

An extract from Dasturji Dhalla's Homage unto Ahura Mazda

Part I(a) Prayer #19

<http://www.zarathushtra.com/z/article/dhalla/ch1/i19.htm>

The Birth of Zarathushtra

Glorious springtime had come and wide awake was the earth from its wintry sleep. Fields and forests that seemed deadened winter long, were now blooming. Green grass carpeted the earth and warbling birds and flocks and herds made merry on the grassy ground. Blades and ears bloomed into corn and golden corn waved in fair fields. Smiling flowers shed their fragrance all around and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers. The song of birds and the whistlings of the wind in elm and oak, plane and pomegranate, walnut and mulberry trees, and the murmur of water running swiftly over the pebbles caressed the souls of the young and old.

In Airyana Vaeja, the stem-land of the Aryans, on a beauteous morn of an auspicious day, the swift-horsed sun had scattered the clouds and was shining in great splendour. The earth was bathed in his morning light. Then in a village, nestling by the river Darejya, blossomed a life divine in human flesh. A boy babe was born unto Pourushaspa of the family of the Spitamas. Ahura Mazda's light and peace descended on the happy home.

The holy child was named Zarathushtra. Light radiated from the infant prophet of God with divine effulgence. His countenance bore the impress of divinity. Righteousness was imprinted on his face. Gentle as lamb and sweet as nightingale and pure as dove and brave as lion was he, the like of whom no eye had seen, no ear had heard. Pure in body and pure in mind and pure in heart and pure in spirit, he was Mazda's incomparable gift to mankind.

Nature donned a festive garb, the sun shone with a brighter glory, trees strewed flowers on the ground, roses bloomed in luxuriant profusion, flowers and leaves and grass scented the air with sweet fragrance, creepers climbed the hedges in riotous luxuriance, the birds carolled in the air, myriads of tiny drops of the morning dew shone like pearls upon the leaves and branches of the trees, the clouds floated merrily in heaven, the winds made music in the lofty trees, joy filled the air, and the trees with their leafy tongues and the blades of grass and the grains of sand and birds and beasts and men and everything everywhere in joyous unison sang: "Hail, for to us is born the Athravan, Spitama Zarathushtra."

The hearts of men and women and children thrilled with joy and their souls were filled with rapture, and, singing jubilant songs they hastened to the house where the light of the world was now shining. The bells in the temples rang and their sound floated on the air. When there was joy and merriment all over the world of man, the world of angels fell not behind. The heavenly hosts there joined in universal rejoicings and Ahura Mazda's Abode of Song rang with the divine music of ecstasy.

Zarathushtra, thy prophet, Ahura Mazda, mirrors thee in his righteous self. He reveals thy divine image in his holy person. Thou art completely and perfectly reflected in him. May his sublime teachings enter into my life and transform me into his likeness. Enable me to make conscientious efforts to be like him and to reproduce his virtues in my own character. Teach me to live after Zarathushtra's ideals and help me to carry on his plan of life, that I may live in conscious association with him and conform my life to his ideal life, O Giver of life.