

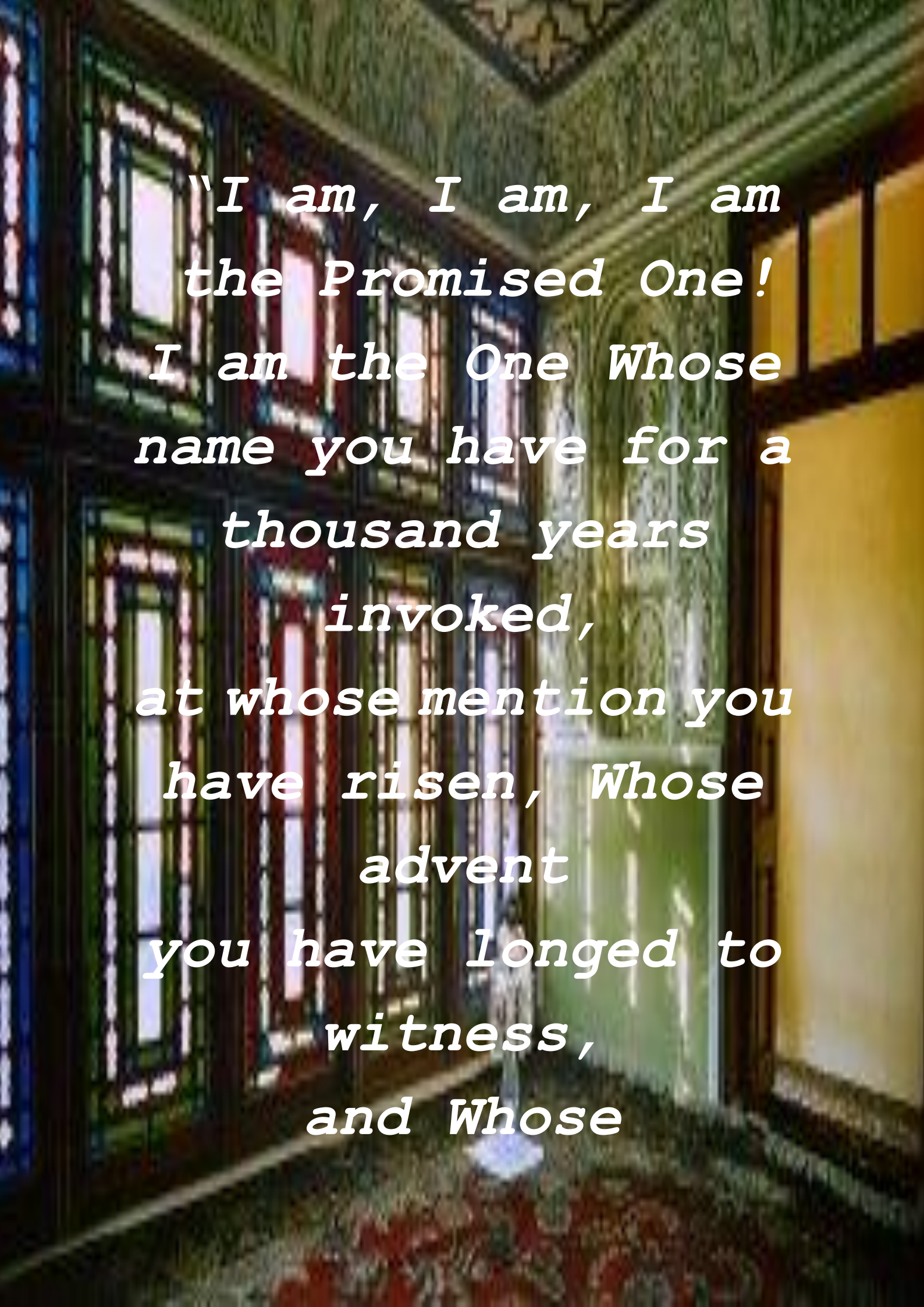


Hiru no Hoshi

No. 248

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A photograph of a traditional Chinese hallway. The ceiling is ornate with a central star-shaped motif. The walls are decorated with traditional Chinese architectural elements, including a large window with a colorful lattice pattern on the left and a yellow wall on the right. The floor is covered with a patterned carpet. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

*"I am, I am, I am
the Promised One!
I am the One Whose
name you have for a
thousand years
invoked,
at whose mention you
have risen, Whose
advent
you have longed to
witness,
and Whose*

The Story of the Bab

It was a cool day in October in Okinawa. The children were outside playing Freeze Tag on their roller skates in the big empty lot next to their house. Anisa and Mother were sitting in the shade watching, while Mother sketched.

“What are you drawing, Mommy?” asked little Anisa.

“This is a decoration for our Birth of the Bab commemoration tomorrow.” explained Mother.

“Oh, yah! We are going to have a birthday party?” cried Anisa, clapping her hands. That brought the other four children skating in and falling to the ground, laughing and panting for breath.

“Birthday of the Bab?” asked Asma, gulping for air. “How about telling us the story of the Bab?” Asma didn’t want to admit he was tired, and a story would give him a chance to catch his breath.

“Yah!” shouted the children. They were all pretty exhausted.

“OK.” said Mother. “The Bab was born in Persia in 1819. From there the story of the Bab and the story of Muhammad becomes surprisingly similar.” began Mother. “The Bab’s father, like Muhammad’s father, died when He was very young, and the Bab was raised by His uncle, just like Muhammad was. Do you remember what work Muhammad’s uncle did?”

“He was a merchant,” stated Mona, proud of herself for remembering.

“Merchant?” asked Anisa.

“Someone that buys and sells things, Anisa!” explained Asma.

“Yes,” continued Mother. “The Bab and His mother lived with the Bab’s uncle. When He was just a little boy, His uncle took Him to school. The teacher, asked the Bab one day, to recite the first verse of the Koran. Do you remember what the Koran is?”

“It is the Holy Book that Muhammad revealed.” put in Shahla, who wanted to show she could answer questions too.

“The people of Islam used to only read, and memorize, the Koran in Arabic. But the Bab lived in Persia so most people could not understand Arabic, since they spoke Persian. The Bab told the teacher He would not recite it unless He understood what it meant. The teacher pretended that he, himself, didn’t know what it meant. The Bab said He understood it and with the teachers permission He would explain it





to him. The teacher was so surprised at how clearly and beautifully the Bab, just a little boy, explained the verse that was in a foreign language. He took the Bab back to His uncle and said, "This Child stands in no need of a teacher such as I." The teacher told the Bab's uncle that the Bab should not be treated like a mere child, that already the evidences of the Mysterious Power, which only the Lord of the Age could reveal, could be seen in Him. That means that the teacher knew that the Bab had very special powers from God, in Him. But, the Bab's uncle only scolded the Bab, and sent Him back to school to just sit quietly and listen."

"That wasn't very nice of His uncle!" said Anisa.

Mother smiled and continued.

"The Bab, even when He was little, would spend much of His time praying, His mother would tell Him, that a little boy didn't need to spend so much time in prayer, but He would say, 'I want to be like my Grandfather.' Or 'I was talking with my Grandfather.' Do you know what He meant by that?" asked Mother.

The children all looked at each other, and shook their heads.

"The Bab was a direct descendant of Muhammad, so He was like the great, great, great, great, grandson of Muhammad. When He grew up, He would wear a green turban, which showed that He was of Muhammad's family."

"Ohhh, so He was talking with His grandfather, Muhammad!" shouted Riaz.

"The Bab grew up, very much like Muhammad, being loved and respected for His kindness, wisdom and gentleness. When He got older He worked with His uncle as a merchant. He, like Muhammad was famous for His honesty and trustworthiness in business.

He married the girl next door whose name was.....what was Muhammad's wife's name, do you remember?"

"Khadijih! I remember because I liked that name, and wished I had that name instead of Shahla!" shouted Shahla.

"The Bab's wife was Khadijih, too? I didn't know that!" said Mona.

"Wow!" said Riaz, "The Bab and Muhammad are like twins!"

"So," continued Mother, "the Bab married Khadijih, the girl next door. They were very happy for a couple of years. They had a beautiful baby boy, who they named Ahmad, but sadly the little baby died."



“Ahhh...” cried all the girls at once.

Mother continued, “Khadijih was very sad, but the Bab reminded her that they would see, and be, with their precious son, soon, when they went to next world.

“That means when they die!” put in Anisa, proud of herself for being so clever.

“At that time, around 1844, in Persia and many places around the world, people were looking for the Promised One, God’s teacher who would bring new teachings for a new age. In Shiah Islam they were waiting for the Qa’im, in Sunni Islam, the Mihdi, in Christianity the return of John the Baptist, in Buddhism, the Universal Buddha.”

“A man named Mulla Husayn was searching so hard for the promised Qaim. He had a list of characteristics of what the Promised One would look and be like. He also had a couple of question to ask to make sure the person he found was true. One day, Mulla Husayn walked into Shiraz through the big gate, and a Young Man wearing a green turban came up to him and hugged him like a long lost brother.



He invited Mulla Husayn to come to His home and rest. Mulla Huasayn was very surprised, and at first refused, but the Man was so sweet and sincere, that Mulla Husayn naturally followed Him to His house. Who do you think the Man in the green turban was?” asked Mother?

“THE BAB!” shouted all the children.

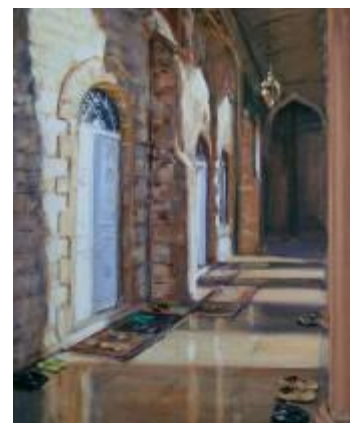
“Yes,” continued Mother. “When they got to the Bab’s house, the Bab brought water and poured the water over Mulla Husayn’s hands so that he could wash his hands for prayer.”

“He was acting just like a servant, wasn’t He, Mom?” said Mona.

“Yes, that was the job that servants did at that time, but the Bab did it Himself to show Mulla Husayn how much He loved him. You see the Bab already knew that Mulla Husayn would be the first person in the world to recognize the new Teacher from God. Even Mullah Husayn didn’t know that yet. The Bab and Mulla Husayn said the evening prayers together, then, at about two hours after sunset, the Bab told him that He was the Promised One. At first Mulla Husayn didn’t believe Him,



but the Bab showed Mulla Husayn, how He fit every description of the Person who Mulla Husayn was looking for. Then the Bab started explaining, while He wrote it out, the meaning behind the story of Joseph. You remember in the Bible, Joseph, who had the coat of many colors? Well the story of Joseph is also in the Koran, and Mulla Husayn had decided long ago, to ask the Promised One what this chapter about him in the Koran meant. He hadn't mentioned that to anyone, but The Bab knew anyway, and answered all of Mulla Husayn's questions about that story, without him even asking. Then, finally, Mulla Husayn believed in The Bab. Mulla Husayn was so happy, he thought he was flying. The Bab told him not to tell anyone, until eighteen people had found the Bab all on their own, without any help. They would be called the Letters of the Living. ”



“I want to hear about Joseph and the Coat of many colors!” said Shahla.

“That is a story for another time.” answered Mother, and then she continued with the story.

“The Bab taught the people of Persia for only six years after that. Then He was arrested and killed by a firing squad. But even over that short period of time, people from all over Persia became attracted to His teachings of love, and Peace, so much so that 20,000 people gave their lives for this new Faith.”

“Mommy, Mommy,” said little Anisa, pulling on mothers arm. “Why was His Name THE BAB? Was His first name The? And His last name Bab?”

With that all the children laughed.

“No silly!” yelled Riaz, “The Bab means The GATE! He was the Gate for people to go through to find the Promised One, Baha’u’llah!”

“I thought The Bab was the Promised One” said Shahla, tilting her head.

“They both were!” explained Riaz with an exaggerated sigh. “The Bab and Baha’u’llah are the Twin Manifestations of God for this New AGE!”

Mother laughed and shook her head, “Riaz, you amaze me sometimes. You actually are listening! Who would have thought?”

“OK, enough talk!” yelled Riaz, embarrassed by the praise. “Asma, you’re IT, come on, let’s get on with the game!”

All four children skated off shouting at each other, Anisa ran after them on foot....and Mother went back to her sketching.



Quiz

1. In the quotation on the first page, who did the Bab say He was?

2. What celebration was Mother preparing for?

3. When and where was the Bab born?

4. What are some of the things Muhammad and the Bab had in common?

5. What happened when the Bab's teacher asked Him to read the Koran?

6. What did the Bab's mother say He didn't need to spend so much time doing?

7. Why did The Bab the He prayed so much?

8. Who was the first person The Bab told that He was the Promised One?

9. What does The Bab mean?

How did you do? Did you get them all right?



The answers are on the Parents' Page.

PEACEFULNESS

Now it is time for us to take a special journey to help us remember what we have learned so far. First, let's prepare for our journey. Close your eyes and be still. Take a deep breath, hold it, and blow it out. Do it one more time. Squeeze your arms, and let them loose. Squeeze your legs, then let them loose.

You are sleeping in your bed when suddenly a cloud comes along and gently carries you away to a place where the sky is pink and blue. The cloud feels soft like a lamb's wool. You drift to this beautiful place and land gently on a garden of roses, where the scent is so strong, it tickles your nose. You sit up and see other clouds all around you. On each cloud, another child sits, looking at you and then at each other. Then you notice some children are hurt. One child has a cast on her foot, another has a bandage over his eye. In this magical place, all the children share the pain and the joy of being together. Each one is smiling because they feel so connected to each other. You want to stay with these new friends and help them because you feel this magical sense of calm and peace in your heart.

Pain, the hurt children explain, will go away, so be at peace. Enjoy friendships, and be peaceful with your neighbors.

Just as you reach out to them, you wake up. But now, as you open your eyes, you get to reach out and shake hands with your classmates. Isn't this joy so peaceful? Share this peacefulness with as many people as you can.

さあ、これからすてきな旅に出ましょう。先に準備をしましょう。目を閉じて。気を静めて。息をすって、はいて。もう一度すって、はいて。腕をぎゅっとして、力をぬいて。足をぎゅっとして、力をぬいて。



ベッドで寝ているとふわふわな雲が来てあなたを抱え、魔法の国へ連れて行きます。そこはピンクと青の空で、バラの庭園でした。その空気はとてもいいにおいがします。見回すと他の子供たちが他の雲に乗っています。でも何人かがをしている子供たちがいます。足がほうたいで巻かれている子、目のけがをしている子。この魔法の国では痛みも喜びもみんなを感じ取れるのでそのけがの痛さもわかります。でもみんな微笑んでいます。みんなとのつながりに平和を感じているのです。ここでみんなと友達になりたいとあなたは思います。安心と平和の気持ちがものすごく伝わるのです。

けがをしている子供たちが教えてくれます。痛みは消えるもの、だから友達とも近所のひととも平和を分かち合えるのだ、と。

あなたは友達の手を取りたいと思います。ですが、夢から目が覚めてしまいました。でも目をあけてみて。そこにはクラスメートがいますよね。さあ、おたがいの手を取り、平和の気持ちを分かち合いましょう。

～平和～

Dot to Dot

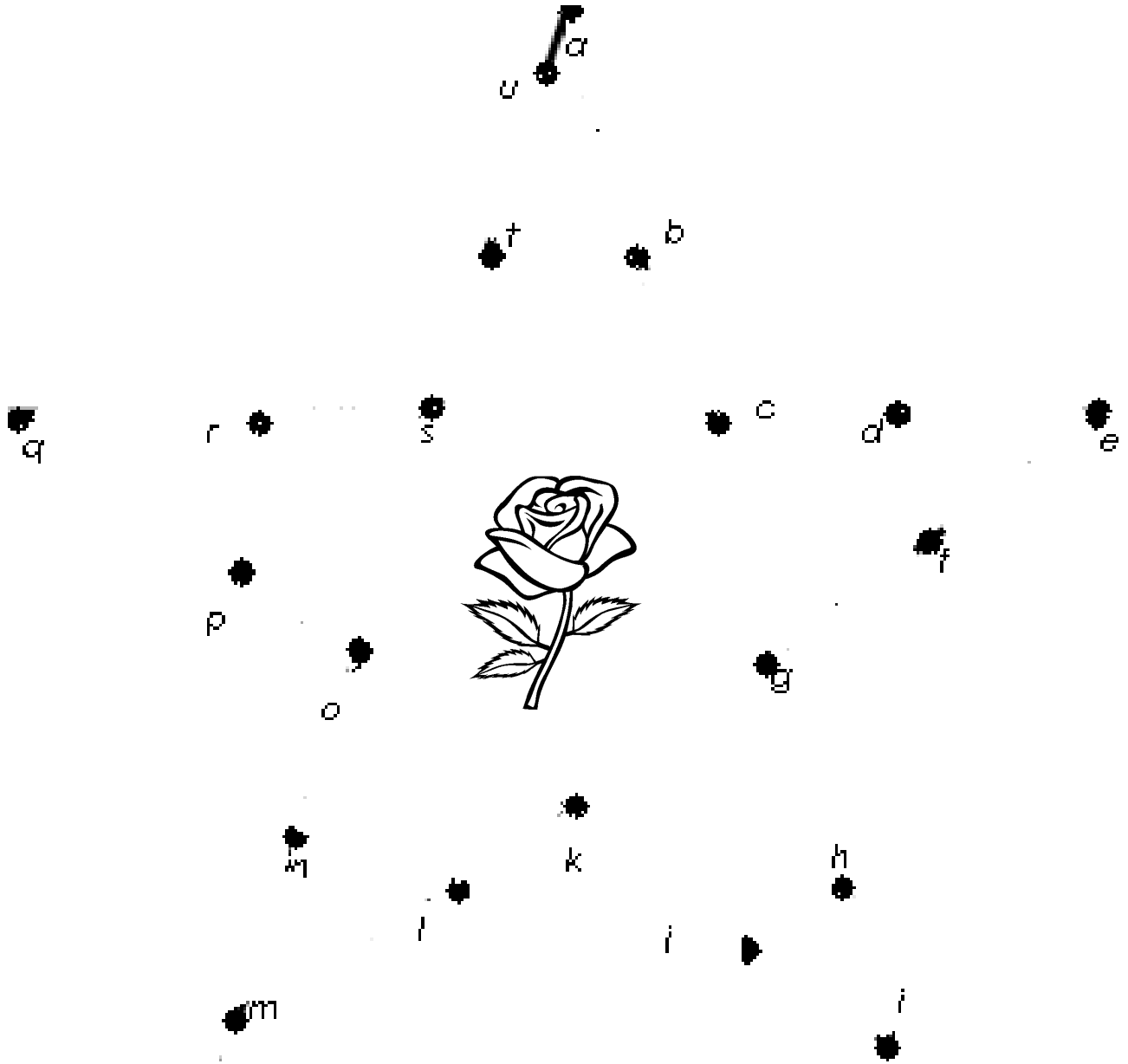
From a to b....

From b to c....

Follow the dots... and what do you see?

The star is the symbol for the Bab.

Please color it nicely.



abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Art Work

Materials

*The picture below, printed and cut out.(you can make it larger if you want a bigger picture).

*1 piece of black construction paper

*Green and pink, yellow or red (rose colors) paper(regular, tissue paper or film).

*A cutter

*A cutting board or cardboard to use when cutting the black paper.

*Glue

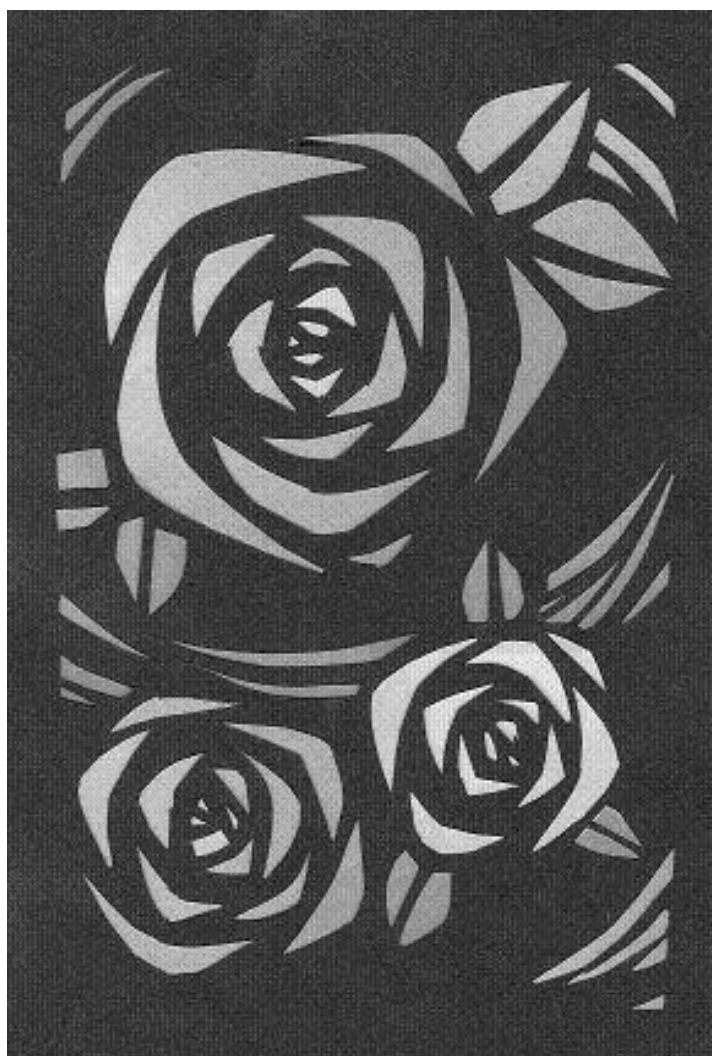
Method

*Put the printed rose on top of the piece of black paper. Place them on the cutting board.

*Cut out all the light parts with the cutter. (the teacher should do this for younger children)

*Paste the green paper on the leaves, the other colors on the roses. Make different colored or all the same colored roses.

*Paste a thin sheet of white paper to cover all of the back, to keep the colored bits from falling off.





Everyone's Photos



Parents Page

Abdul-Baha speaks of the innate knowledge of the Manifestations of God. Innate knowledge refers to knowledge which is not learned, but comes directly from God. These Great Teachers knew things without being taught.

“The sun emanates from itself and does not draw its light from other sources. The Divine Teachers have the innate light; They have knowledge and understanding of all things in the universe; the rest of the world receives its light from Them, and through Them the arts and sciences are revived in each age.”

We can see this phenomenon in stories like the one told in this issue of the Bab, and also the last issue of Muhammad. Similar stories are also told of the Buddha, Jesus, Baha'u'llah and the other Great Teachers. Sharing these stories with our own children of how these Blessed Beings, even as small children, had wondrous knowledge and intelligence, instills a sense of awe and love in the hearts of our children.

The mother of the Bab thought that her Son spent too much time at prayer for a small boy. She was unaware of the capacity of her Blessed Child.

Even though our children do not have innate knowledge, let us be careful that we do not underestimate their capacity to know and worship God, and to understand spiritual truths. Often children are pure souls that can understand these realities quicker and more deeply than we can.

Abdul-Baha encourages us to;

“Every day at first light, gather ye the Bahá'í children together and teach them the communes and prayers. This is a most praiseworthy act, and bringeth joy to the children's hearts: that they should, at every morn, turn their faces toward the Kingdom and make mention of the Lord and praise His Name, and in the sweetest of voices, chant and recite.

Baha'u'llah also, in many places commands us to teach our children the verses of God.

“Teach ye your children the verses that have been divinely revealed that they may recite them in most melodious voices.”

Answers to the Quiz: 1) The Promised One. 2) The birthday of The Bab. 3) Shiraz, Persia, 1819. 4) Both were Manifestations of God, Their fathers died when they were small children, They were raised by uncles who were merchants, Themselves became merchants, They married women named Kadijih. 5) He said he would not read it unless He understood it, then He explained it to the teacher. 6) Praying. 7) So He could be like His Grandfather, so He could talk to His Grandfather. 8) Mullah Husayn. 9) The Gate.



If you have stories of your children learning a virtue or anything connected to the Faith, please send them to us, so we can have stories of “A little boy in Yamaguchi” or “A little girl in Akita”. You can either write the story yourself or send the details and we will write the story. Either English or Japanese is fine. We also are waiting for pictures of Children’s Classes from your community; or drawings from your children. Please send all stories and pictures to hirunohoshi@gmail.com or vb7mb7@bma.biglobe.ne.jp

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