

Thus spoke Abraham, the Intimate Friend: The Eternal... and the Ephemeral

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هَكَذَا تَكَلَّمَ إِبْرَاهِيمُ الْخَلِيلُ: الثَّابِتُ.. وَالْمُتَحَوِّلُ

He stirred restlessly, heavy from a long slumber. With a solemn quiet, he pushed away the lethargy of the years from his eyelids. He turned his weary body to the right and to the left. He faced the pallid surface of the earth with his face. He struck the ground with trembling hands. He looked before him, and his gaze was struck by an abyss of darkness. He had not surrendered, he gathered his scattered self, blowing into his veins the yearning to arrive and the hope to ascend. He steadied his feet, channeling into them the totality of his strength. A difficult labor, after which he rose from the vessel of his incapacity. He separated from his mother, the Earth, after a long embrace... humankind stood erect.

Humankind stood erect. He raised his gaze slowly, slowly; distances fled from between his hands. His glance leapt lightly, pursuing them from valley to valley, and from peak to peak. He plunged with them into the unknowns of the seas, folded the barrenness of deserts... climbed the towering mountains. The pallor of the earth was lost under a sea of colors. He discovered the vastness of existence and the expanse of the sky. He discovered sounds, understood the meaning of silence. He discovered movement after stillness. He discovered the dualities of hunger and satiety, strength and weakness, health and sickness, life and death... He discovered fear.

Humankind experienced satiety, so he feared his hunger. He admired his strength, so he feared his weakness. He luxuriated in health, so he feared sickness. Possession seduced him, so he feared its loss. Life filled him with hope and greed to consume what he owned and recover what perished, so he feared his death. The forces of nature tested him, so he feared the shift of their temperaments. He feared their hurricanes,

the eruptions of their volcanoes, their earthquakes, the wrath of their sun, the eclipse of their moon.

Human fear remained alone, outside all dualities. It failed to find reassurance in a duality that would extinguish its burning flame. And upon the ever-burning fire of his fear, humankind shaped the structure of his thought, his perspective on existence, his past, his present, and his dream of the future.

The Golden Equation

He was weak, afraid, unarmed but for claws with which he clung to the slippery turns of life, and two voracious eyes, always busy monitoring and scanning the surroundings to uncover secrets and understand the rules governing things, and a spirit that never ceased to connect and network with other elements of existence in a pursuit of a stability that would never come.

Humankind realized early that the linear relationship between him and other entities necessitated a third, mitigating dimension to regulate its rhythm. The balance of power was never in his favor. He is small, and the universe is immense. He is weak, and existence is powerful. He was still in the cradle learning the alphabet of life, and the universe stood majestic, having devised its governing laws since time immemorial.

When Night Closed In On Him

How can a drop of water not dissolve in the madness of a raging ocean?! It merges with it for an age and isolates from it at times. How can a delicate feather not be crushed under the plummeting wings of furious winds?! It rides them when they beat strongly and abandons them when they settle, gentle. How can life not be destroyed by tongues of flame?! It lies dormant when they seethe and bursts forth as new plants when they subside. How can life not be defeated by death?... How can I be me? And who am I? And why am I?

Confused thoughts and existential questions hurried towards him like hungry wolves, disturbing his nightly rest and troubling the clarity of his day. His eternal panting did not suffice to ward off an ever-present danger, to fill bellies that have no walls, to lull thoughts and quiet the soul.

I Do Not Love Those That Set

Like a crawling child, humankind began to pick up things from his small playground where his hands could reach. He played with them for a time, turning them between his fingers. He discovered their surfaces and lines. He soothed with them the ache of teething, as his teeth carved their way into the world of existence. Then he cast them aside once boredom overtook him.

The child grows, stands on his feet. His hand is freed from its earthly shackles. The reach of its action elongates. He begins to exploit the void in its three dimensions. His aesthetic sense rises within him, and his appreciation for the latent power in the things around him becomes exalted.

Humankind grows. He gains more knowledge of things. He fills the treasuries of his life with its precious items, and adorns the walls of his days with them in turn. He starts with the most present of them and seats it at the forefront of his consciousness. He lives with it for a lifetime, devouring it with contemplation and hope. He consumes it until its gleam fades... and then he discards it.

Thus, from one setting thing to another, this sacred concept traveled. Each one of them suited its time, but when its time ended, it perished. Humankind's spiritual experiences are in constant growth, as are his material sciences. Every time he ascends a degree in consciousness, one symbol vanishes and another takes its place. The concept of the third dimension in the golden equation of existence remained constant in human creed, while its earthly manifestations constantly changed. But for how long? The treasuries of life are filled with collections, and the soul is still tired.

If My Lord Does Not Guide Me

Like particles of dust that slumber on the wings of the wind when it spreads them, then fall from them slowly when it closes them. Such are the illusory images of the third dimension in the golden equation of existence. Human thought carried them when it was agitated and turbulent, then cast them off in a calm moment of its states. Image after image, all were burned under the scrutinizing lens of time. Competency

tests are merciless, and illusory images are weak, their foundation is incapacity and fear.

Humankind became certain of his inability to perceive the essence of the third dimension. For his intellectual and spiritual tools were fashioned from natural raw materials. His philosophy is the product of the interaction of his inner self with his exterior, his innate nature with the matter of his environment. The matter of his perception and consciousness is nature itself. He is capable of solving all of nature's problems or nearly so, while he is unable to perceive what is outside this nature. He is one party and existence is another, and the third dimension of the equation of existence is a third party outside them both. Humankind understood the limits of his power. He understood that his imagination, even if it ran wild, weaves only from the threads of matter, from the threads of the tangible and familiar. So how can an eye clear the pile of clouds to behold what is above them when the clouds are layers upon layers? How can an imagination encompass an Essence which all descriptions fail to attain? How can a thought formulate an exposition free from all those alphabets?

He is the third dimension of existence, He is the fundamental dimension. Humankind felt His trace, but he failed to frame His essence. His spirit encompassed him, but his intellect fell short of perceiving Him. Humankind was at a loss. He summoned his senses scattered everywhere. He folded his arms across his chest. He closed his eyes and plunged into a long, contemplative silence. He was awaiting a great event that must come. Action is the prelude to appearance. He senses the breezes of a new dawn. He was awaiting support from the third dimension. He was awaiting mercy and kindness from Him. He was awaiting guidance.

And When Abraham Said To His Father Azar... "Indeed, I See You And Your People..."

On the grindstone of time, the intellectual and spiritual features of the new humankind were sharpened. On the screech of the awesome wheels of time, humankind transitioned from one state to another. From a state where he was the scattered, weak one. His world was his ever-empty core. His preoccupation was his fear of every moving and stationary thing in this existence. His creed was survival in a world where there is no place except for the strong. To a state where he gathered

the snakes of his fear and confined them under the sovereignty of the mind. He freed his spirit from the mud of the earth and the snares of ignorance. He rose above the noise of life and sharpened his hearing to feel for the whisper coming from no place... Humankind matured.

The prerequisites for the most important revelation in his history gathered around him. The matter was no longer just a longing for knowledge or a quieting of anxiety alone, but went beyond them to societal necessities demanded by the intertwining of people's interests and the complexity of their livelihoods. Societies were in rapid growth. Their foundations were deeply rooted in individual and collective consciousness. The personal dissolved into the general. Precise and graceful partial effects harmonized in the cogs of the great, roaring machine. An error in a detail, even if it seems small, ends according to an infinite numerical sequence into disasters that leave nothing sound thereafter. It was necessary to organize the movement of the great masses and regulate their rhythm. It was necessary to remove the fuses of discord and difference among them. It was necessary to curtail individual interpretation and affirm the oneness of the Divine Essence and the sublimity of His attributes.

It is not in vain that humankind organized itself into groups. Plurality leads to strength and the ability to survive and overcome the calamities of time and the blows of the years. However, the gathering of people narrows the spaces of individual freedom. And by freedom, I mean all freedoms, starting from freedom of movement and ending with freedom of thought and belief. The gathering of people does not allow for deviant thought nor for extreme and varied beliefs. Difference means conflict more than it means enrichment.

Therefore, it was necessary for people to agree on a single conception of the third dimension to preserve and protect their societies. It was no longer permissible for a human to invent his own personal sacred symbol. It was necessary to unify doctrinal visions.

Since ancient times, people translated a reality based on this logic. People gathered around a unified theological vision specific to each small community. Back then, this did not cause painful conflict or friction between theologically different groups. The

world was vast and people were minorities within it. There were no significant intersections in the arenas of these groups' activities.

But what worked with their many small groups does not work with the few numerous and widely influential societies. Here, spaces narrow and geography buzzes with movement. The different inevitably confront each other, even if delayed. Anxiety always crouches at the surfaces of contact, there on the periphery, and the clashing of axes is only a matter of time. After that comes the great fire.

"I Have Turned My Face Towards He Who Created The Heavens And The Earth... To Him Belong The Most Beautiful Names"

It is the habit of the mind since eternity. It approaches the intangible unseen, framing it. It casts upon it attributes and names, describing it. It associates it with the similar, the opposite, explaining it. Baffled in reaching its meaning, it accuses it. The mind has been, and still is, faithful to its principles in all its approaches to the third dimension. It wanted it as an image embraced by the eyes. It wanted it as a presence, close to it in the world of existence. It wanted it as a name that hearts would fervently repeat in praise and often in hope. It called it by whatever names it wished. It called out with them often, but there was no answer. After long effort and striving, it realized that it was calling upon One who does not hear. The Hearing, the Responding is in another place. He has other names that He intended for Himself. Whoever wants to be sincere, he must call upon Him by the Beautiful of His Names.

As for the spirit, its ascents are vastly different. It strives towards Him and does not expect Him to come to it. It knows the futility of framing and embodiment, and it loves abstraction. The name is the identity of the named, and He has no name. The image is a witness to material existence, and He has no image. Definition is a restriction of meaning, and His meanings have no limits. It realized His tremendous power and beautiful creation. It transcended the limits of matter and plunged into the world of the unseen. It is more agile than the mind. It has no matter. And whoever is without matter penetrates that which has no holes. It pitied the mind for its toil. It faulted it for its slowness and sluggish rhythm. It extended to it a ray of its certainty, but the mind insisted on clinging to its own tools. It lit a lantern for*

it, and the mind stole a glance at it. It preceded it by a lifetime, but in the end, the mind arrived.

They differed in everything, yet they agreed upon Him. They differed in origin, function, tools, and goals, yet they agreed upon Him. The mind and the spirit. The spirit was infatuated with Him instinctively, and the mind comprehended Him through deduction. All premises lead to Him. All actions point to Him. He is the Constant, and every movement and every moving thing must inevitably return to Him. Only, the most exalted attributes, and human conjectures, orbit in His sphere and can never ever encompass Him.

He is the third dimension of existence, eternally present in all existence. By His light, all existence awakens every morning. Under the flow of the waterfalls of His power, all existence bathes eternally. And to the melody of the harp of His eternity, all existence slumbers at night. He is the evident in us by effect, veiled from us in essence. The Creator of the heavens and the earth and all between them. The One, the Unique, the Eternal, the Absolute.

The Final Decree... Brevity and Inimitability

God Almighty said:







*And [mention] when Abraham said to his father Azar,
"Do you take idols as gods? Indeed, I see you and your people in manifest error.
"Thus did We show Abraham the kingdom of the heavens and the earth that he
would be among the certain in faith. So when the night covered him, he saw a star.
He said, "This is my lord." But when it set, he said, "I do not love those that set."
Then when he saw the moon rising, he said, "This is my lord." But when it set, he
said, "If my Lord does not guide me, I will surely be among the people gone
astray." Then when he saw the sun rising, he said, "This is my lord; this is
greater." But when it set, he said, "O my people, indeed I am free from what you
associate with Allah." Indeed, I have turned my face toward He who created the
heavens and the earth, inclining to truth, and I am not of those who associate
others with Allah." (6:74-79)*







Words washed in the light of the Holy of Holies. The wave of melody carried them as a song that makes hearts tremble upon meeting it. Wave upon wave tumbling, embracing the rock, scouring the sand of the shores. It sweeps away darkness, purifies the spirit, raising it to another place. Words are queens, crowned upon the throne of meaning. A word drags behind it a rippling stream of meanings. Their abundance harmonizes in an aesthetic, musical unity, and nothing is more magnificent. Its foundation is the mind and the spirit in dialogue, differing, agreeing. And its end is the Originator of the heavens and the earth, for whom there is no partner in their dominion.


It is the story of humankind with his religious belief since his eyes began to ponder the world of existence. He began deluded, chasing the beam of light wherever it appeared to him. If it faded here, he would leave it. If another shone for him there, he would seek it. From one beam to another, this bewildered one climbed, lost in himself and in the kingdom of God. He knew its end in his heart, so he sought its beginning, and often he went astray. He sought aid from the sky, and he was granted the dew he asked for. The light descended to his heart from his Lord, from a Helper who does not weary.




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