

From “A Tribute to Shoghi Effendi” by Amelia Collins (Hand of the Cause)

How can I ever find words to bring you what is in my heart about our beloved Guardian! I feel we must each so fill ourselves at this time with his spirit and his wishes that it will carry us and enable us to consummate his every hope and wish. This, the fulfillment of his own Plan, is the living memorial we must build in his memory.

The Guardian had a profound and innate humility. Whenever the Faith was involved, he was fiery in its defense, kinglike in the loftiness of his bearing, the authority with which he spoke. But as a human being he was self-effacing, would brush aside our adulation and praise, turn everything we wished to shower on him towards the central figures of our Faith. We all know this characteristic of his, how he would never allow any photographs to be taken of himself, or give any of himself, but invariably encouraged the friends to place the Master's picture in their rooms; how he would not allow anyone to have his clothes or personal things let they be regarded as relics; how he disliked any signs of personal worship--though he could never control what was in our hearts for him!

What gifts he had! What gifts he gave! (please see the original) ...He encouraged the Persian believers to compile the histories of the early days of the Cause in their provinces, and laid upon the Persian National Spiritual Assembly the great responsibility of collecting and transcribing the Tablets of Bahá'u'lláh and 'Abdu'l-Bahá thus preserving for posterity a truly priceless heritage.

Ah, but he did more than this!

He made each believer feel that over him watched a just mind and a loving heart; that he had a part to play, was precious to the Faith, had duties to discharge, enjoyed privileges infinitely precious because he was a member of the Community of the Most Great Name. Let us never forget this, never lose sight of this! This oneness he made a reality, this staunch loyalty to our Faith he implanted in our hearts. His work in this work is done. Ours is not.



We are all, in a way, Shoghi Effendi's heirs.
We have inherited his work.
His plan is completely laid out.
Ours is the task to fulfill it.
We must, each of us, complete our share.

This is the memorial we must build to our beloved Shoghi Effendi.
Let us love him more now than ever before, and
through the power of our love attract his love to us,
and bring his blessing on our labors.

Let us not fail him, for he never failed us.
Let us never forget him, for he never forgot us.