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Verhalen verteld door Hidayat Inayat-Khan**

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Stories told by Hidayat Inayat-Khan**

The Initiation of Pirani Ameena Begum

One day our Father called our Mother, asking her to come to the Oriental Room, together with us four children. At that special occasion our Father gave our Mother the blessing saying, “As of this day you are the Perini.” And he added: “Without your unceasing help, day and night, it never would have been possible to have brought the Sufi Message to the Western world.”

Then, while holding our Mother’s hand, our Father said to us children, with so much tenderness in his loving voice, “Children, do congratulate your Amma (Mother) on this very special occasion. I want you, as well as the future generations, to know that your Amma is the first and the only Pirani of your Abba’s Sufi Message of Love, Harmony and Beauty. You are never to forget that as long as you live, and it is your most sacred duty to make sure that this historical ceremony to which you have assisted shall never ever be forgotten.”

After we had all hugged our Father and Mother, with our hearts beating with happiness, our Father wrote down on paper the word Pirani, and explained to us that it is the feminine equivalent of the Pir-o-Murshid, only to be used by the Begum of the Bringer of the Message.

(This document is available in the Sufi Museum in The Hague)

A Jug of Cool Water

Each day we children were given a particular subject of concentration, such as for instance, Patience, Tolerance, forgiveness, Kindness, Politeness, Nobility, Humility..... And in the evenings we came to our Father, telling him whether or not we had really truly concentrated on the chosen subject.

One day, the subject of concentration was ‘Courage’. In the evening on that same day, a dinner party had been arranged, on which occasion special guests had been invited; this being of course quite a problem for our Mother, specially on some very hot days, during the Summer School in Suresnes. In those days, running water from the tap came out almost as warm as the sun outside. Besides, there was no such thing as a refrigerator, and consequently cool drinks could just not possibly be served.

As soon as the guests had been seated at the very beautifully decorated dinner table, our Father asked, “Who shall go to fetch cool water in the cellar?”

Each one present looked at each other, hoping that the other one would do it, but nothing happened. Then, remembering all of a sudden that ‘Courage’ had been the subject of concentration that day, I jumped up and ran right down into the dark cellar, while screaming to the top of my voice in order to cover up my fright of the mice, the spiders, the bugs, and the imaginary phantoms.

After a lot of searching I finally found the magic tap, out of which cool water was flowing from under the ground; and when I came back with the jug of cool water in my trembling hands, my Father took it tenderly from me, and said, “This shall be a blessing for you during your whole life, Bhayajan Guru, Mera Beta”. And my Father added, “that terrifying experience shall remain in your memory as the happiest remembrance in your life, because at

that very moment you have wanted to vanquish your fright, with the strength of your will-power, for the sake of an ideal, the ideal of Courage, which was the subject of concentration this day”.

Yes, indeed, I could really not think on any happier moment than the great joy experienced in having had the privilege of being able to have done just only that much for my Beloved Father.

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