

127 February-March 1967

"Way's End," Beech Ave.  
Camberley, Surrey, England

My dear Friends,

First of all I must thank you very warmly, for the wonderful birthday present you gave me. There was a cheque which Mr. Leslie Smith presented me with at my birthday party, and now there comes a wonderful portable radio set. I am deaf, as many of you know, so it is fine for me to have to put in a little ear piece and listen to the wireless all on my own. If I ever become bed-ridden I shall use it all the time. My nephew was paying us a visit when it arrived. He said "I'd like to have that." So I will leave it to him in my will.

I have been giving away all my precious things, such as magnetized articles. For I cannot have many more years to live and my sisters would not know where to send them all. Sometimes I miss them a little. But I wanted to be sure that they were all in the hands of people who would love and appreciate them. More than sixty years ago, when I was first in Adyar, Mr. C.W. Leadbeater wrote about magnetized articles and talismans. Everybody in Adyar got him to magnetize things for them. A great friend of mine told me how she had taken a necklace to him and he had magnetized it for her to minimize all her faults and increase her virtues. Now I did not care a bit what kind of character I possessed. But I thought that it was a pity to leave Adyar without having asked him to do something for me, too. So one morning I went down to his room at the end of the main building. Inside Don Ruspoli and Miss Mary Neff were working away at two typewriters. I was a little in awe of C.W.L. in those days. He looked up and said, "Now what do you want?" "Please, Mr. Leadbeater," I said, "would you please magnetize...." "Oh! for my sins," he interrupted, "I wrote that article." I suppose I looked dashed, for he said more kindly: "What do you want done with it?" I told him that I wanted the thought of the Master K.H. put into it.

Since then I have learned how to magnetize articles myself. But I am not sure that I ought to talk about this. Magnetization should only be carried out by people of a clean and dedicated life. Otherwise a stain will occur. The same thing is true of what is now becoming quite common, the recitation of the Hindu sacred word. To recite it when one is not living a good life is to invite unhelpful forces. I once destroyed two awful looking elementals by reciting the Hindu formula. The Christian form of the sacred formula is the well known sentence "In the Name of the Father, etc." But the best protection of all is an honest, really kind heart. Nothing can touch such a condition. The Master K.H. said something like that when he wrote to a young woman disciple that the greatest consolation was to know that one had never hurt any living thing. The invincible power of a truly kind heart is wonderful.

Everything is really "magnetized" in some way or other. The clothes we wear become full of us. I once knew a woman who used to rub her cheek up and down an old coat that her dead husband used to wear. "It is like having him again," she said to me. And houses become full of what is called "atmosphere." Perhaps one day when we take a house, we shall consider its atmosphere as well as its drains, etc. We all have the experience of entering some homes and finding an atmosphere of peace and affection. Mothers are chiefly responsible for that. A poor, tired husband should come home to peace and affection, not to a scold or a nag. I really believe that if one makes a man really happy, he will never wander after other women.

Now I do hope that none of you will now start thinking about mascots, etc. It can become quite a superstition. I know people who will not stir without a certain mascot. The same is true about astrology. I know people who will hardly cross the road without consulting their horoscope. Some years ago a famous American periodical printed prophecies concerning the late war by ten leading astrologers. Most of them turned out to be incorrect. Of course sometimes they are right. My family once lived near the famous astrologer, Alan Leo. Mrs. Leo was once looking at my horoscope. "You will be deaf when you are old, Clara," she said. And she was right.

It is the same with the prognostications of psychics. When I first met them I was immensely impressed. I believed all they said. But many years of experience have cured me. Now I take any prophecy with a grain of salt. In the words of the late Mr. Asquith, we will "wait and see." Sometimes the simple peasantry tell more truly. I cannot remember if I ever told you about a prophecy that certainly came true in my case? It occurred when I was quite young. My father had died and we all went to live in Geneva. I tried to make as much money as I could by teaching English, music, playing accompaniments, in fact any job I could find. Having never been to school or secured any degree, my market value was very low. I used to answer many advertisements. I could tell you many funny stories about some of them. One was for an English teacher to spend some months right up in the mountains to teach an innkeeper's daughter English. I got that post. Up in the Swiss mountains they often have no doctor. The peasantry consult "wise women" who treat them with herbs gathered in the early morning with the dew on them. I knew one who had wonderful eyes. I think many of them are psychic.

I heard of one who could tell people what they would do best. So one morning I set off to visit her. She was a young woman and I found her cooking the dinner. Her mother took that over and she led me into an inner room where holding my hand she threw herself into a trance. Then she began murmuring over me, "Not a lady's maid, not a cook, not a shop-girl, etc." Suddenly she said, "Oh! I see you!" "What do you see?" I asked. "You are on a big platform," she said, "and hundreds of people before you." In those days I had not yet heard of Theosophy. So I said, "What am I doing? Am I an actress?" "Oh! no," she said, "certainly you are not an actress!" "Then what am I doing?" I asked. She shook her head. "I cannot tell you," she said, "but it sounds to me like the music of Richard Wagner."

I think that is a wonderful description of Theosophy. For to my mind the music of Richard Wagner transcends in beauty and mysticism any other. Then her mother came into the room and brought her back to normal consciousness by fanning her.

All this happened several months before I met Colonel Olcott and thus found Theosophy for the rest of my life. But clearly it was my fate to teach people about it. And how glad I am that I could do that. How many times have I heard what a comfort and inspiration the Ageless Wisdom is to so many people. I owe everything in life to it. In some future life I would like to become very wise and really know what makes people act as they do and how they may learn to act so that they will become happy. For really happy people are rare.

Perhaps next time I will talk about the angelic orders or, as the East calls them, the Devas, a Sanscrit word which means the "shining ones," a term also used by John Bunyan. Then another time I will talk about meditation.

Meanwhile goodbye and the best of good wishes to you all for this New Year just begun.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara M. Codd

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