

Мамы, родная!

Помнишь ли ты какое зимнее утро когда в твоей земле, когда снег хрустит под ногами и солнышко сидит так высоко, что глаза ослепало? И когда какая-то деревца попки Блесняцего снега поздравляла тебя под шумом, не подорожала ли ты ей улочку?

Мне кажется что сегодня так рано я могу поздравить тебя - высоко, радостно и в благодарности с кем можно мое сердце. Я чувствую себя в духовной помощи и в Свете, как деревья под белым, небесным покровом.

Тропинки мои где в снегах

и в огорченных месяцах, как
прошло когда то моя тещинка,
осенней ночью в отчаянности при-
заве: мать, мать, поспушай
мене! И когда темнота прошла
и все стало светлее, я положила
голову на Твое колени и прасила
нового Благословения. Но если и
сегодня я захочу положить голову
на Твой колени, то это не
печаль, — это радость моя и
Благодарность.

Это письмо не ждет ответа
Я знаю ответ мой: я вижу как
дое утро оно светит радость
мое и сердце замирает: "Вла-
дика, допусти меня когда небудь
в Твоем труде быть достойной
одной улыбки Матери".

Твоя
Анна

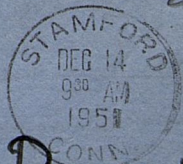
Степфурд,
13-12-57

AIR MAIL

AVION

AIR MAIL

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Mrs Helen Roerich
"Crookety"

via West Bengal Kalimpong
India

VIA AIR MAIL
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LES PAPIERS G. L.

Dear M-me Roerich,

My joy can't stay with me. My joy is like a ripe, in sunshine smelling apple which is too heavy to stay in the tree. It falls down to enjoy these has taken care of it.

I don't have any particular reason to be so happy to day, but this morning takes with me in such a loud and cheerful voice that I can't sleep.

Besides it is starting to rain, but this isn't "men-made" rain and I love it. I hear the cars one after another passing the street, but they exist for me just like some shadows somewhere. I feel the forests, I am in any pine-wood!

Isn't my room full fresh fir-frag smell?

Look, there is a nice, little plane with fresh, light green moss which

snuggles up my feet like a soft velvet cover. I would like to find here some tasty mushrooms. We take them home and all forest's smells are coming with us.

Wait, there is a big ant-hill! I never can imagine how these little mowing bodies are feeling during such rain. Can they enjoy this rain like I do? Doesn't the rain spoil some part of their labour?

I am gay again. I see a stamp of some old tree around which in the green face are cheerfully smiling some of the late wild strawberries. The rain is slow: drops after drop and you hear how they splash on the leaves. You hear how the birds shake off their feathers and their wings, stretch themselves and give out a sudden loud, short sound. An other one somewhere else after a while does the same and you feel soon can go in parts some of the clouds. Any way, if the first sun-

2) beam will not appear soon, I am feeling⁴ it. It seems to me that everything what could enjoy me and everybody to whom I feel close, is here in this morning with me. It seems to me I have only to stretch my arms and I shall embrace Richard Rudzitis, Katherine Draufius, Harold Lukins and all of my friends whom I love so much.

Katherine and Inge ... Oh, Mother, you have to know how happy I am to be with them both!

Not only once in last winter I felt like a strong smell from a huge bunch of roses would suddenly flow from Katherine's heart out. It was her love. I felt, I know her real being and my heart was asking to sound for her, but I hid this from her. It wasn't easy.

Once Katherine said to me: "I love you, don't you love me?"

I couldn't open my mouth. Then she continued: "I can't understand you. Sometimes I feel you love me, then you don't."

She was wright. In the moments

when I felt my heart will suddenly
be opened to her, I closed it so
hard, like I would tighten a belt
around me to hurt myself.

I wasn't strong enough to overcome
the conditions around us. Sometimes
for help to find the truth I tried
to talk the things out with Andrea,
but this was a great nonsense. Some-
thing was burning in me all the time
until the right couple words from Inge
now opened my eyes and allowed
me to see the things straight and clear.
I thanked her, I told her, she has
helped me, not knowing herself how.
And now I have just one feeling
for Katherine - to love her and
to help her, and I hope so strong,
I shall be able not to do any-
thing wrong.

It was before two
weeks when I started this letter. Now
it is an other early saturday mor-
ning, but this is a sunny one.
I feel like a lozen paradise is
coming back to me.

3) Isn't this the G.T.'s shadow, which is moving around me and what makes me feel so happy? I am sure, He is here. Oh, no, I don't see Him. I don't see anything. I just imagine things and then I feel as I would see them.

I am dressed myself up, Mother. I have this morning the bracelet and the ring which you gave for me on my arm. I polished my room last night and now I feel like I could be with you.

Dear Mother, I hope you feel why I am writing to you in English (You see my English isn't better than my Russian. No, I will not forget the Russian. I love it. I will learn it).

Your lovely gift changed my attitude to you. When I opened the envelop in which Katherine has put these little things in, I didn't know how to respond to them. I was confused.

Can you be also a human being?
You are... I understood it and it

touched me so deep in some unusual way. This was a warm stream of human emotions which filled my heart.

You have never before meant human being for me. I couldn't get me together to write to you, you ^{missed it} like to the sun and to the J. T. I said to you "TTA".

When I wrote to you about tears and hard time, which is passed, I didn't think my year in Arona, neither some other years of my life. No! I thought about the happening with the Sign of St. Trust in 1936 when you by psychological accident received the wrong news from Rodriand Ruptis. The Sign is never been given away. It is always been and is with me. I wrote about this a letter for you, but I never send it.

I decided - the J. T. knows the truth

This is been my greatest suffer in my whole life and at the same time associated with you, therefore you there to forgive me - I couldn't in

4) my letter to you be free from this part. I thought about it.

Don't say 'unexpressed' about me, as you did in your letter, please. I have never felt that way. When I think over my whole life, it seems to me - it is never been really difficult. Even George is been so gentle to me, because by coming in this world he has asked to wait for him only four hours, which I can't say has been difficult.

I don't think I am very strong soul, but I like to be strong, and, therefore, I try to feel - I am. It is for me like a promise to be strong, it is a resolution to be strong.

Norwalk, August, the 30th

White cloud of fogg is behind my windows this morning. It is so sticky and warm. My roses are fading.

Don't in this sweet smell - something what causes sadness?

I don't think I am able to feel your conditions so that they could make me feel unusual. This must be just from my nose.

No, Gisela didn't tell me anything about the cable which she has received. This time I passed this from her out, because I felt something distresses her.

Dear Mother, Gisela never tells me, what she has not to tell.

And now I see - it wasn't sense to know it for me. I can't understand it. I think to much about this. I know it isn't wisdom to feel sad, but I can't overcome it.

"Go and do your business, I am doing mine"

Are you saying this to me or somebody else?

I will Mother, but let me first send all my love to you. I read over my letter and I don't think there is something what could let you feel badly. I will

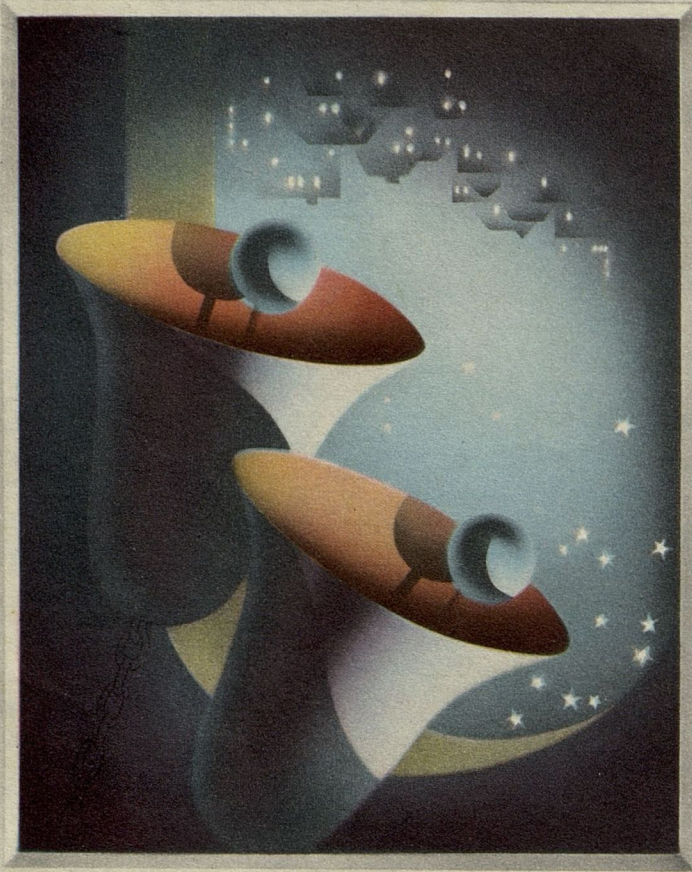
5) send it. Perhaps you will not read it now. People around you will put it by side. But when you will get up and some day read it, don't think about giving once the answer. You see here are no questions at all to be answered. My letter to you is just some page from my diary. I like it to write like in the front of your and Gr. T.'s face.

You know very well that everybody is happy to get a letter from you, but a new letter from you would let me feel like having stolen something from the Common good. Don't let me feel that way, and this will mean for me a new permission to write to you again.

Is it allowed to stop by you bed? No? Not at all?
I would like just to touch your arm and touch it so slightly as if one leave of the rose blossom would fall off it. I would like to caress it with my cheek.

Norwich, September,
the 13th, 1952.

Yours
Aida



Dear Mother, my heart is full
of thankfulness. My heart would
be full of delight to tell you
how much love I feel around
me, when at the same time
I could feel I don't cause
only troubles. No, I have not
done something very bad, but
the life consists of little things
All my doings in the farm
are like seeds planted in hot
ash. Sometimes my seeds just
die, but mostly they cause
more or less upsetting smoke
which hurts the eyes and heats
the hearts.

I am so sorry to tell you this.
You know how much your
children like to enjoy you
and I feel one of these many.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
AND BEST WISHES
FOR THE NEW YEAR



I would be much happier not to tell you these things, but this is the truth. And before the new-year is started, I would like to talk this all out what is happened with me in Anna's room. I have to think about little child which comes in his mother's room and stands there in definite distance. You call him to come closer and ask to tell what is happened, but he makes an unwilling movement and bends his head down. You know then - something is going wrong.

I feel almost like this child. I am standing in front of you, only I don't feel like I would have to bend my head down. I have tried the best. All this what I would call adjustments from my side never worked and therefore many times I decided we have to leave the farm. It was clear to me - if I would really love Katherine, I would leave the farm. I would not listen to her "no's" and I would like to give her her quietness back which she had had before us.

I know why she said "no". You wrote once (to Dr. F.L. or Rob. R.) how much you like group in Riga. Now you wanted those who are from there, get together to the people of Teading. I thought it over and I couldn't find any adequacy between the vice of your wish and the troubles what our cloths caused for K. I thought you would like to see us go when K. would like to let you know the real truth - would tell you what a hard time she really has had with us. When I tried with sense to enjoy Katherine or Inge there always came just the opposite out. I felt I have been like the mother - the witch or the human-mother in Selmas Lagerloef ("clothes") fairy-tale, who with the love gave to their mistaken child the wrong food.

Katherine's reaction at the same time to this all is been the help and the love, and only the help and the love. When I sometimes realized with whom this all is associated I felt like I would be the bird in G. T. hand. My heart beats than so fast, but not from fear, it beats from the happiness.

In other time I feel like I would sit under a big apple-tree in blossoms. And then I have to think - it is too good and too nice to be the truth.

When Katherine was in California I dreamed how nice I shall be with her when she will come back to farm. I planned to let her feel so good home than she will start to like the farm more than Stanford or New-York. I thought about this so much then when I went in sleep I dreamed about pearls which I have in my palm for K. It was like night. I went over the bridge under which was a big dark river. Before me was a city in bright lights. I walked holding fast the pearls in my hand, at the same time looking to the lights. I think I wrote to you - how much I would like to help K.

9
1) This is what I thought.
And then came the day when Katherine arrived.
I remember it as to-day. I am sitting "vis à vis" her and listening how she talks about adjustments. They have both to Ingelborg decided, as she says, there is no sense to expect adjustments from my side. Only they both are adjusting and will adjust to us...
I hear this all I don't hear the slightest tone of reproach - there is only bright mind in light of her love. She gives and only she. She gives with her words, she gives with her songs, she gives even with her being without saying a word.
I look to her and listen and listen. I feel - how strong she is, how sure she is about herself, and I feel how pure I am, how wrong I have been thinking of the help, how far away I am from her real life.

I remember my pearls. I am still sitting on her bedside. I look to my palms and they are empty. Did my pearls fall in the dark river under me?

No, I know, I have never had them -

To-day I don't more take so tragic Katherine's "disturbed" (because of us) life. I feel it will not more be disturbed when I will not more have the questions - "why?" and "how?" but when I in my heart will really know the Love and the Freedom of Spirit.
To-day I don't more ask - have I to stay or have I not to stay in the farm and why? It is simple - I like to be with Katherine and Ing.

I passed a church to-night. I passed it slowly. I liked the sounds of the bells and when the play of the organ was starting I stopped on the street. I allowed the music to take all my wishes for vice and good. I always feel - the good music has the power to give our desire and all our good feelings - the living body, which "does" then and "does" things, creates something for Beauty in this, in fiery or in some other world.

The dark sky was over me - the dark sky with the shining stars and the moon. I still can

see them now when I turn my lights off.
I did it, leashed I interrupted my letter
and I set a long time in the dark and
dreamed. I thought when only a little from this love
what I am receiving I could give the candles
which I have here in my dark room would
light up from themselves. Would not the hard-suffering
child whom I saw to day in the hospital's bed,
stop 'cry and go in restful sleep?
There was a tree in Norway which I watched
last summer through my window. It had the
big branches broken and faded and started dry out.
Would not it be green again?

Why am I so unable to give? Perhaps
I have divined out of my heart the delight
of understanding the highest Beauty, and the
is the empty place ^{the spot} which sometimes hurts like
sore in my heart.

This would be not so, when I would understand
"there are things which are higher than we
are". So Katherine liked always to say
when some trouble arised between us.

I leave my love to you on your doorstep.
this time and I hope the next year will be
different: my thankfulness will have the fire,
my dromp will have the comp and I shall
have the pearls for Katherine.

Darbury,
Dec 1952.

Aode

March, 24th 1953

10

Mother,

Did you closed your hands to-night around mines when I put them together for prayer? I bent my head and I kissed these hands.

I didn't like to move. I thought I am hearing some whinges at the same time but all what I understood was - to get up and to light the candles.

I have a white lily, three blossoms on one stem. I bought it yesterday. From the blossom which was already opened - the saleslady with a smile and helpfull hand pulled out the yellow stamens. She thought to save my tablecloth. She was a good American.

To-day the two buds opened their petals. When I looked at them all three, it seemed to me the one is blind. Did it 'cried'? No, the 'two others cried because of it.

The lily smells. I have it for To-Day. And what I have for him from myself?

Since my young days I always felt then that what I call to be the nicest what I could give and what I want. give nobody sees and nobody likes. these 'whis' thoughts to love me and to whom I wanted to give my



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味高心所



flowers, didn't take them. They waited for something else.

Have my flowers been just thistles and nettles? I was distressed not only once, till after years I realized — why don't I send all my best feelings, my love to our Master? He takes every thing.

"Give your fear, give your doubt..."

What grows in my garden? What have I to give? Is there a white lily or only the weeds. Didn't the Heaven when we were born sowed some good seeds in our souls? What I did with mines when they started to grow? Did I took care of my garden? Did I ~~pooked~~ out the weeds?

The mother, through whom I came in this world, told me I am a thistle. Some other times she used to say I am a stone or a piece of ice. I was.

What a flower will grow on the ice or the stone? Have I nothing for our Master? But was it not said, "And a lily will grow on the stone". And are not they the fiery blossoms which can flow on the ice?

Nevertheless even I would have some little something from this Beauty which M. loves, I know, He is waiting for my weeds. Have I to say I will ^{try} again work as hard as I can to clean ^{my} garden? Mother, perhaps. I shall never see Him coming in.

Don't tell me, Master. I closed the gates for Thom!
Will you tell me I am too much bounded to
the earth? What are these fetters and chains
which fasten me to this life? What is this
which separates me from you? You know I don't
feel I have not to be on the earth, I want
to be here, but I won't to be here in you.
Do you try to tell me to-day I don't know
you? Have I not seen you with the eyes of
my heart? Has my heart not felt your breath?
Has my soul not kissed your shadow? Will
you really tell me my love to you is just
the whisper of the dried grace in the wind?
And the fire which what I thought to light
my way to you in the dark has not been my
own, but taken? Yes, taken from somebody,
whom I loved, who gave me the teaching, who
fought me? Am I so poor that I have nothing
for you and nothing for me to give to you, I thought
I have a spark which could be some day blown into
flame and I shall be then yours and with you.

Mother, shall I ever see him?

I think you are still with me. It seems to me
your hand is still resting on my shoulder.

Mother, how I would wish I could press my cheek
on it, hold it, feel it, kiss it.

Rose Fragrance

By Chang Shu-Chi

Aida

VIA AIR MAIL



12

M. me E. Roerich

"Crookety"

Kalimpong

India

From: A. Princi. Nurse's Residence
Danbury Hospital, Danbury, Conn.
M. S.



Dear U-ue Roesch,

It is good to think this little note will find you that strong as strong your friends want you to be.

Jizela mentioned me once - your room is bliss. I try to imagine how you are enjoying through your window Himalaya, and I am wishing from all my heart. You could walk down stairs and enjoy your flowers outside when the time will come for them to blossom.

John is fine, and slowly adjusts to his school. Katherine went one Sunday extra to see him. How happy he must have been! He will see Katherine also on Christmas day (at least we are planning so).

Jizela wrote. How always she is full of thoughts and care of others. I am soon - Jerry when the time will come for us to do something for Jizela and so for Katherine.

And for you?

I am enjoying sometimes the prayers of Francis of Assisi:

"Lord, grant that I may seek rather to understand - than to be understood; to love - than to be loved."

If only I would be able to make this prayer my own. Not only truly work it, but feel myself so, wouldn't this be your pleasure and my nicest thank you to you? What else I can do? The best from
all best wishes - Aida



Ernie Ernie
©

14

Christmas Greetings

AND BEST WISHES
FOR A HAPPY
NEW YEAR

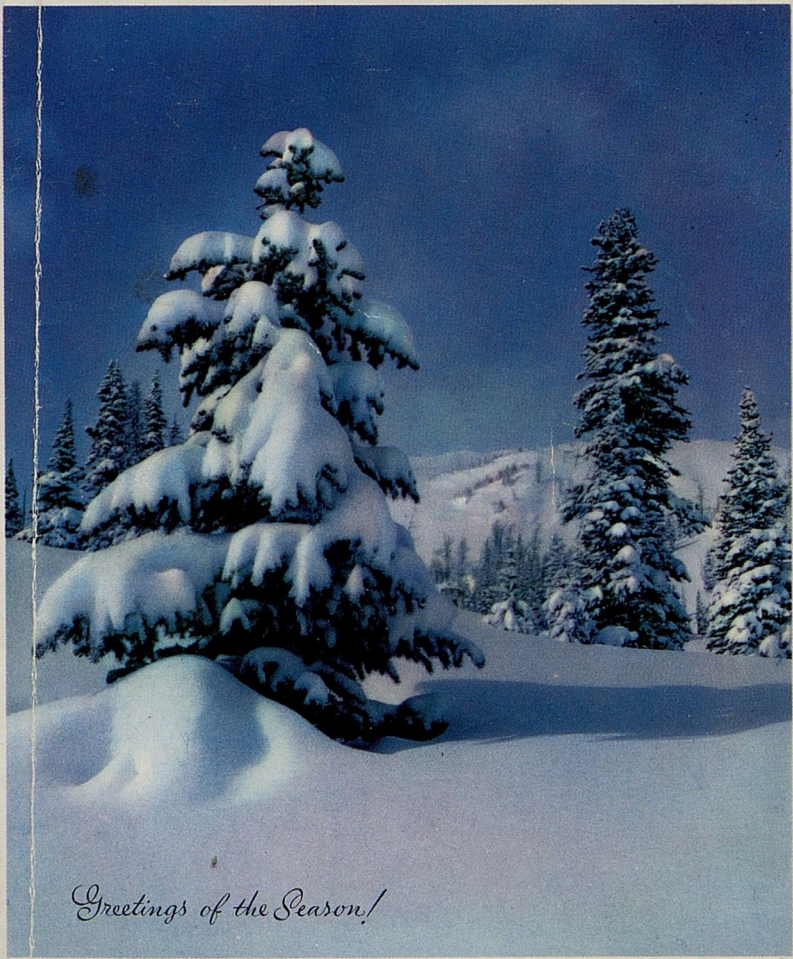


Love

George

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Greetings of the Season!

Dear M-me Roerich,

15

My heart is heavy from not expressed
thankfulness. It is so much given to me
- to know you and to receive so much
from you. I should feel happy as happy
can be. Yes, sometimes I am really happy.
I can remember a morning when I
was thinking with my heart about this all.
I noticed the smell and I heard the bells of
the hills of valley. It was like a little or-
chester from thousand little bells. It was in fall.
I looked down and there were no blossoms there
were the green leaves only. And an other time
a white cloud was passing my window,
an ordinary cloud as many I have seen before.
But by this one my arm got unconsciously up
and I greeted the cloud. And then I thought -
what happened? - I knew - my heart was away
to meet yours.

This is so little, a very little soul, like a
flame of a dying candle what I can take to
you. I shouldn't come so poor to you. This is
why I couldn't write to you. I usually don't
see the stars, there is a cloud covering them, and
my letters to you there are heavy, heavy from
my own disharmony. So my Christmas letter was
destroyed too. I don't know why, but I just
couldn't send to you a greeting card without
saying a word. But I hope in the next year
I will see the stars and there will be

13 the light in my letters to you. 16
My love, all my love to you

With every good wish

FOR THE COMING YEAR

George
Father John

Aida



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706
Fragaria vesca - Waldenbeere
Fraisier des bois - Fragola selvatica
Wild Strawberry

This picture is so very dear to me. Every time when I am looking on it, I remember a sunny day, when I found red wild strawberries (just like these!) and gave them to Dr. F. Luxin. And John Pinner made picture of him - Dr. F. Luxin sitting on stump and holding in his hands a little bunch of wild strawberries. I think you must have this picture of Dr. Luxin.

MOORE OPERA
- F. de Roden -

It isn't really that day, but I enjoy it so much what I enjoy to remember.

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It is Dr. F. L.

No, let me know, I am not living in past, but to think about Dr. F. L. is about the same (more!) as to hear again and again some of Richard Wagner's music.

I hope you will like this picture too.

And

