

London, England
Oct.- Nov., 1948

My dear Friends:

I have had a wonderful time in my native country these past weeks. It was so heartening to pick up again old links, and also to make new ones. Faces I had not seen for twenty years appeared smiling to greet me. My Group has now swelled to such dimensions that there are three Secretaries for it, one in South Africa, where it began, one in America, and one in England. I do not forget any single one of you and in leisure moments so many of you come up before me, just as if you were there in front of me. I feel now that we have all forged links which do not only belong to this life, but will go on down through the centuries. I ought to write to so many of you individually, as you have written me such nice little notes. But it is impossible at present. I hope to do something like that during the coming three weeks voyage out to South Africa. I am sailing on "The City of Paris," one of the Ellerman-Bucknall Line, on October 16th, and will reach Cape Town early in November. I shall stay two weeks there with two very dear friends of mine, and then go on to Johannesburg where much work awaits me. At our next Convention there at Easter time we shall be celebrating the Jubilee of the Johannesburg Lodge, one of the oldest and largest Lodges in the world.

While I was here I spoke to the Irish Convention, and next week I shall also be speaking at the Welsh Convention. I had not been to Ireland for more than twenty years and the green isle has still the same magical fascination. I noticed a great difference in the atmosphere of Eire compared with that of England which has still a feeling of strain. Ireland feels easy and happy. There are few restrictions there, and there seems to be plenty to eat. The Convention this year was in Belfast and we all went up from Dublin for it. Belfast Lodge has just acquired a pretty little hall of its own. But one of the most beautiful little halls in the world belongs to the Bolton Lodge in Lancashire. It has stained glass windows and panelled walls, and was originally built as a music room with an organ. Another lovely little hall is at Pretoria in South Africa. It has a blue alcove behind the speaker with a shining star overhead. And I shall never forget the beautiful Headquarters in New Zealand. A big oak Egyptian pylon, with blue velvet curtains hanging between the pillars, stands at the back of the platform which is covered with a blue carpet and on each side is a marble standard with creeping geraniums growing in it. Over the windows on each side of the hall are inscribed in gold letters the words of Dr. Besant: "No soul that aspires can ever fail to reach; no heart that loves can ever be abandoned."

I would like this time to consider what it means to come into conscious touch with the Eternal Life, and what it is in us that has the capacity to do this. Sometimes, I feel, we are inclined to forget the Life of the Universe in the attraction of what Catholics would call His "creatures." Even the Master is not God, but the most perfect instrument through whom God shines. In the last letter the Master K. H. wrote to Mrs. Besant, six years after the death of H. P. B., He says: "Let the devotion and service be to that Supreme Spirit alone of which each one is a part." The realization of that Life, in ever so small a measure, constitutes true spirituality. And although we may not realize it He is nearer to us than anything else in the world. "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." That is why I tried to point out in a former Letter that all the events of life are His Will; that, in fact, "Karma" is God in action. H. P. B. says that we unnecessarily complicate our lives by trying to grasp things and by interfering with the course of events. I remember Dr. Besant's talking to us once about "ripe karma." When karma is ripe all the doors open. If they remain obstinately shut the hour is not yet.

All the saints and mystics are agreed that God can never be known by the senses, or even by the mind. The body, the feelings, and the mind are the three

"Kings" who rule in turn and grow by ruling. But when the true King is born in the consciousness of the heart they lay their crowns at his feet and bring gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh; that is, the developed powers of their type of consciousness. What then is the consciousness of the true King? It is the spiritual intuition. It flowers after long seeking, and following upon the development of the other three. Pythagoras called the first three, the purely human side of us, the "political" virtues, and said that only after they had unfolded properly could the higher, the spiritual virtues, begin to unfold. Just like a flower blooming: first the calyx opens and then the scented petals. The Idyll of the White Lotus puts it so well: "The Principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent; it is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception." That perception is an apperception. Who can tell what it is till it arrives so silently and gently in a man's soul? "The Kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." One cannot say: Lo! here or Lo! there, but in an hour when we think not it is born. One can but steadily aspire and reach upwards. It lies in the Will of God whence the response will come. And it is the intuition and not the mind or the heart that will know it. St. Augustine found this out. He writes: "One day I threw myself beyond my thought, and in the flash of a trembling glance I came face to face with That Which Is."

What would be the effect on a person if he glimpsed that Reality? H. P. B. tells us. He would develop three tremendous outlooks upon life. First it would give him a deathless courage. He would know he is immortal no matter what happened to him. He would face the trials of life with a magnificent serenity and trust. Then he would regard all living things with an impersonal outlook which held neither attraction or repulsion or indifference. I think it would be "Charity," to whom all things are dear. H. P. B. says that the "virtues" are really the outcome of wisdom, which means the intuitive identification of the individual with others, although unknown to the personality. Then thirdly, all sense of "sin" would disappear. Only lack of growth would be perceived, and judgment would result without either praise or blame.

This is worth hoping for, is it not? This is to become a saint, and saints are ever the bringers of life to their fellow men, the most important people in the world.

That Eternal Life is also Eternal Love and Beauty, do not let us forget. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth," sang King David. And in spite of all appearances Love rules the universe. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Light on the Path says that too. "Listen to the song of life. At first you may say, 'it is not there; when I search I find only discord.' Look deeper... At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love... Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song."

I like best the magnificent words of St. Paul: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." And which is in every Master of the Wisdom and Lover of men. In all the universe there is nothing that is so trustworthy, so beneficent, so beautiful, as God. King George of England quoted a saying in his speech to his people at Christmas time some years ago that has always remained with me. "And I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the year: Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown! And he replied: Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of GOD. That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way."

Goodbye for the present, my friends. The next Letter may be a little late as I shall be writing it on board on my way back to South Africa.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd