

... description: 1927, Isobel Rives  
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title: THE WILL notes: ...

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The Will had been buried for safe keeping, when ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s life was in great danger.

While Shoghi Effendi was at Oxford he had a dream, and he was told to put on the Master’s coat.

The Will was read after Shoghi Effendi returned from Oxford to the Holy Land. Lady Blomfield and Miss Rosenberg, with about 200 others were present; I heard these words from Miss Rosenberg’s own lips, while in London.

“There were 200 present and every time Shoghi Effendi’s name was mentioned, the whole company arose and made Obeisance. Shoghi Effendi was about 25.

He has always been so kind to me. He said “There will be a Meeting at the Tomb of Bahá’u’lláh, Sunday at 12, I wish you to be present.” I said Shoghi Effendi that will be impossible, it is just the time may ship is sailing.” He sent messengers hither and yon and called that Meeting for 12 Saturday so I could be present.

There were English and Americans staying at the Pilgrim House. Some drove over, others going by train 3-class which we filled. We were requested to sing “Nearer My God To Thee” a great favorite of the Master’s. No one seemed quite sure of the words, so we rehearsed an the way over. Finally the conductor came to get tickets, and down went the veils, with a bang, as soon as he was out of sight, up they went again. One of the daughters, said to me you know we do not want to wear these veils, but it is the custom of the country, so we must. Now they are a thing of the past.

### **The Tomb**

Finally every one arrived. It was the first time Shoghi Effendi had been there since the passing of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá, and as he stood on the steps leading to what

we would call a chancel, his face looked the picture of woe, then he began to chant, and I have never seen such a transformation, he looked like an angel, and he certainly chanted like one. Then the English and Americans sang “Nearer My God To Thee”, it was most impressive, and there was many a wet eye.

The place was beautifully, decorated with flowers, and as I was about to leave Shoghi Effendi, who had collected them into a large handkerchief, said, “I must find the most beautiful one to give to you.” It was a tea rose, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s favorite. When I returned to Washington at Madam Delagnet’s Meeting, I tore it a part, and gave each one a leaf, and anointed each one-with a drop of rose water, made by the dear hands of the Greatest Holy Leaf.