

October-November 1956  
Box 863, Johannesburg  
South Africa

My dear Friends,

A week before Christmas I am flying to Nairobi for the Convention of the East African Section of the Theosophical Society, and to lecture in that Federation for two months. I shall be back in the Union in February, and then shall only have a short time before I sail for a year's lecturing work in England on April 17th. It will be lovely to see old friends again. Johannesburg is getting ready for a Festival it is holding, and already the streets are strung with lines holding wonderful stars and beacons of light.

I have an idea that I wrote once before on the subject of love, but in any case I have found out more about it. In English there is only one word to cover all phases of this emotion. In other languages there are more. For instance there were four in ancient Greece:

Eros: sexual love, from which comes our word erotic.

Storge: love of kin, human compassion.

Philia: intellectual affection, as in a philosopher or philanthropist.

Agape: spiritual love, benevolence, adoration, rapture.

It is easily seen that these four forms fit the four sides of our nature: physical, emotional, mental and spiritual.

Human love, evoked from without, is but the "broken lights" of Divine Love, the dismembered Osiris for whom Isis sought. Perhaps we may say that the difference between human and Divine love is that human love is evoked from without by some beloved object and Divine Love shines from within like the sun on all alike. In fact, the human consciousness which has become one with the inner divine consciousness is love. He cannot be otherwise. Krishnaji once said to Rom Landau: "There aren't any people I dislike. Don't you see that it is not I who directs my love towards one person, strengthening it here, weakening it there. Love is simply like the colour of my skin, the sound of my voice, no matter what I do..... But it is not indifference, it is merely a feeling of love that is constantly with me and that I simply cannot help giving to everyone I come into touch with." That is the last of the four kinds, Agape, divine love.

But even human love, the reflection in the waters of space and therefore broken, of diviner love, is the one saviour and splendour of our life here on earth. Doctors and psychiatrists have discovered that love is the answer to delinquency, perversion and crime, and also that ~~lack~~ of it is often the cause of insanity. I have been reading a wonderful book, the confessions of a young drug addict to a reporter. In the long run he has conquered his dreadful habit, but in one place he says to his biographer: "Know what? The only addicts who ever get a cure are the ones with some love in their lives. Someone wanting them. Someone stroking their brow..... Never mind what the doctors say, man, there's only one thing in the whole wide, lousy world stronger than the craving for drugs -- and that is the craving for love. And I hadn't found it. And a lot of other wrecks around the big smoke haven't found it either. When we do, well maybe there's just an outside chance."

These doctors and psychiatrists have also discovered what love is not. It is not possessiveness, making another into our own image. It is not dependency, hanging on to another and getting him to take life's decisions off our shoulders. It is not even self-sacrifice, though sometimes love demands that too. Freud



mentions a woman who was very assiduous in looking after her old mother, but who continually murdered her in dreams. Evidently her inner self bitterly resented her apparent servitude.

It is not admiration. A man may think he loves his wife because she is beautiful, talented, competent. He would cease to love her if she became none of these things, illustrating Shakespeare's words that "love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." It does not depend upon the attributes of the loved one, otherwise the weak and the wretched would have no one to love them, but upon the individual's ability to love.

Sex passion is not love, though love can ennoble and uplift it. Alas! for the man or woman who has not made a friend of their partner before passion is spent. Mother-love is not necessarily love. We share that instinct with the animals who are often better mothers than humans are. Admiration, popularity, flattery, are not love. They mean that the popular one is able to give others what they want. Jealousy is not a proof of love, as popularly supposed, neither is excessive grief, envy or sentimentality. They are proofs of self-love.

Love must be learnt. Dr. Menniger says that the best thing parents can do is to teach their children how to love and that is best done by example.

Pure, selfless love is not only the saviour of the world but also often a physical healer. I know two doctors who have healed supposedly incurable cases of insanity by love, patience and prayer. Such men are saints and heroes in the best sense of the words.

The best description of true love is to be found in the famous thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians. Another one is found in Starr Daily's "Release". Starr Daily is the pen name of a lifer who found God and love in prison. He is now released and happily married. "There is a selfish emotion that hurts. It has often been called love. It is but the shadow of the miracle-worker. Just as science, art and invention do not desire to reform anybody, neither does love. By not wanting to reform others it transforms them. A friend is a lover. He does not preach, find fault, condemn. He frees; and the thing he frees, he binds. You cannot have the things you will not give away. You cannot be free of the things you hold. To hold on is to belong to the things held, a bond. What you set free belongs to you. You do not belong to it, for you belong to love. All things below love encircle and squeeze. They press and inflict and hurt. Love is Reality, the Liberator, the miracle-worker. By making others glad you give them a foretaste of Heaven on earth."

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd

Mrs. Rachel Van Ess of Oakland visited Miss Codd in South Africa recently. She reports that she asked about ever so many individuals; wished that she could revisit America to see us all; also that while she is forgetful of everyday things, her lecturing is better than ever! Geoffrey Hodson, too, has reported that she is "a great light to many people" down there. So her life is still adding richness.

"We" are sending her another \$20 for her birthday in October -- thanks to you all!

R. D.