

April - May, 1963
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My dear friends,

We have just come through the worst winter that I ever remember in England. We were almost snow-bound. This letter is a little late because I contracted a germ that is going round, and consequently was laid up for about a month. However, all is clear now both with the weather and me.

I have just had a letter from a very old friend of mine, Mr. Fred Morgan. His mother took him when a little boy, to hear me lecture in an English country town many, many years ago. He went to Canada, and from there he came down to see me at the Olcott Convention some years ago when I was there. By then he had grown up children of his own. I was so happy to see him and to hear what a Theosophist he is now. There is a common saying that the world is very small. What astonishes me is how often one comes across people again. In fact I doubt if one ever loses anybody. As far away as New Zealand, I met again a woman whom I had known when I was a little girl. And it is fairly common for someone in America or elsewhere to come up to me after a lecture and say that they had heard me years ago in the Mortimer Halls in London. I remember one woman in America telling me that she had heard me fifteen years ago, and, on seeing my name in the papers, had come again. But this reminds me of a funny story! Once, in Cardiff, a spiritualist medium seized me as I was going to lecture with the news that she had a very important message for me from her spirit guide. I asked her to tell me when the lecture was finished. So, as I was coming out there she was. She held me tight and whispered in my ear, "My guide said, You tell that lady, 'Go on as you are doing'." I really have to laugh when I think of it.

But, coming back to the thought that we never really lose anyone, I have a chapter in my coming new book on "Imperishable Links." Down through the lives we all form these unbreakable links. I remember Dr. Besant once saying that it was quite rare to meet someone we had never met before. But the great and imperishable links are formed by great acts of love and service. They can never be broken. There is a story that one day a very devoted wife came to see the Lord Buddha. "Tell me, Lord," she said, "what must I do that I can be sure that I will be with my beloved husband in all future lives?" The Blessed One replied: "If you love him well enough to forgive him everything, and to ask nothing of him, you will bind his soul to yours by bonds which can never be severed."

I can think of some I have heard of. For instance, there was quite clearly a great bond between the Master K.H. and Mr. Sinnett. In my early days I often saw and heard Mr. Sinnett who was Vice-President of the T.S. until his death. As far as my reactions went I never particularly liked him. He was so pontifical to my mind. But quite clearly the Master liked him very much. In the Mahatma Letters the Master's patience and compassionate understanding are quite wonderful. Now where was that link formed? This is the story I heard. Long, long years ago, Mr. Sinnett was an Egyptian nobleman under one of the Pharaohs. Egypt was invaded by an army of enemies, and in their ranks was a young soldier who was a former incarnation of the Master K.H. He was taken prisoner. I have an idea that the ancient Egyptians tortured or killed their prisoners. Anyhow, the nobleman took a great fancy to the young foreigner, took him into his own household and, when the war was over, sent him safely home again. Centuries afterwards, the Master saw his old friend, the Egyptian nobleman, in the person of Mr. Sinnett, and remembered the ancient debt of gratitude.

A similar instance took place in a long past life of Colonel Olcott. Ages ago the Master Morya was ruling in Atlantis and living in the City of the Golden Gate, so

called because one of the city's gates was of pure gold. His little son and heir was a former incarnation of H.P.B. The wicked magicians on the other side of the world were always trying to get at the little prince to murder or kidnap him. So he had always with him, when playing in the palace gardens, a sturdy young soldier as bodyguard who became very devoted to his little charge. One day the conspirators burst into the garden and attacked the little boy. His bodyguard fought so bravely until ready help came that the little prince was only slightly stunned, but the soldier was mortally wounded. They carried him into the palace and laid him at the feet of the Emperor. The King looked at him gravely. "The bond of blood shed for me and mine," said he, "lies between us now. Ask what you will and it shall be granted to you." Lifting fading eyes to his Master the soldier said that all he wanted was to be with his Master and the little prince for ever and ever. And so it proved to be, for in this life the Emperor was the Master Morya, the little prince was H.P.B., and the soldier the Colonel. They were all three together again in a work that will go on for ever and ever.

I remember Dr. Besant telling us one day that she once asked the Master M. where they had met before, and he showed her a little picture of a primitive tent in which a baby boy was slung in a skin lovingly rocked by his little sister. The baby was the Master and the little sister Dr. Besant.

Many of you will remember how in the days of ancient Greece C. W. Leadbeater journeyed to Sicily to meet the famous Pythagoras. As he was preparing to return the sage said to him, "We shall meet again." This astonished his visitor as clearly Pythagoras was very old. But when first in this life the Master K.H. walked into C.W.L.'s room at Adyar, he said, "Did I not tell you that we should meet again?"

I could tell you other stories but there is no more room. We all make these bonds. These eternal bonds are formed quite unconsciously and without any thought of reward. All great actions are like that. They are -- to quote Professor Reyes -- "Moments without self." The great works of genius are moments without self. The egotistic man can be very talented, but he can never receive the Divine Afflatus which is genius. Life, in all its divine and pure essence can only descend upon him who is its selfless channel.

A divine bond, once formed, will endure in spite of misunderstandings, mistakes and estrangements. It belongs to the eternal worlds and is unaffected by anything that happens to its temporary personality. "God" in us is always beyond the pairs of opposites, either good or evil. It is pure life, nameless, spaceless, timeless. "Thou canst not name the Nameless, O my son." Our virtues bind us with chains of gold, our vices with chains of iron. "Sin" is mistaken doing through Avidya, ignorance. Its cure is the sorrow that follows upon its heels.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd.

P.S. This last Christmas I had more letters and presents than ever before. I fear I have got a little muddled as to who sent what sometimes, so please, if any letter is unacknowledged, take it that I have thanked the sender with all my heart. -- Clara Codd.