

My dear Friends,

I am late with the letter this time. I wonder if I can go on with them much longer as I am getting so very old. I remember long years ago, an Indian fortune-teller telling me that I would live to be very old and go about with a stick. Well! the stick stage has now arrived.

I remember that I said that I would tell you some reincarnation stories. Let me see if I can remember them. I once met a woman who could remember quite clearly four consecutive incarnations. She told me the story of them, but I forget them now. And once, when I was lecturing in Bradford in England, a mother told me of the strange things her little son said. Children sometimes remember past incarnations, but the memory fades as they grow up. This mother had lost a child, and she had just had a new one. Her little son said to her: "You don't know who the baby is but I do. It's our Tommy come back again." When a child dies very young the Ego comes back again almost immediately and often as a younger child to the same mother. This was clearly such a case, and the little boy recognized it. Then again I once met a woman with a little boy of ten who had strange eyes. She told me that he was always talking about when he was last here and describing to her incidents in past lives.

Sometimes past lives come back in dreams. I have had that experience myself. But it is easy to see why most of us do not seem to remember the past. We are using a new brain. It has not lived before. So it is difficult to cast on a new brain the pictures of the past. But we all remember in a synthetic form. Our instinctive ways, our fundamental traits, are memories.

It does not really matter that we do not carry through such interesting memories. What we did does not now matter, but what we are doing now. It is the soul that lives through many lives, not this transient personality. I once read such an interesting book. It was a book by Carl Jung, the famous psychologist, called "Memories, Dreams, Reflections." He became conscious of his inner life and met wonderful people on the other side. He says, "My life has been singularly poor in outward happenings. I cannot tell much about them for it would strike me as hollow and insubstantial. I can understand myself only in the light of inner happenings. It is these that make up the singularity of my life, and with these my autobiography deals." At first he was afraid when he let himself investigate what seemed to him his phantasies. He saw wonderful visions, some of them symbolic. And he came into contact with wonderful people on the other side. He had an interesting meeting with a Pueblo Red Indian Chief in America. Said the Chief: "See how cruel the whites are. I do not understand them. We think that they are mad." I asked him why? "They say that they think with their heads." "Why, what do you think with?" I asked him in surprise. "We think here," he said, indicating his heart.

It is a wonderful book. I expect many of you have read it. If you have not, do get a copy. My sister tells me that a new book about Jung has come out, "Serrano," by Herman Hesse. He was a great man and a beautiful character.

My new little book, "Trust Yourself to Life," is now published. I like it myself! It is quite small and my favorite chapter is the one on The Place of Beauty in Life. There is not much of me in that chapter. I quote all the time from by beloved ancient Greeks, and what the beautiful priestess Diotima said to Socrates. I sometimes wonder why I love the ancient Greek writings. It must be because I lived there so long in past lives. Perhaps I heard Socrates teach. When I was in Adyar, long years ago, Mr. Leadbeater gave me a list of where I had been for twenty past lives. He told me, "You

n ever were in Rome. You were born five lives running in Greece. There is one in the middle ages somewhere, but I haven't time to look it up." But I feel sure that the last one was in England, in the reign of the great Queen Elizabeth, for I cannot read too much about her. She was a great ruler, but poor Mary, Queen of Scots, was very beautiful and kind, but a rather silly woman. I do not wonder that she came to such a bad end. Now all my Scotch friends will be cross with me!

Well, I am glad that I am not a King or Queen. It must be an awful responsibility.

Goodbye till next time which may be the last, as I am now getting so very old.

Kindest greetings to you all from

Clara M. Codd

From your secretary: Miss Codd's birthday is October 10 -- she will be 92 !