

Heidelberg, 12.12.1964.
Hausackerweg 14.

Dear Madam,

Our hearty thanks for your so long and important letter of October 8, 1964. This has indeed been good news following on a series of depressing experiences. I could not help thinking often of what you wrote of the ashes of your mother having been immersed in the Beas in Kulu. Now that memory will for ever be linked up for you with this beautiful scenery, with these still pure waters, and the snow on the Himalayan mountains. Return to the earth, but to the living Mother Earth, in all its sweet fertility and under the eternal sky, the image of the Parabrahman. When I think of our rivers here, darkened by oil, soap and chemicals, of our cemeteries which anyhow still are solemn groves, but overcrowded with tombs, or the campo santos which we saw in Italy, with their gloomy corridors full of monuments and statues covered by thick layers of dust, rather like some bolge in Dante's Inferno. What a difference!

And now the public appreciation which Professor ^{Svetoslav} Roerich, and with him you too, have received! After what we have experienced in our life time, you will surely have no more illusions about such honours as I have. Who will remember them after some decades? And in how many cases are they nothing but a decent compensation granted to a man fallen from power. But with both of you this is not the case. They are well deserved, and are a sign that your life work is bearing fruits, that it will survive as an important contribution to the history of mankind. And this feeling that one's lifework will not have been wasted, what more can we expect from life? I hardly need telling you how happy we are for both of you.

Though I am heavily burdened with work, it has been a pleasure for me to fulfil your request. As to the memory of Nicholas Roerich I have formulated my contribution as a sort of appreciation of his achievement, as far as I am acquainted with it and as I can see it in the setting of our time. As to your husband, I have formulated our congratulations in a sort of "open letter" which may be published. For this reason it is perhaps somewhat more formal than I should normally like to write to you as dear friends. Nevertheless what I have written, comes from the depth of my heart, and is not empty phrases such as are often written on suchlike occasions. It is what I feel about both of you, it is what I feel about life and its problems. Perhaps some might appear gloomy to you, and perhaps not quite without reason. These last years of bad health, of many disillusiones, of scepticism about many of the conventional values of life have kept me meditating a lot. But on the other hand I feel much happier than in former days. For we have found new tablets of values, an inner wealth of life never known before. Things look so different whether we see them from the angle of our own momentary problems or in the great context of the Life Divine. How much have we to thank also you in this respect. It is a pity we could not meet again so far.

With our best wishes and heartiest Christmas greetings,

Yours sincerely,

Hermann Goetz