

My dear Friends:

After much delay, owing to flu, etc., I am at last on the point of departure for a short time to Huizen. We in England at this moment are enjoying wonderful summery spring weather. Indeed, we have had a wonderful English winter with no snow.

I have been reading Krishnamurti's new volume of "Commentaries", the third now. These works of his show us many sides of human nature, and his descriptions of Nature are those of a born poet. I cannot say that I truly understand what he says. I only have a deep intuition that what he says is truly the gist of the matter. I remember an American publisher once told me that Krishnaji was considered the foremost spiritual teacher in the world today, and that his books were "best-sellers." I see that "The First and Last Freedom" is now in its seventh edition.

I heard him speak many times over a year ago when I was in India. There again I noticed the wonderful poetry of his expositions. I wrote down two sentences with which he closed two lectures. Here they are. One speech he closed with these words: "It is only the mind which has understood itself, which is capable of receiving the benediction that has no end." And his last lecture he closed with these words: "I think Love walks with Death, and Death is Life."

I remember him so well long years ago when he was a slim and beautiful youth. He still is slim and beautiful. For six years in succession I went over to his camp in Holland. I must say that always the first night in camp made me inwardly swear I would never come again for a camp is not comfortable. But I soon got used to it and began to enjoy it. One night we had a terrific thunderstorm and a river of water poured through the tent my sister and I occupied. That night Krishnaji gave no address. We all spent our time trying to dry our bedding in front of the camp fire.

Every time in those days he seemed to have a different term for his eternal finding. Once he called it "The Pool of Wisdom," then another time "The Kingdom of Happiness," then yet again "The Beloved," and last of all "The Deathless Joy." When he was calling it the Kingdom of Happiness he told us that he wanted us to come and talk to him and that he would stand under the tree by the Post Office and we were all to come and speak to him. We lined up respectfully in a queue. Just in front of me was a simple little old lady, of Slav birth, I would think. She whispered to Krishnaji, and I heard because I was just behind, "Oh! Krishnamurti, tell me how I can find the Kingdom of Happiness." He took her hands in his and whispered, "Just you love everyone." I thought that reply was so simple and true, and just what that little old lady could understand.

At two camps I saw healing take place. The Indian scriptures say that one of the signs of a God-conscious man is that involuntary healings take place in his presence. I know two cases of this. I used to stay with a lady who was a terrible bag of nerves. And when Headquarters sent me there again, I did not relish the prospect! To my astonishment I found a calm, serene person. "Why?" I said, "Where are your nerves?" "I went to Krishnaji's camp," she replied, "and I have never had them since." The other time a French member brought his son, who was quite "mental," and during the camp he absolutely recovered. Overjoyed, the father at the last campfire meeting jumped up and shouted, "Krishnaji a fait un miracle."

I have also attended his camps in the Ojai Valley. Once, going down the hill with my hostess, we met Krishnaji coming up with his hand in that of little Judith, the fair-haired daughter of Mr. Montgomery Flagg, an artist friend of his. "Oh! Judith," said my hostess archly, "I see you have a new beau." "What's a beau?" Judith asked Krishnaji. "Oh come along," he replied, "what a good thing you don't know." Another time he again told us to come and talk to him in a little wooden house in the center of the camp. I went along and found a group of people in an outer room awaiting their turn. Presently I heard a delightful peal of laughter coming from the inner room, laughter full of fun and joy as so much laughter is not. The door of the inner room opened and Krishnaji came out with the most Hollywoodish-looking little actress I have ever seen. I wondered what she had been saying to make him laugh like that. Then he beckoned me in. "Oh, Miss Codd," he said, "so many people have been to see me this morning. Dessicated, just dessicated." He is so alive that perhaps others seem to him a little dead.

Some of our T.S. members told me that Krishnamurti did not believe in the existence of the Masters of the Wisdom, so one day I asked him about it. "Does it matter?" he said to me. But I saw that in his eyes which convinced me that he knew all about them. Then he looked gravely at me. "Miss Codd," he said, "I haven't any motives." Letting that sink in, he went on, "Think. All your motives, even the highest, are connected with self. If you would find what I have found, you must not have any self." I remember another time, when I was listening to him in India, someone asked him whether he believed in God, and what would he give us instead. He replied, "The people who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima believed in God."

I remember these things though I do not fully understand. Only one thing I am conscious of and I cannot tell you why, and that is that Krishnaji is a "God-conscious" man. Never try to understand him with the critical mind; that way disaster lies. I have known more than one person go "mental" trying to reconcile what he says with their preconceived convictions. Take what he says like the breath of the morning, or the scent of a flower. If you start reasoning about it or comparing, or analysing, you will land yourself goodness knows where. I have seen too much of it so I warn you all. God is; Life is; Krishnaji's "benediction that has no end" is. That is all that can be said. This reminds me of some lovely words of St. Augustine. "One day," he writes, "I threw myself beyond my thought, and in the flash of a trembling glance I came face to face with That which is." We do not seek it, we do not reach it, It is always there. When our eyes open it is there. It comes. The Lord Buddha once said, "Open your eyes and see, for Heaven is all around you." Dr. Besant once preached a sermon about the Love of God. She said it was all round us like electricity is in the air. We just had to open our souls to that light and that air. I think Life is trying to help us to do this, and that is why I am always talking about trusting ourselves to Life. For, as Professor Radhakrishnan has said; "Life is God, and the recognition of this constitutes spirituality."

There is beauty, there is loveliness, but I also think that the Eternal Beauty is also present in ugliness and disaster. There is nowhere where Eternity is not, for it lies behind all the pairs of opposites.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd

FINANCIAL STATEMENT of the fund for Miss Codd:

A total of \$1313.00 per year has been pledged to the fund. This includes a few large "one-time" contributions which I have recorded as smaller pledges, paid up for 5 years.

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| Paid on pledges, as of March 7, 1961 | \$1255.00 | |
| Other contributions, not pledged | 182.00 | |
| Balance forward from letter fund Oct. 31, 1960 | 40.00 | |
| Total receipts | | \$1477.00 |
| Expenses: To Huizen for Miss Codd | \$165.00 | |
| Letter expenses | 56.00 | |
| BALANCE MARCH 7, 1961 | | \$1256.00 |
| On deposit with National Treasurer at Olcott | \$1164.00 | |
| Cash on hand | 92.00 | |
| TOTAL | | \$1256.00 |

79 made pledges, 30 others contributed, still others wrote who longed to help but couldn't. Wonderful people, all of you!

R.L.D.