

Madam Helena Roerich,
Naggar, Kulu,
Punjab, British India.

Blessed Mother of Agni Yoga:

Your beautiful message to me was transmitted by our beloved Sina Fosdick. The ineffable sweetness of your words is like a ribbon which binds our hearts together. It will be my joy to start immediately to study the Russian language, because of your tenderly expressed wish.

Your belief that circumstances will permit me to come still closer to the common work fills me with great joy, and encourages me at last to open my heart to you.

My deep feeling of unworthiness has prevented me from approaching you sooner. But now, if the unworthiness of the past can be washed away in tears, and the Light of the Future be faced with Joy and Courage, I dedicate my life to the Service of the Teachings, and pray that this resolve shall be fortified by every thought, word, and action.

With full realization of the responsibilities entailed, I make the humble request that, with all my faults and shortcomings, I may be permitted some day to call you, dear Madam Roerich and Professor Roerich, my blessed Teachers.

Because the search for Truth and Beauty has led me, through the wonderful paintings of Professor Roerich, straight to Agni Yoga, a new life has been given me. It is only right to say that the efforts of this new life belong to you. Please accept my offer of Service, and Labor, and Love.

With joyous Greetings,
I remain sincerely Yours,

Magdalene Lehrer

Sunday
8 April 1945

Miss Magdalene Lehrer
525 Kedzie Drive
East Lansing, Mich. U.S.A.

Friday 7 September 1945

2

Madam Elena I. Roerich
Naggar, Kulu,
Punjab, British India.

Dear Madam Roerich:

Your sweet message which Sina sent me a few days ago brings forth my heartiest thanks. Yes, the waves of heart sympathy which you send me find their way straight into my own heart!

It is always a joy to hear our dear Sina speak about you, and I try to imagine you in your home on the Himalayan mountain-side, which was shown to me in Sina's photograph album. And when I am in New York, we love to place red roses before your portrait.

I have now learned a little over 170 words of the Russian language, but that is still not enough to compose a little message to you. There are no classes in my city where one might study Russian, and no private tutors. So, I am studying by myself, from a recommended American-Russian textbook and grammar, every morning, and those are among the happiest minutes of the day.

The photograph which is enclosed was taken three years ago, and that was before I discovered the glorious Teachings of Agni Yoga, but since I have no recent photograph, I hope you will please accept this one. Our little house, for which the architectural plans were drawn by myself, was built four years ago, and the great profusion of flowers shows my dear mother's handiwork. But, we hope that soon it will be possible to be near Sina in New York, where we shall be able to work together.

My heartfelt thoughts for Joy and Good Health go lovingly to you!

As ever yours,

Magdalene Lehrer

Miss Magdalene Lehrer
525 Kedzie Drive.
East Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A.

3

Friday,
25 January 1946

Madam Elena Roerich,
Naggar, Kulu,
Punjab, British India.

Dear Madam Roerich:

In reply to your warm, and heart-stirring message of 21st October, which you sent me through dear Sina, I would like to say that the enclosed drawing was inspired by your beautiful words, and I hope that you will accept my very best wishes for your Birthday on 13th February.

Being here in New York now, near the beloved paintings of Professor Roerich, and near our dear Sina, is truly an answer to my prayers.

The joy of Service stirs the heart and makes it light, and it is a blessed privilege to share in the labor for Hierarchy. I hope that soon, some adjustment will be possible in my occupation, so that instead of the long hours of working at the office, it will be possible to devote more of my time to the happy tasks of Arca, Agni Yoga, and the Banner of Peace.

Joyous Greetings to Professor Roerich,
and to you both, my heartfelt devotion.

Magdalene Lehrer

108-12 65th Road
Forest Hills, Long Island,
New York, U.S.A.

4
23 May 1946

Madam Elena Roerich,
Naggar, Kulu,
Punjab, British India.

Dear Madam Roerich:

Inclosed please find three copies of the news story which you requested. I am grieved that its publication was a failure, due to confusion on the part of the editor.

Your message, which our dear Sina gave me some time ago, has fortified me with joy and strength, and I thank you for your beautiful words.

This is a time of test and trial. The position which brought me to New York proved to be too strenuous, and had to be given up in the middle of April.

Yet I know that it was with the help of the Masters that I am here, in answer to my heart's wish to be nearer to the work of the Teachings and the other phases of the constructive work which our dear Sina is serving so faithfully, and which I too, want to serve to the best of my ability.

Therefore I have faith that the Masters will grant me more opportunities to serve the cause of the great Hierarchy of Light. And whether my next position will be a commercial one writing advertising for a store, -- or better still, perhaps a cultural one serving an art museum or a public library, I pray that it will have regular working hours, so that my personal time may be devoted more regularly to helping Sina, and the blessed work in the realm of Culture.

I love the first pages of "Letters of the Mahatma" which were given out in March. I have also heard several persons express their gratitude for the privilege of having this new, revised version of the Book. We all look forward with joyful anticipation to receiving more pages from time to time.

Greeting you, dear Madam Roerich,
with joyous thoughts from the
heart,

Devotedly yours,

Magdalene Scherer

108-12 65th Road
Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.



25 January 1947

6

Dear Madame Roerich :

Hearty Greetings
and Best Wishes
for your Birthday
on February 13th.

It is always a joy
to remember this
date.

With Loving
Thoughts

Magdalene Lehrer



MAGDALENE LEHRER

8

27 January 1948

9

Dear Madam Roerich:

Your birthday on February
13th is a special flower
in the garden of my
heart, and I send you
tender greetings, and
all best wishes, with
thoughts of joy and love.

As ever yours,

Magdalene Lehrer

10

Greetings

Maqdalene Lehrer

"The Garden of the Heart"

11

Dear Madame Roerich:

I send deep love and heartfelt best wishes for your Birthday on February 13th, and share with you some wonderful news -- that which seemed only a dream of aspiration some years ago, now has become a reality, because I have been given the rare opportunity of purchasing, with my mother's cooperation, some of dear Prof. Roerich's glorious paintings -- the large one called "Drops of Life" and three small ones.

They surely must be a reward for the suffering and anguish of the past few years; but now my precious paintings bring me joy and inspiration, and strengthen me for serving the Masters. These beloved paintings shall be doubly safe-guarded, in the house, and in my heart!

My best thoughts reach out to you for the preservation of your health and well-being. I greet you, as ever

Magdalene Lehrer

25 January 1951

12

Greetings

Magdalene Lehrer

"Blessed are the
Peacemakers"

13

MAGDALENE LEHRER

1950



14

17 November 1952

Madam Helena Roerich
"Crookety"
P. O. Kalimpong,
via Siliguri,
West Bengal, India.

Dear Madam Roerich:

I greet you as a new 7-year period starts for me on the path of service. The past 7 years have been so rich in the deepest experiences of joy and beauty, that even the tests and sorrows now have new significance, and my heart overflows with gratitude for the privilege of being permitted to help in the work.

The inspiring books of the Teachings of Living Ethics, the paintings of Prof. Roerich which are ever-reminding evidence of his life of greatest achievements -- these give meaning and direction to my life. They are my link with the noblest, and the treasured paintings are the wings which lift me to the highest.

When Sina read to me your message last summer that you hoped I would become one of the closest coworkers, it was almost as if you touched my outstretched hand, because my heart is ready, and the time is undeferrable.

Often I have felt the blessed Master's protecting hand, so many times in so many ways. I know the power of the Shield, especially through my dealings with the people against whom you warned me. Following is a strange dream I had last May 20th:

I saw a young girl about 12 years old going happily along a hilly road; it was in the morning in summer. She was dressed in white, but her garment was so simple that it was of no particular period of fashion. A boy about 9 years old joined her, and they sat down on some rocks; the boy begged her to whistle, so she began to whistle a few bars of a gentle melody, very soft and low. The boy was delighted and told her how beautiful it was. Then she stood up and left him, walking to the top of the hill, and then it seemed that very naturally she stepped into a higher world or dimension, and continued up to a small mountain cabin and entered. She sat on a low stool by the window with her arms on the sill and gazed downward toward a house across the valley in the dimension from which she had come. She watched the house until a man came out (whom I recognized as the seller of the paintings.) He looked all around, listening for the soft melody which she had whistled. He was very disappointed at not hearing it again, or locating the person; then he looked up toward her cabin, but she drew back from the window very quickly so he would not see her. Concealed, she watched through an opening until he turned and entered his house again. The strangest part of this dream was that although I distinctly saw all this happen, I also knew that the girl was myself. And as I awoke I heard his voice reading a message or something that might have been the closing words of a story, and the words were: "And so they parted, each conceding victory to the other -- but it was M. who won, -- it was M. who won!"

And a recent dream of Sept. 5th was so very unusual I must mention it here: I was on my way to some distant destination, walking through a room and through the open door to the edge of a precipice, and I did not stop when I came to the edge, but as I stepped with one foot into space instantly there appeared from the void a ladder held horizontally by two very strong arms on each side of the ladder, so that I stepped onto the rungs without even pausing. As I stepped on the ladder I even felt a very slight dip as my weight touched it, but the arms steadied the ladder immediately and I continued on my way, but as I awoke right then, I heard Sina's voice saying that "it was very significant" or something similar to that.

It seems that I read our books of the Teachings with new understanding now, and ponder things with an expansion of consciousness that gives a new depth of meaning. Our latest book "Illumination" often brings a sharp stab to the heart -- not a stab of pain, but of joy.

And so my loving thoughts go out to you across the space, as ever,

Madalene Lehrer

Saturday, 19 Dec. 1953

18

Dear Madame Roerich:

I send you these heart-felt greetings in a year in which there has been so much to be thankful for.

Especially now, when I am spending two weeks with "my other mother", dear Mrs. Sophie Schafran, while Sina and Dudley are visiting in Indiana.

It is not only a privilege to help Mother Schafran, but to be living in the house with its wonderful vibrations and the beauty of Professor Roerich's paintings gives me the deepest joy.

With loving thoughts,
Sincerely,

Madalene
Lehrer

21 Dec 1954

19

THE SOUND

CELESTIAL

Beyond the brooding gloom of ages past
The mind explores the void to penetrate
The secret of the Primordial Cause
When all was silence - ere the birth of sound.
 The mystery of the Sacred Word at last
 Reverberated through Space to create
 A Universe. Immutable Cosmic laws
 Whirled planets into place as Rhythm was found.

Dark silence ended. All creation sang
The Song of Light. And each vibrating tone
From low to high within the audible range
A bridge of Joy from earth to heaven extended.
 Man worshipped God. With exultation sprang
 His search for harmonies as yet unknown
 Which fiery-souled composers might arrange.
 But still the human voice all these transcended.

For poignant flute and cello's passionate pleading
Seem mute beside love's tenderest words of rapture.
And joyous laughter of gay children playing
Is sweeter than an eloquent concerto.
 Even sounds of Nature, sensitively heeding
 The Universal Heart, aspire to capture
 Sonorous psalms in thunder, forests praying
 Chorale of birds, and winds' soft obbligato.

If songs and speech of mortal man define
His tongue supreme in hierarchy of sounds,
Then what majestic Beauty glorified
The Voice that hushed the storm upon the sea!
 How blessed were those who heard His words divine!
 But echoing still through Time the Voice resounds.
 And listening hearts - attuned and purified
 Through silent prayer - perceive its melody.

JOYOUS GREETINGS

MADALENE LEHRER

(inside)

Dear Madame Roerich -

The most inspiring
experience of this past year
has been the joy in the
publication of your wonderful
letters in book form.

They help to establish a
feeling of rapport that
is satisfying and uplifting.

with love and
best thoughts from
the heart -

Madalene Lehrer



Was the World

MADALENE LEHRER

In the Beginning

Friday,
19 March 1954.

Madam Helena Roerich,
"Crookety",
P. O. Kalimpong,
via Siliguri, West Bengal, India.

Dear Madam Roerich:

It is not easy to write this acknowledgment of your important message to me, and the wonderful gift of the treasured photograph.

Several times I have started to write, and the words were inadequate to encompass the thoughts. Instead of words it seemed as if the communication directed to you traveled along the tremors of the heart - beyond the grasp of language.

Unforgettable is the moment when I first saw the large painting from which this photograph was made. And since receiving it, I am reminded of Volume II of "Leaves of M's Garden" - "The wish is already a part of the fulfillment."

As I look at the photograph the knowledge sweeps over me that your woman's heart understands my heart and its longings and joys, and in weaker moments even its anguish.

But I feel uplifted into the boundlessness of space when I comprehend the privilege which is mine in sharing the great spiritual Treasures of the Teachings. Through it my life is blessed beyond everything. It is my life.

A remarkable dream came to me and its effect has been amazing. Last night after trying to write you a letter, and not finding the words, I fell asleep and dreamed that you came to visit me. We were on what appeared to be a roof garden over my home. There was another woman with you who seemed familiar to me but whom I was unable to recognize. I was so happy that we were up there together, but as I looked down to the ground, several people were coming whom I did not expect at all, and wondered why they were coming just at this particular time when I wanted to be with you.

I awoke in the morning feeling more refreshed than in many months, and the strength and joy have been with me all day, and it seemed as if I could send out a healing force to everybody around me. Truly I cannot remember when I have experienced such a feeling of well-being!

How can I thank you for everything?
Especially for the words of your message which dear Sina translated as follows:
"Offer Madalene opportunities to help in the works and she will not regret it."

My heart is open to the Great Lord, and I send my loving thoughts to you always,

With joyous Greetings,

Madalene Lehrer

59 East 92nd Street 23
New York City, 28
21 March 1955

Dear Madame Roerich:

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your inspiring message which dear Sina telephoned me in part when it arrived, and it strengthened me through joy. Next day a heavy task was given me at my office - to do three weeks' work in one week; and so great was the energy I felt that the work was accomplished and, surprisingly, without my being exhausted afterward.

Then, ten days later Sina gave me your full message, written out. My mind and heart expanded to the wonder and vastness of your brief, beautiful words. In a moment of meditation, with eyes closed, I suddenly saw a face speeding toward me from Space - a slender face with neat dark beard, and a wide turban wrapped around the head. It was very unexpected, and a tremor went through my heart.

Even as a child I tried to recapture some dim remembrance of a very great and pure love. The consciousness of it formed my ideals and attitude toward the sacredness of earthly love.

My strength and courage come from knowledge of the protection of the Great Lord. I strive to purify my heart so that it will be a dwelling place worthy of His Image.

Dear Madame Roerich, you are very close to me, and it is a joyous privilege to be able, at last, to read your published letters in Volume I.

With loving thoughts and
heartiest greetings,

Madalene Lehrer

Joyous
Greetings



Madalene
Lehrer

SACRED FIRES

One glinting spark is evidence
Of Life imprisoned in sleeping stone —
When rock is struck its fire is shown.

The meteor's brief brilliance,
Volcano's heat, or candle flame —
All are alike except in name.

And human clay becomes refined
Through evolutionary plan
In hidden fires that temper man.

White rays reflect the lucent mind,
Blue glows the soul's encircling light,
And smoldering passions can ignite.

But incandescent heart burns higher,
Effulgent as the radiant sun.
And sun, and man, and stone are one —

All kindled by the sacred fire —
Eternal power from Cosmic source —
Light of the World, the Christ-like force.




1953

ILLUMINATION

MADALENE
LEHRER

27

8

A decorative border in blue ink, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text.

GREETINGS

MADALENE
LEHRER

29

Man: Is it far
between the heart
and the outermost star?

Is it wise
to reach for the
unattainable prize?

Is it best
to keep one dream
and forego all the rest?

Is it blest
to heed the call
and endure every test?

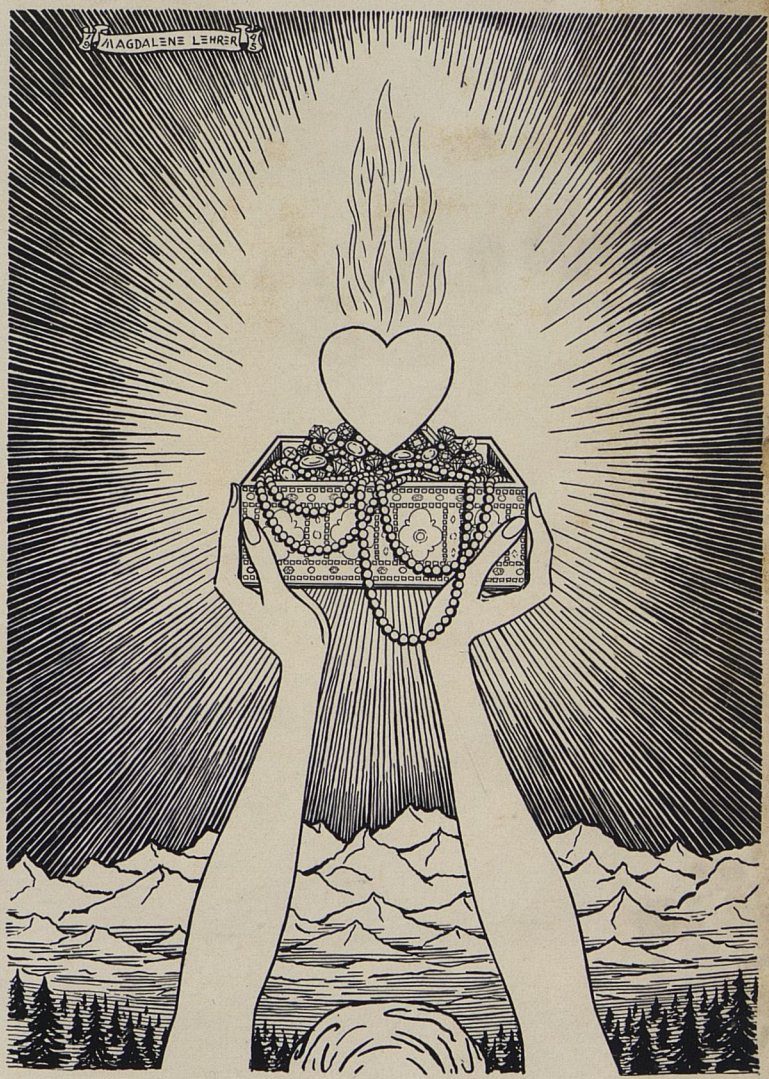
Is it true
love is the bridge
through time and space to You?

Master: It is near.
It is wise.
Do not fear,
It is best.
I say to you
It is blest.
It is true.

31



MAGDALENE LEHRER



32

*"The Offering
of the Treasure"*

*Greetings
Magdalene Lehrer*

33

