those statements to me had sat beside me along with her sister and cousin. This family didn't have guardian. And their mother was producing the necessary money for earning a living by spangling of Kurdish clothes. Once we went to their house with my mother, I heard that their mother was arguing with one of girls with a loud voice and was saying: If Jamal Mobarak were right, he would smack in the back of this

dastard and liar man who is continuously saying among people that we are helping this family. You know that neighbors are helping us. But this dastard man embezzles all the reception money and he hasn't helped us even one Rial. Where is Jamal Mobarak? He is false. If he had been similar to coterie members, he would have been liar. That was the first time that I was hearing a woman was repudiating Baha easily when her children were present. Women usually didn't say anything especially educated women in Baha'i community; because the organization had frightened them. Although these women had found out these great men are false. But this woman was brave and she was saying her words without any fear. For this reason, it was rumored that she was kooky and crazy; but I didn't see craziness in her that proves she is crazy. When it was time for these two sisters to introduce themselves, Behnam understood they wouldn't be able to answer to him because of their method of speaking. Basically those who are poor don't have enough self-confidence. Thus, Behnam didn't speak to them so much and passed them quickly. This issue made them sad. Some minutes later, they stood up and left the meeting sadly. Several minutes later when the introduction finished, Behnam suggested a collective game. After a short time, the girls were climbing Behnam head and shoulders with the excuse of playing in order to attract Behnam's attention. The meeting was too crowded and noisy that it wasn't similar to religious and formal one. Tehranorganization had sent Behnam in inspect the young people in the city. He was to stay in our city for some days. A meeting was to be held everyday in the occasion of his presence. But I was feeling that he is just using this opportunity to misuse the girls. And he was enjoying. He didn't have a special message for them. When he left, I heard he had befriended one of 24-year-old girls whose name was Nasrin. Nasrin was one of active elements of the organization. She had said to one of Nasim's

sister-in-laws: I asked Behnam why he hadn't gotten married yet? He said: I will never get married. Because I should draw a line around pretty girls like you forever. The congestion of that meeting and being desirous of such a man was too hideous to me. I was so sorry for those girls; as if, I was a 40-year-old woman and I could recognize that this meeting has been held merely to entertain the youth. I was hateful about its senselessness. Although my brothers had taught me all these experiences. My brother who had gone to Germany was speaking with me for hours and explaining the personal temperaments of my nearby people. He was stating about impurity and maliciousness of men and boys who claimed to be faithful and well-mannered outwardly in Baha'i community. He was so open-minded. When he and other relatives were speaking with me, I understood that they have found out the idleness of this creed; but they have inevitably remained silent. And they are telling nothing. For instance, when my brother was stating about the impurity of boys, I asked him: Then, why does the coterie permit boys and girls sit beside each other and they misuse girls with the excuse of serving? He answered back: Who are the coterie members? They themselves are the worst. But at that time I was younger; that is, I was 14 . I just knew that when a person insults the coterie, he has blasphemed . And I was telling him or her not to blaspheme. But later on, I understood that he himself isn't just a person who knows everything; but most people were discovering reality by thinking a bit. But they prefer to remain silent. Specially, turning against Baha'ism was a problem and finding the right way which can keep them firm in order not to deviate again was another problem. Few people could be familiar with the right path unfortunately because of improper advertisement of the organization. The meeting became chaotic and performing anthem became canceled. But were invited at sunset the next day in order not to be any interference with our other classes. I decided not to

take part in this meeting, anymore. I was too unhappy; because my time had been wasted. I didn't like to be a puppy like other girls; especially I was surprised when I found out that the organization was taking such measures and was making boys and girls amused with each other. Nasim agreed with me. I said: I feel the organization has intention for holding this meeting. She said: The organization's intention is quite clear. Do you think you have a strong feeling? It intends to create more solidarity among the youth in order not to be companions with Muslims, and not to be affected by immorality. I said: No, it doesn't differ. Immorality is excelling here in the meetings, too. Nasim said: No, they want us not get married with strangers. I said: But young people don't get married with each other at all in this situation. Which boy has asked for a girl's hand in this city? They don't have any affinity to each other; because they have been together all other time. Most young people get married with other cities' young ones. Nasim said: They haven't thought about this issue. They don't know this issue. You know it. I said: It is impossible for them not to think about it. She said: I can't do anything if they think about it. They can't relinquish everybody. But wasn't being convinced. And I was feeling that the organization has a greater intention concerned with holding these meetings and gatherings. When I arrived home, I explained everything for Bahman and my mom. Pouya wasn't participating most classes and he was saying: My father doesn't let me. But when a meeting was being held in our house, he was taking part. Bahman was escaping most meetings. He was always being reproached for his absence. Pouya, Bahman and I were awake nearly till dawn. We had a good time together. Pouya was really funny. He was similar to Indian boys. He had round, white-skinned face. When he was younger, we were playing together. But when he grew up, we were sitting under the moonshine for hours and speaking with each other.

We were mostly speaking about famous poets' poems, God, existence and the nature beauty. As I said, I was fond of nature. I was writing numerous literary writings describing nature. And he was the only person who was enthusiastically listening to all of these writings and my feelings in the solitude of starry nights in summer and admiring me. Pouya was a really polite and obedient boy. He was extremely attached to our family. We were assuming him as one of the members of our family, too. When he was sometimes going to their house or his relatives ones, we severely missed him. Bahman was one of good-looking boys of the city. Additionally, he had an attractive and appealing voice. I was one of good listeners of Bahman's songs. Some nights when Bahman was at home, my poor father and mother should tolerate us till dawn. They weren't opposing us even when we were busy practicing new songs till dawn. Or we were telling jokes and laughing with a loud voice. I didn't have time to write the letter; because Bahman wasn't leaving me alone. During the day, classes and meetings weren't permitting, too .

Another letter

I hadn't more time. I should definitely write the letter and give it to Mr. Qaderi. But what should I write? How should I encourage him to come back. I decided to express my real feeling toward him and to beg him to come back. Two days remained for schools to be opened. I was thinking that I caused a relented and studious boy like Parviz whose average was always 20 to dropout. Although I was always claimant and careful about myself. I cause him to select this way and to endanger himself. As soon as I became alone, I appealed God

not to afflict him by any danger . I was consistently saying: O' God, which sin have I committed that my existence will cause a human to be killed? At last, the night broke and Pouya and Bahamn slept. I went to drawing room and started writing

Hello Parviz

As if my heart finch is fluttering in hands of a great human among the accumulation of my heavy vague thoughts. As if, I am trembling like a weeping willow for the fear of a cold foggy weather. Maybe, I have been put under a spell. Perhaps, a person has entered me without announcing me. Yes, my frostbitten heart is restless for him, today. But these vague thoughts are calling me everywhere and steering me to thousand sides. Where is the pride statue land? A land where is sunless. A land which is cold. Now, you have gone and I am enthusiastically waiting for your returning. I was taken off guard because of your leaving for mountain. When you left, I found out your essence has been so valuable. Parviz, come. I beg you to come back. I really need your help. Don't unhand me in order for me not to be prey for the then vulpine people. I am waiting for you. I beg you come back.

Your devotee, Raha

I gave the address of Nasim's house to write letter for me. The next day, I had an opportunity and I could give the letter to Mr. Qaderi through an appointment by phone. I urged very much to give the letter to him with any possible way and to bring news for me. I was to call him some days later. Mr. Qaderi said: My friend has gone for two days and he hasn't returned yet. I called two days later; but I didn't become successful. Eventually, after some days I realized that Mr. Qaderi friend has found Parviz and given him the letter and

Parviz has been healthy. After reading the letter he had said: I'll write a letter for her, I announced Nasim that he is to write a letter for me. If I gave the address of my house, somebody would find out about the issue. At last the appointed day approached. Nasim announced me that you have a letter. I didn't understand how I approached there. I really liked to know what Parviz's decision was? And what is his reaction toward my letter? I opened it. As if had written the letter hastily because it was too short.

Hello, Raha

You are full of freshness, fondness and enthusiasm as usual. When I received your letter in my worst mental conditions, I couldn't believe. I was surprised. It's true that my land is sunless; but I am not the pride statue and you are the only one that I submit you. You asked me to come back. But I wish you had written more and had made my cold and soulless land bright. Your shining bestowed life to everything in this faint moonshine of desert and in this bare plain and mountain. But can you solve the great problem of difference of religion? and can you get on the wrong with a great organization? I don't doubt your will. But I never thought I have the least place in your heart. You made me come back to life. I really thank you. I have made a pledge here and I am allowed to return right away. But I try to comeback at the earliest convenience. Then, wait for me.

He had given the address of his maternal uncle's house in Marivan in order to write letter for him. He had asked his mother and family's health. He had admired me a lot. Pointing out the previous memoirs, he had expressed his glumness. He had drawn a beautiful eye for me. When I read the letter, I fell I loved him. I fell something become alive in my heart. I became hopeful. I had a special excitement and anxiety. I

didn't know whether I am happy or not. But as if, the blood circulation in my vessels had become more. I said to Nasim: I think I have been encumbered. Nasim said: You said that are so firm. As if, you were loose. I said: Now I am not sure yet. I haven't promised him to get married with him. I just expressed kindness to him. And I said him to come back. He will understand if he comes back and sees my problems. But at least I have saved him. Some days later, I was called by the organization while I was busy for my school lessons. I should have referred to the coterie. I immediately found that it is about the usual discussion. They have called me to know why I haven't become Baha'i formally. I said to myself: Why do they urge me so much while they say you are quite free? What does this freedom mean? As soon as I became fifteen of age, they referred to me. They spoke with me for hours in addition to encouraging me to become Baha'i formally in ethics classes by the instructors continuously. When I was 15, I learned Muslim prayer at school and I said to myself: Now choosing religion is quit voluntary, I will become Muslim for awhile in order to get enough information regarding Islam. But when I wanted to pray at home or to recite the holy Quran, I was extremely mocked by Sharareh who was one of my sisters who has gotten married and gone to Tehran or other members of my family. When I was reciting the holy Quran, I was mocked so much that I had been really inculcated that I can't recite it at all. While I was being admired more than anybody else at school because of my method of reciting. The advertisement against Islam became gradually more. I heard a lot of insults against Muslims that I might think of Christianity. But not to Islam. But I had decided to accept any religion. I liked to choose the best and the most perfect religion and became a real faithful person with tranquility of heart; because I thought religion is a divine vocation and it is also a spiritual bestowal and a pledge which isn't ruptured between God and creatures. I decided not to

select any way without reason; but if I were to become Baha'i formally, I would like to accept it by searching and investigating. One of commandments of proselytism in Baha'ism was to encourage people to search and investigate and to tell them to erase their minds out of what they have learned before in order to be ready for listening the truth. This commandment was called Taharri Haqiqat [:Being free in selecting one's belief]. But as if they were advising it for others and if any Baha'i wanted to do it, he would severely be scolded and punished. The members of the organization were nine people in every city. They had been decreased to 3 people after Islamic revolution. I entered the meeting without any fear. Mr and Mrs. Parsa who were old and fat wife and husband and Mr. Samimi who was 45 and proud and had arised eyebrows were waiting for me. The meeting was quite formal. They asked me to explain why I haven't become Bahai formally, yet? I asked them to define being Bahai formally [:Tasjil] for me. Mr. Samimi said: You have familiarized with this issue completely in ethics class. Why do you ask us to define it for you? I said: In ethics classes, we were told that we as Baha'is select our way at 15 years of age. This is our superiority to other religions. And becoming Baha'i formally [:Tasjil] means selecting Baha's path and being called Baha'i. They said: This is quite true. You know it better. I said: Is becoming Baha'i and selecting Baha's path compulsory? They said: No, everyone is free to select any path that he /she liked. I said: Then, I don't want to be Baha'i formally right away. Mrs. Parsa said: You don't participate ethics classes regularly. I said: Because the lessons that we should memorize during the week are so much that I can't do school lessons. Mr. Samimi said: Everybody who loves Baha, he/she will prefer lessons of ethics class to school. I didn't dare to say I don't love Baha. This had been injected to our fresh, skin and blood. I said: I am a lover of Baha; but the volume of lessons are very much. He said: If you like a private teacher

will teach you to be strengthened. I said: No, I don't need. I try to assign more time for ethics class. I hated ethics lesson class. We were behaved like children. They were checking our nails whether they have been cut or not? They were continuously repeating a series of religious issues which had been trained to us since childhood. It was exhausting. There wasn't any new matter. It contained some inculcations to be applied by the organization to brainwash us. I liked to grow up. These rerun materials wasn't satisfying my soul. We should learn Baha and his son's incantation and statements by heart. Learning these statements by heart weren't useful for the community pains. I was observing a lot of class differences among Baha'i people. I was observing many painful people that should participate in 19-day reception and other organization meeting by the organization's force; although, they were under severe economic pressures. By my childish and limited thoughts, I entirely felt that the organization hides us some realities and I saw that nobody was allowed to listen the coterie members' speeches openly. I knew that there are some problems which were hidden for us. And I knew what is said to me and us isn't quite true. The organization's policy was almost obvious for me. When I was paying attention to some messages, I would understand that the organization was going to make Bahia's minds busy by holding continuous meetings and various classes and also to make them be away from the realities of other communities. I had grown up freely and the organization wasn't able to capture me; although, it was really powerful. I had still sat in the meeting and I knew that they haven't called me here just to ask these questions. I was waiting for them to point out other propositions. I was just afraid that somebody would accuse me. Mr. Parsa said: We think your reason for not being Baha'i formally is that you are going to get married with a Muslim. I said: No, I really don't want to act emotionally

or; because my father and mother are Bahia's, I become Baha'i, too. I want to search extensively. Mr. Parsa's face had turned quite red. As if his blood pressure was high because of anger. But he was trying to control himself. Anyway, he said angrily: Which research? After living so many years in such family and after gaining so many honors by some members of your family, are you going to do research? Has anybody taught these statements to you? Do you understand what you are saying? I said: I am saying nothing; but what have I learned in classes? Is being Baha'i formally compulsory? Mrs. Parsa coughed. Mrs. Parsa's voice was exiting her throat hard. Her voice was always stuffed. Her throat was rasping like a person who suffered from asthma. Her head was nearly trembling. When she was speaking, her mouth became wry and didn't have its natural manner. She was wearing a nearly short skirt. Her leg which were suffered from varicose were observable; because she had worn thin socks. Her blue varicose veins were observable. She was wearing short-sleeved blouse. She had puffed out her curly colored hair. She said after a short coughing: You don't need any research, anymore. Don't you believe in the excellency Baha? I said: Well, I believe in the excellency Baha; but I feel there are a lot of issues that I still don't know. Mr. Samimi said: Don't hurry. I am really hopeful about you. You are such a person who will be of the best Baha's servers after becoming Baha'i formally. You are significantly intelligent. You are really clever and you are speaking well. Maybe, you will become one of the great missionaries of Baha'i community in the world. Become Baha'i formally first and then do more research for confirming your knowledge. I promised them to make my own decision as soon as possible. One of them spoke for about an hour in order to make me fond of Baha creed more than before. He was stating about great services done by great people in this community and according to them sacrificing themselves in this path. He was also stating about

the history of the appearance of this emergence that many Baha'i people have been killed or tormented up to the end of their lifetime by tortures done by Muslims. He pointed out my grandfather and said: Your grandfather is one of our good martyrs. When he became Baha'i, he wasn't fasting in Ramadan like the time when he was Muslim; thus Muslims tortured him and in our fasting days, they made him eat a lot of garlics and killed him! During his speech, he used all of his power in order to affect me. He wanted to introduce Bahiah as some people who were oppressed and downtrodden by pretending that he was harassed. Although, listening to such statements was repetitive for me; but I was being influenced unconsciously and I became disappointed and annoyed about Muslims for all of these atrocity and cruelty. Without thinking about this fact that all of these statements may be restated reversely and be lies. When I arrived home, my sisters and brothers had come. They were respecting me more than others and saying: You have become more luminous by participating in coterie meeting. And I was the body of my extended family and everybody was paying more attention to me. I liked to be valuable by the members family. I liked everybody count on me. I'd liked them to love me and I liked to be respected more by them. That night, I was thinking till midnight. Eventually I persuaded myself and promised my God to be a great person and to serve other humans and I considered satisfaction of my family as the only way to serve. I know that if I don't become Baha'i formally, I will be alone and will torment my family just like my two aunts who didn't become Baha'i formally at all and got married with Muslims and the relatives cut their relationships with them and backbitten them. I decided to be a perfect and active Baha'i person and to trip up all mundane attachments and to spend all my time in God's path and to do spiritual activities. No service was higher than being an active member for the organization; because my parents would be proud of it and I

was fond of serving my parents. This was my only motivation that I accepted to Baha'i formally. the other side, I knew no way to live truly. The proselytism against Muslims was too much that I felt no reality in it, Especially, I was living among Sunni people and I was hearing that Shiite is the worst religion on the earth. I had heard in Baha's statements he had called Shiite as Shanieh [:hideous thing]. My neighbors were mostly Sunni people and they were trying to familiarize me with Islam. Of course, I was living with some common people and I didn't confront with the faithful. I promised God amorously and appealed him with trepidation not to abduct me from the reality of a real human and not to leave me alone. I decided to be Baha'i formally and take over a lot of responsibilities and follow an aim and be perspicacious less and be optimistic about my community problems more in order for me to be hesitated less. I decided not to be sycophantic and hypocrite when I would become Baha'i formally. Although, at the bottom of my heart I felt that I am interested in Parviz; but I decided to discourage him to think of me. I decided not to think of him, too.

The next day, I wrote a letter for him and made him aware of my new decision. But I made him too disappointed not to come back, at all. I had written for him that our religion has been founded on friendship and camaraderie and if I am his friend; not only I haven't done wrong against God's will; but also if my intention is pure that it is, this friendship will lead to a valuable and likeable result. And I had pointed out that nobody can predict the future. For this reason I don't promise to get married with him. Some days later the coterie members came to our house and had got themselves ready to behave me differently. Mr. Samimi and Mr. Parsawere gradually threatening me and saying: If you don't want to become Baha'i formally, you can't live in this house, anymore. Because all members of this family are of active Baha'is of this society. And if you don't like to be like them, you aren't

allowed to live with them. That is, it will hard for you. I was extremely hateful about these childish behaviors and I considered this foolish policy which they had taken as stupid one. Thus, I told my decision to them and they gave me the special form of Tasjil happily and I filled and signed it. They congratulated me and my parents and left. At night, my brother had invited everybody. They were admiring and congratulating me there. They were encouraging me to use my capabilities and talents in this field in order for other people to envy me. The days were passing so and I took over some responsibilities those days. The attendance and instructor of nursery school, a member of the music group and a member of teenager commission that each needed a lot of activities and all of my time had nearly been full.

A conflict between education teacher and me

Some months later, it was nearly the end of the year. Some students had reported to the education teacher that Raha is proselytizing the students. The teacher came to me between two class periods and said: I have heard that you are proselytizing the students. You aren't allowed to confuse the students' minds and to speak about Baha'ism with them. She turned towards my friends and said: Baha'ism is a man-made school which has been founded by England and Russia to sow discord among Muslim and to impede Muslim unity. And she added: This school isn't a religion; but it has been called as a religion in order for other people to be cheated. I extremely became Sad about this kind of tampering done to my friend's mind. So, I defended Baha'ism. In fact, it was an opportunity for me to proselytize more openly. After a while we were surrounded by many students. They were carefully listening and we were arguing. The education teacher said: We know

that you are gathering the money of our country every nineteen days and sending to Israel and this action means betraying to the country. Indeed, you are friends with the enemies of our nation and country. You are enemies of religion, piety, right and reality and I was saying: Our religion has been sent by God and if we gather money, it will be spent for religious affairs and in the path of God. Our argument lasted for a long time; so that the entract had been finished and nobody wanted to leave us to go to class. Our argument was so appealing that everybody wanted to know the result. I said whatever I had learned. I was trying to invite everybody to Baha'ism. I had openly violated the contract into which the organization heads had entered with the Islamic Republic of Iran and they had pledged not to proselytize people. An hour later, the assistant supervisor of school announced me: You have been called by education office and you should answer about the disturbance that you have created at school. When I went to the office, the chairman of education office asked me some questions and asked me: Why do you proselytize the students? I pointed out the events and narrated everything. The chairman and his assistant said: You have openly proselytized while your proselytism is an obvious violation. He threatened me to be expelled. He wasn't afraid of that threat. I said: We are proud of suffering any kind of problem in the path of religion. I was extremely wisecracking influenced by the false proselytism of the organization. And the more the chairman of education office was trying to make me calm in order for myself and my educational situation not to be harmed, I wasn't paying attention to his advice and I was challenging him belligerently. He said: You are proselytizing us now. As if our advice isn't influential because you hate Muslims so much and you are so enthusiastic about your creed. Unfortunately you are being controlled by America remotely. And you are working for the greater evil instead of serving for God unconsciously. I

assumed all of these statements as insults. And I opposed him. The argument in the office lasted for a long time, too. I couldn't listen to anybody's advice; because my ears were full of the organization's statements. I stood against them without depending on logic and wisdom. And I was even criticizing Islam sometimes and saying: Islam has educated you as rough and warlike people; but Baha'ism is trying just for peace and friendship and peace is the Baha'ism slogan. I was repeating the slogans that were apparently beautiful and I had learned them; so that I was too daring that I was fighting than arguing. Instead of being sorry about the disturbance that I had created at school and apologizing, I was insulting Islam. The chairman of education office became angry and said: Come and take your file tomorrow! I am expelling you now, I boasted the events which were observed by some Baha'i students for my family and the organization. They encouraged me. And it wasn't important for them that I might fall behind regarding my education and maybe I wasn't able to continue my education. All the time they were admiring and encouraging me for my brave and daring behaviors. They were continuously telling me: Lucky you that you have been paid attention by special regard of Jamal Mobarakand. You have been elected to sacrifice your school for his threshold. You sacrificed mundane education to earn spiritual one. Nobody is bestowed such mercy and nobody is honored so. Everybody was congratulation me for such devotion and bravery and I was ignorant about this fact that in which path I am being sacrificed and I am fighting with such great reality. I was trying to strengthen my beliefs with double proud. The next day, I went to school having strong confidence and puffing up aggressively. I was sent to the office again. I referred to the office and the chairman of education office said: You need opportunity. Maybe you regret about the words which you expressed against Islam. I said: I don't doubt. And even I am ready to be martyred in this path. He

knew that I have endangered my future education influenced by the encouragements of Baha'i heads. He said: I tell you again that you need an opportunity. Go to your class and try not to repeat such actions. I went to school that day; but I didn't give up proselytizing and destroying public minds influenced by encouragement and motivation of the organization heads. I was intimidated several times. I was called to the office twice. But each time, I defended Baha'ism and my improper deeds regarding proselytizing of students more extremely than before. The chairman of education office had been harassed and, against his inner will, he gave my file to me and expelled me out of school. The heads of the organization delivered me the first mundane damage by false inculcations and continuous encouragements. I harbored hostility against Muslims and I decided to recompense this damage. From that time on, I became more active; so that I was in everyone's mouth. I was even sent to other cities in order to strengthen the youth's beliefs. I was thinking of the progress of Baha's school and I was trying hard. I didn't go to school, anymore. I was writing letters to the country authorities to make amends for a past injustice. But they were nonsense! Because I knew that I was responsible for all of those issues. And if I weren't insisting on my statements and if I weren't criticizing the country's ideological and basic pillars in a country that I should obey its laws according to Bahia's beliefs and if I weren't proselytizing my false thoughts, these events wouldn't happen. But I was writing letter which the organization was dictating and I wrote letters for the office of prayer leader of Fridays in the city, the prime minister office and parliament. But I didn't receive any answer. Because each authority referred to the chairman of education office and asked the reality, there wasn't any answer for me, anymore. One day, the coterie members called me again and said: Today, it is the time that you should write a letter for Imam Khomeyni and if you didn't receive any

answer, you should complain in international organization and complain about the cruelty that you have been treated. I accepted but I delayed writing the letter. The more the time was passing, the more I was confronting strange events among Baha'is that were making me surprised from coterie members to other members of the organization were depraved and I was really smart and I was observing all of these things. I was extremely sad. I said to myself: My problems have been numerous and I should continue my education at home and take tests. While they were engaged in sexualities, snobbery and mammonism. And they weren't well-mannered. They had brutal temper. I was referred to the chairman most people and I was being tormented because Baha'ism had become an excuse for them to approach their carnal desires and to approach to deeds which were forbidden in other communities. One day, I was standing in the street waiting for a taxi when a white Paykan car stopped and came towards me reversely. A nearly 45-year-old man wearing light suit asked me to get on. He was orderly and prominent. I said my course. He said: Get on. You are right not to recognize me. Aren't you Raha? I got on surprisingly. He was smiling kindly. He asked about my parent's health and said: Do you come back from ethics class? I said: Are you of Ahebbai [Baha'i friends and disciples]. He said: I am Pouya's maternal uncle. I remember one day my brother Salim was backbiting him and saying: He is overambitious and materialistic and he turned against Baha'ism. He asked: What is the purpose of all of these troubles? I said: In the path of Baha's love. He said: Do you know who Baha is? Or you have devoted your life due to false statements about him? I said: I won't know him and nobody will have perception to know him. He is beyond our tiny mind. He said: you have mistaken him for God. These statements are told about God. I said: There isn't any difference between God and him. He said: If there isn't, tell me that which features he possesses that make him not differ

with God? I became alerted at once, I really didn't know Baha. He had been kept away from mind; so that I felt for a moment that I am idol worshiper. I hadn't even seen his photo. That is, nobody was allowed to see his photo. I was worshiping him without being aware of this reality that why? I had just heard that it is stated in the holy Quran that God will be observable for the blessed in a day called the day of judgment. God will come. Then God has emerged in the form of a human and; in fact, Baha is material essence of God. I had deeply been thought by his first sentence. But I tried to be in opposite stand in order to understand more. Mr. Mansouri who was Pouya's maternal uncle didn't let me to answer; because, he heard such answers more. Before I became ready for a response, he was pointing out Baha's answer and was rejecting that answer by a decisive response. I felt he was going to cause me to understand everything he knows in a short opportunity. As if he didn't have more time for telling his words. He was stating everything hastily. After speaking for a period of time, he was told by me: Mr. Masouri, what was the main problem that made you turn against Baha'ism? I was waiting for him to answer: The reason was their hideous behaviors of Baha'is; that is, the thing that was annoying and bothering me for a while and had made me hesitated. And I wanted to tell him that Baha'i behaviors aren't related to religion; but he was stating more fundamentally and he was criticizing deeply. He had an influential and attractive voice and I wasn't feeling any sort of hostility or personal obsession in his face. He said: Have you ever asked yourself why the emergence and prophecy of Baha took just nine years and disappeared quickly? Bahia's themselves have said that each emergence that is false is short-lived. I said: He has been the herald of the excellency Baha Allah and his prophecy didn't need to be long. He said: If it is so, why has he issued so many new commandments and teachings in his book? Has he issued all these commandments and teachings just for nine

years? The problem of you as Bahia's is that you haven't studied the Arabic and even Persian "Bayan" books written by Baha and other his books. That is Bahia heads don't let you study them. Because if they allow, you will realize that Bab hasn't been herald of Baha Allah; but he himself claimed for Mahdaviat [: to be promised Mahdi(P.H.)] and prophecy and said: Two thousand years later, Man Yazhar Allah [:one who emerges Allah] will emerge. And when Baha realized that his followers will suspect him if they know this issue, he threw Bab's writing and books in the sea and said: People still aren't able to understand these books and divine commandments. But Bab's writings were available for people to read and they are still obtainable. If you want to realize the reality you should find Arabic and Persian Bayan books and other Baha'i books. Be sure you would turn against Baha'ism. Apart from this reality, you will realize the falsehood of Baha'ism, you will understand that Bab himself has been a stooge who has been by colonialism. He has spoken deliriously so much that if his works are real by each Baha'i, he/she will say if the herald of Baha is this person then Baha himself will be utter lie. Then he said: Why are those who have the same speeches and the same deeds rare in Baha'ism? Of course except for your family who are originally seyyeds and have been deceived. I said immediately: Well, real Muslims are rare among Muslims. And Muslims are mostly doing wrong. Mr. Mansouri said: First, the number of Muslims are very much and they aren't limited minority. But although Baha'is are a few, most offenses are legitimate among them. The majority of them are offenders. Meanwhile, faithful people, scholars and grandees are mostly pure and innocent among Muslims and some people who don't study, are religiously ill-educated and become deviated more; because they follow carnal desires which are being expanded by human and jinni evils-including these deviated cults. But among Baha'is, the more people increase their religious studies, the more they become

deviated ethically. In contrast to Muslims, Baha'i heads and people in the organization commit sins or an offense more. Because this school isn't divine. It doesn't make people well-mannered. A group of parasitic and materialistic people have sat as heads and assign duties for you and me. The money that they earn can't be earned by any company or organization. It is profitable for them that they have ran all these organizations. All these statistics are important for them. They force people. They are mocking people's hearts, spirits and intrinsic temperaments. Human being follows spirituality and theism. They have made god for these naive people. They have made idol. They have exploited people. Try to be clever a bit. If you pay attention a bit, you will observe that there are thousands of schools like yours. There are numerous variant schools that are worshiped amorously by their followers in countries such as China, Japan, Africa and India. But unfortunately, you as Baha'is have been captured by the web woven around you by the organization; so that you can't study except for the books dictated by Baha'i organization. If you could study a bit, you would ask yourself: What is the superiority of this religion which is claimed by them to be sent down by God to Islam? Which one of its commandments and teachings is better than Islam's? What was the shortage of Islam that made another religion be emerged? I myself was one of well known missionaries of this city and none of these sirs is more knowledgeable than I concerning this creed. They are more active than I. but I realized that I have made a mistake. They have made a person called Baha as our prophet of God and they are sending all commandments from Israel. A prophet whose all commandments and teaching change totally by his son and grand and great-son and at last a center called Bait-al-Adl issues and commands its commandment isn't prophet.

Baha himself has had four wives. He has considered having four wives permissible. But Abdul Baha who has had

four wives has agreed with having one wife and he has nullified his father's commandment. Everything which has been legitimate for him has been illegitimate for his followers. After Abdul Baha, Shoghi has changed any commandment that he has loved. And he has nullified many commandments. And now the members of Bait-al-Adl who are nine people are issuing commandments for us. The difference between a Baha'i person and Muslim is that Muslims consider no one as innocent except God, prophet and Imams. But Baha'is consider those nine people as innocent and assume their commandments as God's ones. While those nine people themselves are decadent. They are issuing new teachings everyday. Have you ever thought that what the reason of the organization for making the young busy is? And why are they afraid of the relationship between Baha'i and Muslim youth? Because they don't want somebody discovers the reality. You have surely heard the new message received by Bait-al-Adl which has emphasized learning music and playing it. Pay attention to divine commandments. They call people to dance and sing instead of inviting people to comprehensive and well-mannered teachings which are advisable for billions of people! Because it is the best possible entertainment that can attract the young in order not to find out the inner facts of the organization instead of serving human world. Which religion has obligatory religious ceremonies and services? What is the reason for all of these offering services and taking over various responsibilities? Because they don't want anybody to have any opportunity for thinking. Raha Khanom, I advise you to refer to history more. Not the false history that they impose to you. Read the real history of the emergence of this school in order to know their origin and how they have been created. Don't accept any school blindly. What's the difference between you and an idolater? Nowadays, idolatry has vanished. But your religion is worse than idolatry. Read Sobhi's book called Sobhi's

memoirs and the book "Kashf-al-Hial" written by Mr. Avareh in order to understand my statements more. All the sources and commandments of Baha'ism are contradictory. Abul Fazl Golpaygani has brought and stated a series of reasons for legitimacy of Baha which are totally false. He has even changed the verses of the holy Quran in order to exploit in favor of himself. If you realize that he has deviated and changed the verses of the holy Quran in order to achieve his goals, you believe that this cult is a man-made and originally false? For instance, which part of the holy Quran has stated that God will be observed in the Day of Judgment that Baha has told I am the very God who is observable now? I thought a bit and said: It is impossible for him to do such an action. We know that the holy Quran hasn't been deviated and the reality of the holy Quran is the one which is available for people today. He said: But he has changed some verses in order to use them in favor of himself. Come to our house along with Poufy once to prove you. We were approaching to our house. He advised me to think again and said: Try to be a free person like your name. It is a pity that your family and you have been captured by this organization. Meanwhile, don't tell anybody that you spoke with me. You know that I have been spiritually boycotted. They don't let you to be in touch with me, anymore. Suddenly, my blood ran cold. I was speaking with a person who has been spiritually boycotted. According to Baha and Abdul Baha, we weren't allowed to speak even a word with a person who has become spiritually boycotted. We shouldn't answer back his/her hello. Because in this case, we ourselves became spiritually boycotted. I remembered when Mr. Mansouri went to one of Baha'is house to condole and respect and participate in the funeral of one of Baha'i people, nobody answered his hello and nobody paid attention to him; so that he stood up and left there-this behavior is done by a group of people who assume themselves as heralds of peace and friendship. And their

claim for humanity has gone to sky. A sect whose 12 commandments say that the religion should make kindness and affection. Now, how are this religion making people fight with each other because of their beliefs and separate offspring from his/her parents? While, one of the other 12 commandments which is taught in ethics class is that the religion should be in accordance with knowledge and wisdom. Shouldn't anybody speak to a person and should he/she expelled from his/her house if his/her wisdom and logic weren't in accordance with this school!? I got off the car dizzily. Mr. Mansouri said goodbye to me kindly and went. I went to the house astonishingly. When I thought a bit, I realized that he was quite right. The issues that he was stating had been thought by me several times. But they hadn't been coherent in my mind. And I couldn't put everything along side each other and concentrate my mind. I need more study. I felt there are realities which are hidden for us and we are ignorant about them. I had no subterfuge but the threshold of God-Although Baha was still my god. But in my unselfconscious mind, I was really calling my temperament God who directs us- I was sure that if I asked for his help. He would clarify the facts for me and would make me free from all of these suspicions. I sought asylum to Him again and appealed Him to make me free from this suspicion and hesitation and familiarize me with reality. When I arrived home, I said to my parents that Mr. Mansouri has taken me to our house in his car. They became too sad that as if I had committed the greatest sin and they made me promise not to speak with him anymore and at no time. We were not to speak about this issue with anybody. I said to my parents: What has Mr. Mansouri committed that he has been boycotted spiritually? They said: He is God's enemy. One day in public, he went at Hazirat-al-Qods tribune and said very inappropriate words with a loud voice. He insulted from the excellency Baha Allah to the excellency Vali Amr Allah and

he denied everything. For this reason, Bait-al-Adl announced that he is boycotted. Now, he is really dangerous. Don't approach him at all....

I was exchanging letter with Parviz more or less. We were writing about our current situation and transferring our beliefs to each other. The more the time was passing, the more I became interested in him because his knowledge and intellectual level seemed great; although, he was a year older than I. when I wrote him about my being expelled, he became extremely upset and advised me to prepare myself to take an examination out of the other student's program. I hadn't seen him since he had left. But it seemed he has grown up very much than before because his letters had changed. He was writing brief letters. He was continuously promising me to narrate all of the issues for me in the first visit. His activities among counterrevolution cells still wasn't obvious and known for me and I liked so much to know which activities he is doing. It was obvious that he hadn't much free time; because he was sending letter once in a great while. It was clear that he didn't have much time.

The organization wasn't leaving me alone even for a moment. I was being called up continuously and if I weren't referring, they would come to see me and they urged me to prepare the letters that I should have written for the leader of the revolution and the written complaints that I should have prepared and written for the international agency. Every time I was promising them; but speaking with Mr. Mansouri had made indifferent with the organization orders. The attack of thoughts which were hesitating me was decreasing my spirit of being obedient. On the other side, I wasn't going to school and I had become homebound and I was seeing my classmates and friends who were going to school and enjoying this life trend. I was continuously asking myself: Why did I

deprive of school? And what was my reason for all those urges on my beliefs? Why was I deceived by the organization? And why should I be influenced by their inappropriate encourages and admires? If I were apologizing the next day and would happen; but I had sacrificed myself for the organization wishes. They had made a ladder out of me who were obeying their orders voluntarily I order to transfer their statement through me. These thoughts had made me too depressed and homesick that I was crying day andnight; because I had become their fall guy while I wasn't aware. Both loneliness and quitting education had me harassed. Winter had passed and spring approached while I was feeling that I am a failed loser. They were promising me about Baha's mercy;but it was useless. According to my mother: Kind words butter no parsnips. I avoided writing letters for the leader of the revolution and international agency and I said I was spiritually depressed as an excuse. They came after me several times; but I didn't obey, anymore. My mother told them: She is sleeping in a corner day and night and he has become demoralized.

Mehran's mission

Some days later, I realized that the organization has made a new decision for me. They had sent a young boy called Mehran to our house to befriend with me. And they wanted to change my mood by him. I didn't like writing free verse. Mehran was moving his eyes and eyebrows unskillfully and he was giving a special hangover to his languid yes. And his gesture was humorous. He wanted to finish his sweet order. Mehran said: Stand up and let's go to your room. I love to be alone with each other. I said: I am bored. Let me alone,

Mehran. He said to my mother: I had offered a new plan to the coterie and finally this plan would be accepted after a period of time. And they agreed with it. I don't like to fail in this project. My plan was about this problem that: Our girls and boys are befriending with Muslim youth. Because we can't control our youth needs. Let's transfer it and create an opportunity for this need to be met among our youth. And if a love is going to be formed, we will let it form among Baha'i youth. He was speaking while I was sitting on the short shelf in front of the hall window. I had been affected by beautiful blooms of trees and freshness nearby our house. Sometimes, I was looking at Mehran humorously and I was surprised due to all of these stupidity and inexperience of the organization by accepting this foolish plan. Mehran's family and our family were old friends. We had more social intercourse with them more than other Baha'is. I was always assuming Mehran as my brother. He was nearly three years older than I. One of his sister had been killed in the bombardment. And we felt we have lost one of our sisters because it was a long time that we had social intercourse with each other. Sometimes, I was going to her sister's-Shahin Khanom-grave and was playmate of Bahman and me. We had acted stubbornly with each other concerning childish issues. We weren't thinking of each other, at all. We were exactly acting similar to brothers and sisters who never act amorously with each other, we could look at each other amorously even for a moment. But then I was observing that Mehran was making his eyes hangover for me and was trying to steal my heart dramatically and to attract me toward himself. It seemed extremely disgusting and humorous to me. Mehran said: I have heard that you have written good poems. May I ask you to go to your room and recite them for me. I became angry and said: Mehran, do you think that I am a child? These preparations and plotting are related to my childhood period. What do you mean by these exaggerated mannerisms? You know if I fell in love with a

Muslim dustman, I wouldn't replace him by you. What is this drollery done by the coterie? At that moment my father entered the hall while his hands were muddy. It was obvious that he is tired and his daily hard works and gardening had been started again. As soon as he saw I was speaking with Mehran angrily, he looked at me harshly and said: What's the matter? Why are you behaving your guest so? I said: You don't know, daddy. He said: Well. Tell me to know. I looked at Mehran and said: Tell my father, too if you aren't ashamed. Meharn said nothing. Mom came out of the kitchen and put fruit container in front of Mehran and said: Has the coterie sent you or the youth panel? Mehran said: The coterie itself. When my father heard this statement turned towards me without any knowledge and said: You have stepped over the limit. You are recently fighting with God, too. Why did you argue with your school attendants while you couldn't resist against them. And now you assume everybody guilty and you are fighting everybody. My father hadn't spoken with me so. My pride was hurt and my heart was broken extremely. I had a lump in my throat and I went to my room. I was extremely crying. I didn't explain for my father anymore that this new plan which has been issued by his god is too foolish and foul. Some minutes later, Mehran came to my room and sat beside me and said: Why are you behaving me like enemy? I have no bad intention to you. I said: You have a humorous intention. It is similar to the kid's games for old men. Tell these words to a nouveau riche teenager who doesn't know you have assumed her fool. Mehran continued his duty adamantly and said: It is true that you aren't falling in love with me. And I know that I am not valuable for you, at all; but you should listen to my statements. Since I saw you in your sister's wedding ceremony, you had become so good-looking and attractive that I loved you from that time on. It is true that I have come on behalf of the coterie; but I am telling you my heart words. I was a love with you and I have kept this love in

my heart for years; but I found out that my brother is going to ask for your hand and I know you aren't interested in me even a bit. Thus, I decided to put out the flame of this love forever. Believer it. These statements are real. When you were coming back your school, you usually were in my course. I was coming back technical school, too. I was observing you waiting for bus in the bus station; While most of the girls were showing immoral behaviors. I envied Bahman for having such a noble sister. I liked you loved me, too. But I never dared to say something. I smiled disdainfully and said: Till the coterie commissioned you dupe me and you decided to tell. Mehran said: Don't insult yourself. I can't stand. Believe it or not, I love you. Do you like to go to nearby gardens with each other and walk now? I said: No. I am reputable in this locality. It is true that we have total freedom in our community; but as if we are living among bigoted and zealous people. He said: Don't speak so. Are we sapless? I said: I don't know? What should we call this action of the coterie if it weren't called insensitivity? He said: May God bless me, Raha. You are blaspheming. The coterie is innocent. I said: No, it is innocent. They have just been deceived by your plan. He laughed and said: To be honest, I was appealing them for years to accept and agree with my plan. And as if, they have been convinced, eventually. I said: Now, why were you insisting so much? Are you to refer to all girls? He said: You are the first. I said: I swear by God that this movement is more similar to satire. This is really humorous that you head off and make girls to be attracted to you in order for them not to be deviated and not to be fallen in love with the youth and strangers. He laughed and said: No, I am not to speak with everybody about love. I am going to have a healthy friendship with everybody. If they have a need such as confabulating or enjoying recreation and evacuating mentally, their needs will be met in order for them not to turn to Muslim youth who are going to misuse them. I said: If it is

bad and hard for you tell the coterie to sent you a dozen of girls. As if these actions are simple and easy for the coterie. He said: You know that no girl in this city will be attractive for me. You were exception, too. Your beautiful voice is making me think of you. I said: Didn't you say that your brother is going to ask for my hand? Aren't you embarrassed to speak with your sister-in-law so? He said: That is, you are going to give him positive answer. I said: Conscientiously, Mehrdad is unique in this city. My brother, Soheyl had written a letter for me from Germany before and had praised Mehrdad so much. He is an exemplary and meek boy. But I am not really going to get married. He said: I don't urge in this regard. This isn't my duty. Just, think well. My brother isn't in love with you. He has elected you for life. For an usual life that you should wash, cook, eat and sleep. But I love you. And I know I will be with you in any way you love. If you like, we can go abroad. I will be friend with my wife. The continuation of life will be difficult for me if we don't get married with each other. I said: My God bestow his blessing to girls. Now, you are allowed to revel with any girl you love by the organization. But let me alone. Now, are your statements over? He said: What do you mean? I said: leave me alone. Listening to these words are worthless for me. He said: But I love you. I said: I believed it, too. It is better to finish it. I opened the door to leave my room. I was becoming nauseous about his faceless and minor essence. When he was saying: I love you, I liked to suffocate him. He was openly speaking about his fickle plan and; on the other side, he was speaking about love with me. Undoubtedly, he had mistaken caprice for love.

When he left, I was becoming mad because of extreme sadness. If something that I was thinking was true, I had lost my life. I had become distrustful about the coterie several times. And distrust about the coterie meant suspicion to the basis of this belief. I didn't like such thought to be

strengthened in me. I was trying to escape it. Because approaching this bitter fact was led to me to be destroyed. The days were passing and I was more upset and depressed than before. I was still in charge of organization responsibilities; but my thoughts had decreased the motivation of being active. My thoughts were due to Mr. Mansouri's statements and the coterie agreement concerning the stupid plan of Mehran and the dishonest behaviors which were done by human accomplishment claimants. But thinking about such issue was too difficult for me that I liked God not to bestow consciousness to me in order not to discover the issues that might weaken my belief. "Nasim" was keeping in touch with me almost everyday. And most of the time I was going to visit her. He had recently befriended a boy called Siamak and they love each other very much, according to her narration. They were going to get married. Siamak was Muslim and he was studying in the third term of English language course. Nasim had three brothers and she was the only daughter of her family. Her brothers' wives were two or three years older than she. For this reason they were so intimate with each other. They were aware of her relationship with a Muslim boy and Nasim was narrating everything for them. I was saying to Nasim: This action is really wrong. You shouldn't trust your brother's wives to such an extent. Maybe they may tell your brothers everything. But Nasim was relaxed. Sometimes when we were all together, I felt that Nasim and her brother's wives are hiding me something. I became unhappy about Nasim and said: I thought there hasn't been something that you are my real friend; but now I notice that I thought you have some issues that I shouldn't be aware of them. I am sorry for myself that I couldn't attract your trust until today. She tried to make me understand that it isn't so and he eventually said: these issues are none of my business; otherwise I would tell you. I thought it is about her brother's wife's sister; but at last she told me the truth and I found out

that her brother's wives had sexual affairs with two Muslim people. This calamity was too shocking for me that as if I was hit by a puttee. Nasim's brotherswives had many responsibilities. Then, to whom I could trust?Hearingthis issue made me think deeply. I couldn't believe, at all. How could Nasim betrayhis brothers so? All these hobbies and all these establishment equipment couldn't really decrease these people's carnal desires. Nasim discovered that I became too upset and she became too regretful to tell the issue to me. I said: Nasim, I seriously didn't expectyou. How do you allow your brother's wives to deal with these issues and to betray your brothers. Nasim said: According to me getting married is false among Baha'is. After a while they become indifferent with each other and everything becomes usual.

At last, that dayI found out that these three people who were living in a 3-floor house have trusted each other in order to be relaxed with each other and as soon as Nasim's mother was going to ma-al-Rahman meeting or to classes of learning how to read and write, they were using emptyhouse and inviting their friends there. I quarreled with Nasim. I said to her angrily: you have forgotten God. Don't you know that he is observing our deeds? She said: do you think that you Are angel? You are Parviz's friend, too. I said: I am his friend; but I never go into seclusion with him. And you know that I wrote letter for him in order to bekilled and our relationship is through letter writing, she said: everybody justifies his/her deeds. I didn't say anything, anymore. But I was really sorrowful. Because I was finding out a news issue everybody and I was discovering that the majority of Baha'i faithful people were doing actions which are below humanity dignity and these two women weren't the first noes whom I had discovered their hidden affairs. A young Baha'i woman who was living in our locality too and husband's name was Farshid had invited us to their house as ascending [:So'oud] meeting and should be awake till morning. I found out that

she had an appointment at midnight with one of boys who had come from Tabriz. They went to yard. I had become so curious and it was so strong for me. I asked her sister who, I understood she knew the issue. She said: My sister was to get married with this boy before getting married with Farshid. But my family disagreed; because, his family were Muslims. And they forced her to get married with Farshid. But these two people love each other so hard and they have relationship with each other. I also searched about a woman who were feasting with others in amusement parks and meeting. she said: I know that my husband betrays me and I am feasting like him. Searching about these issues and writing them is still too hateful for me that I feel bad. I continuously ask myself why human being have their own inner being? What makes all these narrow-mindedness, senselessness and immoralities? From that time on, Nasim wasn't coming often me, too. I myself didn't like, too. I became more alone. And my spirit was weakened. My parents were married about me.

Visiting brother

One day my older brother came to visit me. He said: what's wrong Raha? Why are you doing so? Why are you disturbing yourself so? If you are upset your dropping out of school, know that the action that you did is pleasing more than what is going to be given to you in this world/ second, you can take exam out of the other student's program and finish these two years. Why should you be upset? I said: No, my upset doesn't deal with these things. He said: what's the matter, then? Trust me, tell me. Do you love anybody who is Muslim? I said: Let's me suppose that it is so. He said: I swear by Jamal

Mobarak that I'll take you to notary public's office to recite the wedding vows. Just tell me who he is? I said: No, I wanted to know what you will say. He said: Then, what's wrong? Do you need to travel? I said: I don't know what's wrong with me. I just don't like living. He said: you have become depressed. Be ready in some days. I'll take you to Tehran for refreshment. Your spirit may become better. My brother was so oppressed. He wasn't dependent on the establishment so much. He had his own special beliefs. Anyway, he was participating in meetings and he was active before. He had gradually decreased his activities. And I was sometimes shearing that he was disagreeing the coterie. Some days later, he came to me and both of us went to Tehran with his new Paykan car. During the way I was just singing songs like a cassette player, because I had a grievance and I had been deeply sentimental visiting nature. And my brother had been surprised for all these talent and focus. He was saying: How could you learn all these songs? He was saying how good when loved any song. When I was becoming silent, my brother was advising me and saying: why are you disturbing yourself so? Why aren't you trying to be active and pleasant like all young people? Why aren't you using your moments and enjoying? What are you thinking about that has caused you not to live your life while you are so talented and have fans? I said: Do you promise not to tell anybody if I say something to you? He said: I promise. I said: I suspect our religion and the wrong decisions which are made by the coterie and the coterie members who are busy doing wrong and sinking in slough by the name of servicing. I don't trust anybody, anymore. What do we make happy with? My brother spoke to me for hours and said: everything you are saying is true and I have seen more and worse than it. For a while, I was too upset that I didn't worship God, too. But there is no way. People's deeds shouldn't make you irritate the religion. Everybody shouldn't be good. I said: but we

assume the coterie order as God's one. This religious commandment is totally wrong. He said: well, each religion has problems that isn't solvable for human being. The members of the coterie may be sinful personally, but when they become nine people occult inspirations are received by them. The commandment that they issue in the one inspired by God. Apart from this fact, what should be if we aren't Baha'is? Human being need God and prophet. When I myself had hated Baha'ism and I didn't worship God, too. I was too alone miserable. At the time of loneliness and hardship, human being needs a power beyond his/her.

My brother and I were speaking about these issues for a while. But we had heart hideous words about Islam and Muslims so much that we couldn't remember that we can be Muslims if we aren't Baha'i. Eventually, my brother advised me so much. And he said: Don't disturb yourself and just serve with pure intention and be sure that those who have aims in their lives will be successful and aimless people won't achieve anything. Try not to think about negative issues and don't be pessimistic and be calm.

In Tehran we were in one of our cousins' house. My paternal uncle's grandchild told me about the bad situation of Baha'is of Tehran. And I realized that what I have seen and heard isn't comparable with Tehran's. From the conditions of the cover of women and girls in the meeting and committing hideous to scandals of the establishment heads in nearly countries which were heard by people. She narrated all of them for me. She was justifying herself that she was going to cinema everyday and was busy false entertainments. In Tehran, I was alone most of the time and was busy writing literary writings. I was thinking that I have lost my life. I felt I have sacrificed myself for the establishment gratuitously; because, the establishment isn't successful in raising its people properly. I was invited in some meetings in Tehran. I was praised as a here there. A here that has defended herself

bravely because of her school and eventually has sacrificed her education for her beliefs. Everybody congratulated me. I didn't have good feeling. I felt I was acting dishonestly like them and I am not saying the reality. I wish I had been brave and said that I had made a mistake-mere mistake. I was always letting out great slogans. I was reciting poems concerning frankness, honesty, bravery, purity and sincerity and not having mask in the face. But as if, the distance between slogan and action was as great and inaccessible as the reality itself. And I was promising to myself that I wouldn't remain in this state. "I will remove the mask out of my face", as soon as I find out the reality. But I was happy that the filthy community to which I belonged hadn't could been able to swallow and sink me in decay and prostitution morass. I had heard that all great human being have had great mothers and; although, I wasn't great but my mother had educated me in such a way that I cherished myself and I wasn't sacrificing my human value for carnal desires. Nothing was valuable for me; but God's satisfaction. He was my love and my real beloved. When we returned to Sanandaj, I had lost my spirit more than before and my brother knew well that this trip hasn't been so useful for me. I was busy reading my writings and my brother urged me reciting them for him. And I recited them for him, too. Everything that I had written was concerned about absurdity and perdition and nothing was disturbing me as much as aimlessness and facelessness. I was reciting my brother my sparse notes which I had written them at those bitter days when I was in verge of a great change:

I was flaming like a fire, the other day. My last rations were burnt, too. Today, one explosion, destruction and precipitation have made all of my spirit dark and destroyed. As if my face has collected a deposit, too. Similar to lightning

bug which loves darkness, lightness annoys me. Undoubtedly, my inner unrest is due to the crowd in nihility alley. Prosperity is nothing more than drinking by a thirsty person. I have lost in an endless desert, I am absent. Where am I.

Beyond my mockery to the border of destruction, to humiliation and compassion is near.

Trickery is a familiar word. It is my companion for many years and lie is the start of each dream story...

O' all nihilities, o'filthy ones, o'all filthy recreations, o'lecherous people, my heart was broken hard and alas I am worshiping stranger now. My heart was severely broken and I envy this faint patient moonlight. O'simple and quiet stars. O' mature proud profligate people. I am suffering from pain. I am crying as much as drops of rain. And my chest has become a kind temple for grieves. I wish you know that lechery is ordinary here. Being in live is a game. Innocence has died and offence has got established. My heart is an empty passageway. And now it will confusingly wear its plain black shirt in order to mourn for itself forever. And nobody knows what ascent my poor heart has and it is easily crying in its nihility grave. A kiblah in mark color and a prayer carpet in night color direct my current stream of my tears in an abortive course.

A kiblah in murk color and a prayer carpet in night color direct my current stream of my tears in an abortive course.

A kiblah in night color has led my eyes' light to darkness. My look has become dark and my heart is alone and is the one which has lost its Kiblah.

The Baha'i community was insulting the Muslims very much and I was observing that committing crimes and felony were more than other communities accordingly; although, his community was limited and they were minorities and its

members were inspected and they were being threatened by their families and refreshing meetings. Although every kind of sensuality and hedonism were openly done. They were secretly taking drug abuses, drinking alcoholic beverages and committing all kinds of immoral deeds. My brother's sisters-in-law was living in Kermanshah. When we had gone to their house for a period of time in order to be refreshed, she narrated some issue that was unintelligible for me those days. A doctor who was top financially and in status in Baha'i organization and has a pretty wife known as Miniator had taken the brother of one of relatives who was also Baha'i to his house with the excuse of curing his wart and had pained him sexually when his wife and two offspring weren't at home. He was a person who was making a speech about public peace, human world, unity and being Jamal Mobarak's lover. I didn't believe any issue except being certain about its validity. I asked this kid's sister this issue. She was extremely upset and angry about this issue. She was insulting all the organization heads. She was spying: My brother still doesn't know that we know this issue. He has said everything to his friend and has sworn to kill the doctor when he'd grow up. When I asked why didn't you complain in the coterie, she said: The coterie would do nothing if it knew the issue. They surely were saying: You are migrating to God and they would generalize every problem to Baha's mercy. Traveling to Kermanshah which had less organization activity and more depravity weakened my belief more. One day Nasim called and said: You are sent a letter. Come and take it. I was unaware of Parviz for two or three months. I liked to have a person to listen to my palaver and all those painful secrets which I had hidden in my heart in order to be relaxed; although, I still hadn't turned against my school and I was still bigoted towards it. But nobody was trustful. My brother couldn't convince me. He wasn't in search of reality; but he was searching for a backrest even it doesn't have spirit, power

and thought. And I was searching for a thing to grow my tiny essence and satiate my spirit.. A reality that I knew it exists and is more and absolute. A reality that approaches me to perfection and makes me relaxed.

Existing in crowded place, having a lot of social intercourses and recreations, I was feeling alone and stray. I went and took the letter happily. I sat on Nasim`s house stairs and read the letter there. It was written that he is to come back and I should wait for him soon. It was surprising that the news of Parviz's arrival didn't make me happy, That is, his returning didn't cure my pains. I hated hidden deeds and nothing was valuable for me but honor and I believe that I will be guilty if I cause people by the deed which I haven't committed. I decided to tell my mother to permit me to visit him at home when he arrived and I was sure, my mother would allow.

Parviz's returning from the mountain

A week later, I had sat on a moquette in the yard as usual in Ordibehesht. Somebody rang. Salim`s little son opened the door. I recognized Parviz in the distance. He had changed so much. He had a narrow elongated mustache and; as if he was taller and his face was similar to the actor of Zorro role. His brown Kurdish pants were adding his originality. He saw me, too and paused a bit. I stood up and went towards him. He had stood in the threshold of the door. I approached and greeted him. I felt my behavior had extremely changed his face color. He was extremely embarrassed. Maybe, it was the first time that had shaken hands with an alien woman. But in our community, this action was quite usual and was considered as our personality. At that moment, I was thinking

about a thing. I assumed him as a superior person in comparison with Baha'i boys who were faceless and spineless and were full of any kind of malice. Parviz was baffled. He had been blindsided; although, he had arrived unexpectedly. I welcomed him as usual with my playful manner and invited him into our house. And he entered. I was behaving as before and I wasn't playing the role of a lost-hearted lover who had waited for him; but he had a relaxing smile at the corner of his lips and he looked tried. When his look was mixing with mine, it was bestowing a world of kindness. I read letters though his look and his smile was narrating all unsaid words. He was looking at all around himself; as if he loved all those trees, situations and space and wanted to hug them and celebrate his returning happiness. He had a small handbag in his hand and he had a green bowl under his arm. He asked all the members of my family's health and said: I missed your parents. Where are they? I said: They are upstairs and they are asleep at this time as usual. He said: Then, I don't trouble them. I will go to the workshop. Of course Agha Salim is surly there. I saw his car at the gate. I said: It is the time for my parents to wake up. They are waking up now. He said: Then, go sooner and see whether they have become awake or not. I'll follow you, then. I went quickly. As soon as I opened the hall door, mom asked: Who rang? I said: Parviz has come. She became happy and said: Tell him to come in. I called Parviz. He came, too. Daddy was still asleep. As soon as he entered, I don't know why mom shook hands with him intimately and greeted him warmly. I surprised, too. Because we usually didn't shake hands with Muslims. We sat down and I went to the kitchen some minutes later in order to prepare tea and entertainment means. Parviz had sat beside my father who had slept under a blanket. It was quite obvious that he was anxious and restless. Mom remonstrated him a bit for going to mountain. She was opposing him. I brought tea. Daddy became gradually awake and wore his glasses. After

saying hello, Parviz bent towards him and kissed. After a while, my father stared at him with his big eyes and said to him protesting: Bravo, bravo. Your parents were hopeful about you. Why did you go to mountain? Parviz lowered his head because of the pressures of my father's look and said: I can't live aimlessly. Daddy said: You can't live aimlessly; but for having purpose, you can't waste your life. Mom said: You and the youth like you are pity that sacrifice themselves for vain desires of an organization that not only it can do nothing; but also it itself is quite defective. My father said: Cells never become successful and they never become autonomous. During the history, Kurds have followed this aim. But they can do nothing but slaughtering a group of naive youth in each period of time. All these campaigns and interior wars are done by great policies such as America and England. I said: Do America and England benefit? My father smiled and said: Very much my daughter; for instance, political and material interests.

I thought surprisingly. These statements were being stated by my father!? How has my father sacrificed all of his essence and lifetime for an organization and he doesn't think that this organization may have been created by the politicians who have founded such school in order to plunder people's properties or to disunite among Muslims and create riots if my father agrees that perhaps there are some hidden policies in order to create a war and to kill a lot of people to achieve political goals? Parviz was listening carefully and; as if, he doesn't like to argue with my parents whom he respected them so much. After a while my brother, Salim, arrived, too. Parviz greeted him. Although Salim was aware of Parviz's membership in counterrevolution cells; but he said nothing and didn't meddle. Salim was usually quiet and he was listening more. He was such a person that everybody loved to speak to him. He was trustful for everybody. Parviz started speaking with him like other people and spoke about

current political events. In all the meetings we were being advised not to meddle with politics. But when Bahai's entered any meeting they were speaking against the Islamic Republic. Parviz and Salim's speech took nearly half an hour. At last, Salim said goodbye and left. After Salim left, Parviz opened his binder and showed me the sketches which he had drawn there. The paintings were so natural that they were representing the atmosphere of there. His sketches were wonderful. Each had special spirit. He was really an artist. He had drawn a stronghold which had been built on a mountain and also a person who had sat at the stronghold at an anti-aircraft. He had also drawn even the cold weather of that area marvelously. His next sketches were showing wandering people who were prowling. His next sketch was showing a group of people who had circled round a fire and at last a landscape which was attracting and making him unconscious every morning and dusk and had been drawn by him. The concepts of wandering, fidelity, scamper and forlornness were apparent in his sketches. After showing his sketches, Parviz said: This is examination season. Have you studied your lessons or not? I said: I am not inclined to do any action, at all. I think you and I were tyrannized. He said: Which oppression? I said: I feel we have sacrificed ourselves aimlessly for the organization aims which their legitimacy and invalidation haven't become obvious for ourselves. Parviz said: I sacrificed myself for my own aims; but I don't know about you. Now, what has happened? I said: You didn't join them for achieving your aims and because of your desire. You had written in your first letter that you left here for the sake of me. They made me Baha'i formally by force. Both of us abandoned our lessons in order to act as a mean for their advancement.

Parviz said: Before I left, I hadn't had a definite aim. But I learned there that aim is really worthwhile. And we should try hard to achieve it. I am the very person who left here in order

not to tell my heart word which was you love. Because I thought I wouldn't joint you. But now, I've returned and I am sure that we will join each other if we want having string and firm belief. And nobody can prevent us. Concerning political aims, I am not that indifferent previous Parviz. My aim is to campaign with those who have deprived me from my right.

I brought these sketches for you to know there are some people who consider the meaning of life as scarifying their souls and properties for tranquility and freedom of others and give up all false delights and mundane enjoyments in order to achieve their goals. They don't want life for themselves. I said: You have been impressed by their advertisements. I think most people who have gone there, are going to run away from their problems and campaigning isn't their aim; but they are influenced there. Parviz said: The problems which exit there are more than those in the city and people's resistance there shown that they are aware and they tolerate those problems which are more serious than theirs in order to achieve a greater aim. Some minutes passed discussing. I realized that he has changed into a combatant completely. But his statements were similar to Baha'is words more. I asked him: Anyway, why did you come back? You could stay there and continue your campaign. He said: I came back to take exams and come back again. I can't be vain and can't be indifferent about all these tyrannies. Parviz spoke a lot; but I didn't understand very much. But I knew that the organization that leads him shares a series of common goals with Baha'is. He took out a can out of his handbag and gave it to me and said: I could bring just these for you from the extensive plains whose only properties are snow and stone. I hope you love them. I wanted to open the can, he said: No, don't open it now. After I left you can open it. Mom brought fruit for us. But he stood up and said: I should go. I went along with him. He looked at prolific cherry and black cherry trees in the yard and said: My idea and feeling have changed about everything

even about these trees. I said: Has it become better or worse? He said: life is beautiful with having purpose and this beauty is so deep and meaningful for me. I said: lucky you. In contrast with you, my life was purposeful; but my thoughts have been disturbed for a while. He said: No, you made a mistake. I mean you are my aim.

Silence overcame. He continued amorously: Since I know, I have someone with whom I can share my feeling, thought and dream, I have different mood. You caused me to develop in all circumstances. You cause me to develop and progress. I said: But Parviz, don't give your heart to me much. Nothing is still clear. Parviz said: Future can't be predictable. But we should try to gain those we love. And I'll try hard to achieve you.

He left and I immediately came back to open the can and see his souvenir as soon as possible. When I arrived upstairs, I picked up the can and went to my room. When I opened it, I observed a silky handkerchief and some papers. I felt heavy things into the silky handkerchief which were looped. I opened the loop and I saw nearly forty five leaden bullets. I poured the bullets on the ground and inspected the papers and I observed that all of them were letters in enormous number. When I noticed carefully, I observed that they had been written in Parviz's handwriting; but he has changed it skillfully. I guessed the reason was that if something happened for him during the way, he would defend himself. The letters were quite political. Before reading the letters, I held the bullets in my hand and stared them. It wasn't the first time that I saw bullet; but that time I had looked at them with my infantile eyes and today I observed them differently. I imagined when the trigger is pull, this igneous red bullet aims a heart and pierces a human heart with its speedy movement or smashes a brain. I was thinking of this cruel thing which had been built. I was thinking about this fact that the organization to which Parviz is attached aims the heart of

mortal body of human being and the organization on which I was dependent was aiming soul, spirit, thought and faith of them. Parviz's destiny was really similar to mine. O'God, where did this story end? I started reading the letters. He had tried to state his reasons for his campaign and hate against those who were in charge of Islamic Republic. He had explained complicated and political issues and the torture of his Kurdish brothers by guard corps harrowingly had been written by him in those letters. I didn't understand most parts of those writings; but I studied each of them more than three times. There were advertisements against Islam and Islamic Republic adequately among Baha'is and it was added to them. He had asked me whether I had understood the meaning of his word and if I accept, I should go with him to mountain and fight with enemy. The only effect that those writings had on me was my hate towards those who speak about Islam and the holy Quran. Baha'is were also speaking continuously about the torture of Baha'is by Muslims. For instance, they were saying that: In order to make Baha'is turn to Islam and become Muslims forcefully, Muslims open the tap of samovar which contains hot water into the mouth of a newly born baby in order for his/her parents to turn against Baha'ism and become Muslim by this inhuman torture. This bad advertisement against Muslims were being said continuously to us since childhood and now a person who was out of Baha'i organization was whispering the cruelty of Muslims in my ear. I was such a person who was believing the fact unless I wasn't observing it with my eyes; but I was unconsciously running away Islam and Muslims. Of course, reading those writings was effective; because I was hearing painful problem by a person who was trustful for me and I felt a kind of tendency towards him. He had pointed out those bullets in the writings and I had been asked to look at those bullets as a remedy for pain if I had a little recognition power and if I had

a little philanthropic feeling and maybe the day will approach when I will aim these such bullets in the chest of enemies.

My mind occupations and intellectual disturbances became more. I was feeling miserable and vain. I was doubtful about the organization performance. My soul and spirit were calling me towards God who is Merciful and Absolute Reality. But which path and which idea or disposition should I have selected in order to move in the right path and achieve to Him? Which leader? Which exemplary person can make me achieve to Him? I was extremely feeling alone. My mother wasn't confidant, any more. I couldn't trust anybody. To whom should I have refuted? I was running in a poisonous and unsafe desert seeking for a drop of water astonishingly. I wish I could give my heart to amusing problems of the organization like other youth and didn't torment myself. I wished I could step on the reality path in youth enthusiastically with strong will and be useful for my community. I liked to have an acceptable satisfaction with myself. But how? I was saying to myself: If one time it is completely proved for methat Parviz is moving the right path and he is choosing the right path of reality, nobody will prevent me and I'll go to mountain with him and be killed in the path of my aim. This dreamlike thought was changing me to a purposeful and successful person. A worrying anxiety had made my liberal and brave spirit shout. I was restless and wasn't tranquil. I couldn't stand, stay and spoil. Parviz came and invited me imperiously to war against human being! Instead of bestowing enjoyable moments which could make me tranquil.

At dusk, I went to the roof as usual. The sunshine was gradually hiding at mountains. Wherever I was looking, an unknown future was appearing ahead of me. I was going to start detailed researches in order to find the right path and crusade in that path with indescribable love and faith in order to prove my humanity and honor myself. I was seeking for

my identity and my essence of existence. I was searching for a pretext in order to save me out of my inner conflicts and to form my essence. Unique landscapes of nature had attracted me as usual. But as if, I knew that I would lose that pretty atmosphere and that splendid nature forever. That virgin nature and that endless beauty was a road which were encouraging me to go and mirage wasn't the thing that slakes me.

After half an hour walking on the roof, Parviz came out of their house And came on the roof. He asked me: Can you come out of the house to walk together? I said: No, I don't allow myself. He said: You weren't timid. I said: You weren't so brave, too. He said: Then, how do we visit each other? I said: Call me at night to arrange a rendezvous. At night, I said to my mother: Mom, do you allow Parviz to come to our house? She said: Why? I said: To study our lessons with each other. He is better than I. If we study with each other for one or two hours a day from this time on, we may be accepted and succeeded in our exams. She said: It isn't matter, at all. Tell him to come here from now on. When Parviz called, I told him: From now on, set a program to study together. He became happy and said: Your mother is so sapient and great. If she disagreed our meeting, we might arrange a rendezvous secretly and this action would separate you and your mother and would make distance between your mother and you. After that, Parviz was coming to our house at 10 every morning and we were studying together. His mathematic skills were better than mine. He was really helpful in my lessons. My mom was bringing fruit and refreshments in entracte. And we were discussing about politics and religion a bit. He was seriously asking me to be his companion and to read the necessary books which he had brought for me. He was using every method to attract me. One day, I decided to pay a short visit to the man who had done penance in order not to prejudice. I wanted to know his views. I called him without saying

anything to Parviz. I asked him to help me in this regard. He rejected every statement which was being said against Islamic guards and those bad proselytisms. He said: I befriended a guard pertaining to mobilization. I became fond of his opinion, belief and temperament. That caused me to do penance. He said to me: Don't accept any word as long as you haven't searched about Shiites with open eyes. He said to me: I was an active member among counterrevolution calls; but when I wanted to turn against them, I noticed that I was endangered by themselves not the Iranian government and all of their statements were false; although they were frightening us and saying that the government would torture you. I don't know why I trusted him. I said to him: I have been educated and proselytized by one of them who is trying to attract me. My problem is that whether I should accept to be an idle and useless person and be indifferent about my nearly events or offer some reasons to reject his thoughts. He said: Call me some days later to guide you perfectly. I called him some days later. He gave me a family address who were, according to him, devoted and faithful Shiites of our city. He said: This family is an obvious sample of a Hezb-Allahi [:Allah party] family. Some people such as your friend is going to kill them. Contact with this family. I asked permission for you to have a connection with them. I want you to be familiarized with those who are accused by enemies in order for you to understand those advertisements are quite false and unconscious. He said: The reason for the people who are being influenced by bad advertisements against Shiites is that we are far from them and we don't know their idea, doctrine and trait. He gave me the address of this family and his name which was Muhammad Salehi. I thanked him and said goodbye. The exam days approached. And I was busy studying my lessons day and night. My friend had presented in classes and used experienced teachers and it was easy for them to take exams. I had gone to school after a long period

of time and sat on benches again. I saw my classmates and nice atmosphere of school reminded the best periods of my life for me. I sympathized for myself. Everybody was looking at me pitifully. Sometimes, some students were accusing me with mellifluousness and wordplay. One of my friends whose name was Azita and was one of my intimate friends had horrible problems and his family were really bad financially. His father was alcoholic and he was torturing his family. She was studious and was really capable. But her talents were decreasing in that family. One day, she said to me with oppression in the school yard: Something has happened for me. Can you help me? You are the only person whom I can trust and tell the truth. We went to an empty place and she said: I wanted to run away to a foreign country. You know that bearing this situation is really difficult for me; so one day when I was walking in the street, a tall, husky man followed me. I was quite fed up our house; so I thought he might help me by any possible way in order to leave the country. For this reason, I allowed him to approach me and perform his desires. He said to me he had loved me and wanted to be familiarized with me more. I said to him: I have horrible problems. I related him all situation of my life. He said: I can help you; on the condition that you trust me and accept what I say. Next appointments, he made me understand that going abroad is impossible without money. But there are just one way that if I assured him to do any action to achieve my purpose, he would show me that way. Azita said: I promised him to do any action that I could and then I realized that some unknown people were inquiring about us for a period of time. And when he became relaxed with me, he said to me: You should have letter of introduction on behalf of a political agency in order to exit the country Iran and to be able to gain residency permit; otherwise, you don't have any way. I accepted too; because I had been tightened severely by my family situation. One day he came to meet me and we went

sightseeing. He said to me there: If you want to be introduced by our agency which is political and counterrevolution, you should do an action for us in order to be merited for this support. I accepted, too. He also promised me not be taken aback. I committed because I was extremely hateful about the Islamic Republic of Iran due to their advertisements. Now he has asked me to do an action. I have to do that; because if I don't do, I may be threatened by them; since they have trusted me and elected me to do this action and if I accept, a nasty event may occur. I said: What have they asked you to do? She said: They have given me the address of a man who is draper in the market to go and have a relationship with his family and befriend with his daughter who is as old as me and do something for her to trust me. I had been commissioned for a while. They had made a demon out of this man for me and they said to me: He is one of people who must be surely killed. He has been an inquisitor of political prisons and he has tortured and killed our youth as long as he could. I did all this mission hatefully. I created a really intimate relationship with his daughter and wife and I have much social intercourse with them for a period of time. But this man has been an honorary guard who has been retired because of old age. He is so great and enlightened that he did some actions for us as soon as he realized our financial conditions are bad. We didn't ask for his help, too. You know we didn't have gas in our house. He asked some people to provide our house with gas plumbing. He is regularly looking into our problem. And whenever he meets me, he gives some money to me forcefully and I pay it for postponed water and some electricity bills and rental. I was thinking that this man is so wealthy; but later on. I realized that he hasn't money enough to provide dowry for his daughter. He spends his properties for other people in this way. His wife is a real lady. She is worshipping days and nights. And I don't think she has bothered even an ant so far. Her dreams come true, too. And

they are totally a faithful and pure family. Although his daughter is as old as we, she isn't following recreation and dissipation like us. Her aim is to be pure and to study. I have really been stupefied by moralities of this family. He has an older son who is pertaining to mobilization. If he is put in a cabaret, he won't raise his head and won't look at anybody. I have had a lot of social intercourse with them; but I haven't seen him searching about me. Although I like to leave Iran and get rid of my father and this bothersome situation, but I don't know what they will ask me. But I am really regretful. Azita was a pretty girl. That is, few people were as pretty as she at school. I asked her: Has that man asked this or...?

She cried a bit and said: He asked this issue when I authorized him to do anything he liked with me. I was thinking that he consider this matter sufficient. But he made me engage in the filthy battle of policy. I swear you by anybody whom you worship to help me, Raha. You are the only one in whom I believe intellectually. You make decision much better and more intellectual. Tell me what to do? I am under prosecution everywhere extremely. I said: Did you understand that what the family with whom you had social intercourse are doing in Sanandaj? And why is this man who had been inquisitor in political prisons working as draper in the market? Azita said: As long as I searched, I found out he is a retired man from the guard corps and they had resided in Miandoab city and they had gone to Mahabad after retirement and done cloth business. They have stayed here; because cloth business is better in Sanandaj. I said: Can he torture anybody? She smiled and said: Such charges can't stick to him. As long as you haven't been in touch with this man, you can't understand whatever I narrate about him. He is so affectionate and sympathetic that you can't find anybody like him. He is quite luminous. I said: What will he ask you, you think? She said: They surely have some plans for them because they are spending much time for this family. They will more likely ask

me to set bomb in their house. I said: No, it will be impossible; because they know your motivation for doing such action isn't so strong; meanwhile, if they wanted to do so, they would do it till now. She said: No, don't make a mistake. I have pretended that I am so motivated in order for them to trust me completely and assume me as one of their members and provide me better facilities to leave the country without any problem. Moreover, I have made a pledge to do any action at first days. And I know they may make me suffer a disaster; as soon as, I keep a low profile. I was afraid so much and I blamed Azita a bit. I asked: Are all the members of this family under prosecution? She said: I don't think so. But I am under prosecution. I said: It is possible to announce them you have affected by a disaster unwantedly? She said: No, Raha, in this case they will tell everything to police. And Police will arrest me. I said: Because you know this family, they will do any action for you in order not to be affected by any disaster. It will be better for you to trust and tell them the truth. She said: But if they understand that they are endangered, they will kill me. She sighed and said: I wish they knew who are they going to kill. And then he said: If you paid attention, you would understand since the exams have been started and I have met you. I didn't go home with you even one time; just because I thought you could help me. Now, I try to be separated from you; because when I have social intercourse with you, I will make you to be identified. Just tell me what to do? On the other hand, getting rid of my malicious and immoral father and going abroad have changed into ambitions for me. You are pure, Raha. Pay for me. Tell me tomorrow if you had a good thought. she appended me not to do any action without consulting with her. At last, I took her the address of that man who was selling cloth. I said to her that I wasn't to see him distantly like a passenger. Eventually, we separated from each other and left the school. What a responsibility? Why had God made me in charge of such

heavy responsibility? What should I have done? I should seek asylum to God and ask for his help. I was saying prayer in the way. I arrived home. I said prayer and exchanged words of love in the dining room till sunset after eating food. I was restless. I was too excited and anxious; as if something horrible is going to be quickly happened. I could breathe hard. At dusk, it dawned to me. I stood up and trusted in God and went to meet one of coterie members. I was saying to myself: Our slogan is philanthropy, affection, peace and unity of human world. And there are no people except Baha'i heads who can help me remove this horrible measure. In the way, I was just saying prayer for any problem not to be happened and for this situation not to be worsened by me. But I couldn't find any solution except this. The need for consulting with heads commended me to consider coterie members as solvers of this problem and to refer to them. I didn't pay attention to Mr. Mansouri's statements and I ignored unwise and inhuman policies of depravity and immoral issues among Bahia youth. I went to one of so-called organization heads with excited heart. I rang and the door was opened. There was a two-floor building in which another Baha'i family were living there. I passed the parking and went up the stairs; although my feet had lost their strength. I believed in this person more than any other members of the organization. Finally, Mr. Kholousi opened the door for me, too. I entered. As usual, he greeted me warmly, intimately and respectfully. But what he was saying about me was exaggerated and it was severely flattering. I was accustomed to this issue. And I knew that Bahai's especially those who have posts and ranks in organization were assuming themselves superior to other. They openly confess this proud. Mrs. Kholousi was laughing unduly while she was greeting me. We entered dining room with each other and sat on armchairs. After greeting for a short time, Mrs. Kholousi left me alone and came back with a glass of black cherry sherbet. I said to her: I

have an important word with Mr. Kholousi. She said: He has gone shopping. He will come back in some minutes. Mrs. Kholousi who was meddling, looked at me a bit and said: As if you are sad. Do you want to complain somebody? I said: No, Not at all. Something has happened that I should speak with himself about it. After a while, Mr. Kholousi arrived, too. After welcoming, he sat on an armchair in front of me. And Mr. Kholousi left the room. I said nervously: Something has happened that is really vital for me; but first I swear you by the holy book "Aqdas" to help me in order for a bigger problem not to be happened. Meanwhile, help me be relaxed; so that I become tranquil and free from this strange responsibility. In order to make me calm and relaxed and in order for me to narrate the issue comfortable, Mr. Kholousi said: You don't need to swear, my dear. Try to be cool and know that every problem will be solved by consulting. I said: I don't dare to tell the issue. I am really afraid. At last I took a leap and I stated the issue without mentioning my friend's name and occupational and special situation of that family. Mr. Kholousi said: See my dear, we aren't allowed to meddle with policy. Our duty is different. Policy is a filthy issue and we shouldn't defile ourselves. I said: But an innocent family's lives are endangered. What is our duty while we are aware of the issue? Mr. Kholousi was too indifferent about this issue as that he hasn't heard anything of it. He said mockingly: These people are fond of martyrdom. Why are you unhappy? Let them die. They themselves will become relaxed and they also make us relaxed. I smiled forcefully; but I was too regretful to go there and was deceived by their words and vain slogans. I said to myself: How did I forget that Baha'is are the real enemies of Shiites? And why did I refer to Shiites enemies to save their lives? I said: But my friends say they are really nice and pious people. Apart from this reality, they are humans and we should prevent this incident by any possible way. Kholousi said: No, your anxiety is undue. Maybe, their lives

aren't endangered. Maybe, the issue is something else. Maybe, they want to extract information out of this family. And maybe they want to take hostage. These issues are none of our business and we aren't commanded to meddle with these issues. There is a war between two groups who are separated from us. It is better not to get yourself into trouble. I advise you not to meddle with even a bit in this regard; otherwise, you have behaved against the divine orders. I remembered during the war time when Iraqi fighter-bomber were bombarding people and groups of people were being killed. Baha'is were unkindly saying: Muslims should be killed in large groups; especially when foreign radios were announcing people the number of combatants who had been martyred in fronts, Baha'is were happily announcing each other and they were expressing their happiness by insulting the combatants. By not participating in fronts in war time, Baha'is announced that they disagree about war and they refused carrying weapons and didn't defend the country; while the war between Iran and Iraq was an imposed one. Everybody was trying to defend the country. Many parents went through the loss of their children and many offspring deprived their fathers. And Baha'is were the only people who were supporting our enemy and were enjoying sucking their countrymen's blood like leech. The young people of this country were being martyred; while Baha'is were doing their organization activities in safe and sound condition of the country and they wished for the Islamic Republic of Iran to be overthrown. They were happy with empty promises of the organization heads. And I made a great mistake. Why did I come here to solve this problem? Why did I think they may solve this great problem while I had observed Baha'is cruelties during the war time? I was deceived by Baha'is empty promises and slogans, too. The people who were continuously telling about philanthropy in classes and gatherings. The people who were using eloquence about

kindness as if they are superior to other people or kinder than people of all walks of life. Not only they aren't similar to human beings in action; but also they are wild because they become happy hearing the martyrdom of dear youth of the country. I superficially promised Kholousi not to meddle with this issue at all. Because if he understood my disbeliefs are against his, he would deprive me having social intercourse with my friends and my outside relationship would be limited. I left Kholousi's house sorrowfully. I was too sorrowful; because I said prayer so much; but they weren't answered. I was astonished that what the reason for all of these disappointments is. I came back home. Parviz called to see whether my exam has become good or bad? I answered him listlessly. He asked: What has happened? I said nothing. Whatever he insisted he couldn't understand anything. Tomorrow morning, without being prepared for the exam, I went to school and I said to Azita: This family's lives are endangered and you and I will be in charge if we do nothing. I asked her to let me do everything I can. Azita accepted due to my insistence. When I took my exam, I headed off towards market and the address which I had taken. In draper line the first big cloth-seller after a watch store belonged to that man. When I arrived there according to the address, I notice that on the signboard it had been written "cloth-seller Muhammad Salehi". O'my God. He is the very man whom Mr. Qaderi called him a righteous man and introduced his family in order for me to be familiarized more with them. I stepped more slowly. I was standing in front of most cloth-sellers and inspected the cloth. I came back the way and stopped in front of his shop. Instead of cloth, I wrapped in watching him. A man who was nearly fifty five years old. He was nearly bald. He had white hair and beard and piercing eyes. He had a fascinating face. He was wearing a green scarf round his neck that I guessed he may be seyed. He looked at me for a moment. My blood ran cold. I couldn't move due to his heavy

look. I felt he found out everything by a look and discovered my inner matters. He asked calmly and augustly: Can I help you, my daughter? I said: Thank you and I left there without asking the price of any cloth or telling the name of any cloth. After passing nearly one hundred meters, there was a shop which was selling honey. The shop where my mother was always buying there. I went into it and said hello. I said: My mother was to come here to buy honey. Hasn't she come here? He said: Do you mean that mellifluous woman? I said: No, she hasn't come. I said: Isn't matter if I wait here for some minutes? He said: No, not at all. You can wait. You can come into the shop and sit. I said: No, I'll wait here. After some minutes, I used that opportunity and said: One of my friends is going to get married soon. Which one of these cloth sellers is more evenhanded? He said: One of your friends or you yourself? I said: No, I swear by God. One of my friends. We aren't originally Kurd and we don't use Kurdish cloth. He said: Most of these cloth sellers can't sell cloth with different prices; because they have the same thing, but there are two people who are so evenhanded. One of them is Haji Ali Yavari and the other is Mr. Muhammad Salehi. I was waiting for hearing this name; so I said: Yes, I have heard Mr. Muhammad Salehi is so evenhanded. I have heard he is Shiite. He said: Shiite or Sunni isn't important. He is well-mannered. He is a gracious and tactful person. Everybody knows him. He thought a bit and said: You said aren't you Kurd? I said: Yes, we aren't Kurd originally. He said: What about you. Are you Shiite or Sunni? I said: None of them. He laughed and said: Surely, you are half-breed? Your mother seems to be Shiite. Surely, your father is Sunni? I didn't like to tell him that what my creed is, at all. I said: I think my mother doesn't come. I should go. He said: Now, wait for a bit. She may come. I said: Tell her that I came if she came. I left the shop. I became more anxious. O`my God, how is it possible for them to kill such a person who is well-known for

good manners? And what is their reason for doing so? I headed off towards a phone booth and called Mr. Qaderi's house. His mother said: He will come in an hour. I went to one of my brother's house and sat there for an hour. It was nearly noon when I stood up. The more my brother's wife insisted, I didn't accept. I came to street and dialed Mr. Qaderi's house phone again. I was saying prayer for Mr. Qaderi to be present at home. He himself picked the receiver up. I begged him to see in a suitable place. Whatever he insisted to know what the issue is, I begged him to have an appointment. We were to meet each other in one of parks of the city. Those day, boys and girls who were strangers were being captured. I was appealing God to help us not to be captured in order for me to do a positive action. Eventually when I met Mr. Qaderi in the rendezvous, I apologized him to be suffered trouble and I thanked him, too. And I said: This time a very important issue has happened. I ask you to promise for any problem not to be happened. Maybe, I should have announced the police. But I don't trust in police; because I am afraid that my friend and I are got into trouble. Mr. Qaderi were enthusiastically listening. I continued: I beg you to promise me nothing will happen for me. He said: What has happened? What are you afraid of? The issue is about the assassination of one or some people that I want to prevent. Hearing this news, Mr. Qaderi looked around and said: What are you speaking about, the assassination? I said: As if, it is going for a bad event to be happened. Mr. Qaderi tried to make me relaxed. My hands were shaking due to extreme fear and anxiety. Mr. Qaderi said: Relate everything from the beginning. Try to be relaxed. I said: Counterrevolution cells have decided to afflict Mr. Muhammad Salehi's family with a calamity. He said: How do you know? I said: I know; but I have promised not to tell anything. He said: If you want to help them, you should tell all the reality; otherwise, the result may be reverse and we won't be able to do anything. There

are many assassinations in this city. If those who were aware didn't hide the issue like you, nothing would happen. I said: I am afraid to introduce the person who has been commissioned to do this action; because he may be captured and disturbed. She is poor enough. He said: You are quite wrong. This isn't an issue that you narrate imperfectly. Everything should be stated completely in order for a solution to be taken. That person may be affected by a greater dilemma. Then regret is vain. Anyway, I had to narrate him completely. But I made him promise nothing will happen for Azita. He thanked me and said: Go as soon as possible and let me do other duties. And when you see your friend tomorrow, tell her to continue her mission and to have connection with that family as before and not to be afraid of anything. Be sure you will be awarded by God because you have told the truth and prevented a person or a family to be killed. Mr. Qaderi's statements made me a bit relaxed. I came home with tranquil mind. Tomorrow morning when I related the issue for Azite she was shaking of fear and crying. She said: They will come after me and take me and you are guilty. I said: Dear Azita, I swear by God that this man wasn't telling lies. You have relinquished this action and you have been regretted. There is no reason for them to disturb you. But she was crying and she thought her life has been threatened. She was a brave girl; but the agency had spoken her against the government that he had been frightened. The next day was cancelled and I could see Azita again the next day. But her moral was high. She wasn't afraid of anything, anymore. Some days passed. I dreamed; so I thought deeply. I didn't know its interpretation. I dreamed that a group of people were listening to Imam Khomeyni's (P.H.) speech and there were Bahai's, too. Among people, Imam Khomeini(P.H.) called me by my name and I stood up surprisingly. He pointed out to me to go to him. I went. When I arrived him, I saw a wonderful luminosity in his face which was indescribable. He said to me: I wasn't to give you a good

news; but you should refuse telling it to others. I said: Ok, sir. He said: Right now when you go to sit among people, your mother and sister may ask you what Imam said to you? You shouldn't tell them anything. I promised, too. Then he said something to me that if I had wing at that moment, I would fly. That news was really pleasant and enjoyable for me. I came back to the gathering and I was restless due to happiness. My mother and sister insisted what Imam said to you? I didn't answer. I was in spiritual pleasure peak that I woke up. That news was so pleasant and delightful for me that I couldn't hide it. I went towards the kitchen quickly in order to narrate that pleasant issue for my mother. But at that short moment, I forgot that hilarious issue. I couldn't remember it as I tried hard. I narrated my dream for my mother. She said: lucky you my daughter. That luminous man hasn't been Imam Khomeini(P.H.); but he has been the excellency Abdul Baha and he has given glad tidings to you that your prayers have been answered and you are cherished in the presence of God. My recognition power couldn't digest all those bad advertisements; thus I had been hanged. I was sure that he was Imam Khomeini (P.H.);but I had heard too many insults against this great man that I couldn't believe all those luminosity of face and all those spiritual enjoyment belonged to his essence. Sometimes I thought I was favored by God due to my dismissal of school and the difficulty of my exams. Sometimes, I thought my prayers have been answered during these some days and this complex issue will be removed successfully.

Imam's departure and the coterie's illusions

Some days later, the radio announced that Imam is sick. My father said: Imam will die and Jamal Mobarak's predictions will be accomplished. I said: What will happen after Imam's death? He said: The regime will be overthrown; because they won't be able to find a suitable successor and everybody is thirsty for power. We will become free in Iran and we will be officiated. These statements weren't my father's. He was hearing these statements by the organization heads and it was interesting that were telling us not to meddle policy. And according to Abdul Baha's order one of the commandments of our school was not meddling in policy; but all Baha'i people were analyzing all political problems as long as they met each other and they were supporting America and Israel and were representing all the daily events and current discussions contrariwise. They were brainwashing our youth and teenagers toward the regime. I got up at the middle of night. My father had left the radio on and had lowered its volume. It was a heavy morning. Radio was casting reciting the holy Quran. The announcers were performing their programs too calm, sorrowful and noble that they were transferring a great grief and sorrow by their words. My father woke up for the morning prayer and said after praying: Imam died. I said: Do you tell the truth? How did you understand? He said: Don't you listen that the radio is casting just reciting the holy Quran. They were already casting music. I couldn't sleep till sunrise. My thought had been made disorganized. I was appealing God to make me aware and direct me in order to be saved out of suspension and puzzlement isthmus. And eventually the black morning that tore to pieces the hearts of Imam's (P.H.)lovers and made their souls fire approached. And the news of Imam's departure was casted by radio. What a sorrowful and harassing day it was. The mourning of mourners and people's beating the breast weren't predictable. A group of mourners

in large multitudes who were presenting the day of judgment for everybody's mind weren't giving an opportunity for the holy body to be buried. And the thronging of heartbroken crowds and the real manifestation of mourning ceremony weren't being believed. All those faith and belief, all those love and fondness and all those agitation were making a person to be envied. Even stone was crying at that day. And I was observing my nephews crying due to their pure and affectionate hearts. My heart was going to be torn off. And a great grief was pressing my chest. But when Baha'is were meeting each other, they were congratulating this dyspeptic news and this great disaster of heartbroken people. But they weren't gamboling for the fear of people. Two days later when I met Azita at school, I heard she was saying: Muhammad Salehi's family mourned in their house in such a way; as if they had lost one the most cherished members of their family. They were beating their heads and breast in such a way that they lost consciousness in the yard of their house. Azita was saying: Muhammad Salehi is a noble and patient man; but he had become impatient and restless in Imam's (P.H.) isolation. They had gone to Tehran for Imam's funeral. Those days passed and our exams finished, too. Each book, news, or letter that Parviz was bringing for me were less accepted by me. I didn't believe his words, anymore. I had kept him distance. It wasn't important for me When he was saying he wants to go to mountain, and I didn't feel responsible. Because I noticed that he has been suffered from policy consciously and whatever I was trying to make him aware of his mistakes, he wasn't listening to me.

One day I called Mr. Qaderi and asked: Have you done any action concerning the event that is going to be happened? He made me certain to be relaxed. Any plan regarding this issue is foiled. I was tranquil that the problem has been solved. One night I was frightened; because I was afraid maybe Mr. Qaderi also belongs of counterrevolution cells and he has

apparently introduced himself as one of those who has done penance. Although he had been totally trusted by me till that day. But I couldn't do nothing. Although Azita had told me not to go to his house; but I couldn't sleep all night and I finally went to Azita's house early in the morning before sunrise.

Apparently I didn't observe any suspecting person. I was sure that nobody has pursued me and has known of my presence in Azita's house. I said to Azita frenetically that I couldn't sleep last night for the fear of this fact that I might make a mistake to tell that fact to Mr. Qaderi and I shouldn't have made him in charge of solving this problem. It isn't improbable at all that he may be one of members of counterrevolution cell. We should have trusted on him to such an extent. Azita said: What should we do now? I said: We should tell everything to police. She extremely disagreed. I said: We can't sit by idly. We should do an action. When Azita noticed that I was determined to tell the police, she revealed the issue that she had hid me. She said: Police know the issue. Exactly the day after your appointment with Mr. Qaderi, police kept in touch with me secretly and received any necessary information and said to me: Continue in such a way they like. And make us aware of any change or new request. I became happy and breathed comfortably. I went to one of my brother's house. My brother's wife said: Did you take your exams. Why are you free? I said: Accidently, I have decided to start my activities. I thought all of existing ways are political and our school is the only way that doesn't meddle with policy and if I have observed something among Baha'is sofar, something will be wrong in Baha'is themselves not Baha'ism school. From that time on, I took over lots of responsibilities and I had less free time. All Parviz's attempts were useless. His troubles had been wasted. I continued my way more determined than before. My family gained high ranks one by one; My brother was in Africa. He was sent

there by the organization to proselytize. He had an important position. And Shoghi Afandi's wife who was originally English participated in his wedding ceremony. They had some photos which had been taken with her. This was an honor among Baha'i that wasn't allotted to everybody. My brother's post was a great continental responsibility that had promoted his rank as one of the noted members of the organization. My another brother became one of members of Oxford coterie of Germany. And Salim was one of three members of Sanandaj organization. Sharareh and Masoud who were my sister and my sister's husband were members of Tehran district coterie. I as the youngest member of the family received a citation on behalf of Bait-al-Adl; because once I broke my piggy bank and sent the collected money to Bait-al-Adl. In another time when I was dismissed from school, I was encouraged by Bait-al-Adl and Tehran organization. My active family were being praised by everybody in more cities. And everybody were commending and encouraging us. Our big house had been turned to a place for holding most religious ceremonies. Most coterie of the young and teenagers were being held in our house. In summer, the organization had made a serious decision for the youth, again. Boys and girls from different cities were visiting each other and it had called this gathering as summer camp. They were openly telling us to take your favorite friend's addresses and telephone number and keep in touch with each other. We were together with new friends in frequent recreations continuously. They have arranged numerous programs for us. They were making speech and they had made us so busy that we weren't able to move and do anything except for what had arranged for us. I was sometimes visiting Azita. One day, she narrated me the story that how the plan which had been arranged by counterrevolution and antireligious agency for Mr. Salehi's family became neutralized and how the agents of this plan

were captured. Azita said: I apologize you for I haven't related anything so far. I wasn't allowed. Even Mr. Qaderi wasn't aware of all problems. When police noticed that I was to do a mission, they were continuously calling me. I dealt with a police adventure totally. I was to enter Mr. Salehi's house carrying an explosive bag and leave there after some minutes. I was to martyrize all of them by exploding a bomb. But I was coordinating everything with police moment by moment. Some people attended in Mr. Salehi's house in a moment and took the bag out and undid the bomb. Some people went to capture that cell. Because their hidden place had been discovered through the very person who was in touch with me. It was revealed that they belonged to a cell which were dependent on Iraqi regime who were atheist and against Iranian regime. They had entered into Kurdistan in order to disunite Sunnies and Shiites and to assassinate those who belong to Allah party and to make the country unsafe. They misused my issue regarding leaving the country and they wanted me to do this action. Thanks God, all the agents concerning these measures were arrested by thoughtful measures of police and all members of this band were identified and captured. The band were completely destroyed, fortunately. Azita thanked a lot and said: You always helped me in the most critical position like a saving angel. And this time, you did a divine action. You made me free from a bad plight which I had been trapped. When I think about the issue that I became honored in this problem, I can't believe. Earlier this time, I thought family problems have made an evil out of me that God has made me encounter such action. I was too timid and indecisive that I might do any action due to fear. But it was proven for me that because I disagreed this hideous action at the bottom of my heart, God sent you for me to make me free from this horrible morass. I kissed her and became extremely happy.

A house like heaven

One day Ro'ya, Azita's sister, came to our house and said: Azita has sent a message and told you to come to Mr. Salehi's house at 3 p.m. by all means. Of course, we had already spoken with Azita and Mr. Qaderi concerned with keeping in touch with this family; but I didn't know what was the reason for this sudden invitation. At exactly 3 p.m. I went to the exact address which was given to me by Ro'ya and when Mehdi, Mr. Salehi's elder son opened the door, I introduced myself as one of Azita's intimate friends and entered. While greeting, Mehdi had an appealing and affectionate look which attracted me in a moment like an extraordinary power. I was sunk in his smiling look. But at once I became alert. I was explaining that Roya, Azita's sister, has invited me to your house and he was behaving me so that as if I know him for year. I didn't assume him as a stranger. I felt he was paying attention to my statements and he was wrapping with my movements and behaviors and I had really intimate and playful behaviors which were different from others'. As if I had attracted him to myself. He directed me toward the house. Before entering, I saw their really beautiful yard. It was a fairly big yard. The red sweetbrier had climbed the walls and had created a very enjoyable and pleasant view. There was a blue-colored full of water pool at the middle of the yard. In some parts of the yard, fig, apple and black cherry trees had been planted. His mother and sister, Narjes, came out of room and welcomed me kindly. They said: Azita is to come here, too. When I entered the room, I felt this house is holy. I felt every part of this house is spiritual and I envied like a little girl who is envied for having a beautiful doll. It was similar to the

wistfulness of a captured prisoner to a bird which is flying. I sighed unconsciously. 10 minutes later, Azita came, too. After greeting and kissing, I said: What happened? Why did you invite me here? She said: Mr. Salehi and his family liked to see you. I said: why? She said: Because that issue finished happily and well. They want to thank you. I became quite embarrassed. I said: Yes, why did you do this? You brought me here for this respectable family to thank me. What did I do? She said: Mr. Salami is saying pray for you a lot? He has said several times that he must visit you. I said: You did badly. I wouldn't come if I knew this issue. Some moments later, Mr. Salehi entered the dining room saying o`Allah. He was carrying prayer beads and wearing a brown cloak. I became surprised; because I thought cloak is specially used by clergymen; but when I asked Azita later, she said: He is wearing a cloak most of the time in the house or while he is worshipping. He was really affable and charismatic. Although it was the first time that he visited me he was behaving me so that; as if I was one of their close relatives or he has seen me for a long period of time. There was a picture of the excellency Muhammad(P.H.) on the dining room wall and there was a photo of Imam Khomeini(P.H.) which its frame was fastened by a black ribbon. The organization educated us; so that we feel we are superior to such people who are real faithful people of Islam and honor ourselves; because we aren't waiting for the excellency Mehdi(P.H.) and we follow a religion which is superior to Islam. But I was so insightful and punctilious and was comparing this family with the organization Baha'is; so I felt deficiency. I was envying all those purity and spirituality. Hajj Agha revitalized war memoirs and spoke about the sacrifices of combatants and about martyrdom and the valor of his fellow fighters after greeting with me. He was making speeches which were new for me; because I had heard contrary to these statements. He was gradually changing his speech towards counterrevolution

people and he pointed out assassinations which have been done during these some years in different cities and; as a result, he wanted to say martyrdom is of our greatest honors and wishes and is one of the highest spiritual ranks that a person must be merited to achieve it. He said modestly: We have been deprived of this great and worthwhile rank and Azita and you were commissioned by God to prevent this event. During his speech he thanked me and said: God loves affectionate and kind people. You proved that you have a brave and kind heart; while, you weren't familiar with us and you didn't have to afflict yourself with trouble. Although you might be killed, you did an action which is merited to be appreciated. Such people are great and respectable and are bestowed by God in his mercy and blessing. Thus, we lived to visit you and to become familiar with you more. Azita Khanom had admired your self-possession, sang-froid, insight and common sense. We especially hold Seyyed in high esteem and according to us the rank of the Excellency Zahra (peace be upon her) is at the highest. We aren't able to make up for your affection, at all. But we want you to assume our family as your second one and to be with Narjes and her mother whenever you like. Assume our house as yours. Mr. Muhammad Salehi spoke more about the action that I had done and presented this action as a significant and valuable one. Especially, he gave some examples to prove that God will surely bestow a great reward to me. By his speech, I remembered my dream about Imam Khomeini (P.H.). That pleasant news wasn't an ordinary one. It wasn't a mundane news. Imam gave good news about a great reward. I became really happy and assured. During the time when Mr. Salehi was speaking with us, Mehdi didn't come into the dining room. Narjes was continuously entertaining us. Eventually Mr. Salehi asked Mehdi to come and explain an issue and restate that problem for us. It was about Sufis and dervishes who think their sages can see unseen things and are aware of

other sides of closed doors. They can guess the human being's thoughts and dominate on universe. He entered the dining room and narrated us that he has searched about Sufis curiously and participated in their gatherings. He said: The photos and pictures of dervishes' heads are put on these people's house's walls and they have some signals and emblems that representing a matter. For instance, their sages are assumed as great and potent as a prophet and God by them and; in fact they assume partner for God. They bow to their heads and respect them extravagantly. I asked Mehdi: What are the differences between sages and dervishes' beliefs and Muslims? He said: Accidently, I was seeking for this issue and realized that Sufi heads have beliefs which are quite against our religious ones. I asked him some questions about this group's beliefs and Mehdi explained; because he had complete information regarding this cult. His explanation made me think deeply. When he was explaining about head pictures and photos and their special signals, and about respecting and cherishing their heads and their extreme love towards their heads and when he was narrating that they assume themselves as the most supreme group across the world and they think all pure and honest people will follow their path one day and when he said that participating in meetings is compulsory for them, I realized that they don't differ much with Baha'is and this issue made me think deeply. I said to myself: We maybe one of these cults that we have joined them by our head's slogans. I expressed my interest and said: I am enthusiastic about participating in their gathering and become familiar with them. Can you help me? Mehdi said: Sufi aren't just a group and Sunni Sufi and Shiite ones have contradictory beliefs and he continued: I had social intercourse with Shiite Sufis. I begged him to make me familiar with them and his mother, sister and I were to go to their gathering one day and I was to show my enthusiasm in order to have social intercourse with and search about them.

Mehdi was speaking and I was listening carefully. He was a slim and average height boy. He had a round and good looking face which had been glamorous by having oval beard a bit. His big eyes were similar to his father's and his small nose and mouth resembled to his mother's. He had worn a blue shirt over his navy blue trousers. Mehdi was nearly 20 years old. After graduation in mechanics course, he had been employed in police force; but everybody knew him as a person pertaining to mobilization during his education period; because he was active in mobilization. I asked all of these issues in the presence of his father, mother and sister. I spoke with him so comfortably and intimately that after finishing our speech, Azita said: lucky you, you behaved so comfortably and socially during this period that I still haven't been able to speak with Mehdi easily during the time I have had social intercourse with this family. She smiled and said: You had attracted Mehdi's attention to herself by your beautiful behavior and laughers, O'playful girl. That day we spoke with each other till evening and then Narjes, Azita and I went to Narjes's room and I had an intimate relationship with Narjes. It was sunset when I thanked all members of the family. I said goodbye to them and came back home accompanied by Azita. Azita kept in touch with their house and came to my house. That night Azita and I didn't sleep till dawn like most of nights when I was spending my time with my friends. After a while, I had befriended Mr. Salehi's family so that according to Hajji I thought they were my second family. Narjes was an affectionate girl. She was lively and funny. She was respecting my beliefs. She was trying not to argue with me and when she felt that our speech would end in an argument, she was changing the argument and finishing it with a funny joke. Her behavior caused me not to condemn her and her beliefs and not to act stubbornly. Everything that I was hearing about her family and her was being said by me to Parviz. This was a great help that I could gradually change

Parviz's viewpoint towards Shiites. Parviz wanted to join the counterrevolution cells in mountain again. I threatened him and said: If you continue this way, I wouldn't talk to you, anymore. He surrendered, too. He never returned to mountain. That year, both of us succeeded in our exams and next year I used educated Baha'is and asked private teachers to help me with difficult lessons and continued my education.

My restless spirit and Sufism

I took part dervishes' meeting place. I familiarized with a woman who was ill and her hands and face's skins were blistering like burning state and were painful and bloody. She was a young woman who had suddenly suffered from this ailment. She was sure that if she referred to one of the sages, she would be cured. She was extremely fond of her path like all followers of Sufism cult. In their meeting, Rumi and Hafiz's poems were being recited. They had books written by their dignitaries. Some pages of those books were being recited, too. And then everybody was being entertained with tea and sweet and then one of their dignitaries who still hadn't been a sage entered the meeting place. He had a long beard and protruding belly. He also was heavy and short. Everybody bowed, kissed his hand and cried. That man who was cherished by addresses made a speech. I was listening to his words so curiously. It was obvious that he wasn't knowledgeable. He couldn't speak suitable and fluently. His statements were rudimentary and somehow wrong. But the audience was listening to him amorously and they believed that he has some miracles. He is more likely aware of behind the closed doors. And he can guess our thoughts. But he hides

us this issue. The audience assumed him as a high-ranked person who had divine power. They were telling their problems to him and he guided them. He was saying snide remarks and it was quite clear. If their problems became more and more complex, he would say I had told and guided you in another way and if he became accidentally successful and they achieved their wishes, he would say this success is due to my guidance. For instance, this lady was narrating that one of our relatives wasn't going to have a baby, at all. One day the great men (They meant this person) had given good news about having baby to them and about such issues that made people gather around him. He was capturing people in such a way that they were obeying their dignitaries' orders. Mehdi was saying: Colonialism has founded cults and preached them among most countries that was going to plunder and colonize them in order to entertain people with superstitions and illusions and to keep them away from their nearby facts and to pillage their wealth. Most dignitaries of these cults who were stooges of colonialism itself have been told to prevent their followers meddling with policy in order not to have any role in political decision making and to leave colonialism-related government alone. I was going to those meeting places for a period of time. I had relationships with some of them. I was going to their houses with this excuse that I am interested in this path. I was searching about them. I befriended with another family who were young and had a five-year-old offspring and discussed with them. They didn't have any reason and logic for legitimacy of their path just like us as Baha'is. They just pointed out the love to this path and their extreme fondness and they considered this as legitimacy of their path. Through their speech, I realized that they are attacking to Shiite religion severely and saying: We are real Shiites and they are ignorant about reality. One day I said to them: We believe that the promised Mehdi (P.H.) has emerged and brought new commandments and orders on behalf of

God. They gave many examples many people have claimed for Qaemiat [:being the promised Mahdi as Qaem] and have made many people follow them. They appointed such people in countries like Iran, India and other countries which Russia, England and Israel were going to colonialize them. Their collaborators and they could attract some people through their lies and made them busy and amused in order to embezzle their properties by the name of religion and to achieve their political aims. I insisted that your religion may be so; but they didn't accept. They were saying: Our school has lasted for the excellency Ali(P.H.) period of time and it is the most impeccable and the highest divine school. Their insistence in proving the legitimacy of their path quite resembled Baha'is and I had suspected the legitimacy of my path completely; but I couldn't find any substitution for it. Thus I was continuing my activities and I was continuously asking God to uncover the absolute reality for me. The right path which steers me to real integrity in order for me to go ahead surly and unshakeably and live purposefully and faithfully. The only aim that I had was God's satisfaction and achieving to spirit transcends.

I was continuing my religious activities. I became Baha'is nursery school's instructor. I was paid a trifling salary for managing nursery school by the organization. I was spending most of it for the needy. Because I didn't need it. I was going to serve kids with pure intention. But the programs which were given to me to train kids were in the direction of brainwashing them. And I was obviously observing that they were making children pessimistic towards Islam and Muslims and they were filling children's minds with superstitions and illusions which had been brought about by Baha and Abdul Baha. Because they were making people frightened by giving examples and narrating stories about turning against Baha'ism. They were also making children frightened of selecting any path except Baha's one; so people were being

intimidated, boycotted and dropping by family. Thus they were shouting slogans of being free in stating and selecting one's belief. They were superficially pretending that Baha'is can select their ways after stating and selecting their beliefs freely when they are 15 years old. And what was the slogan of being free in selecting one's belief; which no Baha'i person could get married with Muslims. They weren't allowed to study other communities' books. They weren't allowed to study rejected books which had been written by Baha'is who become Muslims. They didn't have enough time to search about the recognition and knowledge of other religions because of the abundance of miscellaneous classes which were compulsory. They had been amused so much and Islam which was God's path had been advertised badly that being free in selecting one's belief was meaningless. And I as the instructor of those innocent children avoided training some parts; for example, I didn't plant the seed of hate and estrangement in their small heart. Because I became familiar with Mr. Muhammad Salehi's family and my opinion had been changed about Shiite. I was preventing the children of hate and hostility. These programs were being done while the slogan of friendship, cordiality and kindness with other nations and religions were being shouted by Baha'is. And all these hate and anger against Muslims were being injected by those who were claiming for public peace and unity of the human world.

I was busy all the time. I was studying my lessons and I was doing artistic activities in my free time. I loved artistic activities and I knew every art to some extent. I was brocading. I was fond of carpet weaving. I selected a close-knit Bijari design for carpet which was cushion one. I changed the design according to my desire in order to be changed into a design for a 3-meter carpet. Everybody, even skillful carpet weavers were disagreeing this action. They were saying: It is impossible and the carpet will become

defective. But I could insistently execute my favorite design. I knitted two big carpets having beautiful Bijari design in which I had changed all colors according to my desire. It contained beautiful protruding rose flowers and beautiful birds whose songs could be listened out of carpet nature. My relationship with Parviz continued in a form of an intact and friendly one. I passed one more winter and I went to Tehran during Norouz feast [new year feast]. I learned how to make puppet there. When I came home, I changed the big storeroom inside the yard into a workshop for making puppet. I got my brother the primary investment. But after a short time, I could run that investment and earn money. My father and mother were helping me in their free time. I had made two or three girls of our neighbors busy working, too. I had to go to Tehran alone for marketing, buying required cloth and taking orders. This was the most difficult stage for me. Tehran's environment was tainted. I was afraid that this struggle for honorable earning for a living will end in my honor to be deflated. Although nothing happened; but people didn't expect a girl in my age to be so active and initiative. I was observing that some people were trying to enter and meddle with my private life and some people were going to befriend and misuse me. I was being bothered with such issue severely. For this reason, after some month when all the cloths changed to puppet I didn't continue this job, anymore. While I had a fairly good income. One more year passed. Parviz had decided to ask for my hand and he was continuously insisting me to agree with getting married with him and to let me to ask for your hand and to force your family to be agreed with this marriage and I knew that we will encounter with a great disagreement on behalf of my family. Parviz laughed and said: War, War toward victory and he encouraged me if you agree with this marriage and if you love me, nobody can prevent us getting married with each other. Eventually, one day he came to propose marriage along with

his mother. My parents disagreed. My brothers who were in Germany and Africa became aware of this courtship. I was determined to get married with him; but my brother and sisters disagreed extremely to the extent that they threatened me to cut their relationship with me. They were saying: He is Muslim. Your beliefs are gradually becoming frail. You should ask a Muslim for permission. You can't continue your organization activities and at last this belief disagreement will end in divorce. And Parviz was promising not to disagree with my activities; but disagreements were becoming more day by day. Parviz was discussing with my brothers for hours; but it was inconsequential. I said to my brothers that your disagreement is vain and useless. I am determined to get married with him. I have had social intercourse with him for several years. I know him completely. We love each other. Religion shouldn't cause me not to achieve my legitimate wishes. Parviz was giving me good promises. I knew that he will have a good future. He was so talented. He could raise me, too. I knew I could achieve more successes being with him. I was thinking unilaterally anymore like Baha'is. I wasn't assuming success as gaining organization ranks. My brothers and their wives referred to the coterie to dissuade me getting married with him. They were thinking that I would obey the coterie.

I am being called by the coterie again

They called me up to the coterie and I disobeyed their orders. They called me up once more; but I didn't go. One night, they came to our house and held the meeting here. They attacked me. My brothers and sisters were on one side and my parents begged me imploringly and submissively in the other side had

tightened me. There was no way for me but escaping that situation. I left angrily and went to my room. I said: If you disagree, I will escape with him. I remembered my elder brother's statement that he had sworn not to disagree with my marriage. The next day, I went to my brother's house and said: Hadn't you promised me that you yourself recite our wedding vows. Now, this is the time to conclude our contract. He accepted sadly without disagreement. We went to a notary public office along with Parviz's mother and my older brother. We related that I am Baha'i. Because of differences in belief, two marriage contracts were to be concluded: an Islamic contract and a Baha'i one. But that notary public's office didn't accept and said: The girl must become Muslim, too; otherwise, the contract would be wrong. We went to another notary public's office; but they refused doing this action. We came back home disappointed. When I arrived home, I realized that the house was really sorrowful. A house which was always full of overcrowding, cheerfulness and intimacy was similar to a plangent house in which a cherished person had been lost. My mother wasn't kind to me, anymore. My father had become silent and he was thinking deeply. My brothers and sisters were driving me away. I was feeling strangely at home. I was under pressure. Salim said unhappily: I say this word now that you don't air your grievance later. If you get married with Parviz, we won't have social intercourse with you. None of us will come to your house. If you reach a deadlock some time in the future, and you want to divorce, you won't be allowed to come back. I said: No matter, I have accepted all of these conditions. There is always an exalted presence for human being in order not to feel helpless and that is God's one. Parviz who saw my resistance had become fiend more than before. He made a room in their house yard that lasted ten days. After whitening, Parviz had drawn all parts of doors and wall by his designating. He had even sketched the ceiling skillfully by his

modeling. One day, I went to their house with my mother and Parviz's mother received us warmly and favorably. She was kissing me at the bottom of her heart and was kind to me because I had caused his son not to change his idea of joining to counterrevolution cells. Then, she showed us the room which Parviz had made. It was really poetic and artistic. His drawings were unique. He had drawn an old man at the corner of the room that was really similar to my father. And each wrinkle around his eyes and forehead was going to speak as much as a world and the tiredness of his lifetime and spending the hard days of life were clear in his eyes. He had drawn my caricature which had displayed my big eyes in my face. He had continued my long eyelashes to my eyebrows like dolls attractively. While my mother was watching this beautiful drawing, she said: These two people have become crazy. They think life is easy. In near future when they will have a baby and the baby will ask thousands of things, they will say we may damn wrong. I said: Mom, I eventually didn't understand that your disagreement is because of our difference in beliefs or other issues? She said: Everything. She turned to Parviz and said: Do you let Raha to make her children Baha'i? Do you let her to send them to ethics classes or other meetings? Parviz said: I learned to choose my way by myself. Children themselves should select their ways, too. Neither I nor Raha should force them to obey our ways. Mom said: But we send children to our nursery school when they are two or three years old. The organization assigns special programs for them. They learn what they should since childhood. When they become fifteen of age, they themselves will become Baha'is formally without insisting or meddling by the other people. I said: Mom, why wasn't I fond of becoming Baha'i formally? Mom sighed and said: You were disobedient and insurgent since childhood; additionally, your childhood period of time was simultaneous with war and you didn't go to nursery school, too. You didn't participate in

ethics class regularly. Parviz laughed and said: yet, at the end, this insurgent kid became tame well. She sacrificed his education for her way. Parviz's mother's eyes had become too weak. Physicians presumed she would be blind. Parviz's mother touched both of her eyes and said: Setareh Khanom, these problems will be solved. May God give us health. All of us are God's slave and we worship just Him. The way doesn't differ. Mom said: Accidentally, I have come here to tell this matter that this marriage isn't advisable. It will end in differences. Raha's brothers don't speak with her yet. Parviz's mother said: No, these matters happen before marriage. After marriage their hearts will be softened. They can't relinquish their sister. Mom said: No, it isn't so among us. A person who doesn't listen to the coterie, he/she will be deserted by all relatives. If he/she gets married to a Muslim without the coterie allowance, he/she will be a stranger. Then, she continued. I myself had two sisters who got married to Muslims. All relatives cut their relationship with them. Now, I haven't seen them for years, anymore. Parviz said: This will be bad, too. If you had social intercourse with them, you could attract their husbands towards yourselves. Mom said: Muslims won't become Baha'i at all. In earlier days, our groom took my sister to Mecca and made her do penance and deprived her out of us forever. Mom was speaking about maternal aunts. They were living in Hamadan. Both of them had become Muslim. I hadn't seen one of them who had gone to Mecca and was a really faithful and Piet Muslim. My family had vituperated about my maternal aunts so much that I didn't love them unconsciously. The vituperating by my family was concerned with their beliefs. They were remembering my aunts as boycotted, incompetent and black-hearted people. They believed that God hasn't loved my maternal aunts and he hasn't given salvation to them and hasn't permitted them pass this creed. Mom was revealing her inner facts while she was speaking honestly and frankly. She

wasn't speaking like educated and political Baha'is. parviz said: I promise to leave Raha alone. She can live in any way she likes. I promise not to take her to Mecca. He said banteringly because I can't afford it. But she is a talented girl. She should never abandon her lessons and studying. I try to send her to university to become an important person. He continued: At last, I accepted and believed in Raha's statements. I changed my mind out of the way I had selected. I will never enter into political issues, anymore. I have decided just to study. I have recently realized that we act as a chessman in great politicians' hands. They make us dance in any way they love like a scarecrow and take us to anywhere they like. And we fight each other with no reason. Mom suddenly cried and said: O'God. You should have killed me in order not to bestow this baby of the family to me. I became extremely sad about this statement. I was really fond of my mother; so I couldn't withstand my mother's downhearted face. As if a knife was inserted into my heart. I said: Mom, my sweetheart. Be satisfied with me all the time. You are my mere love after God. What is my sin that you wish so? She said: You tell lies, if I were important for you, you would listen to my statements and you count on my words; because I have suffered a lot of difficulties to raise you. And you wouldn't torment me. I wish my hands had been broken and hasn't let you meet each other so much. Was it the result of my trust?! I thought you were so wise to know that we don't join strangers. I didn't know love makes your eyes blind and wastes all of my troubles. She was stating these words and crying. When she was crying as if the world is being wrecked over my head. I couldn't tolerate that situation even a moment. I said: My mother, my sweetheart. My dear Mom. If you tell me to die, I'll die. You are so wise and logical to let me do this action. I don't want to do wrong. I am 18 now and I have decided to get married. The only problem is that the person whom I have elected isn't of the same belief with

us. It isn't a great fault. It is solvable. Why do you make this issue too big? Mom said: No, Raha. It is a big issue very big. You yourself know the establishment. We will become dishonored. Everybody will blame us. It is unlikely for us to get married and join the Muslims. Don't waste your father and brothers' troubles. Parviz said: Setareh Khanom, I beg you not to disturb yourself so much. You have made a lot of effort for me. Raha and I could educate and take diploma because of your mercy and kindness. I really love you as much as my mother. I will never forget your affection. Since childhood when I got ill, your healing hands would cure me. If I didn't love you, I would come toward Raha. I don't like you to be unhappy. You just make mistakes. This establishment thinking of its interests and sacrifices people for its aims. People's fate isn't important for it, at all. Just a little smartness is needed in order for you to understand what I am saying. I swear by God that they don't think and care about people's futurity and finality. They are just thinking of mundane positions and political aims. Don't become a puppet for the establishment. Which religion has establishment process like this one? Religion shouldn't be subordinated to establishment system. Religion has been sent for hearts and every heart which is ready to accept it will be attracted to it. All these obligation, extravagance and falling short aren't necessary. All of these are the establishment heads' trick and stratagem. They have used religion for hawking. They have used the name of religion in order to penetrate people's hearts easily. I swear you by God not leave yourself in a lurch for the establishment. Like a pot which was stuffed, my mother Juddly burst and stood up and said: here is Raha and you. Do whatever you like. But Raha I'll suicide. I have lived enough. I have suffered adequately. I have cried. I wanted to spend the last days of my life without sadness and torment but you didn't let. I can't tolerate my day and night to be dark I can't be despondent for my last offspring to be miserable and cry

for her. My eyesight has become poor. I kissed her and said: mat I be sacrificed for your eyes. Dear mom, I may damn wrong to cause you to die. If I have one hundred souls, I will sacrifice them for a thread of your hair. If you really aren't satisfied I have to accept. I looked at Parviz and said: the passage of time may join us; but right away I have given you a negative answer. My mother said: unless the passage of time kills me, then you are free to do everything. I said: God, forbidden. Anything you say, mom. I have no word. Parviz said sadly: Do you make an about-face? I said: you yourself tampered everything. Why did you speak so in the presence of my mother? Don't you know that she is really sensitive? You expressed all your beliefs now and you superficially say then that I don't meddle with your beliefs. Everybody understands that you affect on me so much after marriage. When I wanted to leave his room, he said: Raha, I built this room for the sake of your love. I said: it wasn't our lot. Forgive me.

That day I left Parviz's house along with my mother. And I promised my mother not to think of getting married with Parviz forever and cut my relationship with him forever in order to forget him gradually. I didn't like my mother to be unhappy. I didn't make her feel beholden, too. I showed my satisfaction so that; as if I was satisfied at the bottom of my heart. But forgetting Parviz wasn't easy. I had made him hopeful and now I became indifferent to him viciously. But there was no way. Baha's hate toward the Muslims was to such an extent that I was sure they would deprive me of my family especially visiting my mother. Baha's will have social intercourse with the Muslims on the condition that no danger will threaten them and meanwhile they can proselytize Baha'ism and Baha'i thoughts. They were speaking just with quite uneducated people and commoners. I never saw a Baha'i person speak with a Muslim scholar and land sit near him. They knew that they would be condemned; thus they

weren't arguing with scholars, educated people and especially clergymen, at all. I was pretending to be happy and indifferent in order for my mother not to be sorrowful. But as soon as I was becoming alone, my heart pains became renewed and my soul was bursting into flames. My brothers and sisters became aware of the news of the changing of my mind concerning getting married to a Muslim person. Salim and Soudabeh invited everybody and gave a small party. All members of my family dance and gamboled being motivated by a Kurdish song. Everybody had become kind with me and said: You passed a great trial. You succeeded in this trial, too. Baha'i community needs you. You are talented, hard-working and vigorous. You can develop Amr [:Baha'i creed] and be useful for Baha'i community. It is a pity that you are lost. I knew that they were happy; because they could make proud of the organization again. They could say that once again we proved that we are duty bound to Baha'ism so much. These boastings, outstrips and keeping up with the Joneses for being in the organization were cultures that the organization itself had fostered and planed them intentionally. Because faith was a category that was concerned with heart beliefs. But being organizational meant stepping up in the direction of administrative and political aims of politicians. That is, people leave each other alone concerning praying, fasting and doing other liturgical and religious issues which are related to faith. Although they knew that most of the youth don't pray and fast. They didn't oppose, at all. They weren't suffering from any pressure. But as soon as they were acting against the organization order; for instance, they weren't taking part in meetings or they weren't going ahead according to the political orders of the day they would be encountered with severe opposition.

That night when they had held a celebration for me, I had butterflies in my stomach. I was thinking of Parviz's loneliness. I was thinking of this issue that how I can live

without him and reading his nice writings and without watching his beautiful drawings and without love and hope from this time on. For the following day when I became alone, I was being awakened by my mother's mollification. But when I opened my eyes, I liked to close them and to forget what has happened for me. I liked not to be awakened, anymore in order not to be annoyed by the heavy grief of relenting Parviz. I was crying due to his detachment at dusk. I read my writings over and over, the ones which he had confirmed and called them as masterpieces. He had made a heroine out of me. A heroine who is going to fight with a sect and to dominate everybody alone in the battleground and to be successful in her love path. But that heroine fell on the ground due to a drop of cold tear of mother and surrendered. Although I adored Parviz; but the pain of this love wasn't so heavy that I sacrifice everything for it. But I was regretful; because I signed a treaty of friendship with him, at first and I fell in love with a person with whom I wasn't to live. But I was an innocent party. Continuing my education at university, my getting married with Parviz and even my having social intercourse with Mr. Salehi's family and studying my favorite books were all being sacrificed by the organization desire. My life wasn't facultative and this was my certain dynasty. We spent the last days of winter. While snow had whitened everywhere. Some days later, Parviz's mother came out of their house while she was shivering with cold and wearing a delicate and thin clothes. She stopped me while I was going to school. She gave me a letter. And she said: This is Parviz's last letter. I took it eagerly. I liked to know which stance he has assumed after that disappointment and receiving negative answer and what he has felt towards me. I thanked Parviz's mother and came back home. When I read the letter, I got fed up with life. He had directly insulted me. He had likened me to an animal which is in lack of willpower and obeys its owner. He had classified me as a person whose dynasty will

be determined by others. Then he had explained the organization; so that I became embarrassed myself to be Baha'i and to be under the yoke of tyranny. He had condemned oppressor and underdog equally and had expressed his regret to fall in love with me. He had decided to forget me forever. He had finished his letter by writing these verses:

We had no taste of the drink of her ruby lips and she was gone

We had hardly seen moon face to our satisfaction and she was gone

Maybe she had become very annoyed with our society

For, she packed up and we could never catch up with her after she was gone.

After reading Parviz's letter, I had detested myself. For my previous background, I felt I was an adherent slave who is in lack of willpower. I called Nasim and narrated the issue for her. I asked her what she would do with Siamak. She said: I can't separate him, at all. I can't live without him ever a moment. I have promised him to get married to him in any condition.

The coterie' impact with Nasim

Several days later, Nasim called and said: Siamak has gone to my father and brothers' shop and asked permission to ask for my hand along with his family. But they gave him negative answer without consulting with me and without telling me anything, at all. His mother and sister came to our house and begged my mother to set a date for proposal ceremony. My mother has rejected and given them negative answer without asking my idea. Nasim said: I quarreled my family and said: Why didn't you ask my idea? They said: We don't let you get married to strangers and this issue is referred to the coterie. Nasim was nearly quite and shy. I was thinking that she can't resist against the coterie pertinacity and she would surrender soon; but I was unaware of her for a period of time; until the news of Nasim's escape with a Muslim boy echoed among Bahai's. I envied all of her bravery and backbone. I was surprised that I couldn't resist; though, I was really brave. How could do this action; although, she was shy. I admire her unshakeable willpower and her amorous and confident heart and I was waiting to know where this adventure will end. Because I had heard Nasim's brothers were looking for her. Some days later, I heard Nasim and Siamak have gone to a notary public office and have recited the wedding vows and during these days they had gone to an inn in Mashhad. I considered it probable that Nasim had become a Muslim. But Bahai's were vituperating about her so much that I didn't like to be in her shoes. I was just saying a prayer for her to resist against the organization's oppressions and to become prosperous. Because I knew the organization would use all of its power and trick to prevent this issue and it won't leave Nasim alone and will make them suffer a lot of problems. Because if she succeeded and this culture preached, this way would be probably opened for other youth and they would disobey the commandments. Eventually, I heard Nasim's brother separated her from Siamak and they quarreled with Siamak severely. They have

complained Siamak, too; because he had kidnapped a girl. I got a chance and called Nasim. Nasim was just crying. She was insisting me to visit her. I said to her: It isn't a proper decision to come to your house at this delicate time. Because everybody may assume me guilty. She said: You were too timid. I surrendered and went to visit her. As if their house was under the control of the organization. I didn't feel secure. I was afraid of door and wall. I was thinking they may overhear the speech between Nasim and me. I hadn't seen Nasim to miserable and sorrowful. She resembled a person whom all the doors had been closed for him/her. Sometime she was speaking about suicide. She was crying severely. I said to her: Why are you crying so much? When you could destroy captivity barrier, you can do it again. They can't force you to separate. Nasim said: My family differ yours very much. They aren't logical. They have quarantined me. I can't call even without their permission. I can't pick up the receiver. I am not allowed to leave the house alone. They don't think of my prosperity. They just want to act according to the organization orders. I swear that if I surrender the organization orders and separate from Siamak, I will escape with Siamak again even if I have got married to another person. Nasim and Siamak resembled two lovebirds that were separated each other forcefully and were sorrowful due to their isolation. They had gotten married with each other. And the organization had separated them ruthlessly. It was impossible for Nasim's brother to do an action without the organization's consultation. They were doing any action which was advisable to the organization. I asked Nasim: Did you become Muslim? Nasim said: You know that we should conclude an Islamic marriage contract. Then, Siamak took me to Imam Reza(P.H.) holy shrine. I promised him to be beside him and to live with him forever and to march in step with him. Nasim was indifferent about religion and it wasn't important religion like other youth. Nasim confabulated with

me for hours and she was anathematizing other organization members and coterie elements continuously. It was dusk and I had to come back home. I was to call her tomorrow. When I called, her mother said: Nasim has traveled. I didn't believe and I thought she didn't like to speak with me. That day in the evening, I heard Nasim has been sent to her maternal aunt's house in Zanjan in order not to be in Sanadaj and to access to Siamak and his family. Nasim's adventure had become a popular object in Bahai's gathering. Although Nasim's family had prevented this marriage, people were talking behind this family's back because concerning this issue that they hadn't been able to instruct their daughter. The days were passing bitterly for me, too. I heard that Parviz had accepted at Tehran university and has gone there. Salim deprived me to go to Tehran forever. He wasn't even allowing me to visit my sister Sharareh in Tehran for even one day. I was extremely sorrowful and depressed; although Bahman was at home and was trying to make the home atmosphere cheerful and happy accompanied by Pouya. Our house was permanently full of guests. And the organization entertainment wasn't giving me much choice and opportunity to be and think. But a heavy grief was squeezing my heart and had made me be tightened. One day, I was busy tidying up the storeroom. I found a Santur whose some wires had been torn up. From that moment, it came to my mind to learn to play this musical instrument and as I told before I wasn't interested in popular songs and pop ones since I was a teenager. I was fond of traditional songs and musical instruments. I was listening to symphony according to Parviz's suggestion. I was interested in listening to Shajarian and Hesam-al-Din Seraj songs or other permissible original Iranian songs composed and sung by old singers such as Mr, Banan, Mr, Qavami, Parisa and Hengameh Akhvan. In contrast, such songs which contained meaningless poems and nonsensical music didn't attract my interest and I was tolerating listening to them for some

moments hard. The motivation of learning a traditional musical instrument had extremely excited me. At the beginning of spring I referred to music society. I was already going to calligraphy class in this society. I had advanced. But one of Bahai girls who was in lack of social behaviors and was famous for scurrilousness and impoliteness argued with the manager of the society. She caused other Baha'i members to be kicked out of this society. I never forget a day when calligraphy instructor wanted to narrate this issue that I had been dropped out. But he wasn't able. I was the most talented among his students. I was always being praised by him particularly. That day I excited his wonderment and wistfulness by showing my assignments. After a long pause. He sighed and said: Ms. Doosti quarreled elaborately with Mr. Molaee yesterday and cursed him severely. She insulted Muslims during his words and said: All Muslims are similar to each other. Mr. Molaee became angry, too. He said: If Baha'is resemble you, then alas to Baha'i community. Now, the manager of society has become aware of this issue. He has also said: Baha'is has these activities among themselves. It doesn't need for them entering these Islamic societies in order to fracture the kids' minds and faith and to insult and disrespect instructors and attendants. Thus he kicked you out, too. Mr. Kamali said sorry about this issue and said: You were one of my best pupils and I was so hopeful about you. Now, I beg you not to quit calligraphy. That day, I said goodbye to Mr. Kamali sorrowfully. At the time of saying goodbye, I had a lump in my throat. I couldn't prevent myself to dry. I left the society crying. And now when I had referred there to learn music, I went to visit him. I inquired about instructors. He introduced me as one of the best instructors who was trustworthy ethically and was experienced and skillful concerning music technique.

Rezaee and I

I went into the presence of this young instructor. He was to come to our house a week concisely to instruct me Santur. When I came back home, I consulted with Pouya. He said: This instructor has been praised by everybody. And as long as I am aware nobody can instruct like him in the west of the country. He is a famous composer and he is performing really interesting concerts in Tehran and abroad every year. The best composer and musician of the country such as the Kamkars and the Andalibies and many other ones were from Sanandaj. I heard my instructor was of the same level of them and he is instructing in m and he is instructing in Sanadaj. From the first moment when I saw this young instructor, I predicted some problems. But I was too nervous about the organization and I was too angry about them that I decided without thinking about anything. Pouya said: As if you want to start a new adventure. I said: I don't know. I wish I would have a happy ending. If a single, Muslim instructor comes twice a week to our house, it would frighten retainers. They would have emergency cares in advance and would expose necessary sensitivities in order for any love not to be created and for another adventure not to develop. Pouya said: Your vexations won't end. I am sure that Agha Salim will oppose. I said: If I don't become absorbed in music, I will become mad. My cousins have given up hope with this religion and although their fathers and mothers were Baha'is, they became Muslim. They are advancing in education and scientific learning. And I am suffering damage because of being Baha'i. I won't relent in this regard, at all. Nobody can oppose me. The appointed day approached and Mr. Rezaee came to our house. Accidentally the first day, Salim opened the door for him. He introduced himself and entered, too. Salim also

directed him respectfully toward upstairs. Mr. Rezaee sat on the chair in my room. He started retelling about his felling concerted with the nearby nature. He had been passed out the nature that; as if, he hadn't encountered such nature before. His strange behavior was that he wasn't looking at me even for some moments neither when he was speaking nor he was listening to my words. Of course, he didn't resemble to those who are afraid of something or want to pretend themselves as impeccable and bashful people; but he was so habitually. For this reason, I was relaxed with him from early days. I found him as a shameful person who had delicate and sensitive emotions. He was a successful artist. His continuous successes in music had made him a perfect and wealthy person. He had transcendent thoughts and beliefs which were in lack of obsession and great shortage and he was different from others. I was skillful enough to investigate people mentally and psychologically. And I could find such characteristics in his essence. He had an artistic face. He had fair hair, eyelash, beard and mustache. He had piercing brown eyes. My parents entered my room and received him warmly and they respected him so much that he felt completely comfortable and secure. He looked at me for a moment and said: What kind parents you have. They are really civilized and virtuous. I am habituated to mention merits and beauties. I am relaxed in this regard. Merits should be appreciated and merits and dignities should be stated. Rare characters should be advertised and your parents are of a group that attract people. Because they have great spirits. They aren't shortsighted and boycotted. They are affectionate and honest. For the first day, our class lasted for more than two hours; although, it was to last for an hour. Because Mr, Rezaee was speaking for an hour and this was one of his fault that he was expressing his feelings towards nature and other social issues. Sometimes he was speaking too grandiloquently that I thought he was speaking while he was reading a book or he

has learned a matter by heart and as if he was giving a lecture. Most of the time, I didn't understand his words and I was confirming compulsorily. He was always saying: I don't teach just music in classes. All the things that a person has experienced during his/her life periods of time through studying different books should transfer to others. He believed that everyone of us is the hero of our life story. He believed that ordinary people or even violators are heroes of their lives. And why doesn't anybody depict such people in the books in order for the reality life in the essences of these people and their individualistic creativities to be displayed. He had nearly high general knowledge. He had acquired all of his information and knowledge through his artistic perceptiveness. I was practicing day and night. I was at the summit of learning music technique. But my grief hadn't been decreased. I liked those days to be returned. The days when we were studying with Parviz enthusiastically and discussed about political and religious issues. I liked him to be here and to observe my advancement in music and to share him Mr. Rezaee's thoughts and beliefs and to investigate those beliefs with him. I needed his encouragement and admire a lot. But I was deprived of all those things. I was suffering and enduring with my loneliness. I had lots of capabilities that I couldn't restrict and apprehend them. Out of necessity, I was searching for discovering identity and spending my time positively. When I noticed that I was waning inclosed and surrounded organization environment and my talents were wasting because of exactions and mono-lateral insight of the organization, I was seeking refuge to music art especially engaging in music was being confirmed by the organization. And my activity didn't superficially have any obstacles. From that time on, Mr. Rezaee was coming to our house regularly thrice a week and was training me. Each time he came to our house, he was watching nearby gardens out of my room window and saying: This beautiful and fanciful landscape is

unconsciously attracting me to itself. One day, I should bring my lute to go there, here is really similar to heaven. Most of the day, Bahai's were going to those gardens collectively and dancing. One day I said to Mr. Rezaee: One day when all Baha'is came here, I will invite you, too in order for them to be familiar with you. One day Azita came to our house. That day Mr. Rezaee was to come to train me. I called some Baha'i families and said to come overthere today like most of the day and I said to them: My music instructor is going to join us and we can benefit his playing in open air. I called him to bring his favorite musical instrument. My parents were aware of all of these planning. When Mr. Rezaee came, Azita and I went to nearby gardens with him. During the way we saw Farhad, our elder groom. He was always acting grudgingly with me provincially. He had gone directly to my brothers' office and agitated them against me. He had told them: Here is line and sign. These two people will fall in love and this time they will dishonor. That day in the evening, one of my brothers came to our house and protested: Why have you become so intimate with this man? I said to him: If he was one of lecherous Baha'i youth, nobody would oppose. But you oppose because he is Muslim. If I wanted to get married to a Muslim and suffered all those problems, I would get married with Parviz. He said: Anyway this wasn't a right action. I became angry and lost my cool and stated all of Farhad's areas of weakness one by one with a loud voice. From hideous behaviors of his sister to his improper deeds. I said: Why doesn't anybody oppose these things? At that time, Farhad entered. He had heard all of my words. He said tome angrily: Shut up. I said: why? Because I am saying right? Farhad said to my sister: We leave here and never come back until Raha is here. My sister defended me and said: She isn't wrong. Why have you exaggerated this issue? He became angry and left. My sister and her two offspring stayed at our house. This was the first time that a difference of opinion was being arrived among our

family. Salim was in Tehran. When he arrived and became aware of the issue, he accepted my words and said: From this time on, hold your classes in our house in order for any rough words not to be exchanged. My sister was in our house and Farshad was in his father's for some days. And at last Farhad came to our house and took my sister and his two offspring. But this issue miffed forever. He had told my sister: You aren't allowed to commemorate Raha. I wasn't going to their house anymore. Although I was confronting him less because of his lie-monger and shallow personality. I narrated the issue for Mr. Rezaee with difficulty. I begged him to come to Salim's house to teach. It was for nearly three months that he was regularly coming to our house and training me. Everybody was concerned about being any secret relationship between my instructor and me. But Mr. Rezaee wasn't such a person who misuses my family trust. Earlier, he had told he had had fiancée and they were going to get married. These statements were being murmured among Baha'is for a period of time and my brothers were hearing. Salim had decided to be sure about the relationship between Mr. Rezaee and me and if he discovers that something is wrong between us, he will end it. That is forewarned is forearmed. One day, we had a class in Salim's house. The kids went to classes. Salim and Soudabeh said goodbye to us and left the house. And we were quite alone at home. I felt Mr. Rezaee wasn't relaxed and wanted to finish the class sooner than the usual time. He determined and assigned some practice for the next session and commemorated my parents respectfully and said: Say hello to them. I spoke about paying tuition and he thanked and said goodbye. Later on. I heard Salim had told my brothers: I became relaxed about Raha and Mr. Rezaee's relationship completely. One day, I pretended to leave the house; but I entered the house through the window. I had a place and listened to them. They weren't speaking about any issue but music. Later on, our relationship became more.

Other members of my family came to him to learn different musical instruments. Bahman learned tambourine and my other nephews learned tambour and sitar. Although Salim's son was really young, he also became a significant musician in playing the organ. My elder brother was playing the pipe. For many years, he played well without having instructor. We performed a complete orchestra by members of the family. We performed a program in youth coterie which was admired by everyone. From that time on, we were trapped by the establishment. In music commission, I was the head of the music group and during some months I had learned playing the Santur; so that everybody was astonished. I bought a good Santur by the money I had saved through doll making. I was taking care of that Santur the same as my soul. All of my love was music. My mother was always saying: As if I will lose something if I don't hear the sound of Santur which has played by Raha from her room. My parents were my real encouragers and they were the best listeners when I was practicing stentorian excerpts of music and then when it had become melodious and harmonious. The organization wasn't leaving us alone, anymore. They were sending us to the other cities to perform different programs. We were practicing day and night and we were getting ready to perform a program collectively. For a while, Mr. Rezaee cancelled classes and said: I am getting ready to perform program in Fajr festival in the Vahdat Hall in Tehran. I was going to music association everybody without announcing him and I listened to his group's practice. I was being influenced extremely. I was feeling he was unique in composing and none of the notes that he was composing wasn't repetitive. The songs and lyrics had wonderful harmonies. And melodies were expressing heart narrations. I was sitting in the association hall at the window of their practice room. I was memorizing the music excerpts and I wasn't anything to Mr. Rezaee regarding this issue. One night my brother Amir, invited him for dinner.

After dinner I played this new lyric for him. I was severely surprised and then he said to me: Your talent in music is so much that you will become one of the most phenomenal composers if you continue. He couldn't believe. He was saying: I am training these music excerpts to the group snappily and they can't play as beautifully and comfortably as you; although, they have practiced so much. But how could you memorize and perform those notes well through listening and without having them? I said to him: I can understand the songs that he composes to the extent that as if they have arisen from the deepest parts of my soul and as if they are speaking with me. For this reason, I can play them easily. The last days when all members of the group should have gotten ready to perform a program, Mr. Rezaee wasn't satisfied with the coordination of the group and he had severely become disappointed with them. I wrote a pith in order to encourage him and I begged him not to waste all those troubles by any possible means and to perform. After reading that literary excerpt, he thanked me and said: I haven't had any encourager for years and you motivated me to move. I feel any success that I will have in the future is because of your warm encouragements. I have a person who motivates me and satisfied my mental needs; but I am afraid it will be temporary. I said: Why? He sighed and said: Because you will get married at last and unfortunately in our country, getting married will deprive girls from having freedom of action. I said: We assume that it is so. Don't you have any fiancée? She can be a motivation for your advancement. While moving bridges of Santur, Mr. Rezaee put his claws on wires fiercely and silence was dominated. Then he said: I want to confess. I just want to forgive me already. And he continued: I usually tell my female pupils that I have engaged in order for them not to build castles in the sky during training periods. I said surprisingly: That is, there isn't any person as fiancée in your life, at all? He said: Yes, there

is a girl who is fond of me crazily. My family urges me to get married with her, too. But we don't have the same spirit, at all. She isn't a woman of music. I am sure that she can't tolerate me and we will encounter a lot of problems in our life. She just considers her beauty important and she never tries to think about more important issues. Apart from this fact, I need a person who understands me and values my round-the-clock activities. I need a person who loves my art and encourages me to achieve more success and gratifies my spirit, I said: Have you promised her to get married to her? He said: No, never. She just knows we are to ask for her hand. My mother has spoken to her mother. I said: But you said she loves you. Then she can love all of your attachments. He said: Her love is a superficial one. It is an infantile attachment. I feel she loves my fame more. And it is bothersome. I said: You are really sensitive, she is fond of you, anyway. If you know she can be your real partner, you should ponder. He said: I am certain that she won't be prosperous with me. She should get married to a man who buys dressy clothes and expensive jewelries like her sister who did, too. But I need a person like you who value better things and aren't a woman of luxury, ostentation and emulation. I said to him: Azita is my friend and similar to me. I suggest you to think of her, too. Mr. Rezaee said: You are so clever to understand what I mean. I said: If I am your mean, it will surely be impossible, at all. I beg you to finish this issue here. Before you, I was going to get married with a Muslim boy. We were fond of each other. But my family disagreed. We can't get married to people who aren't Baha'i. We can just get married to Baha'is. He said: I am sure that nobody can understand you and make you prosperous as you are merited. But I am familiar with all aspects of your spirit. I understand you perfectly. I can make you advance. We have common thoughts and beliefs and we can be good parents and the couple. Apart from all things, I am certain that nobody is found to love you more than I. I

said: I beg you not to repeat and urge, too. Because I can't think about it, too. He said: It is unlikely for your family to be dictators. You should be free to choose your destiny. I said: They themselves aren't free, too. Their destiny relates to an unavoidable captivity, too and I said sorry because of this issue. He said: If you speak about this issue so certain, why don't you leave this community and don't you try to live in more unbound ones. I said: I am quite surrendered. I don't want to torment my parents while they are old. I bear till the appointed time. Meanwhile, if I want to leave this community, I should get married; because otherwise how can I live alone and without supporter in another community. He said: Well, get married with me, I said: The reason that I don't decide to get married is that I try to be wealthy in order to go abroad. I can be free there and live freely without suffering from any force of my family. He said: These statements you are saying aren't practical. You will definitely be quiet about compulsory marriage; because you aren't able to persist against your family and you can't say who your elected person is. Additionally, you aren't able to be rich alone. You can't earn enough money to go abroad alone. I know that you are saying all these words because you have become hopeless and motiveless. But I can make you well-to-do. You yourself is a wealth. You are an investment that is as endless as gold mines. I will make you achieve great successes. Just be with me and think of my application and request. I said: It will be impossible. I beg you not to offer it to me, anymore. He said sadly: You made me disappointed at the eve of leaving here to go to Tehran. I am sure that it won't be a good concert. I said: Nothing will be important for me as much as your success in this festival. I beg you to think of just that day and to try to be successful. Although artisans are rare and they may not introduce you as the winner of this festival; but to me you are a winner. He thanked and said: These confidences empower me. But I wish.... I said: I beg you Mr,

Rezaee to forget this forever. But be sure, I will be one of your disciples, pupils and cordials as long as I am alive. Your high thoughts, your expressive words, your melodious excerpts in music will have diehard customers like me. Forever....

He said after a short silence: I want to confess another reality. I said: Yes, please. He said: At midnight when I was creating these musical excerpts note by note, I was remembering you and was receiving an inspiration from you. I felt you were different from other girls at earlier days. I was gradually falling in love with you. I am thinking of you day night for months. I am thinking of your great and high spirit and of you whom you are perfect and you make everybody who is with you perfect, too. You are full of goodness, value, art. I interrupted his words and said: You are a good poet. He said: I beg you, Raha. These words are of my heart's. Don't compare them with poems. They are mere facts. If I become successful in this performance, you will be the winner. Because the spirit of these musical excerpts are for you who are the flower of this pleasant and inspiring environment.

My brother Amir had moved to Tehran for a while. Because he was playing the pipe and had a melodious voice, he was interested in music so much. I spoke with him and I was to go to Tehran on the day of program performance. And we all went together to the hall in order to watch and listen to program performance of Mr. Rezaee.

That day approached and we were of this address. When it was time for Mr. Rezaee's performance my breath had been held. I was so stressful and excited that as if I was to perform the program. Mr. Rezaee's group was wearing clothes with the same color. They started their program called "Revayat" [Narration]. Revayat was narrating beautiful memoirs. Revayat was relating the resistance of the indefatigable people of our country. Revayat was reminding the most heroic days and the superior love and faith of this land.

Revayat was performing and I was leaving my body and passing through a world out of this ephemeral one. I have never experienced an enjoyable feeling which I had that day due to performing that program. When the program finished I thought I was the only one who might be attracted and agitated by those melodious tunes. But I noticed that the encouragements of the audience were enormous and as if they will be endless. By their unbelievable encouragements and presenting flowers to the group, people showed that how aesthete and virtuoso they are. Those people themselves were merited to be praised and appreciated. Mr. Rezaee found us among the gathering and came toward us. And after some minutes, he asked my brother for permission to bring me to visit great artists of our country. When he was introducing me to them; as if, he had already described me for them. And they were calling me an adroit art student. After visiting them, I went into seclusion with him and congratulated him because of his great performance. And he said: You were the only creator of this work. That night my brother invited Mr. Rezaee to come with us to his house. We were speaking till midnight. We were enjoying the companionship of each other. I wrote another literary excerpt influenced by nice performance of that program and gave it to him. I had expressed my feeling toward his program performance in that writing and I had wished him to achieve more success.

The next day, Mr. Rezaee came back to Sanandaj. And we also returned some days later. I was unaware of Mr. Salehi's family for a while. I was in cahoots with Azita and Narjes and visit each other. I urged Narjes to come to our house. She had spoken with her mother. One day on Friday, all members of her family came to our house in order to enjoy the nice weather of nearly our house. The gate of our house was open, as usual. But they rang. When I found out they have come, I went towards the door hastily. I had become extremely happy. But they rambled in the yard for several

minutes. Then my parents came to visit them and offered them to come in. But they didn't accept. They asked my parents to permit me to be with them for sightseeing and eating lunch with them nearby our house. My parents accepted, too. I got ready very soon and went with them. Mr. Salehi had a white Peugeot car. Mehdi sat at the role. His father sat beside him and Narjes, his mother and I sat in the back seats. I was really proud that they had come to visit me. They expanded a nearly big mat near a stream which surrounded by blueberry hills and hawthorn trees according my guidance. We sat. Mrs. Salehi was really well-organized. She had brought all required requisites. Mehdi became busy collecting firewood for making fire. The mother said: Dear Mehdi, my dear, there is a burner. Fire isn't needed. Mehdi said: Fire is delightful. And he made himself busy with collecting firewood and making fire. It was nearly cloudy and a pleasant breeze was blowing. It was the end of Shahrivar and Narjes had finished the third semester in medical course. Most of my classmates and she had entered university and had great aims in their lives. And I had to be busy with tiring and bad activities among Baha'is that not only they weren't useful for me; but also they were vain for the other. Narjes and I help lunch, I was sitting with my back to the fire and Mehdi had sat in front of me across from the fire. Sometimes, I realized that he was looking at me. He had thought; although Narjes and I were kidding continuously and laughing and Mr. and Mrs. Salehi were of one accord with us. He wasn't at the sea. Some moments later I was attracted by him so much that I liked to be intimate with him so much that I ask him what's happened to make you think deeply? But some minutes later, he gave up thinking and joined us.

I had a good feeling to Mehdi. It was the feeling of a girl toward the opposite sex. It wasn't a sisterly feeling and it wasn't due to this fact that he is Mr. Muhammad Salehi's son or Narjes's brother. I loved him for the sake of himself and

for the sake of his unattainable and kind essence. He was really affectionate. Indescribable kindness toward other could be observed in his look, words, deeds and behaviors. I hadn't seen such faithful and stipulated young man like him. Immediately after lunch, he performed ablution and prayed. Then Narjes and his father prayed, too. I praised their deeds; because I had been influenced. I said: Speaking with God in this situation is really enjoyable. When we come here collectively, too. We say prayer and sing praises collectively. I didn't tell them anymore that when we go there, I haven't seen anybody stands in front of God and prays. Everybody is just dissipating till night. I didn't want to defect at the presence of them and; meanwhile, I wanted to change their mentality to Baha'is. This subject caused Mehdi and Narjes to ask me some questions and I was feeling that has studied nearly completely concerning Baha'ism; but he asks me some questions to know whether I am aware of the reality of Baha'ism or not. Our discussion lasted for three hours. Mehdi changed my mentality towards Islam and proselytized Islam; so that I became really turbulent. And my doubts toward the legitimacy of Baha'ism became more. We had a great time that day. I realized some matters that I was unaware of them before. And the reversal of those issues had been stuck in my mind. The topics of those materials were that Islam had been introduced to us by the organization as a small underdeveloped religion which is full of illusions and superstitions. And I understood that Baha'is have introduced the superstitious beliefs of some illiterate and unaware people as Islam to us. While, Islam itself is a comprehensive, perfect and faultless religion which is so sublime-making and philanthropic.

Azita's engagement

That day passed and I passed a very good and fruitful day along with that pious family. Some days later Azita would get engaged to a boy from Tehran. The boy had gotten married before and divorced his wife. Narjes, one or two Azita's friends and I made an arrangement to give some money as a gift to Azita or to collect some money and buy gold for her. Mehdi and Narjes came after me to go to our rendezvous with other friends. Mehdi unloaded us and he was to come after us in an appointed time after finishing engagement ceremony. Azita's engagement ceremony was simple and poor. Azita hadn't even gone to hairsaloon. But she was more good-looking than before by wearing beautiful clothes and having light make up. Mr. Muhammad Salehi had paid the cost of dinner and he had bought some household instruments for Azita's dowry in debt from some shops.

More than seventy guests had been invited into a house which had too rooms, a hall and a kitchen and a yard. In one of rooms men had sat and in the hall and the other room a lot of women and children had sat. A fan had been put for men and a fan had also been put in the women's room. Those fans weren't enough to cool that space bearing all those populations. A lot of people had sat next to each other compactedly; but anyway they opened a small place among the crowd for ladies to harmonize the spinning of their bodies with the music which was casting by a small tape recorder. As if everybody had just one duty which was doing this action. These are the Muslims who were representing Islam as a small religion and were sniffing it open to the view of Baha'is unknowingly. However, men and women separated. But if these behaviors were done among Baha'is, they wouldn't be illegal because these behaviors wouldn't be announced as illegitimate actions in Baha'ism and nobody would feel guilty. Being lonely for strange men and women isn't illegitimate. There isn't any boundary for cover and being without a veil or cover which is the main source for

prurience and debauchery is raging among them. And in contract, in Muslim communities if a person neglects regulating cover or being lonely with a stranger, he/she will be opposed by public thoughts and he/she will be remonstrated. And in Baha'i community, the more unveiled person is the more comfortably with strangers, he/she is behaved with respect and dignity in the organization and is up-to-date. When I was thinking about the behaviors and deeds of some Muslims comparing these two communities, especially when I was thinking about criminals and sinners, I was discovering that they are those who haven't educated religiously and they have disobeyed Islamic commandments and orders and; in fact, they have acted out of the Islamic order. But there isn't any religious barrier in Baha'ism; so they do all kinds of offenses. In fact, Islam can't be searched in Muslim's deeds. But Baha'ism can be found in Baha'is practices. Because if improper deeds are done by Muslims are due to inattention to Islamic teachings. And when I was speaking with Mehdi and Narjes, I was becoming aware of these issues more; because they were samples of youth stipulated with Islamic principles. Eventually, Azita's engagement ceremony was held. And groom who wasn't apparently bad boy entered lady gatherings. They cause each other's engagement rings to wear. They were to go to a notary public office the next day and to recite the wedding vows. Azita's fiancé was black like southern people; but he was cute. He was originally from Shiraz and he had been growing up in Tehran. At dusk, Mehdi came after Narjes and me. I insisted them to put me down at the station; but they didn't obey and took me our house. One day Azita, her husband and her husband's friend came to our house and I played Santur for them and I entertained them all-out. Azita's husband's friend had urged her to ask for my hand at that first meeting for him. I gave him negative answer. He was from Tabriz and he was really dignified and personable and I know that in

addition to be wealthy, he has enormous good characteristics that loyalty and faithfulness are of his main ones. I hoped him prosperity and I entrusted my destiny to the organization. I entrusted myself to a community whose youth were benefiting girls adequately. And they were going to get married. This dilemma was so obvious that girls had told to attendants of the youth panel kiddingly that you should announce Bait-al-Adl to send some youth willing to get married for us as the girls were over 30 years of age and still hadn't gotten married. The oldest girl who still hadn't gotten married was nearly 80 years old. And it wasn't unlikely that the destiny of other girls would be similar to hers because of the unfriendly policy of the organization and improper bigotry of families. After that, many proposers asked for my hand. I was kidding with my brother that caused one of my teeth to be loosened. The dentist whom I referred proposed me to get married with me in the third meeting. He asked me the address of my house to come to our house with his family. And I said: I have fiancé; because I didn't like the habitual discussion to be put forward. He apologized and the issue was settled by arbitration. My cousin who was an engineer in the field of road and construction proposed marriage to me. But my family opposed again. I lost all of these good choices. My love toward Parviz never decreased and vanished. And my feeling to my music instructor was unique.... And I sacrificed everything for a false, sinister and feigned creed. But the only thing that was certain was my nice feeling to God kindness. He had a special mercy and affection toward me. And although He made my life encounter with some problems and if my course of life was full of ups and downs and if I passed an adventurous and hard life story, I was feeling that God wants me something and I have a mission. And I have a vocation and duty. I was trying for what has been appointed for me to be approached as soon as possible. Some other months passed and I was unwantedly busy doing

organization activities and my delight was that most of activities were regarded with music and I was learning Santur, too. I was unaware of Mr. Muhammad Salehi's family for a period of time. One day Azita gave me a displeasing news while she was crying. She was just crying by phone and wasn't speaking. I thought something had happened for her mother or her husband; but when she could speak...

A young person who became supernal

She said: Raha... Mehdi... Mehdi... was martyred. Hearing this news, I was too sorrowful that; as if, I have lost one of my brothers. I screamed and cried with a loud voice. I unhand the receiver and cried restlessly and desperately. I hadn't cried for anybody until that time. He was a pure, pious and really oppressed boy. He was lovely and sinless. What is the reason of this action that nice people such as Mehdi die in peace? He resembled an angel who couldn't belong to the earth. My God, how can his father, sister and mother suffer and how will they tolerate this great scourge?! As if my heart was being scraped. My mom was trying to comfort me; but I was crying involuntarily. I wished this news had been false. I was continually saying: It is false, it is false... My mother called Azita again. After speaking for a while, she gave the receiver to me again. I asked: What has happened? When has his family received the news of his martyrdom? Azita couldn't explain because of extreme suffering she was tolerating. Eventually she said: At dusk, yesterday it has been announced that Mehdi has had an accident and has been in hospital. His family comes to Tehran and realizes that Mehdi has gone to Shalmcheh as the commander of a group of deactivating of the mines remained from war. One of mines

has exploded and some of his friends and he have been martyred. Azita said: His deadbody still had been delivered when Narjes called and announced me. She was screaming and saying:" My brother, my dear nice brother was martyred. My supporter, my father`s backer, my mother`s companion. My dear was martyred....

Narjes had given her paternal uncle`s telephone number. I called them very soon. When they gave the receiver to Narjes, I just cried. Mehdi`s bereavement caused sorrow on my heart so much that I needed to be consoled. I said: Dear Nerjes, tell me that he hasn`t been martyred. Tell me that it is a lie. Narjes was crying gently and saying: O`God, my brother, my nice brother. I said: Dear Narjes, make your parents calm. Don`t torment them by doing such actions. A martyred person doesn`t die. He/she is alive. He/she is dear guest of God. I myself was crying. I was consoling her. At last, they were to announce us when they came to Sanandaj. Three days passed; but I was crying these three days and I was feeling that his pure spirit was observing these tears. I was asking God to bestow patience to his parents. During this period of time my mom was trying to comfort me; but I was too mournful that I wasn`t even watching television. The minutes passed slowly and the heaviness of this news was really agonizing for me. My eyes had puffed up due to extreme crying. The members of music commission came to our house and held a meeting there. I didn`t agree to participate in this class. I said to my mom: Tell them that I am ill. My mom who hated telling lies had told the truth to them. At once I saw that everybody rushed to my room. One of them was my brother and the rest who were seven people from twenty-year-old young person to forty five-year-old one started criticizing me. One of them whose aversion flame was blazing out of her inner being and was trying to hide all those aversion and rage by laughing face said: You shouldn`t cry for these people`s deaths. You should cry when they are alive not for their death. As if, a

dagger was hit in my injured heart. I said angrily: If your son dies and somebody speaks so, will it be pleasant for you? She was a 37-years-old woman who was wearing orange pants like little girls. She said: These people are different. Everything that we suffer is due to these kids pertaining to Allah party [Hezb-Allahi]. My brother said: What is your relation with him? Why were you having social intercourse with them? I said: What is their fault? Who are they? And I looked at my mom to see what she has said to them. Mom said: Aren't they the family whom you were saying that they were crying for Imam's death? I said: Well, were they committing a sinful act? One of the other members said: Those group are those who were martyred our dear offspring by torture. Now they are suffering retribution. Now are you crying for them? I was being tormented under their continuous unfounded and disgusting words. I left my room angrily and went toward the roof. I was saying to myself: Baha'i means blank slogan. Aren't they saying that we should love our enemies, too?! And then I remembered that when Abdul Baha himself was also approaching his brother who was his enemy and didn't become Baha'i and established a cult called Azali's, wrestled with him and was backbiting him and his family. He had taught some poems to his disciples to recite when they were passing his house in order to torment him. What do we expect his followers? On the fourth day, I heard that Mr. Muhammad Salehi's family have come to Sanandaj and Mehdi's funeral was going to be escorted. The news of Mehdi's funeral had been announced by Mehdi's friends and the martyr Foundation office by wall advertisements and people had become aware in this way. Azita and I went to visit the inconsolable family. When we entered the alley, I forgot for a moment that for what occasion we were going to their house. I said to myself: Now, Mehdi is opening the door for us and that moment became totally incarnated in front of my eyes. Remembering this fact that

Mehdi isn't here anymore and he has gone forever, I couldn't move my knees. I stood for a moment and looked at all over the street and their place of residence and said: I feel Mehdi is here and he is observing this locality, this house, those who are visiting his family, those who are crying for him and those who are speaking about him. He is visiting everybody and what a tranquil spirit he has. I looked at facing houses which were as high as the trees. And as if, I was observing his spirit at the highest point of those trees. I said to him: Ask God for patience for your family. I know that you have a high rank in the presence of God. The gate was open. It was the end of winter. We entered the house. All trees were without foliage. In some parts of the yard, some snow had been accumulated. I saw some of their relatives who were wearing black shirts and were busy doing some chores. My heart was bleeding for them; because they were strangers in this city and a lot of people won't visit them and the funeral will be uncrowded. The tone of the holy Quran was broadcasting out of the speaker had been set up in the yard. A man's heart was unconsciously trembling. A man and a woman received us warmly and directed us towards the hall. We entered. I saw Mr. Muhammad Salehi's wife among many ladies who had surrounded her. Mehdi's mother who had a faint and white face was crying gently. During this short period of time, she had grown old. Her inflated, red eyes were narrating the heartsickness of her inconsolable heart. I was feeling that she is really exhausted to greet people. I knew she was very gloomy and pained. I knew she was tormenting. I knew her body and spirit are full of grief due to isolation from the best offspring in the world. Azita and I embraced both of them and cried loudly at the bottoms of our hearts. Everybody cried with our tears. When I threw myself in Mehdi's mother's bosom, I noticed that her crying voice became louder and more. She was pressing my head on her chest; so that as if she was consoling me. She was continuously saying among her

words: My sweetheart, my sweetheart. Mehdi's mother's lusterless and sorrowful eyes were lighting a fire in my soul. There were narrations at the depth of her look. There were thousands of quiet and dormant wishes. As if she still wasn't believing that her Mehdi has gone forever. And she didn't like to believe that she won't see him, anymore. Azita and I sat in a corner. The furniture had been removed and ladies had sat around the room. They had leant the walls. Mrs. Salehi had stared at me like a person who was searching for a memoir in my face. I was crying and she was looking at me having a smile in the corner of her lips and a tear at the corner of her eyes. Narjes was thinking continuously and at once she was bursting into tears. She was becoming prostrated and scraping the floor. Two people were lifting and consoling her. Mehdi's mother started warbling with trials and tribulations. Dear Mehdi, you weren't tolerating to see my crying. My gracious son. Why did you go? Why did you do an action that I cry forever. My sweetheart. Dear Mehdi, come. Come and see who have come to our house. Come and see your guests. You were so gregarious. Don't let your guests cry. My dear. I am ready to die for your kind heart. My nobly born son. I wished to see your marriage. I am ready to die for your beautiful shape and stature. My dear. Mrs. Salehi was warbling with trial and tribulations. All of us were crying. Some minutes later, two men brought Mehdi's photo which had been made big and provided with a frame and put it on the shelf of the hall. The voice of crying had filled all the house space. Narjes and her mother cried and adored him so much that they got short of breath. When Mr. Salehi entered, Azita and I approached him and commiserated him. I liked to be powerful to tolerate and bear a particle of that calamity burden of that lionhearted and faithful man. Mr. Salehi said: we are satisfied with God's satisfaction. Mehdi didn't belong to this world. He made me desperate; but lucky him. While he was looking at Mehdi's photo, he said having a lump in his

throat: He is alive. Look at him, he is looking at us. We can't see him. He covered Mehdi's face with his hands and cried. His exhausted shoulders were trembling caused by the extreme crying. His face had been grown old much more than before. I was feeling that he has become more older during these three days. My speech was incapable of making this God's man tranquil. I just said: May God bestow you patience.... Azita and I decided to help them by doing chores. Colleagues and neighbors were coming group by group and condoling and leaving. And we were entertaining. The next day that was Thursday Mehdi's pure body was to be participated in a funeral procession and buried. Gentlemen had sat in one of sitting rooms which had a big window overlooking the yard. One person started panegyriizing and I hadn't listened to eulogy till that day. The young praiser was eulogizing about Imam Hussein's (P.H.) martyrdom and his disciples in Ashoorra [The day of martyrdom of Imam Hussein (P.H.)]. He praised from the martyrdom of the oldest disciple of Imam Hussein (P.H.) to the youngest one who was the excellency Ali Akbar(P.H.) and at last to baby of that excellency who was martyred while he was thirsty in his father's bosom while being hit by an arrow in his throat. He was praising about sorrow and suffering of the excellency Zeinab (P.H.) and about incurable pain of the excellency Roghayyeh (P.H.). He was narrating these calamities with a melodious voice and enjoyable tone and everybody was crying. I remembered that Baha'is were ridiculing Muslims' gathering of hearing a sermon and saying: One thousand and two hundred years ago an event has happened and some people along with Imam Hussein (P.H.) have been martyred while people are still crying for them, too. Muslims are worshippers of the dead and love crying. I was accidentally participating in this gathering and observing this gathering of hearing a sermon. I was feeling with my faulty and minor wisdom that it is good for inconsolable parent in these hard

moments and days when nothing can relieve them the calamities of Imams and their best disciples to be pointed out. These gatherings of hearing sermons caused for survivor members to know that disaster and calamity don't belong to ordinary people; but prophets have been tormented more than us and have more affected by calamities. And crying for them means keeping their names alive and crying for them means shouting their slogans and crying for them means expressing love, strengthening faith and tranquility of heart. While Baha'is cherished the centennial death of Abdul Baha overseas, they held a celebration that Iranian can't believe it. Everybody from each tribe and folk had participated in this celebration and we watched this ceremony's film which had been translated. Each tribe from the world was coming with its special clothes. They were singing, dancing and leaving. Men and women were busy singing, dancing, wining and dining and this kind of gathering for the death anniversary of a prophet of a religion is one of the most strange event in this century that Baha'is were calling it modern culture and civilization!!

Narjes's paternal and maternal aunts and cousins were helping. They were washing fruits and cleaning them. They were arranging sweets and dates and they were getting entertainment means ready. Some people were preparing tableware. Everybody was narrating a memoir of Mehdi, while we were working in the kitchen. One of maternal aunts was saying: I hadn't seen anybody who was as tenderhearted as Mehdi. When he was meeting a beggar or a poor person or a person who was invalid, he became too sorrowful that I was blaming him and saying: You behave look like a person who hasn't seen such people so far. But he became really sorrowful and was saying: Dear aunt, when I can't do anything for them, I become crazy. That night he couldn't sleep and he was saying prayer and crying. His paternal aunt said: Lucky him. When he heard the call of muezzin, he was

praying. Most of the night he was praying the night prayer. He was continuously reciting the holy Quran. His younger paternal aunt was saying: He was joking me and I was saying to him: My friends are always saying to me that your nephew is really dull and quiet. They don't know that you are so funny and lively. Why don't you joke in the presence of them in order to know you? He was kidding and saying: What would I do if I jested and somebody fell in love with me? I was saying: Well, it isn't matter, you would get married with her. He was saying: I don't decide to get married. Why should I make that God's servant think deeply. When his mother entered into the kitchen for some minutes to perform ablution and she heard they were speaking about Mehdi. She said: The last day when he was leaving here, I said to him: Don't wear your white shirt, it may become dirty in the way. As if, he knew that he wouldn't come back, anymore. He approached me. He kissed both my hands and my forehead and said: Dear mom, I go wearing white clothes and I will come back wearing white clothes, too. He brought a carton full of furniture out of his room and said: Mother, give these things to a needy person. I looked at them and I observed that he has put cassette player, radio, new shoes, watch, pants and new and pressed shirts into the carton. I remonstrated him and said: Why did you empty your room? Why do you grant your things? He said: Dear mom, I don't need them. Maybe, somebody else needs them. I have nothing else but these things. I said: You studied so much to succeed; but now you are granting everything to the poor. Then, when will you think about your future? He was saying: Mom, the excellency messenger of God (P.H.) has said: Your wealth won't be decreased if you donate to others. He took a prayer book, a piece of clay for praying, a prayer carpet and the holy Quran. Everybody was telling about Mehdi's characters and features and I was astonished about this fact that why Baha'is humiliate Martyrs and trample their blood and call them

deceived people? Why do Baha'is harbor enmity extremely with Muslims especially Shiites? Why do they say everything to us diversely? Why are they afraid of telling and hearing the realities so much? Mehdi's funeral and other ceremonies lasted for several days. At burial time even stones were crying for him. Against my expectation; as if half of the city had participated in his funeral cortege. It was too crowded that there was a traffic jam. Two days after Mehdi's burial, his maternal aunt's son who was doing military service in Boushehr became aware of the issue and had come to Sanandaj. When he arrived as one of Mehdi's intimate friends; as if, the news of Mehdi's martyrdom had recently been announced. A disturbance was created and everybody was crying along with Muhammad who was shouting severely and sorrowfully in front of Mehdi's photo. Muhammad couldn't accept and didn't like to see Mehdi's photo in a counter placed to commemorate him. He took out the photo and bent over it and cried as long as he could and wailed. Several hours later when everybody became calm, Muhammad called his maternal aunt and showed her the letters that Mehdi had written for him by that day. In the last letter that he had sent from Shalamchah, he had announced his martyrdom news. They also read Mehdi's will which had been given to his father in advance. There was a matter in a letter which had been written for Muhammad that aroused my curiosity. I took his mother the letter to study it more carefully. The letter was as follows:

In the name of Allah, the Supporter, The eyewitness

Hello dear Muhammad,

Where should I begin my speech that this familiar narration repeats again and each time it cleans and washes the soul like rain more freshly than before and it makes the soul shiny like sunshine. What words are merited for this beautiful term and which discourse expresses this melodious meaning. The word that the speech beginner has called it so "Martyr". A martyr is a flame which isn't extinguished. A martyr is a worth hearing poem. The martyr is an immortal eyewitness. The martyr is an unforgettable memoire. The martyr is an articulate shout. Martyr is approaching to God and today morning before the call of muezzin, I saw a strange dream. I dreamed that I was fighting with the enemy in a dry desert. In one fell swoop, I became severely thirsty; so that, my lips cracked because of extreme thirst. Then, I saw the excellency Zahra (P.H.) wearing a white clothes and having beautiful face in the sky. She was carrying a bowl that I knew it was full of water. She called me to herself. I flew comfortably to take the water and drink. When I drank, I found myself in a beautiful and green land in which there were full of colorful flowers. I felt so relaxed and happy that it was indescribable. Because of having trees full of fruits and transparent streams. I discovered that here is the paradise. I am really happy and I woke up due to extreme happiness. I am still feeling the sweet moments of visiting the Lady of two worlds and that heartsome atmosphere; as if, it has happened in awakening. I know that I will be martyred and I won't come back home. If it happened, take this letter to my mother to become relaxed. There are blessings in this world that using them is enjoyable; but when I see that some people are deprived of these blessings, I torment, a painful torment. When I see some people hidden behind a mass of false enjoyment haze, I am

tormenting. When I see the tiredness of poor and old lines of their cracked skin and in the fallen eyelids and under the deep lines of their cracked skin and in the depth of their one thousand-year-old look, and when I see their dry hands that have suffered suffering and difficulty for years, I am tormenting. And when I become alerted and see all my life has been filled with traumatic thoughts even when I think about living with Raha Khanom, I am not tranquil; because I know I will think about this fact then that how such human beings who are nice and kind, pure, honest, innocent and good-looking like her are ignorant of reality and why they are condemned to an imposed and cruel compulsion. The offspring who were forcefully born in an environment that null whispers are being said continuously in their ears. They are blasts who have sprouted from the dark soil at the beginning of ephemeral germination and have stared at an unknown future. They are struggling again in order to put their feet in their parents, footsteps and to repeat the imposed compulsion of this cursed repetition unwantedly.

Dear, Muhammad, don't abandon my dear Narjes and my nice father and my cherished mother after my martyrdom. Don't let them feel they have missed me. Preserve reciting Ganj-al-Arsh prayer and recite the holy Quran for me once a week. Tell Narjes not to be restless for me and to know that the world is impermanent and small. It will end too soon. We can see each other very soon, again. I ask the Almighty God for her prosperity and success. Tell my parents that I kiss their hands and thank them for all of their troubles. Tell my mother not to cry so much. Whenever she wanted to cry, she had better recite Ashoora prayer and cry for Imam Hussein (P.H.). Tell my father to forgive my wrong doing. I am ashamed that I couldn't compensate for his troubles. Tell him I am his sever and love him so much. Tell him to try to guide Raha Khanom and to be a father for her and not to let such a good girl to be preyed on rapacious wolves such as Baha'i

organization. Dear Muhammad, be careful about yourself. Don't allow unsavory friends to enter your life and to send you away from intimacy with the holy Quran. Don't forget night prayer; because, you can achieve the real divine science and knowledge just in night prayers. Say hello to my aunt and all relatives. Tell them I love them all. When I become martyred, I have approached my wish. Know that I didn't have any wish but emerging of the excellency Mehdi (P.H.) and I couldn't tolerate this isolation. Say prayer for his emergence forever. And don't ignore following his rightful successor, our cherished leader whom my soul may sacrifice for him even for a moment and don't leave him alone. I entrust you as my dear friend and cousin and all of you to the Almighty God.

Mehdi

My blood ran cold because of wonder and astonishment when I read the letter. According to the date written on the letter, it had been written exactly at his martyrdom day and how consciously he had accepted his call of martyrdom. I also surprised that he had pointed out living with me. I read that part some more times and then I asked Zeinab, his maternal aunt's daughter that is Muhammad's sister: Do you know anything regarding this issue? Zeinab said: That is, don't you know anything? I swore that I am quite unaware of this issue. She brought other Mehdi's letters and gave them to me and said: Mehdi had become quite interested in you since he had visited you. He had written all of his feelings for Muhammad. And he was extremely sorry that you were Baha'i and you couldn't get married to him; but he was hopeful that one day the reality will become obvious for you. There hasn't been

any letter in which he hasn't commemorated your name. He was thinking of you day and night. Not approaching to you had made him tormented.

I read all of his letters enthusiastically and thought deeply. He didn't try me to understand all of his love and attachment towards me even once; but he had pointed out all the turns I had referred to their house and visited his sister and mother and the days when I went to dervishes meetings along with Narjes and him. He had extremely expressed his sorry because I was deviant and astray. He had written in a letter that: I really loved to speak with her and tell her that Islam is the only way to approach God. And the way in which you are, is a deceitful one and it will ruinate you.

Mehdi had pointed out the day when we had gone sightseeing and recreation with his family. He had written that: Dear Muhammad, I saw Raha Khanom in the middle of fire for a moment when she had sat beside the expander. Flames of fire were blazing from her sides. She had sat with her back on fire. And I imagined her in the hell fire for some moments. She should be directed. Alas she has been affected by hell fire. I asked God to help me to guide her in a way that she doesn't find out my love and interest just for the sake of her herself not because I can get married with her.

After reading the letters, I stared at his photo vaguely and astoundedly. I said to him: Lucky you, you found your way with tranquility of heart and fought in that way firmly and unfailingly. And at last, you were martyred in that way. You observed your position and rank before departing. How beautiful you flew and drank out of the fountain of youth. Say prayer for me, too to find the reality and to become prosperous like you. At last, I heard your words. I try to approach a rank like yours. Mehdi's mother approached me and said: Dear Raha, you are the same as my daughter. I haven't told you anything sofar; because, Mehdi himself didn't want. One day he said to me: If Raha Khanom were a

Muslim I would get married with her. I knew that he was interested in you. We weren't trying to speak with you about your beliefs. You were our guest. We didn't want you to become upset. But now I like to beg you to study the dignitaries' books. Maybe, you find out that the right path Is Islam's one. Human has approached and achieved the spiritual and intellectual maturity and God sent the most perfect religion which was the last one for humans. I don't insult your path. Just according to Mehdi's advice and for the happiness of his soul, I ask you to study Islamic books and to recite the holy Quran carefully. If God wants, you will be directed. I was really angry about Baha'is because of their insult to martyrs. I became upset about these words, too. I liked to prevent my family for saying these words, at least. I liked to make; at least, the organization aware of the pure essence of martyrs in order not to assume them as deceived people. But how could I say another thing in an ear which was full of nonsense. As if, this action was vain. As if God had sealed their hearts. They weren't merited to listen to right word. And I felt alone. Those days also passed and...

Reluctance and Marriage

Eventually, the time of my marriage approached. A compulsory marriage and without a slight kindness to a boy called Behrouz who was Baha'i. And this was the only reason that my family accepted. Because Behrouz had come to Sanandaj from Hamadan. They had referred to the coterie. After introducing, they had said they came here to join a good family with a nice girl. The coterie that was feeling dangerous concerning I had sent them to our house. I was in Saqqez and I was at my sister Mina's house as a guest and some nights before I had dreamed that this family have come from

Hamadan and I had also dreamed my wedding ceremony. My resistance lasted for 10 days; but at last I surrendered and we were to go to Hamadan for inquisition. Our inquisition wasn't real. None of my brothers take the trouble to inquire. But they insisted me to accept. Their only reason was that their family was Baha'is and their forefathers were, too. So he himself will be loyal to Baha'ism. But I did some inquisitions and discovered that Behrouz has also proposed marriage to me compulsorily. He fell in love with a Muslim girl. After some year when they had a fancy for each other, they go to a notary public office to conclude a marriage contract. Behrouz even accepts to become Muslim. But an unaware person says him there that: If we want to kill your parents, you should accept. He also becomes too upset about this word and his proud is broken. So, he leaves the notary public office angrily and changes his mind. Our destinies were similar; but we didn't understand each other.

Behrouz was a quite ordinary person. He wasn't trying to become lofty and; as if, he didn't have any motivation except eating, sleeping and recreating like most people; but his only similarity with me was that he was interested and fond of nature and traveling even more than I. We were traveling since the earlier days when we got engaged. He loved the road like me, too. He was fond of traveling. Generosity, sociability and jollity were his virtues. He was tender-hearted and emotional. He was sensitive about men and boys who had social intercourse with us and he was constant and free-living. These features were of his defects which were mementoes by the organization.

We didn't pass our engagement day well. Because he didn't know me and he was continuously afraid that I am looking like the other bald faced Baha'i girls who let everybody misuse them. But after a period of time, he gradually knew me and he knew and trusted me so much that he left me alone after marriage continuously. He even sent me

to travel alone. And he wasn't preventing me to do organizational activities.

At last, we got married and our wedding ceremony was noisy and crowded like most celebrations. We had invited all Baha'i youth of Sanandaj and they had invited all of their relatives. Nearly eight hundred guests had come. They had made the house full of flowers. When I was leaving the house, I was sorrowful and I was continuously crying. I pledged myself to tolerate every problem with respect to the enormous kindness of my parents and never come back, it was Farvardin and it was thundering. It rained cats and dogs. I knew that I would lose the beautiful environment of my life forever. I knew that good days and reminiscent moments passed forever and I was heading off to experience another destiny and God was my only backrest. And his endless mercy was too. Behrouz had heard that my cousin have asked for my hand. He was really sensitive to them. He was constantly making me nervous. He was saying: You loved to get married with them and you couldn't; just because they were Muslims. He wasn't sensitive about Parviz; because, I hadn't seen him for four years. He was studying civil engineering in his last term in Science and Industry University. The only reason for having difficulties in our life was our compulsory marriage. The other reason was the organization's involvement unseasonably in our life. At wedding night when my family wanted to entrust me to Behrouz's family and to say goodbye to us, my mom approached me and said: Salim is severely furious. I said: What has happened. She said: As if, this family are people of drinking alcoholic liquors. Salim has gone to the roof and has seen many empty bottles on it. He has realized that they are drinking alcoholic liquors. This calamity wasn't admissible for us. I had six brothers who hadn't smoked so far. They hadn't committed any crime. Now we were joining with a family at once who were people of drinking alcoholic liquors.

And this issue was extremely sorrowful and hard to be admitted. Anyway, that night the member of my family said goodbye to me painfully. My nephews, nieces, sisters and brothers were crying. Salim had become black due to anger. There was a lump in his throat. I was crying, too. I burst into tears embracing my parents. I was crying. I couldn't breathe easily and comfortably. As if, I had reached the end of my rope. It was intolerable for me the heaviness of all those grieves on my heart. When they went, I looked at the sky out of the window of my room. The high walls of the neighbor's house had clogged half of the sky and had made our house dark and tight. The sky was still crying continuously. I was whispering a poem and crying:

*O`God how long should we be smoldered
How long should we inflame like convulsive candle*

*When will this broken bridge be demolished
When will my disbelieved heart be believed*

*The destiny of lifetime became old and I am totally in
negation
I am tired of the repetition of bitter things and immigration*

*When will this broken bridge be demolished
When will my disbelieved heart be believed*

I wish I knew why I got married?! I wasn't going to have a baby and I was saying: I like to adopt a baby and take over the responsibility of an infact who was born in another environment and situation and hasn't had suitable conditions for living. And I admired this uprightness. I wish I had thought with myself that what my aim of marriage was and

what my main goal and motivation of this matrimony was before getting married and before the acquiescing other people's desires? So I could tolerate the burden of these difficulties; but according to slogans I had learned, I was thinking about this issue that marriage means being two wings for flight and this was a beautiful slogan. I should act it. I should make a wing out of Behrouz in order to become free from being hollow in pattern and to leave stiffness, enervation and stagnancy. Earlier our common life with Behrouz I realized that his family isn't candid with the organization and they were afraid of the organization more than our family. They were hiding me lots of things; lest I make the organization aware of the issue. They were contrary to our family whom they make the organization aware anything very soon and consult with them. The policy of this family was that they didn't consult with the organization about their problems. Later on, I realized the reason was that they didn't trust on the organization. But they pretended they were quite obedient superficially. Behrouz's job was glasses faceting. He was coming home at noon during the days. And most of the time, I was spending my time with my mother and her sister. For a period of time, one of our problems was that he was checking my daily activities. He liked me to be afraid of him and he liked to be patriarchy in the home. His catch phrase was that: I don't like you to be like other Baha'i women whose husband are their slaves and servants. There was a matriarchy usually among Baha'is and men didn't have much authority and Behrouz was afraid of this issue. I was tolerating all these problems and difficulties and I was trying to be accustomed to the new life situation which resembled to prison more. One month after our marriage, I discovered that Behrouz has had affairs with a girl who was his ex-friend and he was continuously trying to leave the house once in a while to call her. At home when he was finding an opportunity he was calling her. When he realized

that I have become aware of their relationship, he was saying: You and I got married compulsorily and I previously wanted to get married with her. But when he realized that I become furious and leave him and come home, he was apologizing and promising me not to betray me. And without telling the reality to my family, I was returning to Hamadan along with Behrouz again.

Sometimes, during lunar months of Moharram and Safar I was finding out that Behrouz had more relationships with his Muslims friends and at last he trusted me totally he said: I am really interested in mourning ceremonies of Muslims for Imam Hussein (P.H.) and other Imams. I am always going to religious ceremony with my friends and beating my breast as a sign of grief. When I was doing my military service in front, I was hiding that I was Baha'i and I was praying in groups. I was praying at the bottom of my heart. But I don't have even the slightest feeling towards the death of our prophet. I said: Behrouz, I have such strange feeling and fascination to mourning ceremony of Muslims, too. But I think its reason is that we hate Baha'is and we aren't relaxed among them. He said: No, it is none of Baha'is business. When they are holding So'oud [ascension] meeting for Baha Allah and we should be awake till morning and say prayer, I am tormenting till morning and I don't feel any closeness to God, at all. I am insulting those who have held this meeting in my heart. I said: Me too. I am compulsorily participating all meetings and I am always really tormenting about this issue that some people always care us to know whether we take part in the meetings or not. Behrouz said: In mourning meetings of Muslim, when the name of Imam Hussein(P.H.) or any of Imams (peace be upon them) are mentioned, man's heart will unconsciously shake and s/he will cry and will feel him/herself beside them. When we watched TV together and we were watching purity and drops of tears of Muslims in Imam Reza (P.H.) holy shrine or in Mecca or other sacred places, we were both

crying and envying their faith, belief and assurance. We were feeling a tormenting void because of not having any places as holy ones to use them and become tranquil. When Behrouz and I were incarnating the only place which was holy for Baha'is and had been founded in Israel and when we were watching its film, we were discovering that it was soulless and insipid. Then we totally realized that it wasn't comparable to one of holiest locations of Muslims even a bit. The intellectuality spirit among Baha'is had been changed into nasty spirit of flattery and soaping for the organization. They were acting us like slaves who are under the control and command of their jailer senselessly and involuntarily and this awareness to which Behrouz and I had approached for years and most Bahai youth had also approached had made a hanging missing people out of us that we assumed life as meaningless and valueless one and we had deigned to an escorted routineness aimlessly and facelessly. Behrouz and I had been gradually accustomed to each other. And we were each other's real backrests. It was true that we sometimes disagreed with each other and we didn't understand each other well; but we were cordially close to each other. My other brother-in-law got married several months after us, too. After a long time, Bahman came to visit me. My brother-in-law who was too bigot about his new bride, wrestled with my brother and told: Why do you stay at home regularly? Surely you want to misuse my wife. They beat up on each other. Behrouz and I defended Bahman. And Behrouz's family defended my brother-in-law. This difference made us to be determined to rent a house and live separately from Behrouz's family. We rented a fairly chic and small house and moved. But, as if, this action was wrong. After that I stayed alone and Behrouz was continuously with his friends. Some nights, he wasn't coming home, too. I started making dolls in order to earn money and fill my free time. Behrouz and I were to go to Tehran to buy goods. I employed Baha'i girls and we started

working. Moreover, I had organizational activities, too. But Behrouz was fed up taking part in meetings and he wasn't afraid of their backbiting or being accused as faithless and ignorant person by them. Most of the time, I was going to Ziarat [reception] alone and he wasn't participating. I had to say he has traveled. These gaps that Behrouz had created had made me reluctant to life. One day when I had visited my mother in Sanandaj and I called with the landlord, she said: Why have you given the house key to your pupil. Come back soon and see what's happened here. When I came back, I realized that the Bahai girl whom I have trusted on her more than others and entrusted the house to her has befriended one of Behrouz's friends and they had gone into seclusion with each other. I argued with Behrouz regarding this issue elaborately. We wrangled with each other; so that, I had to leave the house and came back to Sanandaj. During the way, a great grief had overtaken me. I returned home with failure and confusion. What could be the result of this compulsory marriage except this?! Behrouz was thinking that I wasn't interested in him and for this reason he was making himself busy with his friends. He was going to work during the day and was spending nights mostly with his friends. When I came back home I said to Salim who was one of the coterie members that what had happened and he immediately accused Behrouz and said: A person who has recently got married and is evasive of home so much and spend most of his time with his friends is doubtlessly addicted and hides you this issue. I also announced the organization one or two cases that I had told me before that: I had taken recreationally. My divorce petition was sent to the court and according to Baha'i commandments, one year should be passed since the date I had petitioned for divorce in order for the divorce to be issued and this commandment was called Tarabbos. After a while, Behrouz came to our house along with his father and grandfather in order to take me. But Salim said to them that:

We are suspicious of Behrouz. He is likely an addict, for this reason we don't let you take Raha with yourselves. Behrouz became angry and said: You can't accuse me and you aren't allowed to separate Raha from me compulsorily. I swear that nobody can prevent me taking her. They created an uproar and my brother Amir attacked Behrouz and gave fistbows to him. Behrouz was always carrying a knife; so he took out the knife out of his pocket and attacked to Amir. We shouted because of fear. The workshop workers arrived and gave a club to Salim. Salim and some workers hit Behrouz and his father severely with clubs and staffs and broke their heads. Behrouz cut Amir's hand with a knife. Behrouz and his father's faces were covered with blood. And their clothes were drenched in blood. Salim who was one the coterie members and he should have ended that quarrel was one of those who hit Behrouz and made him be drenched in blood. Behrouz left the house along with his father and grandfather receiving that warm welcome. I had been frightened and I was extremely crying. I was looking the stairs of the yard out of the window. Behrouz looked at me with his bloody face and said: Raha, don't separate from me. I beg you. I sympathized with him; but couldn't answer in that situation. I was just crying loudly. When they left the house, we exited, too. We got ready and went to the police station in order to complain them for thuggery and cursing and assaulting. We were in the police station yard that they arrived, too. Behrouz was amorously appealing me not to leave him alone and he was saying: I made a mistake. I won't leave you alone, anymore. I won't annoy you anymore. Just end this disturbance and come back with me. Salim approached me and said: Don't speak with him and said to Behrouz: Don't raise your spirits. You must be put into prison now. Several hours were wasted in the police station. But they expressed their consent and we separated. The reason for consent was that Baha'is were continually coming and saying: Two Baha'i

families shouldn't wrangle with each other. Express your consent and don't let Baha'is be dishonored. We came back home and returned to Hamadan. From that time on, Salim told everybody that Behrouz is an addict; while Behrouz was saying at that disputes: Let's go and have me be tested for addiction, right away. Salim was saying: Maybe, you don't take today. Behrouz was insisting: Come one day unconsciously and take me to testing ground. Salim was saying: You know the ways to make the test negative. He was becoming angry and saying: Why do you accuse me. You should either prove or not to accuse me.

From that day on, I became deprived of many things exactly the same calamity as the one Nasim was affected. And the family who I was thinking they were so logical, deprived me completely of picking up the phone and wasn't allowing me to leave the house alone and all of these were ordered by Salim. Behrouz was calling and insisting: Give the receiver to Raha. I wanted to know his opinion; but sometimes when Salim was allowing me to speak through the phone, he was standing over my head and saying: Tell him that I'll never come back, anymore. I didn't dare to say something except those statements and he was interrupting my words and wasn't allowing Behrouz to make me sympathized with him. I was extremely under supervision. I was at my brother's house more and according to Salim's order, they weren't allowing me to be near the phone in order not to speak with Behrouz. Salim was searching for documents to prove his accusation. He had used the issues which I had narrated to him and a person was found and said: One day Behrouz took a cigarette which was full of cannabis out of his socks and smoked. And he said to me: Prepare heroine for me if you could. This person was my brother's wife's brother who was living in Kermanshah. One day when he had come to my brother's house, I approached myself to him and appealed him to tell the truth and he swore by his

only son that he is telling the truth and he is severely addicted. I trusted his words, too. Moreover, because our difference had been expanded to families and had been deepened, I couldn't act against my brother's words. I was cordially certain that Behrouz isn't addict; but I had no way but accepting my retainers words; because I was thinking that I may make a mistake and become miserable. Everybody who was meeting me was saying: Don't think you will become poor if you divorce him. Behrouz doesn't fit you. And all those people who asked for your hand previously, are still willing to get married to you. Two people of our relatives who were seditious and mischief-maker couples were continuously calling from Tehran and saying: Don't let Raha come back; because we are aware that Behrouz is an addict and his father is smuggling. These words became common among Baha'is and backbiting and slandering became so much that were inevitable. Everybody was certain about this issue; so that, they had seen these things with their own eyes. Behrouz was calling now and then and insisting them to give the receiver to me. When I took the receiver, he was crying and swearing that he isn't an addict and he was begging me to come back. I believed their words; but the words had been too much that there was no way but divorce. One day Salim said: You can't live with Behrouz, anymore. Don't think that this decision is mine; but all coterie members believe that Raha shouldn't come back to Hamadan. Hearing this statement, I was totally relaxed and a definite answer was given to me. I understood that I can't return even if I want. I became superficially free. And Salim knew that I would accept the coterie order in order not to leave the family unity. He left me free and I could leave the house or call by phone. I said this issue to Behrouz by phone. He had complained to the coterie of Hamadan that they have separated my wife by such gossip. One day without announcing to me, the coterie of Hamadan went after him and had taken him to testing ground and had

discovered that he wasn't addicted. They sent their opinion in the form of a letter along with testing ground repartee on which Behrouz' photo had been attached for the coterie of Sanandaj. Salim said: It isn't a persuasive answer; because he was probably aware of this fact that the coterie member wanted to take him to testing ground and he was showing his lack of trust to the coterie members by saying this statement and he was sometimes saying: One of the coterie members of Hamadan is Bahrouz's maternal uncle; so Behrouz might be aware of the test and that thesis was against our beliefs because we believed in the coterie members (may God help us) the same as God and we were assuming them as successors of God on the earth and if they ordered, we were accepting unquestioningly and we were thinking that if we didn't obey their orders and prohibitions, we would be affected by divine calamities. And Salim's insistence on this issue made me surprised. When I became sure that Behrouz wasn't addicted and all of those words were rumors, I severely felt sinful and I said to myself: If I were patient a bit and if I were trying to keep my life and weren't sulking soon, people wouldn't backbite him and I wouldn't denigrate. I missed him and I had regretted about divorce petition. But I didn't know what to do. The members of Sanandaj coterie were saying: You shouldn't come back and the members of the Hamadan coterie were saying: You should come back. At last, when I thought to myself more, I concluded that the members of Sanandaj coterie have been deceived by Salim's words and; in fact is going to revenge and my prosperity or misery doesn't differ for him. He was such a person who was extremely proud and because others usually respected him and Behrouz had disagreed him and had exchanged blows with him, he wanted to dictate and impose his statements and couldn't forgive him; while his improper interference was the reason of that quarrel and eventually his accusation to Behrouz caused this separation. Salim who was accusing

Behrouz with tranquility and hardheartedness was the member of the coterie and we considered him as innocent person; although, it had been said that the coterie members aren't innocent alone; but this was a justification which didn't agree with wisdom and at last all the coterie members of Sanandaj ordered me not to come back to Hamadan and Salim could attract their views by personal rancor and opacity and had become successful to convince them to be agree with him. He himself had been influenced by those two people who were sending messages from Tehran. These couples weren't afraid of the accusation. They accused their bride, too. They said: She is mentally ill and if she has a baby, the baby will become mentally ill, too. They had hidden their son out of their bride compulsorily for some months. Once I saw their bride who was an oppressed and affectionate girl appealing them severely and they kicked her out with disgrace and degradation. I saw this tragic scene and opposed them. They answered: She wants to make us sympathize for her and to come back her house; because she knows if we divorce her, nobody will get married with her. They dishonored her and they spread rumors everywhere that she is mentally ill. Through these rumors, they caused her not to be able to get married again. Eventually she appealed over and over and she sat in front of her house so much that they admitted her. They forced that innocent girl to appeal them by their selfishness and savage violence. They forced her to be tormented for months in order to gain her common life which was her right. Nine months later, a baby was born-a daughter-who was really astute, according to them. The bride of this family wasn't mentally ill, at all. And their accusation was really baseless. This family were accusing somebody, up and down. And they were prevaricating in order to prove their accusations. And they had found a new hobby. They were trying to separate Behrouz and me. As if they were enjoying these actions. Everyday, we were receiving new message by

them. They were continuously calling and giving new news. One day, they were saying: Their relative has seen Behrouz while he was taking opium. One day, they were saying: We know that this family has been beggars previously. How have they become wealthy; at once? How were they able to hold such wedding ceremonies soundly? They have just earned money through smuggling. While Behrouz's father was selling carpet and he has been a carpet seller for years. But he could open some shops for his sons to manufacture glasses and he himself shared. Optician's trade was a really moneymaking job. Additionally, he was selling carpet, too. They were reporting this news so surely that everybody thought they are totally true. But I knew that all those statements are rumors. All of those news was false and all troublemaking are due to impure and affectless essences of Baha'i people. They are due to their lack of faith and conscience. One of those days when we were leaving the house along with my brother's wife, I saw that Behrouz appeared in front of me. He said hello and said: Raha, I beg you to listen to my statements. My brother's wife spaced apart of us for a bit and said to me: Finish it soon, because I can't answer to Salim. Watching at me, Behrouz cried and said: Raha, you know that all these rumors are false. Why did you accept people's statements? I have gotten fed up with life. I have become tired. I can't live without you. You are my wife. I beg you to understand me. Don't punish me for the crime that haven't done. Come back and know that I'll never disturb you. I said: You quarreled with my family and it caused Amir and Salim to act vindictively and they don't allow me to come back. He said: You should listen to the coterie's statements. Didn't the coterie prove you that I am not addicted? I said: Salim doesn't accept the statements of the coterie of Hamadan. He said: What do you say? It is impossible. I said: Anyway, he doesn't accept their words. The coterie of Sanandaj doesn't accept Salim's word. My

brother's wife said: Raha, hurry up. Don't speak with him more. Behrouz begged again. Then he gave me a cassette and said: Listen to these things. Maybe, you will understand how I passed this period of time without you. I didn't want Salim to be distrustful to me and to limit me again. Thus, I didn't speak to him more than several minutes. He begged me to stay more and he was saying: He missed me and loved to see me more. But my brother's wife said: I am not allowed and at the moment I am taking over Raha's responsibility. When a person gets stuck in such situation, s/he doesn't find out that he/she is too miserable and helpless. His/her wishes, humanity and will are being insulted. Behrouz left inconsolably and he was happy that I will listen to his cassette and I will be influenced by his words and I will come back to Hamadan. I brought Behrouz's cassette to house and listened. He had recorded his speech for me and had confabulated and said: You are missed in the house. During his speech, he had sung for me. Behrouz's voice was clear and impressive and he was completely dominant on songs' pitch. He had cried and said in some parts: The accusation that has been assigned to me has dishonored me and made you separated from me and made my life disorganized. He had wished all those who had tyrannized to him had been affected by a greater tyranny. He had sung with his nice voice which was overflowing with deep grief and suffering:

*Our home is becoming nostalgic when you aren't
The heart is saying I deceive myself if I am tolerant*

*The canary song becomes heavy-hearted and downhearted
For me, everything becomes devastated and obliterated*

*Life flower becomes dry and faded in the absence of you
You don't know how much I miss you*

*When you aren't, garden flowers are looking at me
As if I am guilty, they tonguelessly condemn me*

*Why did you become mad and let it go, flowers are saying
With all those remembrances you were having.*

When Salim heard that Behrouz has come to Sanandaj, he suggested me to go to my sister's house in Tehran. In fact, Sharareh was my brother's wife's brother's wife. I took the cassette with myself. I was listening to it every night. I was crying so much. I was thinking of my life story in which I didn't meddle slightly. Everything by which I was affected was absolute compulsion. For example; my marriage and divorce. I was really similar to a chessman in others' hands aimlessly as a puppet. Those who claimed that they are God's successors and had attracted our trust to themselves by thousand literary and gnostic words had possessed our thought and ourselves and had made us be afflicted and miserable. I played the cassette for my sister to listen. She was severely influenced. She embraced me and both of us cried with a loud voice. My niece who was 5 years old was watching surprisingly to know why we were crying. Salim's oppression and misusing of his post as a successor was so that nobody could think that there might be another way. Sharareh's father and mother-in-law was praising Salim. They were telling me: You aren't allowed to come back to Behrouz, anymore. They were openly domineering people concerning their important decision makings in their lives so that; as if, they were scholars and wise people in the world. And nobody is similar to them concerning wisdom and knowledge. These people are such ones that if they became the member of the coterie, they would smudge their inferiors and would make some people be tormented by gradual death and endless torture. Their son, Masoud, was Sharareh's

husband and Salim's wife's brother. My sister and he were members of Tehran coterie. They had been suffered from Salim's selfishness and stubbornness. They had been friends and had loved each other for 10 years. When they wanted to get married, Salim disagreed this marriage extremely according to false tradition of the old with this excuse that Sharareh is younger the Mina. At that time, Mina hadn't got married. Salim used this issue as an excuse and he was saying: Sharareh isn't allowed to get married as long as Mina hasn't got married. But the only reason for Salim's failure in this regard was that his wife's parents were more tyrant than he and; anyway, Sharareh and Masoud got married and Salim didn't speak with Sharareh and Masoud for exactly 6 years and didn't go to his father-in-law's house. His pride had been broken and this was the first time he had failed and his words hadn't been obeyed. Even my elder brother who was 2 years older than Salim was minding him. Not only my elder brother; but also his wife's family was minding Salim. Anyway, I remember whenever Sharareh was coming to Sanandaj she was insistingly kissing him on the eye and paying his respect in order for his punishment commandment to be discounted and forgiven.

One of the other reason that Salim was offering for his disagreement with Sharareh and Masoud's marriage was that he was saying: In our religion, the engagement arrangement is just 3 months. If even a day is added to this arrangement, the engagement arrangement will be nullified and be cancelled. And you had promised each other to get married for 10 years and you are friends; in fact, you are each other's fiance and fiancée; because in engagement arrangement, no verse or sermon is being recited. Just one arrangement is assigned. So, you have violated Jamal Mobarak's (that is, Baha) order and you have been engaged for 10 years instead of 3 months and this marriage is quite illegal and false.

Salim's attitude was due to his bigotry. And these thoughts belonged to the time when the organization was looking upon him as a working having callous hands. But when he became financially good and changed into a capable capitalist, the organization honored him and he gradually became one of the top members of the organization. Salim was a person that when he got married, he wasn't allowing his wife and my sister to participate in any meeting. He hated the organization and insulted Baha and Abdul Baha repeatedly and he was even imprecating and was insulting god [Baha]. He was calling all Baha'is as inferior, impure and fraudulent people. He was saying: All these meetings are means for a group of parasitic people in order to exploit us. But through the slightest value given to him by the organization, he was quite deceived and became an obedient slave. Till he became the chairman. Now, he was getting us off his obsessions. He could misused his situation and imposed his words. And this was an ominous destiny that we as Baha'is and offspring of Baha'is were affected.

Sharareh and I were in love with each other and we were attached to each other at the bottom of our hearts. She was four years older than I and Salim didn't allow me to come to Tehran for 4 years. And even when we went to the north with him and his family in the summers, he took us there in a way in which we didn't pass Tehran. He was exactly confessing this issue and saying: I didn't pass Tehran in order for you not to visit Sharareh and not to have a yen for visiting and communicate with Parviz. Now when the danger had been removed, he sent me to Tehran in order to send me away from my husband whom he had forcefully joined me with him before everyday was passing for me like a year. And I was passing tormenting moments without knowing why. I was in a hideous slough. I should deign a humiliating turpitude unconsciously. Like a ship which hasn't any will to do

something and is obeying its owner. Exactly the same title given by Baha to his followers "Aqnam Allah"[god's ship].

Sharareh was condoling me and saying: It is true that Behrouz was a good boy; but when it isn't advisable for you to come back, according to the coterie members' view it means that they know better. If you come back, you will be miserable. Thus, try to resist and forget him. Masoud is knowledgeable and manages some meetings. One day, I asked him: What should I do while the members of Sanandaj have banned me to come back and the members of Hamadan coterie have ordered me to come back? He said: At this time, you should appeal Tehran coterie. The national coterie makes the final decision for you. And then he said: Your answer is definite. You shouldn't come back. Your coming back isn't advisable because of some problems happened to you. He disagreed with me because of his family's words. Because he knew that Behrouz's family has heard the rumors had been said by his family. He wanted to impose his family's word.

Masoud was working round-the-clock. One day when he found out that the abundance of working is preventing him earning a living, he decided to resign some of his responsibilities and to decrease his activities. But he came back home with disappointment. He said to Sharareh and me: I didn't know this issue that we aren't allowed to resign. The coterie members disagreed my resignation. They said: You should take on all these responsibilities as long as we deem advisable. I said surprisingly: But your excuse is permissible. Your family need food and you are too busy to meet their requirements. He said: No excuse is permissible and I have to continue. They showed me the exact text of the commandment. My poor sister wasn't well off and she lived hard financially. But she had tolerated the poverty stigma with the excuse of serving to Baha and she was tolerating. I had gone there and had become a burden to them. I decided to

work in order to make the daily difficulties easy by spending time and to provide my expenditures.

I asked Masoud to find a job for me. A job that is reliable and intact. I was too bigot to myself that I even didn't like to leave the house to be seen by strangers. The less these issues was regulating in our community, the more I became sensitive. Thus, finding a job wasn't easy. I wanted to find an intact environment and the steward to be really reliable. One day, Masoud came to our house and said: I have found a good job for you. It is distant from here; but its environment in which you'll work is really intact and reliable. Because the steward is a Baha'i. He is one of Baha'i people who is really cherished by us. He said imperiously: You shouldn't dishonor us. He is really an honored man. I called him and arranged a rendezvous and you yourself were to speak to him. Be careful to call him in due time. Don't go back on my word. I called the trustful steward and I passed out his speech power and pedantic style. He was one of experienced members of the organization. One of the feature of organization members was that they have good elocutions. I immediately understood that I am going to a place in which orders and prohibitions are more than any commercial places by far. But because Masoud had found this job, I didn't say anything and the next day, Sharareh and I went to that place to be familiar with the job. It was a school called Danesh Pajouh Institute which was quite illegal and didn't have any allowance. Many instructors who were mostly Baha'is had enrolled in order to go to the students' house to teach privately. Twenty five percent of the charge was given to the institute. My duty was to familiarize the students with instructors and schoolteachers Mr. Pajouh was managing the school along with his father and brother. He was that honorable person whom I had been familiarized with his eloquent utterance and nice and noble tone through the phone. He was nearly 30 or 32 years old who was quite well-dressed. He had formed his hair with hair drier. He had

organized his eyebrows a bit and he was white-shaved. The puffy eyelids were showing his eyes sleepy; but overall, he was glamorous having tall height and fit body; especially his attractive voice and eloquent utterance were vanishing his all superficial faults. I became busy working the next day. I was passing a long course from Afsarieh to end of Enqelab avenue by bus in two long courses. I was leaving at nearly 2 p.m. and coming back home at 8. And my salary was fairly nice and sizeable. I had heard that it was a long time that they were looking for a secretary; but they hadn't elected anybody yet. But according to Masoud's recommendation, they validated me the first day. One of female instructors who was previously working there as secretary retold the features of everyone of them with whom I was in touch in order to be familiar with them better. At first, I didn't believe and I thought she found fault with them and accused them because of existing an emulation among colleagues; but I found out later all of her statements were valid. All of them were common in one characteristic. All of them were unfair and mercenary, avaricious and rapacious. And most of them were unfair and tricked. And most importantly, nobody was loyal with their wives and offspring. They didn't negate betrayal. When they were gathering together, they were announcing the false news of the government's downfall to each other. And they were wishing the government to be overthrown. They were accusing the attendants unfairly. They were going to houses and proselytized Baha'ism with the excuse of training private lessons. They were violating their pledge practically and they weren't reverent to government. They were doing their political activities secretly. They were dispraising against those who had turned to Islam after Islamic revolution and had turned against Baha'ism in their gatherings. They were dispraising against these people so much that every naive young person was trying to hide any reality to which s/he had approached for the fear of not being accused. The

organization was openly behaving violently and tyrannically with those who had turned to Islam and turned against Baha'ism. At that situation, I heard that a person has become Muslim and the organization has appointed some people to make that person turn to Baha'ism again. Because they hadn't become successful, they had deprived that person of visiting its mate and offspring and when one of the organization members was threatening him through the phone, I was listening that how ruthlessly he was threatening him to be separated from its offspring forever. In fact, this person wasn't allowed to enter his/her parents or relatives' houses. Baha'is were retelling rumors baselessly inside the country. The rumors that were being planned by the enemies of the Islamic Republic of Iran. They were speaking evil of government, leader, religion and creed of Muslims to such an extent that I guessed they were real spies of America and Israel who have been appointed in Iran in order to announce their message among people continuously and to notify the news happened in Iran for enemies. One day when one of the instructors was stepping in the office restlessly, he was insulting everybody because the government hadn't let him earn anomalous income. Avarice and voracity were apparent in his big eyes and mussy lines of his eyes. At that moment, Revayat Fath program was casting in a small TV which was at the corner of office. It was commemorating martyrs and their gallantries. Mr. Mokhtari who was finding the ways of plunder and thievery blocked for himself because of these gallant and dedicated youth, used a very bad locution formartyrs. I couldn't suppress Mehdi's reminiscence even for a moment and I was envying all those merits and eligibility; so I couldn't be quiet and said: Mr. Mokhtari, why are you insulting? These martyrs devoted themselves in order for us to live in our country tranquilly and smoothly. As if Mr. Mokhtari had found a person to relieve his obsessions, he remonstrated me and said: The stupidity of people like you

who are influenced by these statements made everybody miserable. I said: It is better for you to say: They have made us limited; otherwise, the Muslims themselves feel prosperous, too. The Muslims are beholden to these martyrs for having comfortable life today. He said angrily: We haven't been limited. Thanks god, we hold all classes and meetings of the organization better and more pleasantly and passionately. Accidentally, our situation is better. We are being supported by the world. I said: Why are you unhappy? Why are you insulting? He said; All people and all the people in the world are insulting. I said: Incidentally, it isn't so. All people and all the people in the world have understood that Iranian system of government today is ideal and favorable for the majority of Iranian people. Who were those who went to front and were martyred? They were the youth of these people. They went to defend frontier, reputation and chastity of this country. Some instructors who were listening to these statements didn't tolerate, anymore and all together attacked me and humiliated my words and laughed. Those laughs were indications of their inner conflagration. They were chewing me out and were remonstrating me; so that, I had no way but being silent; because, if our argument was becoming long, they would undoubtedly accuse me to have an affair with a person who was of Allah party and they would make a hateful person out of me and everybody would look upon me as a spy or a betrayer. I said nothing and I had to sit and listen continuously to see how dastardly and unconscionably they were trampling right and reality. There was a lump in my throat remembering Mehdi. And I cried involuntarily when the office became empty for a bit. I called Mehdi's mother. And I asked Mr. Salami's, Narjes's and her health. Narjes had gotten married to her maternal aunt's son, Muhammad and had come to Tehran. Mehdi's mother said: We also want to move to Tehran. The relative won't let us alone in this city. I said to her: I remembered Mehdi and I missed you. Mehdi's

mother said: I am dreaming him sometimes. And I go to his grave every Friday morning. Muhammad Salehi's wife knew that I have divorced Parviz. She advised me to come back and not to let others decide for my life and destiny. She recommended me so much to care about myself in Tehran. After speaking with Mrs. Salehi, I called Nasim. I liked to know what has been her life adventure. Her mother took the receiver and said: Nasim has got married with a boy from Qazvin and has left here. I asked her phone number and I called Nasim immediately. Nasim became really happy hearing my voice. Then she said: They forced me to get married to a Qazvini boy; but I don't surrender. I will escape with Siamak through any possible way. I said: Are you in touch with Siamak? She said: I called him several times; but he is extremely angry with me and he doesn't like to speak to me and he says: You shouldn't get married. Now we don't have any relationship with each other for a while; but at last I will satisfy him. I said: You don't know I was really in a bad situation. The organization tried hard to make me away from Sanandaj and then I had no way but accepting this marriage because of the insistence of my family. Nasim chatted me and said: I was crying day and night; but nobody paid any attention to my crying. I appealed them not to disturb me so and to let me be beside Siamak. But they said: If we see you with Siamak, we will kill you. My brother was swearing to kill him. At last, I decided to obey them and to disturb my husband to divorce me. And as soon as I divorce, I satisfy Siamak to forgive me. I love him and can't forget him. Nasim's words seemed too naive. I thought all of these words were ambitions which weren't attainable; but I said prayer for her to achieve her wishes and to feel prosperous. At last, I said goodbye to her, too. And I thought deeply. O'God, how tormented this religion is for us as Baha'is. How can we get rid of it? I didn't have much money in order not to be supported by my family and to live alone and to get rid of this

imposed religion and this mafia organization and I wasn't too stupid to be able to assume the miseries of the organization which had been imposed to me as divine trial according to Baha'is and to ignore them.

After a short time, I realized that Mr. Pajouh who had gotten married for nearly a year has lewd designs on me. He asked me to go to the institute one day when the institute was quite cancelled. I asked its reason. He said: I have a word with you. I said: What about? He said: If you come, you will find out. You should call some people and tell something about their disagreements with instructors. I didn't accept and said: I'll come with my sister or Agha, Masoud. He became angry and said: I don't like you to come, at all. And then he started finding fault with my working and said: You can't attract the customers and you make them leave. With this excuse, he wanted to tell me if I didn't obey him, he would drop me out. But it wasn't important for me, at all. I was just afraid of him to accuse me in order to justify dropping me out. One day, I became alone with him, accidentally. He put a small machine on the desk and said: Put your hand on this machine. I was stressful for I was alone with him. And I was extremely afraid. Eventually, I put my hand on the machine. He said: You are under stress. This machine has been sent for me from America. I measure the severity for the stress. I said: There is no reason. He said: Are you afraid of me? Because I had heard dangerous problems about him through Mrs. Masoudi. I was fearing extremely. But I said: No, you are quite respectful and trustful. Why should I fear you? He said: Then if you trust me, be relaxed with me. Don't speak formally with me. But I didn't accept. Those moments were fatal for me. The instructors came one by one. And I got rid of loneliness. He had many organization responsibilities. He was participating in many sessions and meetings carrying a suitcase. One day, he said to me: Why don't you take part at higher education University while you are so clever? This

university was a difficult level in which some people called scholars were participating and getting higher education degrees. Having this degree, they could take on great responsibilities in the organization and their Amir knowledge became significant. I accepted hesitantly. Although I was bored to study Amri books; that is, the books which specially used by Baha'is; but I accepted in order to use the boring days of my exile and to learn more things. I took him the special booklets which I should study. I was studying day and night my free time. And I was asking Sharareh and Masoud their difficult parts. At last, the exam day approached. And I had some meetings with the students of higher district of Tehran in this regard. And I had become familiar with them. I had found many friends whom everyone had strange story. None of them was normal. All of them were suffered from a kind of melancholia which was due to the dictatorial pressures of the organization and unbearable limitations of Baha'is. At exam day, I was to go to one of my friends' house to give an exam with other; but I was informed by phone that Mr. Pajouh himself will take me exam. The organization trusted Mr. Pajouh so much that it had allowed him to take such an important exam which resembled entrance examination in his work place and take me an exam without being any supervisor, he gave me the exam papers. And he said: Go and sit in one of rooms with relaxation and answer the questions. Ask me if you had any question. That day, Baha'i instructors were examiners and hadn't come to work. I went to my room and I was fearing that lest Mr. Pajouh found an opportunity and was alone with me. My heart was pumping fast like a trapped sparrow and I could breath hard. I didn't know what to write as answers. At last Pajouh found an opportunity and came to my room. He smiled and said: You are under stress again. Why have you become pale? I said: Not at all. I just fear to fail in my exam. He said: Don't fear at all. These are the answers. You can cheat. Write them so that nobody

suspects I have given you the answers. I became really happy and took the answers and I answered all the question through cheating. But I didn't know what Pajouh wants me dastardly by doing such as action. At that moment, I was thinking of passing my exam well and of this fact that I don't become dishonored by the side of those Baha'is who knew Sharareh and Masoud well. If I passed this exam well, I would become the student of higher education and my dignity would become more and superior. Finally, I took my exam and left the room. And I sat at the desk. Pajouh was smiling conspiratorially and meaningfully. He was thinking he has won the game and now I am his trapped bird. As soon as the office was becoming empty, he was looking at me and nodding his head and smiling nefariously; so that I was extremely suffering from fear. And I thought this was an exam which has been taken by conspiracy of the organization in order to know me and I have dishonored my family and myself. I begged him to tell the truth and he just smiled again. Then, he stood up and started walking. When he was passing me, I felt a demon was passing by me. Fear and honor had overmastered me. I asked him to let me leave there to buy something. With this excuse, I wanted to get myself rid of that fatal loneliness. But he didn't allow. At last, he stood beside me and he put his hand round my neck without saying anything and when he wanted to draw my face toward his face, I screamed and stood up and said: What are you doing? You are so-called trustful in the coterie. He said sharply: Don't tell me about the coterie and the organization, anymore. Do you yourself regulate? A person who cheats in the exam shouldn't say these words, anymore. I said angrily: Mr. Pajouh, you are really a obscene. Haven't you go married? How can you betray your wife easily? Apart from this, you betray the community. We were deceived by your faithful and organization visage. You betray God and prophet. He laughed and said loudly and angrily: You yourself were betraying this community several minutes

ago, how can you advise me? The student of higher education...!!! I said: If I hadn't the answers, I could overcome this exam and I could be successful. First your ominous essence in this building and bringing answers, second deviated me. But you can't do any wrong with me. Out upon us that we have patterned you as anthropoid animals that have learned some words just for deceiving people. He said angrily: Shut up, leave here soon. You have been shaken out. I said: Having this situation, I wouldn't work here even if you appealed me. You don't relent your mother, too. He threatened me and said: Just remember that I will suggest to the organization to take you exam once again. I said: In this case, I will tell them the truth. I had turned red and flaming because of sadness. He said rather loudly: Go sooner. I said: I'll go; but I'll come back to take my salary. And I closed the door firmly and left there. My hands and legs were trembling. I resembled a mad who has escaped from mental hospital. I didn't know where to go, at all. I had lowered my head and I was passing the crowded streets of Tehran without paying attention to nearby. My mother had become dry due to extreme anger. I liked to eat something; but I was alone to eat. Even I considered chewing gum in the street as a really hideous action done by women and girls. I got on the bus to go to Baharestan. The public place of the bus relaxed me and I breathed comfortably; while I was crying and there was a lump in my throat. I liked to cry severely having that situation. What should I say to Masoud and Sharareh? They had confidence in this dishonored Mr. Sharif that it was impossible for them to believe my words. Generally, I was ashamed to tell them. I was just thinking to use an excuse not to go work. I was bursting due to anger. The way was too long and I was tired. I closed my eyes to sleep; but it was impossible. I arrived and got off. As soon as I got off, I saw Amir (one of our relatives who had asked for my hand for years and he had received negative answer) appearing in front

of me. And he said hello. He had a sizable body, strong bone structure, wide chest and wheat-colored face. I answered back his hello and said: What are you doing here? He said: Today is the third day that I pursue you from work to house and from house to work. Today you had a strange feeling. Why were you too wandering? You were going the usual course. You were crossing the street that I was fearing. What were you thinking of? What's wrong? I was paying attention to you in the bus that you were speaking with yourself. What's wrong? I said: Did you pursue me? You weren't allowed. He said: You know that I can't forget you. Everywhere I look and every landscape, every pretty actress and every beautiful photo that I see, your eyes will appear for me. I can't forget you. I can't accept this fact that you weren't my lot. Alas, you become so. I said: Then, should I have got married to you betray me? He said: Why do you say betrayal? I love you. I never betrayed you. I said: It doesn't differ. A person who betrays his wife and pursues another woman for 4 days and says her about love and adoration, it doesn't differ for him who his wife is. Amin sighed and said: My wife knows I love you. At first day of our engagement, I told her. Although she knew that I am in love with you, she got married to me. I said: Please, not to trouble me. I don't have time to listen to these statements. Now when everything has finished and you and I have got married and according to you I weren't your lot; then we don't have any word to say. He said: I beg you to listen to my words for some minutes. I have a disagreement with my wife and I want to divorce her. I ask you if you accept me as your mate, I will immediately divorce her. Now, the only reason that has made me live with her is my kid. If you got married to me, I will make you prosperous. And I won't get you into trouble like that cranky addicted Behrouz. When he said Behrouz, I became angry and said: Behrouz isn't an addict. Your liar brother made him addicted. I swear that he told lies. And God will punish him one day because of

his accusation. You can't be the same as Behrouz. Clear the way; otherwise, I will announce Salim. He was afraid of Salim very much. He begged again and said: My statements still haven't finished. I have come here hopefully. I said prayer very much that you don't break my heart. You behave in such a way that I can't tell my words easily. I said: Let it for tomorrow. Tell its rest tomorrow when you wanted to pursue me. He became happy and said: Tomorrow when you will leave the house, I will certainly wait for you. I am sure if you listen to my statement and know that I have a really bad life with my wife and how much I love you, you will accept me. I said: What about your kid? He said: It loves you so much. You can be a good mother for it. I was bursting of anger. I liked to suffocate him with my hands. I was sympathizing with his wife and betrayal issue wasn't being analyzed for me, at all. Although Behrouz had betrayed me and had affairs with his ex-friend and I had extremely tormented by this issue; but I wasn't allowing myself to speak with anybody else about marriage as long as I was married. Especially with Amin whom none of his characteristics was acceptable and favorite for me. I got on another bus again and left Amin without saying good bye. I was harassed. Where should I seek refuge in order to have tranquility?! How could I get rid of sinful and voyeur people such as these ones? I headed off towards Sanandaj early in the morning the next day. And I said to Sharareh: I miss my mother and I should see her as soon as possible. I have taken a leave of absence for a period of time and I can be in Sanandaj till the feast of Norouz. I came back and embraced the beautiful landscapes of that glamorous environment and breathed deeply. Whenever I was looking at those virgin views of nearby environment, I was remembering God unconsciously and was praising his endless glory and power. And I was speaking with Him. I was exchanging words of love and chatting with Him and I was begging Him not to leave me alone with

myself and not to stint me the attainment of His endless blessings. The only praying which was being said by me continuously was that: O'God, bestow this humble slave honor and dignity in this world and in the futurity. I was swearing Him to his gnostic facts to direct me in the right path and to get me rid of organization, wandering and hesitation. I kept in touch with the institution some days before Norouz feast. I appointed a day with a new secretary to prepare my salary in order to settle the accounts. For this aim, when I referred the institution, other colleagues collected some money as a Norouz gift for me and put into an envelope and gave me. Pajouh said audaciously in their gathering: These sirs have shown kindness and given this sum to you as a gift. But I think it isn't necessary to be paid to you and I refuse giving some money as Norouz gift. All gentlemen became unhappy with his statement frankly. But he meant he wanted to prove that he doesn't have any hidden and emotional affair with me. By doing this, he hid his hideous character under his make of frankness and seriousness. I thanked them and I received my salary without looking at him and left there. I came back to Sanandaj along with Sharareh, Masoud and the kids. Behrouz had been writing letters for the coterie to return me. But the coterie members hadn't told me anything in order for me not to be influenced and they were ignoring his desires with severe brutality as usual. He had to write letters for the national coterie in Tehran and had begged them to answer his application and return his dishonored nature. But Salim had tried hard for me not to come back. Because in this case, his accusation to Behrouz was becoming baseless and his real face and other people's ones who had helped him would come through.

The visit in hospital

One day when I was in my elder brother's house, Behrouz's maternal uncle's wife who was one of Hamadan coterie members' wife called and said: Behrouz has had an accident and he isn't feeling well. Bring Raha to see him in Hamadan as soon as possible. He has been operated for two times and his leg may be amputated. She begged my family to take me to Hamadan to recover him mentally. Just for visiting. I couldn't cry secretly, anymore. And I cried so much and so loudly that nobody even Salim could prevent me visiting him in Hamadan. I knew that Behrouz needed me more than anybody else now when he is ill in bed. And nobody could make him happy as much as I while he was in bed in hospital. Salim disagreed me with going to Hamadan and he was saying: This visit will cause you not to abandon each other and you will have to live with an addicted, invalid, and helpless person. But I couldn't be cruel and conscienceless to such an extent. I insisted to see him. Accidentally, my maternal aunt's son's wedding was in those days in Hamadan. They had invited all of us. My family had programmed so that they could take part in the wedding ceremony. According to this program, I could visit Behrouz a week later. All my brothers and sisters got ready to participate in my cousin's wedding. Salim headed off, too. He was escorting me every moment like armed gladiators. He wasn't getting away from me even for a moment. When my parents and I along with my elder brother, Salim and his wife stood in front of orthopedics unit, they said to us: You can enter one by one. Salim said: Then, I'll go. Come after me, then. I should be present beside you. It was really tormented for me; but I had no way but obeying. I saw one of the nurses who was coming from orthopedics unit. I asked her Behrouz's health. She said: Are you his wife Raha? I said: Yes. She said: How good that you came. During this period of time, all

personnel have learnt your name to such an extent that he is crying day and night and calling your name. Why are you too cruel? Why did you come too late to see him? I said: I haven't control over myself. My brother doesn't allow me. Right now, he is going to enter his room with me. He doesn't allow us to be alone with each other. She said: He may be damned wrong. Let's go and I don't let anybody else come into the room. And Salim saw that the nurse pulled my hand and took me into the room. I could do nothing. Salim had recommended me not to promise him to come back. There isn't much time for you to divorce. If you tolerate, you'll be comfortable. And that if you become naive and come back, be sure that his family and he will revenge you for those days when they were appealing you to come back; but you didn't and they will torment you. I entered Behrouz's room. His head had been dressed. And both of his legs were casted to groin. His eyebrow had been broken and stitched. I burst into tears when I saw him in this situation. I cried loudly and he was crying severely, too; because he had approached me after so many months. I said: Behrouz, I'll come back. Don't believe Salim's words. I'll come back even if I have to escape. Be relaxed. He was crying and continuously erasing his tears out of his eyes. He was permanently said: Where were you? Why did you let me alone? I said: What did happen? He said: I had been harassed by the coterie cruelties. They had taken you. They had accused me and they weren't giving me an opportunity to prove that I am innocent. I had been tired of life. I rode on my father's motorcycle. I decided to commit suicide for a moment. I hit a Landrover car quickly. That car's speed was too high, too. But just my left leg was hurt. And I may lose my left leg. I couldn't believe. I was crying severely. But I was condoling him and saying: I'll say prayer for you. Be sure, you'll be healthy again. Ms. Basari, the nurse, who knew Behrouz well approached me. She was crying, too. She said to me: Wife and husband need each

other at such days. Try not to leave him these days. These days are really hard for Behrouz. He loves you very much. He has regretted; although, he has committed an error. How can you leave him alone? Do you boat your beauty or you love somebody else? I said: What do you say? You are unaware of many facts. She said: Yes, we know everything. He has narrated everything for us. The family can't prevent you coming back. Tell them I want to come back and they can't prevent you. She was thinking that my family resembles other ones. She didn't know that I was flouncing in a hideous slough. And she didn't know how I was dominated by a group of people who have called themselves as God's successors. Our will had been hurt since childhood. We didn't have any will. We were clockwork dolls in their big and cruel hands. The feeling of wisdom and will was meaningless for us. We were defined as they had a mind and no more else.

Some minutes later, Salim entered furiously. He looked at me to know whether I have cried or not? Then he went to visit Behrouz coldly and soullessly. He stood beside Behrouz's bed without saying a word to patient. He had just come to visit in order to tell people especially the organization members that I am noble and generous and I have acted my human duty. Behrouz appealed and said: Agha Salim, I fought with you. But I swear by God that I am not an addict. Now when I can't move at all, tell them to test me. Salim insisted his word illogically and meaninglessly and said: Here is hospital and you are here for a week. If your blood is contaminated, it will become pure after a week and the test won't show. Behrouz said: You are unfair. You have taken Raha with this accusation. Prove your accusation or let me prove my health. If I were an addict, the hospital personnel would discover. You can ask nurses. Salim said: We are seasoned, my dear. Friends and relatives can give you drug easily in the hospital, too and nobody will find out. Behrouz said: But you say my blood has become pure. What do you

say? Salim turned to me and said: Anyway, Raha doesn't like to live with you anymore, too. It is better for you to forget her. Behrouz said: I don't abandon Raha. She is my wife. You aren't allowed to separate her from me. Salim's pride was broken and said: We can but you can't do anything. Now you are experiencing the outcome of disobeying of Amrullah's orders and prohibitions. Salim meant Behrouz has been cudgelled by God and visiting a helpless fractured patient had been done by a great man of Baha'is. He said these statements and pointed out to me to leave. Behrouz appealed me to visit me again. Salim said: No, we aren't to stay in Hamadan more. It is our cousin's wedding ceremony and we said to visit you, too. Behrouz was staring my eyes inconsolably. He was appealing me with his teary eyes. And I couldn't condole him for the fear of Salim. I said goodbye to him without saying anything and left. I went to the wedding ceremony with untidy appearance and teary eyes. I liked to find an empty place to cry. As soon as I entered the room, I saw Parviz. What did he do here? He had stood in front of me with half a meter away. And he was going to leave the room. When he saw each other, our blood ran cold for a moment. Of course, he knew that he could visit me in this ceremony. Because he had come here by Bahman's insistence, as usual. He passed me and just said: Hello. And I said hello calmly, too. And he became distant. And he went downstairs. There was a loud music. And I saw my other maternal aunt who had been invited for the first time. She had been Muslim for years. She had sat in the ceremony wearing veil and scarf. She had lowered her head. After some minutes she stood up and said goodbye to everybody and left. Everybody said: She has become sad about the unstrained situation of wedding ceremony and she has opposed and left. The wedding ceremony was crowded. There wasn't any empty room and I had to sit there and tolerate the atmosphere. A group of people was approaching from hair saloons wearing adorned

and special clothes. Sister, brother's wives, cousins, brothers and nieces had come from Tehran. But I had sat in a corner wearing a quite unadorned shirt having woven hair. On one side, I had seen Parviz after 5 years and on the other side, I was remembering sanguine eyes of Parviz. The disorganized situation of my life was making my life miserable. I was restless. Parviz had been changed so much. He had the same voice, smile, look and attraction. He was still attracting me towards himself. In order for acquittal of this betrayal, I remembered Behrouz who was leaving me as a one-month bride and visiting his ex-friend enthusiastically. I still hadn't forgiven him. The remembrance of those moment was fatal for me. But now he was ill in the corner of hospital and his leg might be amputated. I remembered that I anathematized him at the bottom of my heart. And I said: May God make you maimed. He insulted my mother who was the most cherished person for me, so. My heart was broken so much that I anathematized so, unconsciously. And now this curse had made him be suffered and afflicted. And according to doctors, amputating his leg was nearly definite. Salim and my other brothers weren't allowing me to come back in this situation. If I escaped, I should abandon my family forever. My thought were distracted. I was restless and worrisome in a group of people who weren't sober. I was thinking deeply and they were quite busy wining and dining. I had lost my life cue. When did the calamity I suffered begin? And why had I become miserable? What was my sin? I was such a person that prosperity and misery meant faith and real gnosticism for me. I felt miserable; because I didn't know who I am? What am I? What did I do? What should I have done? And what should I do today? Whom should I have sought? Love Baha and Abdul Baha had been injected into our vessels so much that we were seeking refuge to them in any difficult and extreme moment and we were appealing them. We asked them to help us. And the more I was asking

them for help, the less my grief and pain were decreased. I was helpless and miserable in my affairs. As I was thinking deeply, I became alerted by parviz's arrival. He entered and went to a corner visiting me. He sat in a corner which wasn't across me. I no longer saw him. But my heart pulse had been intensified automatically. Like those days. Like previous good periods. But he had been ruffled by me. I had left him and got married to another person. Damn this life. I should get married with Parviz. He was ideal for me. He was my favorite mate. We understood each other well. We could traverse development and loftiness well. We could be prosperous together. We could achieve great facts in life. But today, unfair oppression and cruelty had separated us; while our hearts were full of love to each other. O`God, what is this destiny? Why? Why Why...?

The racy songs and disgusting movements of dancing by some people had made me be nauseous. But I couldn't do anything but tolerating.

I like to be able to be blunt with myself and to know what I want. Which kind of life can create the feeling of prosperity in me? I was seeking in myself at that commotion. Parviz, Behrouz, Mr. Rezaee, Santur and etc, were excuse for me to escape the existing gap in my life. I wanted to have a safe haven to get rid of the situation I had by depending on it. I wanted to be freed. And in fact those false loves were mirages which were showing me a prick of light. They were lanterns which were flickering at night. Maybe, this light was taking me somewhere. Cos I was perplexed about it. Maybe, I was searching for the real love in these worldly bodies. And no one could answer my tired heart. My wandering soul had lost a thing for which it was seeking. I was looking for reality. A fact which was as bright as sunshine and as beautiful as virgin nature landscapes and as limpid as waster and as pure and delicate as flowers. I could merely wash my polluted body

and worldly bulk spiritual water. I wanted to be free, and free....

I became alerted and decided to be logic. My excitement which was due to Parviz's visit was pointless. I couldn't be his mate, anymore. And he wasn't the same as before. All the guest left gradually. It was night and just the members of close relatives gathered. All youth decided to walk out of the house in that spring weather. I went with them aimlessly. Everybody was speaking and walking nearly far apart them. I was thinking deeply and everybody knew my feeling. My husband had had an accident and I wasn't beside him forcefully. We were wandering at streets till dawn. And whenever I was looking at starry night, I knew that Parviz is looking at the sky brokenheartedly and alone with an ill heart and painful body. And he asks God to have me and recovering. I was crying unconsciously. My teardrops were falling on street pavements. I wish I could be a bird and sit near his window to console him. He was my husband and his error wasn't so great and unforgivable that he was being punished so. Nobody was speaking with me. Nobody was condoling me. Everybody was just thinking about this issue that Salim's order should be carried out. And my words weren't important. I was feeling futile and worthless. I decided to insist coming back. I might be successful. I decided to prove my existence. I decided to prove my humanity. It was true that I wasn't in live with my husband; but I was sympathizing him. I should help him. It wasn't important for me that his leg was going to be amputated and I would be an invalid's wife. Tomorrow morning Bahman and Parviz said goodbye to everybody and I looked at his face just once when they were saying goodbye. I controlled myself and thought about my decision. When we returned to Sanandaj and I offered my desire, Salim said: He isn't merited for having you. I swear by my eminence that he is an addict and you will make yourself miserable by sympathizing needlessly.

Wait, at least, for him to be dismissed from hospital to follow you. Don't go while a riot that has been created. Everybody suggested so. And I can't help but listening to them. They were saying: He isn't being dismissed from the hospital soon. Where do you want to be during this period of time? These statements saved me out of entanglement and Salim had nearly been tame. Then, I call the hospital up and down. I was asking about Behrouz's health. He sometime could answer to me hard. Most of the time I was asking the personnel of the hospital about his health. He was continuously insisting me not being trapped in false customs and worn out thoughts of the organization. I need you these days. When I become ready for being operated, I think I'll never come back. The most difficult moments are those when I regain consciousness. My heart is as heavy as a mount. And an extreme pain is surrounding my head to be exploded. When I am exiting the operation room, I like you to wait for me to see you for my pain to be decreased. Doctors performed 12 surgical operations on Parviz's leg and each time lasted for hours. He had been hospitalized for about 6 months and had been suffered from bedsores. And he should lie in reclining manner. After 12 surgical operations, the doctor had told: There is no way but amputating this leg. Behrouz's parents were looking after him so much. They had prepared Television and cassette player for him. They were continuously dropping in on him. They were bringing him energetic foods. One day, when Behrouz was thinking of his leg disappointedly his permanent nurse was saying him: Ask Imam Reza (P.H.) your leg's healing. Your heart has been broken. Be sure your prayer will be answered if you have recourse to him. Behrouz had said: How should we have recourse. The nurse had told: Make a vow here that if your leg isn't amputated, you will walk from 5 kilometers to Imam Reza's (P.H.) holy shrine. He had made this vow. He finally dismissed. Although the decision about his leg had left in the

air and he hadn't still preformed his vow and although all the doctors had ordered for his leg to be amputated, he was dismissed walking on his legs, he lived some years with the same leg. The doctors were saying: His bon's infection was too severe that it might be poured into his heart to kill him. When he was in the hospital and I was calling him, he was saying several people are helping me to stand up and to change my place. But I can't. Because I have suffered from bed sore and my bottom and back have been hurt. And my legs are full of splints. Everybody is crying for me. But I am happy about your coming. I will never forget my leg pains. I haven't seen anybody to be enthusiastic about visiting his wife till that day. He became really happy when he was hearing my voice. Although Behrouz's family had been accused so much and they had been behaved badly, they had been agreed to take Behrouz to Sanandaj to send me back as soon as he could sit on wheelchair. Several months passed in this manner. The days were passing as dark as night for Behrouz. The nights were passing as molten fire. I was regretful about this issue that why I have let other to control my life and why I have left him alone and helpless. I was regretful for putting him under a curse. While once I heard Narjes who said: According to me, half of the curse returns to a person who comminates. And I was really tormenting this nasty event.

During these several months, Behrouz's family sent messages several times to announce they are going to take me back; but Salim had told them that: Behrouz should come to make a pledge in writing. Salim's cruelty and ruthlessness weren't due to my mother's suckling; but it was due to the time when he was performing the organization's aims. As if, emotion had died with him. And God had deprived mercy and compassion of him. And God had made his heart rigid and rocky. After writing continuous letters by Behrouz, the national coterie had been forced to answer his request and to

issue an order through consulting with Salim and convincing him. The order was issued from Tehran's coterie which was concerned with this issue that Raha must come back and live with her husband. And Masoud was the transmitter of this message and emphatic order. Salim had accepted out of necessity, too. Thus, after making a decision and consulting with the national coterie it was concluded that I should come back and, more interesting, when they were announcing me this message they were pretending; as if, the coterie has been agreed with my returning at first. And I myself hadn't been agreed. And Masoud was saying: The result of violating the orders of divine disciples (national coterie) is having such accident. And this will create a lot of difficulties. And when I opposed this statement and this kind of attitude, he said: If you had had misgivings, you should have consulted with divine disciples sooner. They disagreed with you staying in Sanandaj at first. And now they have issued you an emphatic order to come back. If you disobey, you will be tormented by the worst agonies. I sent a message for Behrouz's family to pick me up because returning beside Behrouz and living with him was my cordial wish. There were three days to end of Tarabbos period of time. I announced Sanandaj coterie that I have changed my mind regarding divorce. Because I wanted new trouble not to be created by finishing this period of time. Finally, one day Behrouz's family entered into our house yard cheerfully and affectionately along with Behrouz who was wearing a pleasantly colored casual coat which had made him more handsome than ever before. Behrouz was walking with sticks. His shaggy black hair was shining. I saw the shine of enthusiastic look from distance and I welcomed them intimately and I apologized them for everything which had been happened before. The coterie members had been invited to our house in order to settle my divorce request by arbitration. A meeting was held. And because the order of my returning had been issued by Tehran's national coterie.

Everybody had to perform it everybody had to perform it. And there was no way but obedience. My brothers especially Salim were very angry with this issue. But I was fond to come back home and I thought if I behave like Behrouz`s family policy that they hide their life problems from the coterie and act independently, I can have a comfortable life. And I believed that prosperity meant achieving real entirety. And it didn`t differ where I should live or who I should live with in order to achieve goal. Particularly, I was thinking that Behrouz has met with failure and had changed so much. He had been tormented so much. And he was grateful. During the meeting, he was staring at me.

Tending to appearance

I had worn a long and pleasantly colored dress and sat politely. As usual, I should start the first incantation. Salim didn`t speak from the beginning to the end of meeting, at all. He was really sad about his failure. And this was his excuse. He was telling me: Raha, they will revenge for these days. Eventually, the next day I came back to Hamadan along with my husband and his family. We had a lot of words to tell for each other. From all days of loneliness, mental and physical torments and tortures. When they were narrating about Behrouz`s suffering pain, I was crying involuntarily and they were expressing their utmost affection to me. As if, nothing has happened and they aren`t irritated about my family and me. My mother-in-law was putting my head on her chest and pressing. She was thanking God every moment and she was expressing happiness because I had come back. My father-in-law was also expressing his kindness with his speech or without. I was feeling tranquil among their sociable and kind

family. I loved Behrouz's brothers as much as mine. I was interested in his only sister, Samira, at the bottom of my heart. I was dressing Behrouz's leg twice a day. His bones were completely out. The bones hadn't been covered with much flesh or skin. One of his legs had become cured well. And his other leg which needed dressing was anesthetized in the ankle. It couldn't be turned right and left.

It was festering forever. He had an extreme fever at nights. I was constantly washing it with Bethadine and Hydrogen Peroxide. Because his fingers were anesthetized, they were being eroded everyday. They were wounded and bloodstained everyday. He could gradually walk; but his leg wound wasn't getting cured; because his leg was anesthetized. It should be dressed continuously. Yet, we were passing really enjoyable days with each other. We were together day and night and I didn't observe any doubtful sign concerned with being an addict. All members of family were going to the north, renting a villa and having fun. Behrouz and I traveled to nearly all cities of Iran. His father was helping us financially. Behrouz had a really good relationship with my parents and my brothers, too. And we were visiting my family once a month. We stayed there for one or two days. Days and nights passed in this way. My mere distress was not to waste my time, according to my previous thoughts and beliefs and I believed that if I spend my life without serving people and doing positive actions, I will be defrauded. Having such mental background, I was invited for an evening meal by Mrs. Nadimi one day. Mrs. Nadimi was one of extinct Baha'is wife who was hanged at the beginning of revolution accused by spying and associating with SAVAK. She had been appointed as successor and member of Hamadan coterie after her husband was killed. She invited me to her house to eat evening meal. She was telling fortunes with coffee. She resembled fortunetellers. And everybody believed in her fortune with coffee. When my father-in-law

understood that she has invited me, he became anxious and he was searching for a way in order to dissuade me going to this party, but there wasn't any excuse. Finally, I went to her house and after drinking white coffee and a cake, Mrs. Nadimi started telling my fortune. She took my cup in her hand and she was whirling it. She was looking at it carefully and finally said so that she has surprised: Wow, Wow, dear Raha, what thing I am observing. Some mountaintops of successes on which you are. That is, you will acquire great successes that will give you fame. You are so ambitious. You are in love in serving others. You are continually looking for something and; at last you will approach it. You are close to God so much and how bright is your fortune. What a successful and prosperous future you will have. Lucky you. How generous you are. Staying still for you means destroying all successes. You should act as soon as possible. You should try a hundred times more. How capable and how skillful you are! You should completely use your capabilities in order to achieve your aim and to conquer triumph summits. Dear Raha, no fortune has been as brighter and clearer than yours. Some difficulties are waiting for you; but you should tolerate to achieve your lost thing. O, for this nice omen. O, for this beautiful future. You will become famous. You'll become other people's pattern and trouble-shooter and you will be indicative of the right path. Realize the worth of yourself, dear Raha. After saying such statements, she said: Why don't you take on organization responsibilities? I'll tell them to make you busy working.

Several days later, the attendance of youth group invited me and after stating my capabilities one by one, I was taken over the responsibility of some programs. After a short while, I didn't have any free time. So that, I couldn't take care of Behrouz, as before. I had gradually become too busy that I didn't have even a day to do my personal affairs, too. Because I had a lost thing for which I was looking for years. I was

influenced by Mrs. Nadimi's words and her tempting omen and I was searching for achieving those successes which were as my ambitions and wishes through round-the-clock activities.

By doing such activities, I gradually became the center of others' attention. Especially the members of organization from different groups' attendants to members of the coterie paid special attention to me. Conversely, they didn't pay attention to Behrouz. Most of the time, they were blaming Behrouz; because he wasn't doing organization activities. The extravagance in admiring and praising me to achieve their special aims of the organization were to such an extent that led to deep disagreements and differences in our common life. He had become angry and fuzzy. We had formed a fairly complete music group in which Behrouz was a singer and tambourine player. Sometimes, we were busy practicing with group members till dawn in order to perform a good concert in special days such as Rezvan feast which is one of Baha'is ones or in Bab and Baha's birthdays at first and second days of the lunar month of Moharram. Occasionally, we were practicing round-the-clock for a week. We had skillful and experienced musicians. Mr. Manteqi was playing violin Mr. Khaledi was playing Tar. A young girl called Vida was playing organ and Behrouz and I were playing Santur and Tanbourine. Other singers were Ms. Nadimi and Mr. Hekmat. Sometimes, I was singing for these concerts. And in certain days, we were going to five or six one-hundred-people parties and performing our program. Because I was crazy about music, I became extremely busy and I was spending my life days in this manner. But these entertainments weren't satisfying Behrouz. I had realized that he has been depressed severely and he isn't interested in life. Our marriage was quite compulsory and my returning to his life had no reason but compassion and he might understand this issue that our life was destitute of love and real interest. We decided to have a

baby in order for our lives to be pleasant and happy and purposeful; but during five years of common life, God didn't bestow us any baby. Although we tried hard to solve this problem; but we didn't succeed. With regard to different tests, they said to us: You can't have a baby because of your blood while you don't have any problem alone. This issue made our life tepid more than before. And the wish for having baby created a great wistfulness in our hearts. This shortage was gradually added to other difficulties of our life. Impersonality and soullessness shaded our life. The organization was misusing it as long as it could. And it had given me more activities more than before; because I could be active more than other housewives and I was talented in music and more capable than others. I was disappointed with having a baby; so I considered these activities as good hobbies. Also, according to Mr. Nadimi's speech, I hoped to achieve great successes and considered these activities as serving mankind. But Behrouz was becoming more depressed day by day and he assumed the organization as the real guilty entity which had changed his destiny. One day when he was arguing with his parents and I was present there, he said: You didn't let me get married with a person whom I like for the fear of the organization. Now, Raha and I can't have a baby with each other. How can we cheer up ourselves having this life? The members of the organization were preferring me to him openly in any meeting and association and they didn't pay attention to him.

A man who was playing violin was a trustful and respectful one. He had many social intercourses with us due to holding different programs concerned with performing music. He had an intimate relationship with Behrouz. I begged him to spend more time to make our life firm, I asked him to go to his workplace with him and not to let Behrouz feel alone. Mr. Manteqi who was a 42-year-old man and had beard like professors was going to Behrouz's shop in the

second floor of a passage in which he was distributing glasses. And then he was calling me and saying: There isn't any problem and Behrouz morale is improving by my presence. But after a while, I found out that he wasn't going to his shop. I said: As if you have become tired and you aren't interested in preventing breaking up our life. Some nights Behrouz doesn't come home. And I don't know where he is, at all? He said: Behrouz doesn't like me to meddle with his affairs, anymore. I don't want to impose myself to him. I begged him and said: I have nobody in this city and I don't dare to return to my father's house to create difference; because I came back with my insistence. You are trustful for me. I beg you to be beside us like our elder brother in order to prevent differences. And Mr. Manteqi accepted my insistence and then he took me to a place in which Behrouz was spending some nights till midnight. And he showed there to me to make me relaxed. And I saw that Behrouz has sat on an elevated seat with his friends in a forest reserve and they were smoking hookah together. I called him several times and said: let's return home together and he was saying: I am bored with home. I tried hard to cheer up him to life. I really couldn't think of divorce. Although my interest toward him was a kind of habit. But I was preferring to live with him forever. And divorce is never happened for us. But Behrouz was irrepressible. And sometimes when he was speaking with me and chatting, he was speaking about tiredness, aimlessness and loneliness. After a while, he directly said to me: The reason that I insisted you to come back and live with me was that I wanted to prove I am not an addict. But you know that I am not interested in you much; especially the fact that we can't have a baby. There is no reason for us to live with each other. My heart was broken. I had sacrificed all my attachments. And now he is speaking about divorce easily. I had failed in my life. I was crying for my missing days, missing positions and time. I had trusted the organization

pointlessly. When Behrouz asked for my hand, the organization brought him, the organization didn't allow me to get married with my favorite person and when I decided to divorce, the organization allowed Salim to accuse unfairly. And at last the organization ordered me to come back and I had come back to this life with relaxation and now the organization is making me do forced labor. It has made me too busy that I don't esteem Behrouz. I was sad about Behrouz. When I ignored my prosperity and came back for the sake of him and felt responsible for him, now he is rejecting me without paying attention to my sacrifices maybe because of baby. And it isn't important for him at all that to which calamity I will afflict. When I was gathering my accessories, Abdul Baha's photo caught my eyes. I picked up the photo angrily and hit on the floor and stood with my both feet on it. I said: The organization which is a memento of your jabber made me miserable. Mr. Manteqi collected broken glasses. He picked up the photo and said: Who are members of the coterie, you think? Why do you assume them as great people? Why did you trust them to such an extent to entrust your life and your destiny to them? I said: They have taught us so. We thought if we did an action out of the organization orders especially the coterie, we would be tormented. Because they were innocent and heavenly inspirations were being inspired to them. Mr. Manteqi laughed bitterly and said, you made a mistake. Accidentally, the members of the coterie are the most professional offenders in the world. And the most depraved sins and actions are done by them. I myself had seen changing wives by the coterie members and I have observed so much inquiry and so many foul deeds by them that if the most pure and sinless people become members of the coterie, I'll never trust them. Mr. Manteqi's statements were new for me. He was stating about the most inhuman deeds which were being done by the coterie members before Islamic revolution and he

criticized basically about Baha'ism and said: I have made myself busy with music. My wife and offspring hate Baha'ism, too and they don't participate in any meeting. But the organization doesn't desist my son and they are continuously calling him and speaking with him and saying: You should become Baha'i formally[Tasjil]. His mother and I agreed with him and we have said to him to resist. I was looking at Mr. Manteqi with astonishment. How could he dare to say such words. I said to him: Aren't you afraid to be boycotted? He said: If we are boycotted, all of us will be boycotted. We won't be separated from each other. Then no problem will happen. Meanwhile, we have decided to go abroad in order to be gotten rid of the dos and don'ts of the organization. I said: Then, who is really Baha'i? Everybody has been Baha'i either for the fear of them or they are following benefits or, like you, they are superficially Baha'i. I asked: What about Baha and Abdul Baha? Don't you believe in them? He pushed his glasses up a bit on his nose. He touched his beard and said: They have been curious people. They have been able to make something like other religions well. In addition to authority and status, they have earned money, too. I said as I was still bigot toward these excellences: Mr. Manteqi, You are cursing. That is, you are saying they have been false? He said: It is obvious that they are false. If they weren't false, they wouldn't appoint the members of Bait-al-Adl as their successors whom they are the most piggish people in the world. And Bait-al-Adl wouldn't appoint a group of people as its successors in every country, city and village, too. Refer to your wisdom a bit. In a village where just twelve Bahias are living and nine out of them become members of the coterie, are all of those nine people innocent? I know a village in which nine out of twelve people who were Bahias were coterie members. These nine people were struggling day and night in order to embezzle each other's lands. Mr. Manteqi was laughing and saying: Those

three poor people lost their lands just because they thought that coterie members are wishing well for them; but later on a severe conflict happened among these twelve people who had hit each other to death. Mr. Manteqi's speech made me think deeply and I realized that he was telling the truth and I have entirely been deceived by the organization and I have wasted my life. Mr. Manteqi had made me busy with these speeches and had called Behrouz to come here soon in order not to let me leave the house. Behrouz arrived and saw that I have collected all my equipment and things. He understood that I have cried so much because my eyes were wet. His pride didn't let him prevent me going; because, he himself caused. But in order to answer Mr. Manteqi who was advising us, Behrouz said: I love Raha. When she goes, I will understand that I have made such a mistake. But I am really tired and Raha will be wasted living with me. It is better for her to go. She may have a baby if she gets married with another person. I said: If you say such statement for me, I don't want any baby. Mr. Manteqi, Behrouz and I went for an outing. We went to a restaurant for dinner to solve the problem, too. After serving food, we sat in a recreational sight and spoke. We had sat on a bench in cold weather in winter. Mr. Manteqi had a bad cold. He had a fever and was shivering; but he did tell us. During that period, I was thinking about his statements. At last, I transferred all of those speeches to Behrouz to know his idea. Mr. Manteqi gave several examples in which the organization has embarked to separate members of family with entire cruelty. Most of his examples that he was giving were concerted with those who had found out the loitering of Baha'ism and were announcing that we don't believe in Baha'ism. And there were turning against Baha'ism. He was saying: My wife and I don't like Baha'ism at all; but you know that if we announce this issue, they will deprive us of visiting our father, mother, brother, sister and all relatives. And worst of all, they are spreading rumors and backbiting;

so we prefer to be quiet until we leave Iran and get rid of inopportune interferences of the organization. Behrouz listened to these statements and said: These are Baha'i rules and the organization is just preforming. The organization is responsible for performing divine orders. Mr. Manteqi didn't explain more about the issue; but he spoke with us till midnight in order to make Behrouz and I understand most things. And he didn't know the effect of those words on our spirit. I didn't value mundane issues and the only thing that was making me alive was that to be dearer in the presence of God and that I assumed nobility, humanity, serving and magnanimity just in drawing God's satisfaction and if the way that I was doing my activities wasn't the right one, and according to Mr. Manteqi was false, I would be hopeless and couldn't tolerate all the problems! When I was thinking a bit, I understood that all my time was full from morning when I woke up till night. And this kind of activity wasn't just mine. All Bahias were busy from elementary school student to youth and teenagers and older people. They didn't have time to think of the consequences of all of these activities. They were studying repeated, illogical and impracticable materials. They were participating in numerous classes in which they were being encouraged to do immoral issues to create variety. This kind of life is standing still and being wasted. And I wasn't such a person to continue it in spite of achieving such reality or it was important for me. After that, I had been separated from everything and classes and the organization entertainments had been worthless for me. Also, the organization was continuously sending some people to speak with me and to call me for different activities. I was disobeying most of the orders. I had decreased the activities and my mere activity was to go to nineteen-day reception and performing programs concerning music and training Santur for a group of Baha'is. I was spending my free time reading my favorite books. I gradually decided to write a novel

having attractive materials to read. After a while, my novel finished. It was so beautiful and enjoyable that I decided to use this God given capability and to write more novels. My first novel was about a Kurdish girl and I had been able to describe Kurdish customs and traditions in the form of a story with the best manner. Bahia's were shirking to be present in other communities and to encounter scholars, employees, clergymen and etc. First, they were afraid of an argument to be created and they can't defend Baha'ism and be ashamed; second they were afraid of being proselytized by them and this issue led them to become Muslim and to be influenced by the pressure of the organization. Because the organization might ask them why they have relationship with Muslims? The organization had surrounded Bahia's completely and didn't let them become familiar with other tribes and religions and its reason and justification were that Muslims hate us as Bahia's and provided dangers for people physically and financially. We had been deceived by such statements and avoid Muslims especially scholars as long as we could. When I gradually found out the defects and immoralities of the organization, I decided to keep in touch with other communities in order to be free from this limitation and restriction and to add my knowledge and wisdom. Thus, I referred to dressing up institute and then I took my certificate after three months. Anyway when some people of the organization realized my mean, they advised me if you want to learn beauty culture, refer to familiar beauticians. They had learned beauty culture before the revolution and they can train you, too. But I didn't accept. I remember well that our landlord who was one of exterminated Bahai people's wives insisted me to learn the beauty culture. But you can't take certificate and I said: It isn't so and I will take the certificate and I was saying: The religion issue isn't put forward in institutions, at all. This issue is none of other people's business. And at last, I became successful to take certificate.

She wasn't accepting and saying insistently: It is impossible. They don't give beauty culture certificate to Bahia's. I brought the certificate and showed her. She said surprisingly: It is impossible. I became angry and said: You probably want to say the certificate is forged and said nothing. After that I decided to refer to an institute to earn money by means of my art. As soon as I played some excerpts of Chahar Mezrab for the manager of the institute, he enrolled me as the instructor of Santue for ladies. Fifteen pupils were immediately registered in my class. The number of pupils was increasing day by day. I didn't tell anybody concerning this issue; because I knew that they would prevent me. The organization was afraid of our relationships with the Muslims. It was preventing this issue using each trick or stratagem. But after a short time, the organization became aware of this issue and they said to me you can't teach here without the permit of Ershad office and when this office discovers that you as a Baha'i are teaching Santur to Muslims, they will severely punish you. But the manager of the institute was saying: It isn't so, at all. As soon as they discover the issue, they will test you and if you become successful in the test, they will issue a permit for you. Your religion is none of their business. But the organization was severely preventing me continuing this action. I wasn't afraid of anything; but an issue made me frightened. I said to myself: If I disobey the organization orders, they will accuse me soon and I will be dishonored. Through my mother and father-in-law they were insisting me to resign this institute and to leave there. My honor was my area of weakness. I was worried extremely not to be dishonored and accused. Before such event happens to me, I left that institute; but one or two pupils who knew the address of my house were insisting me to come to our house to learn Santur.

Music classes and a master who...

One of my pupils was a 30-year-old woman who was a teacher in fifth grade elementary school. Her knowledge was fairly good. When she came to my house and saw special Baha'i photos, she immediately found out that we are Bahia's and she asked about our beliefs intentionally. I said: we believe that Imam Zaman(P.H.) has emerged and Baha is the very person. She said: but Imam Zaman(P.H.) must be Imam Hassan Askari's(P.H.) son. I said: no, why must he be his son. She said: all accounts say so. He must be Imam Hassan Askari's(P.H.) son who was disappeared at that time because of the unsuitable atmosphere of that time by God's will in order to emerge at a suitable time. I said: No, these words are false. Nobody can become invisible. And when prophets and Imams have mentioned Imam Zaman(P.H.), they meant Baha. She said: then how do you believe that Bab becomes invisible when he was being shot. And then he was being found in his house. If these words are false, your words will be false, too. If these statements are superstitions, your religion is full of superstitions, too. Then she continued: when imam Zaman (P.H.) emerges, tyranny will be abolished. All tyrant people will be decapitated by him and real Islam will be established. Perverseness will be removed and Imam Zaman(P.H.) will rule people. And justice will cover the world. Meanwhile he must emerge from Mecca. And he must announce his emergence with a loud voice. We have all of his clues. We are waiting for such person. Everybody can't come and claim for being Qae'm [the Excellency Mehdi (P.H.)] without having the slightest clue of him and any miracle. I said: Tyranny and perverseness will be destroyed by Baha's commandments and orders. And when Baha'ism became widespread throughout the world, justice and equity will cover the world. She said: which commandments have been issued by Baha that can

destroy tyranny, perverseness and prostitution and can govern justice and equity?

I said: The seditious and tyrant are being boycotted and I remembered that in Baha'i community no seditious person has been boycotted. And the organization itself is tyrannizing and; indeed, which commandment is there in Baha'ism, except Islamic ones, that can demolish perverseness and can make justice and equity ruling? ! After arguing with that lady, she left our house and I thought as before and I said to myself: Which justice has been ruled in small communities of Baha'ism now, indeed. The coterie members who are Baha's successors accused Behrouz that he is an addict. And they prevented him with cruelty to approach his wife for a year. No Baha'i youth can get married with his/her favorite mate. They allow the young people to visit and talk freely with each other in order to ,so-called, provide the requirements for getting married. Being without cover is creating an uproar among Bahias. And perverseness and prostitution are uncontrollable. What is the superiority of this religion than another one? This religion is speaking about public peace. No religion asks for war and all religions are asking for peace; but which strategies have been offered by Baha'ism so far? Although Baha himself and Abdul Baha are founders of this religion, they couldn't bring peace in their families and Baha's brother also claimed for prophecy and Abdul Baha's brother claimed divinity. And each member of the family separated each other and one of them followed Baha and the other followed the brother. They were insulting each other and as long as they were alive, they were fighting for heritage and baseless claims. How could they be worldwide peace callers? These thoughts created a question for me that is as follows: which religion can be real and true if Baha'ism is false? We were evasive of Islam because the organization has made a religion which is illogical and full of superstitions, lies and mendacities out of Islam for us. I decided to ask God

for help to assist me remove this doubt and make me be consistent in the right religion. I referred to Behrouz's younger maternal aunt who was one of members of the youth group. I said to her: My thoughts have been precarious and I don't like to have the slightest activity in the organization. I referred to not having a baby and not having potentials for ideal aims of my life. She didn't understand what I meant about being precarious in thoughts and beliefs? She said to me: We have a prayer. If a person prays that, he or she will achieve any wish that s/he hopes for. But it is hard. I learned her the prayer enthusiastically. I was ready to have recourse to anything in order to get rid of that entanglement. This prayer was lengthy and we must go forward for three steps towards kiblah(Bahia's kiblah is facing Baha's tomb in Israel). I became prostrated before praying and asked God for help. I was appealing him to show me the direct way and to save me out of all these doubts and hesitancy. I couldn't live aimlessly without spiritual spirit. I was asking God for help crying. Although I thought this prayer will make any wish to be granted, I didn't ask God to bestow me an offspring. I didn't ask Him to heal Behrouz's depression and to hearten him to life. I didn't ask Him to heal Behrouz's leg and nothing else. I just made him take an oath to His rightfulness to show me the reality and the direct path. I asked God not to make me be hesitated if Baha is right. And not to make my intellectual domain be disarray and ambiguity and if he isn't right, save me out of the organization and show me the reality. During this prayer I felt I had forgotten something and why did I forget to ask my cherished forebear the excellency Muhammad (P.H.) to make me achieve the reality? I was from Sadat [descendent of the Prophet] and I had heard that I am respectful and precious for him. I should ask him to reveal and make me able to accept the reality! I don't forget my crying at that midnight. It was praying; but I was asking the excellency Muhammad (P.H.) for help.

After praying, I remembered, I had still a small holy Quran that one of my friends had granted me. I brought the holy Quran and appealed it. I put my head on the book and cried. Behrouz wasn't at home that night. And I was alone. I cried that night till dawn. I ate breakfast nearly at dawn and I intended to be fast. Bahia's fast is from sunrise to sunset. They don't pay attention to call of the muezzin. But after breakfast, I heard the call of the muezzin. It was the last month of winter and I was looking at the cold atmosphere out of the house. I was listening to call to prayer. I was telling to myself: Billions of Muslims love this call and it is one thousand and five hundred years that this call is reciting three times a day. Muslims have never become tired of this call and this divine invitation. But I am tired of meetings, the organization and their repeated statements and then I cried. And I was asking God to reveal me the reality. The moments were really hard and nobody will realize the pain I was suffering as long as s/he suffers it. That is, hesitation in a way in which you have passed 25 years of your lifetime. That is a catastrophic failure, that is a crisis, annihilation and devastation. The next day I took my novel away to Ershad office and I decided to ask permission to print my book without saying I am Baha'i. And I said to myself: I'll change the name of the author in order for any problem not to happen. I referred to the publication section in Ershad office and I said my mean. They guided me and I was to refer to a publishing house, first. And if the book were printable, I would refer to Ershad office. When I wanted to leave the room, one of the men said: Give your book to me to read. In this way it will become easier. If it were printable, we will print it; otherwise, I will write down the defects of your book and edit it. I gave the book to him and came back.

The next night, I prayed and appealed and I was fast the next day. In the evening of the second day I got ready to eat the first meal after a fast. It was dusk; but it wasn't time for

the call of the muezzin. And according to Baha'i orders, I wanted to eat the first meal after a fast before the call to prayer. The phone rang. I picked up the receiver. I realized that it was Mr. Yavari. The man who took me the book in Ershad office. After introducing himself he said: I really congratulate you. You are a skillful author. I read your book. It was really attractive. This book made me familiar with the customs of Kurdistan province. I really enjoyed it. This book was so enjoyable for me that I finished it in a daylong and I didn't rest for a moment. Why haven't you printed it yet? I said: yes, of course. I said: I am Baha'i and I decided to print this book by the name of my friend. Mr. Yavari became really sad about this issue that he became silent for some moments and then he said: Alas, you can't use all these talents and abilities and he was to answer to me. The third day, he called nearly at noon and I was fast again. Mr. Yavari said: I have prepared some books for you, madam. It is a pity that you don't study them and I made an agreement with him enthusiastically in the office and was present there on time. Mr. Yavari was a very cherished, trustful and bashful man. He was nearly 35 years old having black hair. His front hair was nearly white. He had worn light-colored suit. As soon as he saw me, he stood up respectfully and came towards me. There was a small bookcase in his room. He took some books out of his bookcase and put on the desk. He asked me to sit down. I felt a bit dangerous. I said to myself: He has said the issue of being Baha'i to Ershad attendants and they may prevent printing my book. He had held my book which was a 200-page red notebook in his hand. I had sat on a chair nearly in front of Mr. Yavari. He was turning the pages and pointing out the areas of weakness and strength of my book. Some minutes later, he insisted me to drink tea. I didn't accept. He urged to eat a hard sugar if I don't drink tea. I picked a hard sugar up. But I put it in my pocket; because I was fast. Mr. Yavari had thought I didn't eat it because of some reasons.

Additionally, I didn't say anything about being fast. We spoke for some minutes. I took the books and came back home.

Crucial study

I studied the book till dusk wholeheartedly. Reading books was so interesting for me that I couldn't quit reading them for a moment. I realized that I should break my fast hearing call to prayer. But I left the house to buy some roast chicken and French fries from the eatery nearby my house; because I hadn't made food. And I came back home. During the way, I felt my soul was light and tranquil. I felt the outside atmosphere isn't horrible and strange. I felt I was closer to people more and I live among them. I hadn't experienced that feeling of security and philanthropy before. My hesitation toward Baha'ism moved me forward hundreds of steps and I was feeling that I was moving bouncingly. I had become clear-sighted. And the feeling of freedom, insight and awareness had given me special excitement. The books I had studied was *Kashf-al-Hial* by Mr. Abdul Hussein Ayati entitled *Avareh* and the other was *Sobhi's memoirs* by Mr. Fazl Allah Mohtadi entitled *Sobhi*. These two noble-minded men were tenacious followers of Baha and Abdul Baha. They were trustful close people of Baha and Abdul Baha. They were writers of revelation and of the best disciples and preachers of Baha'ism. Many tablets had been issued by Baha and Abdul Baha to praise them. Bahia's respected these two people as much as Baha and his son. They were familiar with all the commandments and political activities and all personal and social and familiar behaviors of these great men. They belonged to real followers of Baha and to real lovers and partisans of Baha. But they realized gradually that Baha'ism is

false and Baha and Abdul Baha are liars. They had turned to Islam. They had announced people all their experiences, information and observations by these books. The knowledge of these two cherished men was so much that they had questioned all Baha'i books page by page and line by line and they had answered all of them. They had criticized Baha'ism. And they had proved the loitering of this made religion that and there wasn't any doubt or dubiety for the reader that Baha'ism is mere untruth. And Islam is the last and the most perfect religion sent by God. They were spending their time beside Baha and Abdul Baha moment by moment, they had seen some issues about these two people who claimed for being sent by God that were making each reader laugh and be hateful. And none of these sirs' claims weren't without documents. Sobhi had proved that Abdul Baha who was shouting and making meddling with policy forbidden had reported a suitable time for England to attack to Iran by writing such secret tablets and had provided them with guidelines and had advised them necessary tact. And Ayati had made Baha's character inferior and worthless by writing some facts about his life. Baha who was as high-ranking as God (may God have mercy on us). For instance, he had printed a photo of Baha taken barely and he wanted to prove everybody that he is a prophet; because there wasn't any hair in his body while his brother who was hairy isn't prophet!! And this issue had been proved by a tablet in which Baha himself had pointed out this issue. These sirs had mentioned Baha and Shoghi Afandi's immoral issues, mendacity and evildoings. They had expressed their regret toward being Baha'i. Their books were thick; but I was becoming tired and continuing reading them per moment. Reading these books and some small books written by Mr. Motahari, I discovered that Baha'ism is null and Islam is right. I was restless creating this great revolution. I was really excited and joyous. As if, God granted me a great donative. I was extremely happy and

secure; because he had heard my voice and answered me back so quickly. I like to make all the city aware of this great revolution and this great donative; because I was really happy. But I knew that I would have many problems ahead. I wasn't such a person who becomes silent achieving such a great reality. On the other hand, I was attached to my family and husband that I couldn't think of separating them forever even for a moment. That night when I fell asleep because of tiredness, I dreamed a person whom I didn't expect to see or I didn't remember at all. She was Shahin Khanom, Mehrdad and Mehran's sister. She had gone to school to save her offspring and had been martyred by a bomb. For this reason, martyr foundation had supported her family and assumed her as a martyr like other people who had been buried under the rubble. I dreamed I had gone to her grave and I was reciting an incantation for her (incantation which is specially Bahia's). She came out of grave and smile at me calmly. She said: Don't recite incantation anymore. I said: I recite this incantation for you. Why did you interrupt it? She said: Follow me. And she took me behind a mount. And she gave me a golden treasure as a gift. And she said: All of them are yours. I said happily: Why do you give me all of these gold. What about your kids? She said: You became Muslim. I said: What are you saying? She said: You have become Muslim and the Holy Imams (peace be upon them) are happy with you. And she came back to her grave, slept and closed her eyes. And I picked up an earring out of that treasure and I couldn't find its match. I came back home and saw there were many gifts, small and big, in my room. I said: Who has given me all these gifts? I was said: These are yours. It is the excellency Muhammad's (P.H.) birthday. When I woke up, I was really happy with my sweet dream. I had returned to my cherished forefather. I had been a Muslim. And I loved Islam more than those gifts and that treasure. I was making love to Islam; because it was a divine gift and I was amorously ready

to tolerate any problem. I decided to write all my feelings, emotions and know-how on a paper and to make Behrouz aware. And I decided to tell him that I have become Muslim and to write the reasons for becoming a Muslim for him. Although I was fearing; but I ran a risk and according to Behrouz's talent I performed my decision. I wrote 35-page letter for Behrouz. I mentioned all the issues that had caused me to discover the idleness of Baha'ism and wrote understandable and simple reasons for rejecting and denial of this null cult. In some parts of the letter, I spoke with him so. And I had invited him to Islam.

Dear Behrouz,

There is no sign of lewdness and prurience in Islam and we can have an intact life which is away from each uncleanness and impurity if we are real Muslims and if we aren't similar to those resembling Muslims who drag the name of Islam and; in fact, they are westernized and deviant. We can be prosperous and can decide for our great issues of our life. We can get rid of the circle of the organization oppressions and live freely. We can discover our real identity and not be aimless and null. Behrouz, Islam bestows us dignity. Islam promotes us to reality. We approach God through Islam; because this is the only path to approach God.

In the evening of that day, Behrouz came back home. I give him the letter with extreme excitement and stress. I said: Not to be in a hurry to read it. Try to think about my statements.

When he was reading the letter, I was saying prayer for him to accept in order for both of us to be Muslims. At that

moment, my breath had been held. I was fearing if he doesn't accept the way I had chosen. Our way will be divided. Which destiny will we have?

After reading the letter for a quarter, he put the letter away and said: I accept all of your statements. I screamed due to happiness and congratulated him. A significant incident had happened in our life and at that moment we were spending the most enjoyable instants. It resembled to discovering a treasure or triumph or to achieve hidden wishes. We review the books together and we were furious about those books and had deprived us of reading them. Baha'ism that was claiming to be free in selecting one's belief [Taharii Haqiqat], why it was allowing the youth to study such books and then they select their beliefs?! We were so enthusiastic about reading the books so much; as if, we were searching for a treasure. We were those who were afraid of telling Baha and Abdul Baha's names without prefix [the excellency]; but today we were anathematizing them who had caused us to be deviant and our lifetime to be wasted with certainty and assurance. I said to Behrouz: we will never be wistful to take a pilgrimage to sacred places. We will go to Mashhad to take a pilgrimage to Imam Reza's (P.H.) holy shrine and we will enjoy God from nearly. Behrouz was also extremely happy about this revolution. We decided to go to Islamic propagation organization along with Mr. Yavari to announce we have become Muslims in order for them to help us familiarize with Islam more the next day. The neat morning, I called Mr. Yavari and made him aware of the issue. He congratulated us intimately and we were to refer to the Islam propagation organization along with him to recite the articles of Islamic faith in the presence of the chairman of Islamic propagation. We went into the presence of Hajj Agha Taheri with Mr. Yavari and recited the articles of Islamic faith. We accepted Islam with indescribable glory and boasting. They said to us: the contract which has been concluded for you haven't been

correct and you must conclude an Islamic marriage contract. The next day we referred for the wedding vows to be recited in order for us not to have illegitimate contract. When we entered the office, we were welcomed vehemently. Some men and women directed us to a room which had been previously prepared for us. In that room, a lot of fruit and sweet had been put on a table and they had written "happy your Islamic matrimony" on a big banner pointing out our names. The ladies gave me a white prayer veil to wear at contract time. When I wanted to enter the room, I was carrying a bowl of water which was auspicious for its light and cleanliness and I had put a pink rose into it which was auspicious for its delicateness and juiciness. I put the bowl of water on the table and sat beside Behrouz. How nice and satisfactory was my feeling; because, I was in a situation and a position in which committing an offense wasn't compulsory; but it was sending us away from any sin. I was in an environment in which there wasn't any dance, song, debauchery and everybody was covered. I was happy and felt honored and cherished to be out of that community and to join cleanliness and purity. The cameraman was making a film. And Behrouz and I had been severely influenced by all those mercy and kindness. At last, the wedding vows were recited and I selected the least dowry. Fourteen coins with respect to fourteen Imams (peace be upon them) and a branch of flower and one volume of the holy Quran. One of men said: because the family of this respectful madam aren't present here, I add a pilgrimage to Mecca as her brother. I was really happy and as if we got married for the first time. I had a special excitement. From that day on, we were studying day and night to be able to defend Islam and to prove with reason that Baha'ism is a made religion.

After a week, we invited Behrouz's family and said the issue of being Muslim to them; although we were frightening for an unexpected event to be happened and it causes them to be annoyed us. Because of extreme anger and nervous

pressure and fear of the organization, Behrouz's parent had fallen in a corner and put their hands on their hearts and saying continuously: what should we answer to the organization? And we weren't afraid of the organization and we were saying: The organization may be damned wrong. We are human beings and free to select any way we love. But they became angry and left us. And they didn't permit us to say our heart words. They had immediately called my family and told everything to them. Some days later, my parents, Bahman, Salim, and Soudabeh came to Hamadan to be aware of the truth or falsity of the news. We also told them that we have become Muslims. And we have reasons for being a Muslim. When we wanted to retell them our reason, Soudabeh said angrily: You have learned these materials by denial books and we don't believe them, and we don't like you to retell and narrate these reasons for us. We said: Anyway, these reasons are facts which have been written in these books. But Salim and Soudabeh said: We don't believe these books and they didn't let us speak using this excuse. My parents who agreed with me so much nodded and asked me the reason complainingly. I said: Dear father, you are an educated man. Let us retell our reasons for you. My father who was a logical and great man accepted; but we were waiting for the reaction of the establishment.

After a while, Behrouz said: I had made a vow in the hospital that if I can stand and walk on my legs once more. I and walk with them, I should walk from 5 kilometers remained Imam Reza's (P.H.) Holy Shrine. But I had totally forgotten it; because I didn't believe in Imam Reza (P.H.). But now I visit as a pilgrim enthusiastically and I fulfill my vow. Some days later; that is, the latest days of the lunar month of Safar we headed off towards Mashhad; while, we knew that we had lost the members of our family forever. And we can't sit down besides our parents forever, anymore in order to enjoy their likeable essences. I knew that I have become alone

and I have nobody but Imam Reza(P.H.) in order to go to his/her house and to become overflowing with his/her affection. But I didn't believe. I was the very person who has stood on the entrance sill of the courtyard and I was waiting for Behrouz who was to walk 5 kilometers to arrive. Behrouz arrived, too. While his shoes had been full of water and his face had been red because of extreme cold and rain. We uttered the formula of praise and entered while we bowed. How prosperous we were. How tranquil and assured we were. It was extremely crowded. It was impossible to approach to sepulcher, at all. It didn't differ. I was now in my overlord and leader's house. It was enough for me. After reciting written prayers of pilgrimage and praying, I sit across from the sepulcher. When I covered my face by my veil, an old lump was burst like a fresh wound. Through the black curtain which had covered my face, I was watching wander shadows whose all of their human prides had been changed into a world of need and entreaty. All people were particles of a shout against that cherished overlord that is "O` my overlord notice me". I said to Imam: Dear overlord. I boast myself that I am related to you. And I am brimful that you will have mercy on me to be cherished to my own kin. I came to your house and know that you see me among all these people and hear my voice. I was extremely crying. I didn't know why I was crying. But it is true that everybody cries after being separated from a dear person, a member of the family, a generous and affectionate overlord at the moment of union. And now I was feeling he was my only kinsman. And he was my only helper and guard.... Crying wasn't making me tranquil. The shadow disappeared my tearful eyes. And voices were vanishing in my loud crying. My black veil curtain became a companion's house. And his unique presence became incarnated in the seclusion of my broken heart. I didn't feel any distance, anymore. I was feeling him closer than anything that can be imagined. Maybe he had come to

my heart house. I don't know; but I hadn't felt such a presence of a likeable honorable person. Who would be my confidante if I was telling my obsessions and pains to a kind overlord such as him? I told him about frustration, disparagement, separation, disorganization, futility, my strange and unbelievable destiny and about everything and everywhere. I confabulated with him. I remembered the messenger of God's (P.H.) departure. That day was the departure anniversary of that highly regarded prophet (P.H.) and I was crying for myself. And I was feeling sorry for myself. O messenger of God (P.H.), may I be sacrificed for you. When you were walking on hot desert of Arabia without land. Who was your shadow? How singly, strangely and fatherlessly you were tolerating and you were praising than complaining. When you were feeding cattle in that dry and hot desert while you were hungry. Which kind hand was giving you bread and water? The plant roots and camels' milk were your luminous face, when everything was unkind, rough and unfriendly, whom did you learn kindness? Whom did you learn mercy and sympathy? Isn't it true that nature's peevishness and indisposition and environment will excite human's obsessions and he/she will do inhuman deeds? Isn't it true that desert violence of Arabia has made Arab tribe rough and edgy? How was an eminent human created who became merited for God's prophecy with these hunger, torment and torture? How wasn't you annoyed by God when you were boycotted by your tribe and suffered from treachery and relentlessness? How were you tolerating those black stone thrown by black hands and blacker hearts? And how did you live silently among those ferocious anthropoid?

O messenger of God (P.H.), how will Fatima (P.H.) and Ali (P.H.) and Hassan (P.H.) and Hussein (P.H.) tolerate your isolation today? You bestowed life to a dead land. You made that dangerous land peaceful. You brought God's rule, justice, fairness, kindness and loyalty as gifts. You revitalized the

terrestrial body of the heavens and taught civilization and custom. You have nullified darkness with your glance and you fought with tyranny and the cruel. You came and blew the spirit to the land and bestowed light and freshness. You promote human being to humanness and you bestowed excellence. Now, how will your likeable daughter, your companion and soul mate tolerate your absence and it wasn't strange to her that she couldn't tolerate your isolation and joined you after a short while as long as you existed, the world was safe and sound in spite of all those tricks and deceptions, battle and warfare. As long as you existed serenities, reliance and blessings were abundant. But after you, your Fatima (P.H.) was slapped. Her flank was broken. And her Mohsen was aborted. After you, the oppressed showed their real face. The sorrows were started. Your Hassan's mouth which was always aromatic with your kisses was poisoned by vengeance poison. O' the messenger of God (P.H.), you departed while the world mourned for the grief of your Hussein's Ashoora forever. Alas for that day which passed without you. Your thirst in the desert, spilling your blood over your head and face in alleys, your captivity in She'b and in tents, your privation of water and food, the martyrdom of your disciples in the battles, tearing your likeable heart because of seditions and decays were renewed. Karbala the very place which you had told its name to your disciples became blood plain. Tyranny flood streamed and hundreds of desert planted on your dears' lips. Euphrates desiccated. Tents were made fire. Stone's soul painted and the sun cried. That day's noon Ali Akbar(P.H.) was killed by oppression arrow. Asqar's little throat became a blood fountain in his father's bosom. Abolfazl's arms were cut. Jars broke. Thirst treated cruelly. The sky's color became the same as red banners. Blood was bouncing out of pure and brimful of love hearts of your friends and that above resistant man who was the symbol of submissiveness and magnanimity

and that prosperity path torch plunked down the steed. And his praised head was cut out of his sacred body. That luminous body and that heart Ka'bah flew and the world heart became half-alive. Roadster steeds became exhausted. Swords became were fallen down. Zeinab (P.H.), that grief-stricken sister sighed and blood was out of her eyes while she was bidding farewell. Also to that burning sensation. Also to that grief suffering. Your Household was captured. Your 3-years-old Roqayyeh was hit. She was calling her father. Finally she was martyred. O` the messenger of God. Relieve me. Lump isn't lump, anymore. Granite has trapped in my throat. Tear isn't drop, any more. Tear is my melted boiling heart.

I was continuously moaning and whispering with the messenger of God (P.H.) and Imam Reza (P.H.). Then, I felt I have sat in the presence of a magnanimous Imam. My desires were endless. I had exchanged words of love with him in that enjoyable and indescribable seclusion. When I discover my veil out of my face, the crowd made me alerted. I realized that I am on the earth and my spirit had left my lifeless body for some minutes and I had felt myself in the presence of the messenger of God(P.H.) and my imams. I never forgot that life giver moments, anymore.And no enjoyment could be replaced by that seclusion and love expression.

*The jocund epochs were those spent with buddy
All the rest were uselessness and insensibility*

The enjoyable days when we were in Mashhad were fruitful and fecund days participating in mourning gathering and boards and houses of worship. In those days the cultural attendants of Astan Qods Razavi accidentally became aware of our presence who had become newly Muslims and they asked us to narrate the memoir of our becoming Muslims and then if we liked, we could have an interview with Zaer magazine which belonged to Imam Reza`s (P.H.) holy shrine.

We accepted, too. They took us photos and after a while when we came back our city, we received the magazine. Many books were given us as gifts by the library of Astan Qods Razavi. They sent us by post after returning our house. These gifts were the treasure that I had dreamed. By studying them, I could achieve anything I wanted. I was crying in mourning gatherings amorously and I boat the breast. And I knew that each drop of tear has philosophy for making the names of Imams alive. Just God is aware of it and he will bestow its reward.

We had recently gotten rid of the organization. And we were experiencing a sweet life in Islam religion. Emerging the octopus shadow of the organization in our life, our breezy days didn't last too much and; at last the organization came to view.

The coterie anger

One day Sharareh and Masoud came to visit us from Tehran. When I opened the door for them, Sharareh threw herself in my bosom and cried loudly. As if, she was crying for losing a dear. Finally, she became silent. And after a brief entertainment, Behrouz and I were glad to see our relatives who came to visit us. All of us had sat on the furniture in the dinning room. Masoud said: we have been ordered by the coterie of Tehran to ask you the reason of your being Muslims and to call you to Baha`ism again. Behrouz and I said: It will be impossible and we won't abandon Islam; because, we have recently found the reality. Masoud said: What was your reason of being Muslims. We said our reason and he didn't say anything for an hour and let us say our words. Then he accepted anything we said to some extent.

Then he obviated our conclusion and said: anything you said were true but these aren't good reasons for you to abandon Baha'ism. These questions can be investigated and these issues are solvable. I said: If Bab claimed for prophecy and then for the successor of Imam Zaman, and then for Qaemiat [being Imam Zaman], then how did Baha claim for those same things, too? He said: Because Muslims are waiting for two emergences and they were those two emergences. I said: Bab wrote penitence letter and his penitence letter exists now and I thought Bahia's won't accept this issue, at all. But Masoud said with extreme coolness and policy: Yes, he wrote penitence letter; because he acted misrepresentation commandment in Islam and; in fact, he hadn't done penance; but he wrote a penitence letter not to be killed he had claimed and insulted himself and rejected the king not to kill him. A leader shouldn't tell lies so much and appeal a king. Masoud said: He was allowed by God to do such action through the misrepresentation commandment in order not to be killed. I said: But he was killed; although he had written that penitence letter and his religion which he had brought didn't last more than 9 years. He said: it shouldn't have lasted for more than 9 years. This is Baha's religion which will last for thousand years. Eventually our argument lasted for a long time. And he said: Now when we listened to your statements with tranquility, come to Tehran one day to speak with the coterie members. They will answer all your mental unknown entities. I accepted because I liked to hear an answer for most of my questions. But Behrouz refused to confront Tehran coterie members. I said to Behrouz: there is no reason for us to hide ourselves. We have a lot of words to say. Let's go to argue with them. We will surely succeed. But Behrouz had a feeling of danger and wasn't satisfied with visiting them. I said to Masoud and Sharareh: It is better for you to go. I will satisfy and bring him to Tehran. Tell the coterie members to wait for

us. Nearly three months passed and we had passed all this period studying.

I had extremely missed my family members especially my parents. I liked to be present in their gathering as before. And I liked to benefit their affection. Sharareh said: your mom is crying day and night because of your isolation and your turning against Baha'ism. And I couldn't bear a drop of tear of my mother; so I became restless. I liked to approach her as soon as possible and console her. I was ignorant about this issue that my mother loved me being Baha'i and if I turned against Baha'ism, she would be hateful to me and wouldn't be kind with me. Since I had become Muslim, I was dreaming very nice dreams. I was being inspired at dreaming. I was enjoying those promising and mellifluous dreams. But one night I dreamed that I was in a desert. There were a lot of hills around me. On each hill a wild animal; but much bigger than the usual size; for such as lion, panther, wolf and hyena. Every direction I was looking one of those animals was in front of me. I couldn't escape. I had been in a bad situation. And those wild animals had horribly surrounded me. I woke up with a start due to fear. I referred to dream interpretation book. It had written that wild and rapacious animals are enemies. I forgot my dream and didn't think of it. Some days later I won over Behrouz to come with me to Tehran. And I had already announced Tehran that we would come to Tehran on such day. I had forgotten that I have confronted a political organization. And my family is slavish slaves of the organization. When we arrived at Sharareh's house, we saw all members of family and relatives have gathered there and by our arrival some of them were crying. As if they were welcoming dead bodies. When I sat, they insisted me to take off my scarf and they made fun of my veil as long as they could. I said: Here is full of strangers. My paternal uncles' boys bothered me and said: Now are we strangers? And they were trying to take off my scarf banteringly. Eventually our

gathering became serious and Masoud said: The coterie members are to come here today to speak to you and to listen to your reason of being Muslims. I accepted; but Behrouz didn't. I became angry with his escaping and I said to him: You are going to revenge my brothers and you like my relationship with my family to be darkened in order for me to be alone and not to oppose you a bit and not to have any place to come back. These thoughts were inculcations that my family had stuck in my mind in those first hours. Behrouz said: I know whom I will confront. They are dangerous. Let's leave here. I didn't accept and said: Let's confront the organization to know their ideas towards us; otherwise, my family will abandon me forever. And I can't tolerate their isolation. I can't bear the loneliness. Behrouz left to buy glasses in Tehran market. He had left to order goods and items related to his job. At that time all members of my family and relatives attacked me and said: you made a mistake to become Muslim., was Baha'ism bad? Why did you make yourself miserable? None of those statements affected me. Salim said do you know you will be boycotted if the members of the organization speak with you and you insist your own words? I said: I previously knew that a person who becomes Muslim, she he will be boycotted. He said: can you tolerate your parents and your family's isolation forever? I said: Yes, I can. I think I have gone abroad like my brothers. He said: A person who travels abroad can speak with his/her beloved ones by phone. And he/she hopes to come back one day to see them; but if you remain Muslim and don't become Baha'i, you will deprive of family's kindness. I said: I don't like to be separated from you. I love all of you especially my parents. But I don't believe in Baha'ism, anymore. Soudabeh, Sharareh, Masoud and Masoud's brothers and the rest said something and at last they said to me: If you remain Muslim, you will become alone, quite alone and Behrouz can abandon you easily and can be gregarious. He can even remarry and

divorce you. While you don't have anybody because you have been boycotted. Who is your hope of continuing your life? You will be afflicted by the destiny of street women and you will become wander and defenseless. Their statements gradually affected me and because I hadn't seen my dear parents for some months and they weren't present at that gathering and I was still wistful to visit them and I was crying whenever I remembered them, I gradually became tame. Shrareh, Salim and Soudabeh misused this issue and they were continuously saying me: mom and daddy love you more than their other kids. In the family you are more cherished than others. And now when you have become Muslim they are continuously crying. You have made them bereaved at the end of their life. They are pining to death. You can tolerate their isolation; but they can't. you are they baby of the family. They haven't laughed at the bottom of their hearts during this period of time when you have become Muslim. Why do you answer their kindness so? Why do you appreciate their troubles so? I cried and said: I can't tolerate their isolation and I didn't like to make them sorrowful and sad. They said: Then listen to what we say and I was ignorant about this fact that all of statements have been reported to the coterie members by phone and they were issuing necessary orders to my family and; in fact, they were to do mental destruction operation on me. They were to make me come back to finalize my life. And as if their behavior wasn't against the slogan of " No Inquisition"; while it was more oppressed and worse than that. Masoud said: Beliefs are none of our business. If you say you are Baha'i and don't believe in Islam is enough for the coterie members in order not to boycott you. In this way, you can have social intercourse with your family and everybody can love you as before. I thought a bit. I remembered Masoud's statement in Hamadan that said: prevarication commandment exists in Islam. And in emergency time one can hide his/her religion and hide his/her

beliefs. I said to myself: I'll use this commandment and hide my beliefs. In this way I can keep my belief, first, and then I won't lose my family and next I'll gradually propose some questions to make them aware of idleness of Baha'ism. Having this intention, I said: I'll do anything you say. Masoud and Salim said: you must rewrite the letter that the coterie has provided in advance with your handwriting. By doing this action the coterie can provide all the facilities for you to exit the country. You can go abroad and live there comfortably. I said: why should I go abroad? Salim told a lie to make me frightened: if the government of Islamic Republic of Iran becomes aware of this fact that you have become Baha'i again, you will be hanged by it having this situation. But through this letter you can leave the country easily and you can sojourn in a country with the support of the united nations and you can come back Iran whenever you liked. I said: Didn't you say that they may hang me; then how can I return Iran whenever I liked? They said: With the support of the human rights organization. When they support you, Iran can't hurt you. The united nations defend our rights. I didn't know what to do. I just knew I have trapped in a horrible slough. Sharerh said: The letter is against the Islamic Republic of Iran. You will be supported. And Masoud added: Write anything I am saying. They brought some papers and a sheet of carbon paper and gave me. During these several hours several members of the establishment came to visit me. They advised me and left. After writing the letter which was dictated to me, Masoud kept the copy of writings, according to the organization order. He sent the original writings for the coterie. Salim condoled me and said: I myself have assigned 10 million Tomans for you. I'll give you the sum to be comfortable anywhere in the world. Additionally, the organization will support you and you won't have any problem. We will send you abroad and you can be free there. I remembered Behrouz and he is unaware of anything with

relaxation. We had been aware of having a baby for two or three months. Behrouz and I were so happy with this issue; but this happiness didn't last so much. And today we had been trapped by the organization and some nasty events were waiting for us. When Behrouz came back home, I ran towards him and took him to a room and said to him; when you weren't, some events happened. He said: which event? I said: I decided to hide my opinion through prevarication commandment in order not to be boycotted and to be able to have my family, too. He said: we don't have such commandment, at all. Masoud has deceived you. I said: No, he is completely aware of Islamic commandments. Finally, I said to him: I wrote a letter against the Islamic Republic and we are to be sent to a foreign country. They are to support us financially and we can solve our financial problems and debts., too. Behrouz's eyes became round because of extreme anger and asked: did you really do these actions? Where is that letter, now? I said: the original copy of that letter has been kept by the organization and its copy is in the closet. He said: you were deceived completely, Raha... we became miserable. I said: why? What has happened? He said: Get ready soon to leave here. I said: why? There is no reason for us to leave here. We have recently come here. He said: You don't know that the organization hasn't sympathized you to support you financially to leave Iran. The organization's interest will be provided by this action. I said: Which interests? He said: Political interests. I said: I don't know which thing the organization is following. The way that I have selected is a good one. I have both my religion and my family. Come and do the action that I have done to leave Iran together. He said angrily: Get ready soon to leave here together. I said: don't shout. You want me to be alone and not to have anybody. I don't like to be alone and friendless. He became calm and said: I am not angry with you. I am angry about the organization. They will separate you and me. Didn't

you see that they afflicted us with a calamity? Let's leave here. I said: I can't do any action, anymore. I myself have decided for myself. I suggest you to follow me if you don't like us to be separated. Behrouz said; is that all?! Did you forget all those prosperity, love and divine affection which were bestowed us, soon? Raha, God has bestowed us a baby. Why do you renounce everything? I compulsorily should hide my belief for a while. It isn't a sin. I can't leave without the support of my family. If I lose them and you also quit me, I won't have any place to go. I will be hopeless if I lose my family. Behrouz appealed and said: Raha, I am looking forward to have the baby day and night. I beg you not to do an action that causes us to be separated. I said: there is no reason for us to be separated. Do the action that I did in order not to happen anything. He said: This action means suicide. Why don't you realize? They aren't deceived by us while we had an interview with "Zae'r" magazine and our belief to Islam. Apart from this, how long do you play a role? They won't be silent and they will continuously plan for us. Anymore, I didn't accept. At last, we gathered together. All members of family and relatives surrounded Behrouz like wolves which surround a victim. They stared at him and were ready to attack. Salim who had failed to defeat Behrouz previously, had found an opportunity to complete his project. He said to Behrouz abruptly: Raha became Bahai again. Now you should make your decision, too. Behrouz said; Unless he/she tells lies. Salim said: Accidentally, a person who wants to become Baha, he/she should accept Islam, first. And then he/she should become Bahai. The argument started and Behrouz collated some people who wanted to condemn him through sophistry and paralogism. I sympathized with him. And liked to help him. But I couldn't, anymore. I had no way; but being silent. I was simply deceived by the organization and I was trapped again. Behrouz had become red because of anger and nervous pressure. He was able to answer their

illogical defects, well. Behrouz said to them my inner reality; but they didn't pay any attention. Eventually Behrouz turned to me and said: Get ready to go. You are really deceived by them. Before I said anything, Salim said; Raha doesn't come with you, anymore. Behrouz said again; Raha, stand up to leave here. Before I answered, Masoud and Sharareh said: Raha won't deign this misery and Soudabeh said: stay if you love Rah. Go to a way to which he went. Behrouz had been trapped badly. He said to me: Poor Raha, the organization won't leave you alone and won't let you keep your belief secretly. If you became Bahai orally, you should obey any order by the organization from this time on. Why did you cause yourself to be trapped? When he said this statement everybody attacked him and told; let Raha alone. We don't let her come back with you, at all. Leave here soon. Behrouz had remained alone and he didn't know what to do. I had brought him to Tehran forcefully and he had come with me having a pleasant trip. But now he saw that the ominous shadow of the organization had covered his life again and they were separating him from his wife and offspring. I saw anger and hate toward the organization in his eyes. The red turgid vessels had covered his eyes. He had to experience the better memoirs of the past with his injured heart and bloodstained eyes once more. My God, his feeling at once in an accident at that moment. No, but worse, his pride, honor, belief and religious Zeal had been stained. He had been tyrannized unfairly and there wasn't any way for him to get rid of that tyranny. He stood up and said: Raha, let's go; I beg you. I had been in a very bad situation. I regretted. But there was assumed myself to be endangered by Iranian government as a criminal person. I was ashamed for my guideline to be changed during some hours. Apart from this, I was afraid to lose all members of my family at once. I said to Behrouz: It is difficult for me to lose my family as it is hard for you to lose your offspring and me. Stay and follow me if you love me. He

was appealing to me. He said: Raha, I beg you to go and think a bit with each other. Let's be alone with each other. Salim became jittery and said: No, Raha doesn't do such action. You want to take her to Hamadan. Behrouz said: I can't take her to Hamadan forcefully unless she likes. Let us to be alone for some minutes. Soudabeh's parents and all people who were present there disagreed. He cried and turned to me and said having a lump in his throat: Raha, you yourself made me Muslim. Why do you leave me alone, now? I cried, too. I left them and went to one of the rooms. All people who were present in that house were members of the organization. They expelled him out of the house cruelly with tearing eyes. After some minutes he called and said: Give the receiver to Raha. Salim disagreed and said: Raha has said her statements and has made her decision, it is better for you to leave her alone. He interrupted with disappointment. I had made myself be subject to cruel rapacious animals such as organization elements and agent unwillingly. I remembered my dream at once. Those rapacious animals and my entanglement in the desert, not having any loophole and that cacophonous situation. My dream had been come true. And my family's friendship was the real one. Behrouz went and cried continuously. As if a hot melted thing was poured on my heart. The torment that I was suffering at that moment was indescribable. He had brought me to the party honorably to help each other preach Islam and to do generosity towards relatives and visit them and now he saw that he has remained alone and has no helper. I displayed signs of uneasiness because of extreme regret. I hadn't predicted the end of this issue, at all. And I never thought for such event to be happened that is Behrouz and I separated each other again. I thought he also would use the opportunities that the organization had provided for us. I was continuously crying and I was feeling the deepest pains of human being completely. Behrouz's face wasn't disappearing even for a

moment. He would be right if he were killing all members of the organization to revenge because he had been tyrannized badly. And I was thinking that if I were deceived, I wouldn't be guilty very much because he was strict after becoming Muslim and he was putting me under pressure to save me under Islam's protection because he felt that Islam is a castle which keeps me away from improper interferences and damages of the organization. He was continuously checking my prayers and he was constantly criticizing Baha'is; especially my family's function. I was afraid that he might separated my family from me and he might not let me have a safe refuge. Wellaway, he himself was a haven for me. He was separated from me today by the organization and my only offspring was aborted by the order of these harbingers of peace and purity. By hearing our bitter story, Baha'is were coming to my sister's house in scores and were becoming aware and leaving. Whenever everyone of them was meeting me and looking at my red, inflated eyes, he/she was blaming me and they didn't assume Behrouz as a merited person for these crying. They were backbiting Behrouz without paying attention to my cardinal desire. A person asked me: Why are you crying so much? And nobody was inquiring the pain I was suffering. I was thinking that my family accidentally considered this cruelty and tyranny allowable for Behrouz; but Sharareh said: Don't cry. This was the organization's desire for you to be separated from Behrouz. I asked: Why? She said: Because they know that he hasn't a pure heart and he isn't returnable. We were keeping in touch with the coterie moment by moment. They ordered that Behrouz wouldn't be trustful and acceptable even if he accepted Baha'ism again orally. When I heard this issue, I tormented more; because the organization itself had ordered me to return to him. When I said this issue to Sharareh, she said: That order was issued in that time and today we have received another command. This answer wasn't a true justification. But I didn't argue with her,

anymore. Some minutes later, Masoud came from upstairs which was his father's house and said: The member of the national coterie want to visit Raha. Everybody congratulated and envied me. Eventually, we were to meet the coterie members. They arranged a rendezvous with one of the organization people in one alley in one of streets located in upper district of Tehran city. We arrived there with difficulty. I was thinking that this man who was from the organization wants to take us to visit the coterie members. But when we arrived there, the man got off a car and looked at me for some moments and said: The coterie members didn't accept you and said to me to bring their message for you. They gave assurance that you are under the support of the human rights. And don't worry. If you became afflicted, you should resist. We will send you the best and the most seasoned lawyers. This action was as worthless and humorous as their other deeds. Salim, Masoud, Sharareh and I had gone there to visit the coterie members according to their order. It took nearly four hours for us to go and come back. But they answered back humorously. Of course, these actions are due to their so-called policies that they don't approach to their followers so much in order to be inaccessible and unknown. They went to epitomize their value as superior to others in the presence of some deceived Baha'is and they want to show themselves greater than the actually are; such as some Sufis whom nobody has seen their miracles; but everybody has just heard and accepted. When we came back, they said: Behrouz has called constantly to speak to you and he wasn't accepting you weren't home. Behrouz called again and Salim and other people said: It isn't advisable for you to speak to him. That bitter night passed and I didn't sleep that night till dawn. I didn't know where Behrouz was and how he was tolerating. I was suffering from conscience twinge extremely. Behrouz called again in the morning and they said to him again: Raha isn't here. At last, I insisted to speak with him. Maybe he

wants to say goodbye to me forever. When I took the receiver, he said with a kind tone: Hello, Raha ... I said: Hello. He said: I am tormenting so much. I didn't sleep last night. Why didn't you answer my phones? I cried and said: I don't know. Salim and other people who were present there said: Say goodbye soon and don't speak with him kindly. If he achieves you this time, he will take you captive forever. I said to him: Try to accept that we can't live with each other, anymore. Unless you listen to me and leave the country with me. He said: Then, what do you do with the baby? I just cried and Salim interrupted our speech. Some days passed and I couldn't eat anything and I couldn't sleep. I was sitting in a corner at nights and crying and in the mornings I was visiting groups of Baha's who were coming to visit me. All these mental and physical pressures which had afflicted me had made me too weak extremely. My feeling and health became critical and I realized that the fetus is being aborted. I was severely suffering pain that I was thinking at every moment that I am spending the last moment of my life. I remember well that I was turning on my knees many minutes with indecisiveness. Backache harassed me to stand up. I couldn't stand up. I couldn't stand on my legs for a moment. I approached myself to a hospital with difficulty. I lost consciousness at the entrance of waiting hall because of extreme pain. When I became conscious and alerted I realized that I have lost the baby. I was too disappointed that I didn't like to be alive even for a moment. I wished my death to forget everything. What should I say to Behrouz? I had driven him away cruelly. Now, how should I make him aware of this nasty news. Soudabeh and Sharareh were happy with this incident. Without paying attention to me that I was tormenting, they were really happy with this reality that they have gotten rid of the mere issue that might join Behrouz and me. Eventually I became discharged from the hospital contrary to my desire. I had no delight and motivation to be

alive, anymore. Some days passed in this fashion and I wasn't allowed to speak with Behrouz, at all. One day, nearly at noon, I was at my sister's house and somebody rang. Everybody thought that a group of Baha'is has come to transfer the news to others. But we saw that two people were at the gate along with Behrouz. They said to Masoud: We are your guests and we want to speak with Raha Khanom. They were two respectful men who wanted to help Behrouz for God's sake. They asked the rest of the people in the house to speak with me alone. Before I went to another room with them, Salim and Masoud approached me and said: Don't accept what they said. Try not to listen to their statements. The two men, Behrouz and I became alone. Those men tried to make me understand that I have been tyrannized and deceived by the organization. Now, I have an opportunity to save myself, otherwise, I will be in a worse situation. But according to Baha'ism order, I was trying to turn a deaf ear to their statements. To my belief, I had entrusted myself to God. I had gone in a way in which I wasn't able to return. Unless a miracle would happen. Behrouz was continually saying: Let's go with each other and I said while I was quite silent: But I am afraid, you know!!!! Behrouz said: Do you mean that letter? He said to those gentlemen: She is afraid of that little she has written. They said: There isn't any reason for you to be afraid. Because you haven't written that letter and it has been dictated by the organization. But I thought it was impossible. Anyway, I wrote that letter and I was guilty. I scared again and I didn't accept. Behrouz insisted very much. And I didn't accept; because my family who were direct agents of the organization advised me severely not to accept. When Behrouz wanted to leave, he asked me: Why are you faint? Are you ok? I cried, while nothing was important for me I said crying painfully: The baby was aborted. Behrouz became too sorrowful that; as if he has lost all his life's love and hope. He was biting his lips because of extreme anger. He

was pressing both his temples with both hands. Some moments later, he said angrily: I will complain your family. You have killed my baby intentionally. Those two men made him calm and then they looked at me for the last time and left there with disappointment. When my family found out that I resisted and didn't go with them, they became really happy and trusted me and insulted Muslims badly. Masoud and Soudabeh's parents were insulting Muslim's sacred places such as Mecca, Mashhad, Qom and etc. everybody was making fun of Muslims. They were ignorant about this reality that I was tormenting by those statements. And they were saying: Muslims are liars. They are feigning themselves to be ill, crippled and palsied and then they go to Mashhad and say: Imam Reza (P.H.) healed us. They were saying those words and laughing. Soudabeh said to me: It became better that we destroyed the baby and everybody said: This baby should be aborted because it was a Muslim's baby. We were busy speaking, while somebody rapped the gate. When we opened the gate, some people entered the house have a verdict to inspect the house. Two police cars had been parked in front of the house. After inspecting the house, they found the copy of the letter I had written in the closet. And they took it away. I became concerned about this issue. But we became aware by the organization that they can do nothing. We have the most skillful lawyers. Meanwhile, the human rights organization supports us. I had many relative in Tehran. Meanwhile, there were many Baha'is who were aware of this issue. I said to the organization members: Hide me as long as I leave the country in order for me not to happen anything. But they said: It doesn't need for you to be hidden. Stay there. Some hours later some policeman came and showed us the Masoud's subpoena verdict. They took him away. When Masoud was captured, all the relatives assumed me guilty. I wasn't valued anymore. They said angrily: If you hadn't become Muslim, these incidents wouldn't have happened. At last, that day

passed and at night, nobody slept because we were sad about Masoud.

The next day, we became aware that the organization is trying to make Masoud free. And it is trying to prove he is sinless. The organization is to be present in the court to ask about his capture. Because there isn't any document to denote he is criminal, they themselves will be condemned. We became assured and satisfied hearing this news.

But contrary to our expectation, some hours later some people came again. This time, they brought my subpoena verdict. I wore veil and went with them. The men who had come to take me away behaving me respectfully. Sharareh and Masoud's younger brother came together with us. They took us to department of justice. And nearly half an hour later, they said to Sharareh and her brother-in-law: Leave here. This lady is under arrest. She should be put into prison. They said goodbye to me and left. They took me away by a black Peugeot. After a while, we were in front of Qasr prison in Tehran. We were waiting for some minutes. I saw that they brought Masoud and made him sit next to me. We didn't ask where they were taking us away. And they didn't say anything, too. But, we left the city towards Hamadan road. After some hours, we arrived Hamadan and we were entered Englab court of Hamadan. And then they separated us. They took everyone of us in a direction. We entered an office building. And then I was told to sit on a chair. Some minutes later, they brought me food. I ate the food. They gave me a towel, a toothbrush, a pair of sandals and dress. I became sure that I should be here for a long time. At last, a respectful man sat in front of me and said: Behrouz has complained Masoud and your brother and sister because they have separated him from his wife and they caused his offspring to be aborted. You have been arrested too; because you have collaborated the enemies of the Islamic Republic regime and you have written a letter against Iranian government. But we know that

you have been deceived and trapped in a political operation. You are really worshipful for us. First, because you are of the messenger of God's(P.H.) descendants and second, because you have turned to Islam and become Muslim. If we let stay there, they might afflict you with a calamity. Because we have seen some issues similar to this one very much. They don't trust you to become Baha'i again, they know they can't tell you these nonsenses again. Thus, they might kill you and make the Islamic Republic guilty. Your family is just agents and they have been deceived and they don't know for whom they are working. They are acting just like a robot. We decided to take you away that house with this excuse that you have written a letter against the Islamic Republic and then to let you think with tranquility and to decide. Now, you are our guest as long as you decide. Then, you can defend yourself in the court and be free. He said: Before we made a decision about you, an unknown person had sent a copy of your letter for us and then we became aware through the phone that a person called Raha has written some material against the Islamic Republic and she is going to leave Iran to have bad proselytisms against the regime. She has become Baha'i again and insults Islam. We pursue continually and realized that person has been appointed by the organization to make you be trapped by the Iranian government. They wanted to make you be against the Islamic Republic government having a naive phantom and to proselytize against the Iranian regime abroad. They wanted to narrate stories for their followers; but because you have been deceived, we don't retain you for more than a night and God willing, the issue will be settled in the court tomorrow and you will return in the presence of your husband. I became happy and I thanked him. I said: Can I visit Behrouz. He said: Yes, of course.

That reverend man's statements were quite real. It wasn't important for the organization what calamity I will be afflicted. Meanwhile, I had observed several times that they

were disturbing Bahia's who had become Muslim and made the Islamic Republic guilty. At Baha and Abdul Baha's period of time, many people were being assassinated and they were saying: They themselves have committed suicide because of extreme love towards Baha and Abdul Baha!! They kill my baby with extreme cruelty. They were cruel and relentless. I felt extremely secure. I had a really good feeling to be away from my family and the organization and to be able to pray comfortably. I said to the inspector: I want to pray. He guided me and then I performed ablution and then I prayed at that room which had been carpeted. I had a strange feeling while praying. I felt God is observing how I have been tyrannized and tormented. I had missed Behrouz. I asked God that Behrouz be comfortable and calm and know that I never separate from him and I come back again. When I finished praying, somebody rapped my room door. At once, I found out that Behrouz has come to visit me. I became glad. I said to him after greeting: I feel ashamed. I can't look at you. And he said: It isn't matter. Everything passed. Did you discover that they are really cruel and affectless people? I said: I had found out, at first. But I had done an action before first, and second, I was afraid of being separated from them and not having any supporter and I don't know why I couldn't change my opinion again and come back with you. I wanted to go to the last point and to entrust my destiny to God. He said: You had entrusted your destiny to the organization; but God had mercy on you. Through my complaint about your family, they sent you back to Hamadan. That night, Behrouz and I were allowed to be together.

Behrouz and I spoke with each other till dawn and we learnt lessons from the events happened to us and our recognition became more about the organization. We passed this hard stage of life and promised each other to step in the path of Islam as long as we could and not to miss the honor of this name. The next day, they took us to the court. I narrated

all the adventure for the judge. And then I confessed all issues. And I apologized to the court by the help of my court-appointed lawyer and I made a pledge not to be deceived by the organization. The judge issued my freedom verdict, too. Behrouz and I came back home and I admired Behrouz's pure and sincere heart and I was ashamed of everything and I was trying to compensate all my mistakes. Some days later, I heard that Masoud has confessed everything and he has confessed since he has been on a mission by the organization to turn me again to Baha'ism in details. His confession caused for subpoena of Salim and Sharareh to be issued and everyone of them was arrested for a short period of time because of having a private suer and because their crimes were proven and they had dictated a so-called letter against the Iranian regime and they had cooperated with enemies of the Islamic Republic outside the country. From that time on, Behrouz and I started a good life with each other without the ominous shadow of the organization. After a while, my family came to visit me and said: We know that you became Muslim again compulsorily and whatever I tried to convince them that I love Islam at the bottom of my heart, and I hate Baha'ism, they don't accept. Anyway, my mother wasn't kind to me as before and my father was expressing regret for me to become Muslim again through his look at his glasses. Salim, Soudabeh and my parents stayed in our house just for one night and according to them they have been commissioned by the organization again to know my final viewpoint. That night passed and our relationship had become free from affection and family found fond attachment. When they heard my idea, they became disappointed and left. After a while, one of Behrouz's brothers who had gone to the north for entertainment along with his family sank in the sea and we were in his mourning ceremony beside Baha'is. At that ceremony, everybody was trying to disturb us and to humiliate Muslim; as if they are right. My family had come

from Sanandaj, too. The organization misused this situation, too. It had commissioned some people to do their last attempts. The members of my family came to our house after mourning ceremony. Salim said: The members of the coterie want to boycott you. But to our honor, they haven't done it yet. You will have time to return if you become regretful. Behrouz and I stated our beliefs with the slightest hesitation. They argued with us a bit again to know what our inner reality is. And they wanted to make us dubious and to cause us to come back; but they didn't succeed. Thus, they threatened us and said: You won't be able to have social intercourse with us and you must be alone to the end of your life if you are boycotted. Because I was furious about the organization, I said: If I were the government of the Islamic Republic, I would shoot all members of the coterie. They aren't humans; but they are animals look like humans. They don't have wisdom. And I don't believe in Baha'ism. Because I have completely discovered that this cult is political and shaky. I am ready to resist and to be killed in the path of Islam. I don't desist reality. When they realized that they weren't successful by this way, they had recourse to usual superstitions, in order to frighten us, they said: You know everybody who turns against Baha'ism, he/she will be afflicted by the worst and the most painful calamities and disasters. They gave a lot of examples for us that they had repeated them for us since childhood. Those statements were worthless for us. They spoke with us till dawn and they proselytized us. They left our house sorrowfully and went. I felt dangerous. I was totally attached to my mother and family. I had passed the best and the happiest memoirs of my life with them. The thought of losing them forever was disturbing me. We were in my father-in-law's house for a period of time because of Bahrouz's brother's death in order of his parents not to be alone and to condole them. When Baha'is coming to their house continuously, they were

advising us to turn against Islam and to become Baha'i again and we were proselytizing them. Behrouz's family was commissioned to tell us necessary advice. We had done penance, anymore. It was impossible for us to be deceived by them. Although Samira who was Behrouz's younger sister was a kind girl, she said to me: Dear Raha, I swear you by God not to do an action to be boycotted. I love you and my brother Behrouz so much. I can't be separated from you forever. Well, if we became boycotted, we would come to your house again to visit you. We aren't afraid of the organization. We don't listen to them. Samira said: No, it is impossible. We listen to their orders to obey. If you become boycotted, we will hate you. And if we see you at the gate, we will pour dirty water on you to go and never come back. Those days, I was writing a book entitled "why I became Muslim" and Baha'is had become aware of this fact that I was busy writing a book. They tried more to change my opinion; but at last, I wrote that book and printed it in order for a person among Bahias who is prone to be Muslim can join us fearlessly. Of course, most Bahias had cordially discovered the idleness of Baha'ism; but they didn't dare to express their ideas. Many Baha'is had turned against and announced their exemptions in newspapers and they became boycotted. Writing that book, I made Muslims aware of the presence of such dangerous worms living with them and I had warned Baha'is who had really been deceived and weren't aware of this fact that this organization is political such as Behrouz's family and mine that no excuse will be accepted in the day of judgment. I had also criticized baseless commandments and orders of Baha'ism. When the book was printed and the organization became aware of it, they order our families not to have a relationship with us and to deprive us of their affection. During these several months, I enjoyed our Imam's love so much and I was so hopeful about the kindness and mercy of these gracious people that I could easily prefer this

divine love to all mundane belongings. After a while God bestowed us a daughter and our life became spirited and rapturous. We had so close, kind and intimate friends. They had come to help us during those days when we needed help. In order not to let us be alone. But I still needed my mother strangely. And I extremely missed her. One day, I decided to call her and ask her health. I knew that they would snub me. And I was ready to be reproached by them. But when I called her, my brother's wife picked up the receiver. As soon as she knew me, she said: Your mother doesn't have any word with you and interrupted. I called several times; but my brother's wife who was Amir's wife said angrily: Mom never speaks to you. I said: Give the receiver to her to say this statement to me. She refused. My heart broke. After that I was calling my mother in different house even at midnight in order for my mother to feel sorry. But she had been ordered by the organization not to answer back my saying hello. I still hadn't been boycotted by Bait-al-Adl; but the members of Sanandaj coterie had ordered my family to cut their relationship with me due to some reasons. First, they could provide causations to attract me again by boycotting and rejecting me. Thus, I should be tormented and tortured spiritually in order not to tolerate and turn to Baha'ism again because of extreme loneliness and homelessness. Second, my presence beside Baha'i youth and teenagers was dangerous. And I could make them aware and alerted by asking some simple questions and undo all their had advertisements against Islam and invite them to Islam. I could have irreparable effects on them. And third, my marital life with Behrouz would gradually be deranged and endangered by creating such mental damages and depression, impersonality and sluggishness would dominate my life and I would assume these consequences due to those superstitions which had been told us repeatedly since childhood by them concerning everybody who turns against Baha'ism, he/she will be afflicted by the worst calamities and

disasters and he/she will be suffered from a lot of problems and the organization deprived us of visiting our families by taking such policy.

Zahra was our little girl. She was growing without close relatives` affections and she was deprived of grandparents, maternal uncle and aunt and paternal ones. Zahra was the apple of oureyes. She was pretty, clever and playful. We filled all the gaps in our life with her. Zahra was a gift bestowed by the excellency Fatima (P.H.). She was miraculously bestowed us by the Almighty God in one of exhilarating ceremonies of the martyrdom of the Ladi of both worlds, that holy and pure being. She changed our life. We became attached to her so much that we didn`t feel the lack of our families. I was thinking of educating her and her body and spirit health; because I didn`t like our loneliness and forlornness affect her growth and loftiness. I had read and recorded all of her story books for her with infantile and intonational language in order to help her be entertained by looking at their photos and make her mind grow by listening to them in lowliness moments. Those days, I established a hair salon and was busy working. I had provided all welfare facilities for Zahar`s education and growth. She had a small tape recorder and she was continually listening to her favorite tapes. After a while, I realized that she has memorized all those stories, poems and proverbs with infantile sweet language; so that, she was attracting every listener and made him/her admire her. When she was 3 years of age I taught her the alphabet. And when she was 4 she could read the headlines of newspapers. The talent and intelligence of this divine gift and this beauty angel who had been bestowed us by God caused many educated people to have social intercourse with us in order for their children to be influenced positively by companionship with Zahra. We also had relationships with dignitaries and scholars of the city and masters of universities; because we were enthusiastically

looking for knowledge, recognition and philosophical and religious issues. And we were honored to be in their presence. I was observing God's mercy and kindness and I was feeling His mercy and favor in all stages of my life. I hoped for a day when the lifesaver of the world of humanity, Imam Zaman (P.H.) emerges and dishonors crafty people and atheists and makes the world free from harassment, tyranny and cruelty.

Zahra was four years when my maternal aunt called, one day. And she said: Your father doesn't feel well. Go to Sanandaj with Behrouz. I became really anxious. That is, I realized that the issue wasn't an illness. They didn't have social intercourse with us. And after some years, they had given my maternal aunt such news and they had asked her to tell us to go to Sanangaj. This news indicated that my father has died. No news could be painful for me but this one. After years of separation, I liked to go beside him and enjoy his kind, oppressed and chummy essence amorously. It was nearly a month that I was dreaming concerning this issue. One night, I dreamt that my father has become Muslim and gives food to everybody. I wished so much for my father to become Muslim. I was crying with a loud voice. And I was calling my father. I knew that his soul is observing my tired and injured spirit. We headed off towards Sanandaj very soon. I was saying prayer to see my father in sickbed when I arrived. But when we arrived at Sanandaj, I was observing my relatives who were going to our house worn mourning clothes. I became sure that my father has gone. Our pleasant green house had become soulless without my father. It was toneless and unpeaceful. My father had died forever. My heart was painful. I didn't like to believe that he had died. I couldn't believe that he isn't among us, anymore. How could I visit my dear mother losing a loved one, now? She was looking after my father and loved him like a butterfly which is turning around a candle. How will she believe his death? How will she tolerate his isolation?

When I arrived home, I cried loudly. I saw Bahman on stairs. I embraced him and we both cried. I saw my mother wearing a black scarf and mourning clothes. I never liked to see her in mourning clothes. She was always wearing green with respect to her genitors who were seyyeds. Now she had worn mourning clothes. I embraced her, too. And I was continuously saying: Mom, where is daddy? Mom was trying to console me. I went towards the place where my father was always sitting. I was smelling his pillow, kissing and crying. All relative had stood to see me. My elder sister narrated that he had had a heart attack in a minute and died. My heart had been broken. I liked to be condoled. But there wasn't a tone of the holy Quran broadcasting. Mom said: No, we ourselves have prayer and incantation and the holy Quran isn't needed. I urged and said crying: On behalf of me not on behalf of you. Let the tone of the holy Quran be broadcasted. But my mother didn't allow. I liked to do an action for my father. But, what could I do? I saw Salim; but I didn't kiss him. Masoud and Sharareh arrived from Tehran. I approached Sharareh and she said suddenly: Daddy pined for the sake of you. Leave here. My heart broke more and I felt I was guilty for his death unwantedly. I gradually realized that nobody was speaking with me at that hard and sore-hearted situation. If a person had forgotten this issue and wanted to speak with me. No one among our relatives condoled me. I felt alone in that hard situation. I saw my father in the mortuary. I wish I hadn't seen him and his face at that situation hadn't remained in my mind. After the funeral, I realized that I couldn't stay in that house. And I was totally strange. As if, nobody recognized me. Everybody was reciting special incantations of Baha'is and I was just busy reciting the holy Quran and Fatehe [the first chapter of the holy Quran recited as a prayer for the dead]. At dusk, I went to the roof. And I closed the door of the raised roof. I missed my father. He had been buried in the mountains. It was the first night of his death and I was crying

plaintively. My agonizing groans had filled there. I prayed the special prayer of that night. I said Ashoora prayer and the prayer that is specially being said for the dead. I appealed Imams to have mercy on his spirit and to meditate. Next morning, we returned to Hamadan. The catastrophic situation of my father's house was intolerable for me. I came home. I held a religious service soon. This religious service was held on the seventh day of my father's death and the fortieth day after the martyrdom of Imam Hussein (P.H.). A large crowd came to our house. The religious service was so warm and soulful that I couldn't imagine it before. That gathering made me so tranquil. I could be relaxed by reciting Al-Rahman surah by one clergyman. My cry became meaningful and religious service became soulful by a pain which had been put in my heart by the fortieth day after the martyrdom of Imam Hussein(P.H.).

After that, I was depressed for a period of time. I tolerated the grief of losing my father alone. And nobody came to visit me. Zahra became 5 years of age and I had amorous whispering with Imam Hussein(P.H.) earlier the lunar month of Moharram. I was enjoying going into seclusion with Imam and generous people of the Household of the Prophet (P.H.) that was indescribable. I just want to tell this issue that I could change all my beings and all my mundane life with a moment of spiritual solitude and recourse to Imams. And a bit of affectionate look by everyone of them was hope-inspiring and encouraging like a lustrous flame. I didn't sleep at night of Ashoora [the tenth day of Moharram]. I cried for Imam Hussein (P.H.) and his disciples wholeheartedly. I had forgotten my torment and suffering recalling the excellency Zeinab's (P.H.) disasters. The recalling of Imam Hussein's (P.H.) and his disciples' innocence was cleaning the tyranny by which we had been afflicted. I was sorrowful. I brought the family photo album. I cried at everyone of my parents' photos. I had missed my mother. I liked to see her and

embrace her amorously as usual. I couldn't believe that I have missed her forever. But she was still alive. Why wasn't I able to see her? Why was I tyrannized? It was nearly dawn. I swore to God by the glory of the vocation that he had bestowed to the lord of the Martyrs (P.H.) [title of Imam Hussein] and by the innocence and legitimacy of him and by chastity of those bloods poured in that risky day to soften my mother's heart and not to deprive me of her motherly kindness. I was hopeful of seeing my mother. Everywhere I was looking, I was incarnating her beautiful face. And I was hopeful of seeing her. During there several years, I had been able to forget all my family members having all those intimacy and nice memoirs. But I couldn't forget my dear mother even for a moment. I couldn't forget her affections. After a while, we were invited by one of old friends called Mr. and Mrs. Mardouki who were Muslims and were living in Sanandaj. I wasn't able to accept that invitation. Because it was really difficult for me to go to Sanandaj and to be deprived of visiting my mother. But at last, I accepted. We were passing Sanandaj's curvy road having a lump in our throat and being sorrowful. We arrived nearly at noon. Grief had overmastered my essence; although Mr. Mardouki's house was really happy. The memoirs of the past were being reviewed. I remembered Mehdi and the kindness of that faithful family. I could be aware of Azita hard. I heard that she has lost her husband in a conflagration incident. She was living alone with her daughter who was totally similar to her black and cute father. I heard that Mr. Muhammad Salehi's family had gone to Tehran previous years and nobody has their address and telephone number. In order to ask Nasim's health, I called her mother and I said to one of Mr. Mardouki's daughters: Tell her I am one of her friends and I wanted to ask her health. She did, too. Accidentally, Nasim was at home. I took the receiver happily and spoke with her. She said: Some years ago, I appealed Siamak to be with me;

but he didn't accept and separated me and got married. I was extremely tormenting and I hated my husband; so I had affairs with an engineer in order to forget everything and to decrease the burden of imposing that compulsory life. My husband and his family knew the issue. They referred to the organization and complained. They wanted to separate me from my spouse. I liked them to divorce me; but the organization disagreed and I am living with my husband. And I am passing the dam life. The organization dishonored me. The organization took my love and wish. The organization disprized me. Nothing has remained out of me. But I have educated my only daughter so that I won't let she be afflicted with calamities that I were suffered by the organization and I won't let them to make her as a toy. My statements with Nasim lasted for a long time. And I became more gloomy. I said goodbye to her. Grief had dominated all of my essence. I was in my own city, in my birthplace and in a place where I had the best memoirs. But I was deprived of going to our house. The house of my infancy and heyday periods. A beautiful house which had been constructed in the best and the most delusive environment of nature. A house which every part of its green and heartsome places reminded us my dear father's trouble. Mr. Mardouki had two 14-year-old and 15-year-old daughters and a 3-year-old son. We had travelled so much along with this family. The kids were calling me aunt. I called our house several times there. I couldnt exhale listening my mother's nice voice. I was silent and I was saying nothing. And I knew that she would interrupt hearing my voice. And this action would torment me mentally. We had sat beside the expander that I got an idea at once.

Hidden visit with mother

I decided to go to one of our neighbors' house and to ask them to invite my mother to the house. Without being aware of my presence, she would come there. Due to the thought of this decision I was strangely excited. I wasn't able to eat. I had bought a Pride car for a while. But Behrouz was driving when we wanted to travel. I said my decision to Behrouz; but he disagreed. And he said: It won't be practicable. You can't benefit your mother's kindness by snaring your mother. She won't answer back your hello in such situation. I said: But I know my mother. She can't endure against my malignancy. And I said to Behrouz: I'll go alone if you disagree. Finally, he became satisfied. And some minutes later, we went towards our house with Behrouz and Zahra. The neighbors loved my mother very much and knew her as the physician of the locality. And she was going to patients' bedsides and prescribing herbal drugs. We had to not be exposed to neighbors in order for our family and the organization not to be aware of our presence; otherwise, they would limit us and didn't let us come there and visit my mother whenever we liked. Finally we went to one of the neighbor's house. They expressed happiness visiting me. And they announced one or two other neighbors about our presence. The neighbor's daughters who were helping me in making dolls and carpet weaving and etc. welcomed me happily and asked about my absence for some years. My mother had told them the reality and they liked to hear the reality by my own words. And I narrated my adventure of being Muslim and the organization's reaction. They didn't believe my words because they were in touch with Salim continuously. He was sociable like other people in the organization; but I told them that he has obeyed evil's orders and he isn't doing his duties at, anymore. He caused his human emotions and feeling to stumble in order to obey the organization's orders. Other Baha'is life was so. They were becoming afflicted by spiritual death and captive by oppressions of a cruel and irrational organization. When

neighbors heard the story of my life, they bewailed about this issue that oppressed people such as Salim, Soudabeh and etc. have been deceived by the frail promises of a false political party by the name of a religion and have become captives in the hands of a group of fiendish criminals. They were determined to help me by all means. The lady who was our neighbor called my mother and said: My husband is quite sick. Come to visit him soon. My mother who was unaware came out of the house to visit the neighbor and I was observing her out of the window of neighbor's house. Just God knows my feeling at that moment. She was in green like other time. My God, why should she be far from her originality so much. She had just a clothes out of all those honor, exaltation and dignity. Damn to all those people who had misled her. I loved her so much that I couldn't see her in deviance even for a moment. I hoped and wished great godly and philanthropic spirit would make her likeable essence merited to be forgiven. She was serving people so much. And I was heartbroken about this issue that how submissively she has now been deprived of her undeniable right; that is, visiting her offspring and how unwarily she has advocated evil.

She was gradually approaching. My excitement became more. My daughter was observing and feeling my excitement. Her little wisdom couldn't understand the meaning of tyranny and oppression. I explained her the reason for my unprecedented anxiety. She was wonderful about this strange story. She said with her childish language: Everybody can select my opinion that he/she likes. And I sighed and said: My dear. These people believe in being free in selecting one's belief superficially and if a person selects his/her belief freely and knows Baha'ism is false and null, they will punish him/her with the worst manner. He/she will be accused by the worst manner. He/she will be accused by the worst accusations. And they will tyrannize him/her. Eventually, my

mother entered my neighbor's house. The neighbor's house had two rooms, a kitchen and a hall. We had stayed in one of two rooms silently. She was directed to the other room. She was asking the neighbor's health with her sweet accent. At that moment Behrouz, Zahra and I went beside her. She was my mother and I could embrace and kiss her after years of separation. What did she feel visiting me while I was her younger daughter? A daughter whom my mother thought she has broken her heart, had boycotted her, hadn't answered her phone, and had repelled her against her intrinsic nature and inner reality. Now, the daughter was in front of her with her usual smiles and her habitual special mockery businesses. My mother and I were hiding our tears in order for the other not to be sorrowful. We were hiding our grieves in solitude. Today was similar to those days. But maybe a mortal lump of years of separation sparkles like a thunder and makes our eye cloud cry. When we entered the room I felt her heart stop because of extreme excitement. Maybe, she was looking at me silently and motionlessly due to happiness of visiting me. She had become older than before. That dear person whom I had cried long days and nights just for remembering her and her smell breeze. Now, she was in front of me. I could understand thousands of injuries in her chest out of her look and I was feeling accumulated grieves on her heart. I embraced her and kissed her beautiful face. She kissed me, too. As if, harassing isolation had decreased her anger. We were extremely crying. Those who were observing this sweet union couldn't hide their tears. Behrouz was crying, too. After me, he kissed my mother. My mother caused Zahra to sit on her knee. She kissed Zahra. She was amorously doing acts of kindness to Zahra. But some moments later, she said to me: I am not allowed to speak with you. If the organization discovers, it will boycott me, too. I said: This issue will happen on the condition that I am boycotted by Bait-al-Adl. But such commandment hasn't been issued by them. And the

province organization can't boycott anybody. I explained to her that the organization has ordered you such command in order to punish me and I love my religion, my prophet, the holy Quran and my imams and I honor them. And not only they can't make me return by doing such actions; but also I am ready to sacrifice myself for Islam. I said to her: Dear mom, my beliefs are due to me. Let's not meddle with each other's beliefs and visit each other up and down. Mom said: I can't act against the coterie order. During this period, you have written three books against Baha'ism. If you want to continue writing such books, I'll curse you. If the coterie becomes aware, it will boycott me. I said: Don't be afraid. There is no reason for the coterie to become aware of our hidden visits. Concerning the book, try to ignore them. I was tyrannized so much and I found out some information that I can't be silent. But I love you and I can't tolerate your isolation. And I embraced her tightly again. Mom smiled satisfactorily and she said with her usual catch phrase which was more beautiful than every phrase: Mad person.

I said to her: Get ready to go to daddy's grave. She accepted easily and some minutes later, she went home to get ready. And I thanked God enjoying the kindness of her essence indescribably. At that time, I remembered that my whispering with Imam Hussein (P.H.) at that night was productive. And today, I have achieved my wish. Some minutes later, she came back and we went to daddy's grave together. My mother was reciting their special incantations there and I was reciting Fatehe[the first chapter of the holy Quran].

From that time on, whenever I liked, I was visiting my mother secretly and I always swear God by the excellency Muhammad "peace be upon him and his descendants" to direct my mother and her descendants who are the lords of all creatures on the right path.

"Amen"