

Letter 7.

July 29, 1946

Wheaton, Illinois
U.S.America

My dear Ones,

I am now in the United States, having arrived a few days ago at the American Headquarters at Wheaton, near Chicago. We had a wonderful voyage, and I had two days in Boston, before taking the train to Chicago. In a week's time we shall begin a very busy three weeks. (To the English S. African and Australian members here follows a short description of what will happen at the Summer School and Convention.)

This Letter I want to talk about "Time." Time is not really an artificial measurement, marked by the ticks of the clock. Time is a succession of states of consciousness, and everyone has his own rate of these successions. I remember being immensely struck with something Dr. Alexis Carrel wrote in his book, "Man, the Unknown." He says there that every doctor knows that every physical body has its own rate of growth and healing. We are our own time-keepers. That had never struck me before about our physical bodies, though I had known it was true about our subtler ones. In the worlds after death, time is not measured by the revolutions of the globe or the ticks of the clock, but by the rate of rhythm of consciousness. Some people live faster than others and so exhaust their heaven-life more quickly from our standard of time. Generally the intellectual people live at a slower rate than the more emotional, and so take longer to come back to earth.

Now do not let us extend ourselves too greatly in time except to realize that in the millenia of the past and the future, man's nature remains fundamentally the same. So many people live too much in the past. There are events in that past that they never get over. Perhaps they are mistakes or misfortunes which act like a canker in the consciousness and cause a leakage of vital force, rendering us less strong to meet present vicissitudes. The same is true when we dream too much of the future, particularly when such dreams are very personal to us. Sometimes we are in a perpetual state of fear of some fearsome thing that may happen to us. Bishop Leadbeater once remarked how many people spend so much time and energy anticipating all sorts of misfortunes that may never happen to them. And even if they do, he said, we might as well wait until they do happen before we begin to worry over them. Most of the ill people expect never do happen, so why worry? But then, he was a person who never worried. And if anyone had occasion to, surely he had. He was the most serene and happy person I have ever met. If any of us wanted to be unhappy and grouse, he would tell us to go and do it by ourselves, and not to infect other people with it. I know that sometimes remorse is considered meritorious. But if we analyze it, we shall find that the root of it is a subtle egotism. We are remorseful because of a joy and well-being that we have personally missed through our own fault. We ask ourselves why we did such and such foolish thing, why we went and did things which brought

us and others only sorrow and disaster? If we can understand why we shall certainly be wiser. But to sorrow too much, so that our usefulness is impaired is unwise. Let us consider one thing. We would not be so upset if we were merely observing the same mistaken doing in another. Then why when we see it in ourselves? How philosophic we can be about the mistakes of others! How calm and compassionate! Well, let us be equally calm and compassionate to ourselves. Napoleon once said that the greatest general was he who made the fewest mistakes. But there was not one who did not make them. We learn by our mistakes. Perhaps there is no other way by which we can learn. So let us try to learn the lessons of our mistakes, and try to be generous and not to mind too much if we see another entering upon the kingdom of our heart's desire, to which we have closed the door for a time by our own egotism and unregulated desire. There are other days coming in which the sun of happiness will shine again. When clouds darken the face of joy, let us remember that behind that cloud the sun is always shining, and will one day break forth again. Meanwhile the cloud has its uses and its great lessons. Mrs. Besant once told me that looking back over a very full life, she would willingly surrender all her joys but not one of her sorrows, for by them she had learnt the most. Try to understand, and to willingly suffer grief. An old Indian scripture says: "Regret nothing. Never be sorry. But cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

Let us take life as it comes, asking nothing of it but what Life wills. I remember Krishnaji once telling us how we all tried to paint what we wanted on Life instead of letting Life paint its pictures upon us. One moment at a time is enough to live. Once I was lecturing up in the wilds of Queensland in Australia, and my hostess had been attending a mission given by a Roman Catholic monk. She took me to the last meeting, and the young monk, who had a most beautiful and spiritual face, told us that the best gift he could give us was one that he had found himself, and that was to live no more than one minute at a time. Sufficient unto that minute was the strength that would always come. The poet Goethe said that every morning he began life anew, as if he were young once more. H.P.B. put it in such wonderful words. I copied them down from an old "Lucifer."

"Harmony is the law of life, discord its shadow whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness. Through joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, the soul comes to a knowledge of itself; then begins the task of learning the laws of life that the discords may be resolved and the harmony restored. The eyes of wisdom are like the ocean depths; there is neither joy nor sorrow in them; therefore the soul of the occultist must be stronger than joy and greater than sorrow."

And let me close with a Hymn to the Day from the Sanscrit:

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn. ... Look to the Day!
For it is Life, the very life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the Verities
And Realities of your existence:
The bliss of Truth, the glory of Action,
The splendour of Beauty.
For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision.
But Today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of Happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to the Day!

Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd