

پریدخت



دل بردلدار رفت جان برجانان

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April 26, 1930
December 26, 2003

In the name of God

Paridokht Mazarei was born on the 26th day of April, 1930 in the city of Shiraz, Iran. She was the second of seven children born to Nayar Al Sharia and Seyed Mohammad Bagher Mazarei.

Paridokht was born to enlightened parents. In an era when not much importance was given to education for women, they began their children's studies by sending Paridokht and her elder sibling first to the Mokhadarat and later to Dabereston Shahdokht. There were no available options for young women to earn high school diplomas at the time, so Nayar and Seyed Mohammad established a small school in their own home specializing in Natural Science for them and the local young women to attend in preparation for college. Paridokht then enrolled at Donshkada Adbiota (University) in Shiraz and graduated with honors, receiving a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Literature with a concentration in Educational Administration. Her first job was as a general education teacher in Math and Literature at the Madreseh Soltanei, later becoming a teacher of Physics and Chemistry at the Dabereston Nazfmea and Soria. In 1955, she began teaching at the Dabereston Mehrahin and Honareston, and by 1965 she had become the Dean of Honarestan Moadel, one of the premier Technical Schools in Iran.

True to her belief that a quality education should be made more attainable, in 1967 she co-established with her husband one of the best private girl schools in Shiraz, Madreseh Farda (School of Tomorrow). She also became instrumental in introducing the International Boys and Girls Scouts to her city, sponsoring and chairing the organization and its expansion in Iran. For all her hard work, she was recognized countless times by her peers, international groups, the Majlis (Parliament/Senate), and the Iranian Royal Family. She became a brave leader, clearing new paths for women's rights and education through the years.

Her dedication and love for all the thousands of children and women under her guidance did not take her away from her foremost passions in life: family and God. In August of 1953, after meeting Seyed Abraham Mazarei and falling in love, she was wed. She and her husband were the best of partners, forming a family of their own and working together towards better education in Iran. In the role of wife and mother, Abraham and her three beautiful children Rahele, Rayehe, and Ali were the light of her life. Her faith in God was her strength. Continuously pursuing the Pillars of Islam, in 1976 she joined the pilgrimage of Haj, the Fifth and Final Pillar of Islam, by traveling to Mecca and becoming a "Hajjia". God and love was in everything she was.

Due to political unrest in 1979, she retired and came to the United States with her family, joining the rest of her siblings in Southern California. She maintained contact with a great many of her students and colleagues, themselves scattered across the world, and by the reinvigorated quest for knowledge she enrolled in classes at Cypress College, UCLA, and Cal State Fullerton. The past 20 years were marked by great love of family, and with much pride and joy, she oversaw her children's education and professional growth during this time.

Sadly on December 26th, 2003, Paridokht succumbed to cancer. As always, at the time of passing, she was surrounded by her loving husband, children, family, friends, and former students. She is survived by husband Abraham, Rahele, Rayehe, her beloved son Ali and her siblings. She will forever be in all hearts.

~Awake a While~

Awake Awhile.
It does not have to be
Forever,
Right now.
One step upon the Sky's soft skirt
Would be enough,
Hafiz,
Awake awhile.
Just one true moment of Love
Will last for days.
Rest all your elaborate plans and tactics
For knowing Him,
For they are all just frozen spring buds
Far,
So far from Summer's Divine Gold.
Awake, my dear.
Be kind to your sleeping heart.
Take it out into the vast fields of Light
And let it breathe.
Say,
"Love,
Give me back my wings.
Lift me,
Lift me nearer."
Say to the sun and moon,
Say to our dear Friend,
"I will take You up now, Beloved,
On that wonderful Dance
You promised!"

زاهد خلوت نشین دوش میباید شد
صوفی مجلس که دمی جام قدح می بکشت
شاهد عمد شباب آمده بودش بجواب
بنچه ای میگذشت از هنر دین دل
آتش رخسار گل خرمین بلبل بخت
کره شام و سحر شکله ضایع بخت
ز کس ساقی بخواند آیت افسونگری

از سر پیمان برفت با سر پیمان شد
باز به یک جرعه می عاقل و فرزانه شد
باز به سپهرانه سر عاشق و دیوانه شد
در پی آن آشنا از همه بیگانه شد
چهره خندان شمع آفت پر وانه شد
قطره باران ماکوه میکیدانه شد
حلقه او را در مجلس افسانه شد

منزل حافظ کنون بار که پادشاه است
دل بردلدار رفت جان بر جانان شد

بیهوش نام خود را

خانم پریدخت فرزعی، متولد شهر شعر و ادب شیراز، سالهای تحصیل خود را با موفقیت چشمگیری گذراند و از همان سنین جوانی به اشتیاق بالا بردن آگاهی دیگران به شغل شریف معلمی روی آورد و در ضمن آن به دانشکده ادبیات شیراز رفت و با مداخل حکمت از آن دانشکده فارغ التحصیل شد. او بعنوان جوانترین مدیر ریاست هنرستان معدل شیراز رسید و با فعالیت ارزشمندی آن هنرستان را در حد بهترین هنرستانهای ایران رساند تا انقلاب ایران در همان مسمت ماند. خانم پریدخت فرزعی در سال هزار و نصد و هفتاد و نه میلادی به امریکا مهاجرت کرد و از آن پس همراه همسر و فرزندان در «اورنج کانتی» میزبیت. در ماه مارچ دو هزار و سه میلادی به سرطان لوزالمعده مبتلا شد و با وجود آگاهی به خطرناک بودن بیماریش به دلدادگی همسر، فرزندان، خواهران و برادران خود پرداخت و بار چندی باور نکردنی روحیه ساز خاخواه شد. در آخر، روز جمعه بیت دشمنی در سامبر در حالیکه دستاش در دست فرزندانش بود و همسر و تمام خواهران و برادران در دست در دست هم دعاخوانی او را همراهی میکردند دار فانی را بزرگدگفت و با آرامشی چنان رفت که خست مرگ از دل تمام خانواده

زودن. روحش شار

~Officiant~

Dr. Parvana Zia

~Prayer~

Mr. Nouri

~Photomontage~

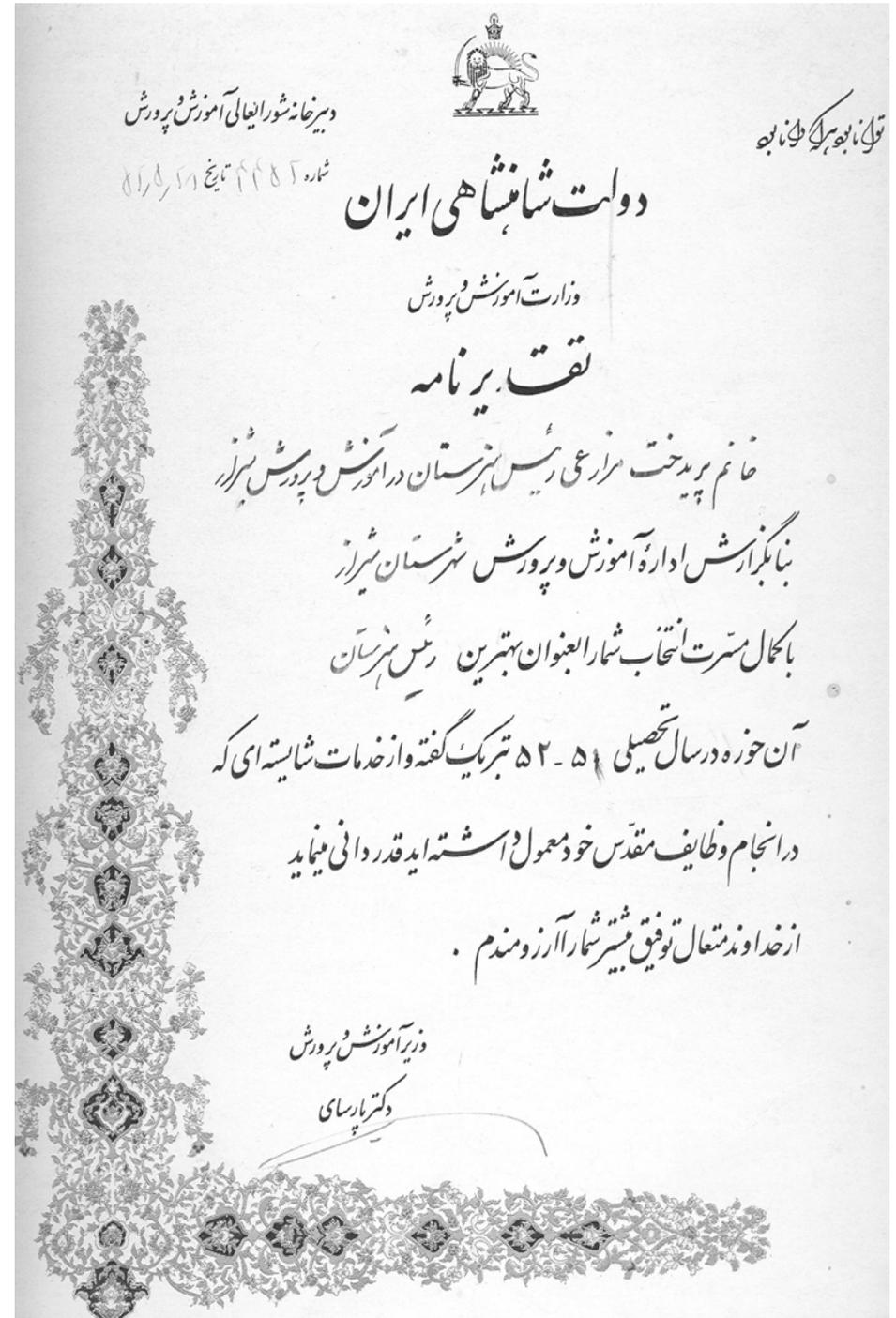
A Celebration of Life

~Remembrance~

Dr. Rahale Mazarei
Dr. Adnan Mazarei
Dr. Parvana Zia

~Pallbearers~

Mr. Ali Mazarei
Mr. Michael Mazarei
Mr. Mazdak Mazarei
Mr. Mazyar Mazarei, esq.
Mr. Adam Mazarei
Mr. Amir Mazarei
Mr. Ali Zia
Mr. Sam Zia



~There Could Be Holy Fallout~

We are often in battle.
So often defending every side of the fort,
It may seem all alone.
Sit down, my dear, take a few deep breaths,
Think about a loyal friend.
Where is your music, your pet, a brush?
Surely one who has tasted as long as you
Knows some avenue or place inside
That can give a sweet respite.
If you cannot slay your panic,
Then say within
As convincingly as you can,
"It is all God's will!"
Now pick up your life again.
Let whatever is out there come charging in,
Laugh and spit into air, there could be holy fallout.
Throw those ladders like tiny match sticks
With "just" phantoms upon them
Who might be trying to scale your heart.
Your love has an eloquent tone.
They sky and I want to hear it!
If you still feel helpless give our battle cry again,
Hafiz
Has shouted it a myriad times,
"It is all, it is all the beloved's will!"
What is that luminous rain I see
All around you in the future
Sweeping in from the east plain?
It looks like, O it looks like holy fallout
Filling your mouth and palms
With Joy!

~What Happen to the Guest~

The hand sat in the classroom of the eye
And soon learned to love Beauty.
The sky sat in the classroom of God
And now look what it gives us at night:
All that it learned.
There was a time when man was so burdened with survival
That he rarely bathed in dancing sounds.
But dear ones, now drop your pointed shields that wound.
What happens to the guest who visits the house of a great
musician?
Of Course his tastes become refined.
There are some who can visit
That Luminous Sphere that reveals
This life never Was, the truth of that experience
Is reserved for so very few;
God draws back like a kite
Some of those who get lost in the Sun
And after their recovery
From being sublimely independent,
Having known the Unspeakable Union-
They might try again with all their courage
To sing a simple tune like this:
"What happens to the guests who keep visiting
The verse of a Perfect One?
Their voices and cells become refined
And like the soft night candle (the moon)
They begin to give to this world all the light they have
Learned."
Your hand sits in the classroom of God,
An apprentice as Hafiz was,
Mastering the craft of Divine beauty
As this earth spins on

ساقی بنور بادیه برافرو ز جام ما
مادر پیا له عکس رخ مایه دیده ایم
هرگز نمیرد آنکه دشمن زنده شد به عشق
چندان بود کرشمه و ناز سی متدا
ای بادا که به کلشن احباب بگذری
کونام ما زیاد به عمد آنچه سیری
مستی بچشم شاهد لب بند ما خوش است
حافظ ز دیده دانه اشکی همی نشان

دریامی اخضر فلک و کشتی هلال

هستند عنق نعمت حاجی توام

مطرب بگو که کار جهان شد بکام ما
ای بخیب ز لذت شرب مدام ما
ثبت است بر چه بیده عالم دوم ما
کاید به جلوه سرو صنوبر خرام ما
ز نهار عرس زده بر جانان پیام ما
خود آید آنکه یاد نیاری ز نام ما
زار و سپهر اند به مستی ز نام ما
باشد که مرغ وصل کند قصد ام ما

بیا که قصر ازل سخت سُست بنیاد است
غلام همّت آنم که زیر چرخ کبود
جه گو میت که به منجانه دوش مُسخت است
که ای بلند نظر شاهباز سدره نشین
تراز کن کمره عرش میزند صغیر
نصیحتی گنمت یا دگیر و در عمل
نغم جبهان مخور و پند من مبر از یاد
رضا داده بدو در جبین کرده بگشای
موجودستی عهد از جهان سُست نهاد
نشان عهد و فانیت در بسم کل

بیار باد که بنیاد عمر بر باد است
ز هر چه رنگ تعلق پذیرد آزاد است
سروش عالم عنیبم چه مژده داد است
نیشمن تونه این کنج محنت آباد است
ندانمت که در این داکمه چه افتاد است
که این حدیث ز پیر طریقم یاد است
که این لطیفه عظم ز هر دو می یاد است
که بر من و تو در اختیاری نخواست است
که این عجز و عرو پس هر داد است
بنال بلبل بیدل که جای فریاد است

صد چه سیری ای سُست نظم بر جا

قبول خاطر و لطف سخن خدا داد است