

# Josie the Detective:

## The Case of the Dreadful Disunity



**SUNDAY, JULY 2, 10:00 A.M.**

DIANA'S HOME! And—this is so cool—she and Samuel are going to have a baby! She kept it a secret to surprise me. Even better, Samuel is coming from Nigeria before the baby is born, and they're going to stay for a while.

Diana gave me a small bronze elephant that's a symbol of strength. She said she hopes I have many years of strength in my search for truth. Me, too—I love my detective work!

**MONDAY, JULY 3, 1:30 P.M.**

I asked Diana why Samuel stayed in Nigeria. She said he's really needed right now. In their town, people are burning buildings because of religious disagreements. People are being injured and killed, and there aren't many doctors where they live. Sounds scary. Diana said she says lots of prayers for Sam.

Diana invited me to a Bahá'í Holy Day on Sunday called the Martyrdom of the Báb.

All I know about the Báb is that He was a Messenger of God Who came right before Bahá'u'lláh. He must have been killed if He's a martyr. So the Báb was killed, and people in Nigeria are killing each other. Diana also said that in Iran today, Bahá'ís are persecuted for their faith, and many have been killed over time. Why is there so much fighting over religion? Here's a big case to solve.

**MONDAY, JULY 3, 4:30 P.M.**

Spent all afternoon surfing the Internet. I found something interesting in a couple of places. Religions talk about Messengers who will come. Even so, when a new Messenger *does* come, people try to stop Him. What's up with that?

On the way home from baseball practice, I told my friend Frieda about the case. She said that there were lots of martyrs in the early days of Christianity. I know Jesus was killed, like the Báb. Why would people hurt them?





## TUESDAY, JULY 4, 10:00 A.M.

Last night, Diana came over—like old times. I asked her why people hurt the Messengers they were waiting for. She said, God's plans can surprise people. When Jesus came, people weren't expecting a humble carpenter, but a powerful king. The ones who could see with their spiritual eyes believed in Him. The others wanted to stop God's new religion. But every time people try to stop a religion, *more* people explore it, and it gets stronger. So I asked if the Báb was killed because He wasn't what people expected. Diana nodded. Interesting.

## TUESDAY, JULY 4, 11:30 P.M.

I invited my baseball team over for the fireworks. We have the best view in town. I mentioned my case to Eric. He said he didn't think religions would ever get along. Somebody else said, "How can they, when everyone thinks God is on *their* side?" Other kids started complaining about this religion and that religion. I could see a little war breaking out. I finally stood up and called, "Truce!" Then Dad said, "Come on downstairs for ice cream!" That settled everything—this time.

I can see how the world gets in trouble, if all of us, who are basically friends, can get in an argument so quickly. But the leaders of the world aren't going to offer ice cream to straighten things out. I guess the biggest question now is: What can *I* do?

## FRIDAY, JULY 7, 10:00 P.M.

Diana has lots of time to hang out. I love it. We walked in the park where she was married. It made us think of Samuel. Diana pulled out a prayer book from her backpack and said a prayer for him. I asked if there were prayers to stop fighting about religion. Diana read, "Let the religions agree and make the nations one, so that they may see each other as one family and the whole earth as one home." Now there's an idea. But how does *that* happen?



## SUNDAY, JULY 9, 3:30 P.M.

I looked around the room today at the people who came to remember the Martyrdom of the Báb. One family had adopted a baby from Haiti. Two families were from Iran. My Jewish mom and Christian dad were there. Aziz showed up with his mother—they're from Jordan. Frieda came to see what a Bahá'í Holy Day is like. A small world gathered at Diana's, and we were all praying together. Being like one family. Maybe I can ask kids to come over Friday night to say prayers for peace and play games. Call it "Pray and Play."

I'm getting a good feeling about working to help people from different faiths get along. I have another feeling: I'll be learning a lot more about this case.