

Stories from the recollections of Pat Paccassi:

Hands of the Cause of God:

Abu'l-Qasim Faizi:

When I took my Pilgrimage in 1972 and combined it with a teaching trip around the world, and knowing that I would be traveling in India, one person that I really wanted to meet was Mr. Faizi. There had been several Hands who had traveled in the Caribbean, but not He. As I was a fairly new Bahá'í this was a new feeling, unexplained, but strong.

Alas, as I traveled through India, though for a short time, when I was in the North of the country, he was in South, when I traveled South he moved to North. It was one of only two disappointments during my whole trip in what was an incredible time for me. So, I told myself, Patricia, don't complain!

The following year, 1973, was the year of the International Convention. Frank and I were both on the National Assembly and thus accorded the wonderful bounty of attending. How we got the money for the trip has to wait for another story, but it's a duzzy.

One day after a session on Mount Carmel, a group of us were standing in front of the entrance to the Shrine of the Báb, trying to decide where to have dinner. As we chatted, we saw a long limousine pull up, the driver's door opens and out jumps Ian Semple, a member of the Universal House of Justice, who runs around and opens the door of the limousine. As we watch with open mouths out pile several Hands of the Cause of God! But they are practically running towards the entrance to the Shrine, not stopping, not looking sideways, just straight ahead.

As the last Hand jumps out I see its Mr. Faizi. Oh my, my heart starts to pound. As he reaches the entrance he stops, lifts his head up for a minute, and then walks over straight to me, takes my hand in his two hands, and says "My name is Faizi". Not another word is spoken; he turns and continues to walk into the Pilgrim House with the other Hands for their unscheduled visit with the Bahá'is.