



THE INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE SUFI MOVEMENT

When attuned to the unstruck music sounding in one's heart as an expression of Love,
and when responding in Harmony with that celestial melody
one is offering thereby, a true example of nature's Beauty.

February 2nd, 2014



From the Biography of Hazrat Inayat Khan

I was transported by destiny from the world of lyric and poetry to the world of industry and commerce, on the 13th of September 1910. I bade farewell to my motherland, the soil of India, the land of the sun, for America the land of my future, wondering: "perhaps I shall return some day", and yet I did not know how long it would be before I should return. The ocean that I had to cross seemed to me a gulf between the life that was passed and the life, which was to begin. I spent my moments on the ship looking at the rising and falling of the waves and realizing in this rise and fall the picture of life reflected, the life of individuals, of nations, of races, and of the world. I tried to think where I was going, why I was going, what I was going to do, what was in store for me. "How shall I set to work? Will the people be favorable or unfavorable to the Message which I am taking from one end of the world to the other?" It seemed my mind moved curiously on these questions, but my heart refused to ponder upon them even for a moment, answering apart one constant voice I always heard coming from within, urging me constantly onward to my task, saying: "Thou art sent on Our service, and it is We Who will make thy way clear." This alone was my consolation.

This period while I was on the way, was to me a state which one experiences between a dream and an awakening; my whole part in India became one single dream, not a purposeless dream, but a dream preparing me to accomplish something toward which I was proceeding. There were moments of sadness, of feeling my self removed further and further from the land of my birth, and moments of great joy, with the hope of nearing the Western regions for which my soul was destined. And at moments I felt too small and little for my ideals and inspirations,

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comparing my limited self with this vast world. But at moments, realizing Whose work it was, Whose service it was. Whose call it was, the answer that my heart gave moved me to ecstasy, as if I had risen in the realization of Truth above the limitations, which weigh mankind down. When our ship arrived in the harbor of New York, the first land of my destination, I saw before me the welcoming figure of the statue of Liberty , an idol of rock, which I felt was awaiting the hour to turn into an ideal, awaiting the moment to rise from material liberty to spiritual liberty. Its wings suggested to me that it wanted to spread from national liberty to world liberty.

During my stay in America for more than two years there was not much done in the furtherance of the Sufi Movement. From my stay in America I began to learn the psychology of the people in the West and the way in which my mission should be set to work. If I can recall any great achievement in America, it was to have found the soul who was destined to be my life's partner. Most of the time of my life I was obliged to spend out of home, and when at home, I have always been full of activities, and it naturally fell upon Amina Begum to always welcome guests with a smile under all circumstances. If I had not been helped by Amina Begum, my life, laden with a heavy responsibility, would have never enabled me to devote myself entirely to the Sufi Movement as I have. It is by her continual sacrifice that Amina Begum has shown her devotion to the cause.

After twelve years of wandering homelessly in the west, with a large family to look after, in addition to having my laudable object to carry out, I was provided at last with four walls at Suresnes, France, thanks to the kind sympathy of my Dutch mureed, Mevrouw Egeling. The purpose was, that when going about to preach in the world, I might have the relief of thinking that my little ones are sheltered from heat and cold under a roof. This saintly soul came into my life as a blessing from above; I called her Fazal Mai, which means grace of God. The house was named after her: Fazal Manzil. Her hand, as a hand of providence, became my backbone, which comforted me, and raised my head upwards in thanksgiving.