

28 Hilltop Rd.
Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Oct. 6, 1935.

My beloved Madame Coerich: -
You know by now where
my heart belongs I again
affirm that I utterly
give my heart of hearts
to you, and I beg you
my beloved one to accept
it.

I will stand firm and
uphold you and Professor
Coerich as long as time
shall be. I will love
and revere and cherish
you

I pray and plead with
you to accept all
I shall do all that
maybe of service.

May you be blessed. Your
work and your gift
makes our life complete.

My hearts love, always.
Keep us in your light
that is my prayer.

Yours
Chaicka Anderson

Mrs. W. Schoonmaker
28 Hilltop Rd.
Chestnut Hill, Pa

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28 Hilltop Road,
Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
U. S. of America.
April 6, 1936

My Beloved Madame Roerich:

Your letters and books arrived,
bringing us great joy.

I have been intending to write to you for several months past but so many things have happened - things which caused us a good deal of anxiety. Elia had pneumonia and I was ill. I have been South and since my return have been very busy arranging lecture schedules and generally picking up threads of normal living.

We all feel greatly encouraged with the stand taken by the Friends of Roerich in New York and we will cooperate in any way that will make our Victory assured.

Your letters to us have been as shafts of sunlight in a world encompassed by dreariness. Surely, the blessings that have come from you will return - and I hope that you feel our great love for you.

You asked me to give you biographical sketches of the members of the group and I am pleased to send them under separate cover. My own and that of my husband I am sending with this letter.

There are so many questions I would like to ask you concerning the Teachings that I hardly know where to begin. For one thing, many people have been asking me of the value of the book " Song of Sano Tarot " written by one Nancy Fullwood of New York City. In fact, when we were dealing with Mrs. Horch, she told me that the book was " dictated " by our own Master. Mrs. Fullwood gets these alleged teachings by automatic writing. Our own Teachings caution us about the use of this method of obtaining information and I am therefore wondering as to their validity. Furthermore, Mr. Bragdon did not appear for a scheduled lecture because of a message received through Mrs. Fullwood from the so called " Hermitage ". The message which purported to be from " The Nurse " was:

" The Forces operating in the group in which the High Priest Claude entered is not the place in which he dwells at the time. I will remain beside him performing the duties ordered by Luke, the Physician. "

He had spoken at two of the three scheduled lectures and not until the third came around did he get such a message. I cannot reconcile in my own heart the validity of this message, if it came from the same source as do the Teachings we study, parti-

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cularly at the time when the need is so great. If possible will you please tell me something about this so I may reply to those who ask of me about the books.

Another thing is the Arcane School. I have not and will not have anything to do with them and I try to discourage many who would affiliate with them for two reasons: One is that no one seems to know very much about the "Tibetan" as he calls himself. Second, it would be beneath the dignity of any Master to send out any information by mail of an esoteric nature without having seen or knowing very much about the people to whom this information goes. Thirdly, that, to my mind, degrees into the Brotherhood are not issued by any mere mortals which is being done by the aforesaid Arcane School conducted by Mrs. Alice Bailey. I have tried to read some of her writing so that I may not be ignorant of them but find them lacking both in sanity and judgment and my heart simply revolts at the very thought that she describes the dwelling place of our Lord as she truly had been there. Will you also please inform me something about this.

I love the Teachings more as each day passes and I hope that someday that I may be worthy to be called a pupil of Him and you to whom my heart aspires. I will try my very best to be worthy of your thought and your love.

Mrs. Horch, last September, gave me a ring purported to have come from you. It was very old and badly worn with a stone of coral. She claimed that you had sent it for me and that it carried special significance. With all her treason and evilness I don't believe that to be true. Some day, if you feel that I am worthy I should like an amulet to wear close to my heart. Elia adores her chain and will not allow me to remove it from her neck. She has already sensed a particular comfort from it, and since wearing it I feel she has improved much more rapidly than ever before. Accept my heartfelt thanks.

Can you tell me something about a teraph? Could we have one for meditation? We have dedicated a chapel to the Blessed St. Sergius in the Center and we hope it will have your blessing and that of the Lord's.

We should like to form a group for healing. Will you tell me what to do and how to choose the people for it.

I am going to send you a picture of Elia very soon. She is to be christened on Easter Sunday. Miss Grant will take your place as Godmother by proxy. If there are any suggestions that you have as to my training her as she grows up I would like very much to follow them.

Are there any suggestions that you may offer to further the understanding of the Teachings by the group. We study together every week. I act as leader. Then they read daily at home and bring in questions. They also memorize one aphorism a week. I will do anything you may suggest to me about anything I may need to know and in my next letter, I would like to ask you questions concerning Agni Yoga. The group is now read-

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ing Hierarchy.

June 6, 1936

It seems that each time I have tried to finish this letter something happened to prevent it. You know that Elia was christened and named Iliana. The Archbishop of the Ukrainian Church officiated. Miss Grant proxied for you. I presume she has told you all about it.

Since then we have been attempting to organize our friends here in Philadelphia with marked success. The Center now has a splendid dramatic group which is active and lucrative. I don't think I have told you that the Center is supported entirely by young people who are members of the Living Ethics Group. That is their project in Service.

Yesterday we had a meeting at which we elected a board of governors composed of members of the Living Ethics Group. Also a cabinet which is composed of the members of the various departments of the Center to carry on the work under the supervision of the Board. We have also a tentative constitution and are now working on the finished draft. The main clause of it which is not amendable is that the Honorary President and Vice President who are Nicholas Roerich and yourself shall approve of our activities. Provision is made for a succession of Honorary Presidents and Vice Presidents to be selected by yourselves. We shall send you a copy of the finished constitution when it is completed.

The Center is going ahead and we are planning a very busy Fall and Winter with lectures and classes filling every available hour of the day.

I have, now, a new group in Agni Yoga so that I am having two classes a week.

I have asked you questions in the early part of this letter and I should now like to ask a few more. Could you suggest experiments to be carried on by the groups and a course of action to be carried on by myself. And where can one find the finest image of the Lord in order to become saturated with it. There are so many to be had and so few of which are real.

Wyatt, who is my husband is suffering from continuous sinus trouble. Is there anything you can recommend for it. He has a very good friend about forty years old who is apparently suffering from cancer. At present he is being treated by the famous Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. but no tangible results have been obtained yet. The case developed in this way: He had a black mole on his thigh which became malignant. Due to the pressure of business he neglected to have it removed in its early stages. Finally, he had it removed by surgery and apparently successfully. Later on, though, he had a gland in the groin of his left leg swell up to about the size of a hen's egg. The doctors told him that it was occasioned by a seed from the mole. The seed having migrated before the mole was removed. This gland is not painful but is the cause of great mental anguish to him as he has an idea he will die and he considers he is too young to die. He is not afraid to die but thinks he has twenty to thirty years coming to him that could be useful. His treatments now consist of X-ray treatments only. No operation is contemplated on the gland at present as it would only be made worse by so doing, it is thought. He has just gone through a treatment which in effect is the induction of lead poisoning. The doctors say they have had some success with this form of treatment but do not guarantee any results. Wyatt has told him of the correct diet to use

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to prevent cancer but of course this man already has one. This man, Mr. Purdum, although not extremely wealthy is willing to go anywhere and spend any amount of money (within his means) to be cured. I imagine he would even go to India if necessary. Dr. Mayo told him it would do no good to go to Europe as we have all facilities in this country for treatment of cancer insofar as is known. Can you tell me if this sort of cancerous condition can be cured. We thought that perhaps the Urusvati laboratroy may have developed something.

I should like to feel that it will be all right for me to write to you once a month if it will not prove too much of a burden to you. Mainly questions about the Teachings.

We would like to organize a children's class in Living Ethics. Tommy, mysson, is beginning to study the Teachings now and shows a marked aptitude for them. We thought we could organize a class and so plant the seeds early in Life in selected children. Will this be all right and have you any suggestions. Wyatt does not approve of Tommy's attending orthodox Sunday school which is what he is doing now.

We are planning a trip to the Musuem the last of this month or the early part of July and are gathering as many of our friends as possible to join us on the trip. Won't the Horch's squirm!

Although we have asked Miss Grant for the translation of the second volume of Leaves of Morya's Garden, we have not succeeded in getting it yet. Where can we get an English translation elsewhere?

Wyatt has read some new books published by the London Lodge of Buddhists which he thinks are very good and suitable for a groundwork of reading for new members of Agni Yoga classes. The books are rather in the manual type and in questions and answers give the meanings of Karma, Reincarnation, etc., etc. Do you think this is a good idea? Do you think any supplementary reading is necessary?

With this letter goes all my love and best wishes to all of you. Forgive my tardiness. Love from all the groups with particular love from Iliana.

Yours always -

Chaika.

~~Mr.~~ Mrs. Schoonmaker are the leaders of Phil. group 7

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

6733 Emlev St,
Germantown, Pa.

Jan. 7, 1935.

Dear Madame Perich: -

This is a letter, which is small in comparison to the sea of grateful adoration for you, and through to our Master.

Mrs. Horsh will probably tell you about the group of young people who are studying the Teachings. I am their leader. May He through you bless our activities here.

I am Russian therefore my love for you is much deeper.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We who love our Russia
 we who hope, pray for
 her, and by our hope and
 aspiration, hope that she
 in his infinite mercy
 will lift her out of the
 vale of tears, sorrow and
 destruction, and allow her
 to blossom as a jewel in
 his crown.

I love Mrs. Horch, and
 aspire through her, to you
 and to think, that I may
 be allowed to bear this
 torch of fire here.

I believe, and know
 that this 't path my
 heart has chosen
 May I be worthy to serve
 It matters not how hard

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

the path, its obstacles, nothing matters' except that I be focused worthy in your eyes, to follow. I fear nothing if you shall guide me, the defecation has been made, I have given all my heart my soul my mind and my actions head foot and as long as I am I shall obey the orders.

I am yours, and your commands, are my inspiration

I shall follow.

I am thankful for the privilege I am sending you my heart's love for the gift of the teachings, I am thankful for the privilege to have as my guide

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mrs. Horch. We all love her.

I dare to ask you to give
my heart to the Mother
my love my all.

• I am grateful for the
beautiful work of Prof.
Roerich. The beauty which
his work has awakened
in my group rather
your group here. May
He be blessed.

• I adore St. Sergii.
Woud you tell him.

Please allow me to bear
the Torch

Chaika Andreevna

Mrs. Wyatt Schoonmaker.

11
141 Mill Road
Brookline, Delaware County
Pennsylvania
September 12, 1940

My most beloved Mother,

Sina has written me recently to say that they have heard from you and that our letters sent air-mail had not reached you nor our Christmas money. I am putting in immediate claim for it with the Postal Department.

We are reopening the Center although the futility which has everyone in its grip makes me wonder "Whither goest thou". I first thought it would be better if we applied the money each month to things which were going on in New York and which seemed in such great need, or that \$25. a month would be better for you to use as you see fit and as seems wise.

Of course, Sina has already informed you of my serious illness this summer--a malignancy which necessitated the removal of the uterus and a portion of the intestine and a part of the ovary. I feel very much better but my endurance isn't great. Perhaps that is why the hopelessness. The children are well. Tommy came back from his western trip much improved and almost two inches taller than when he left me in June. He had a very nice summer. Otherwise our existence is about the same.

I hope and pray each day that I might hear from you if that be possible if that be possible, if it be only a post-card.

I will write again very shortly and in the meantime my heart's love to you and yours.

Your

Charika

107 Linwood Avenue
Ardmore, Pennsylvania
March 16, 1943

My most beloved Mother,

Time either moves too swiftly or too slowly, and this bitter sickness which is afflicting the Earth makes it so necessary and so difficult to keep one-pointed. It isn't that you aren't in my heart and in my mind each moment of my waking hours. It isn't as if you didn't know my heart and what is in it, nor that you need any assurance of my love. But the effort to make a tangible contact, even if it is just by letter, will make my life less trying. I presume you hear from Sina and know that the Center is still open. I presume that you also know the poetry was published and a volume awaits the opportunity for shipping. Many of our friends are off to service in the war in various capacities, some as nurses, many as soldiers. The wanton destruction of human life, the destruction of things of culture - churches, museums - truly it is the gripping of the dragons. China is suffering. But it seems to me that the forerunners of this evil

date back so far, back to the annexation of Korea by Japan; when mankind stood by and let it happen. So much runs through the Kaleidoscope of life. So much where man has failed man that this seems to me the fruition of all the evil. The sneaky attack of Japan against a peace-loving people, their lies couched in terms of peace, are surely indicative of their character. And Christian faith would have us believe that we must love our enemy. How can one love a people who perpetrated the rape of Nanking? Or our own Pearl Harbor? How can one explain the bitter loathing one has for the Devil? How can one fight fire but with fire? How can I love the Germans when I remember the Laura at Kiev? When I remember peaceful villages, and tiny straw-thatched roofs where lived my people? How can I say I love them without being a hypocrite, when my soul is revolted? Only you, my Mother, and surely there is no greater affinity than a Mother of my spirit and my soul, only you can

understand my anguish. I pray that soon the
sunlight of peace and human brotherhood become
apparent, and that we return not to the same
world, but rather to a re-created world where
man may enjoy the fruit of his labor.

The children are well and everyone sends
their love. Your god child is growing more beautiful
each day. She is now nearly eight, and in school.
It is almost Easter and I send to you the love of
my heart and perhaps in some measure I can
communicate to you the joy you have so graciously
given to me.

In spirit, I am

Yours
Christa Andreerna Rameau

15
107 Linwood Avenue
Ardmore, Pennsylvania
June 22, 1943

My beloved Mother,

I heard from Sina that my letter reached you safely. I don't really know where to begin - the nightmares that befall me. If it wasn't for your strength, if it wasn't for your enduring love, life truly would lose its meaning. Tommy was operated on for a pituitary tumor, as you well know - two weeks ago Monday. He is conscious now and aware without any obvious impairment of faculties, except his eyes. The acuity of his vision is limited, but even that doesn't phase me very much. I can overcome all as long as I rest in the shadow of Your eye, as long as Your love is my beacon - my strength. And for me truly the song of the Psalmist "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help" has so great a meaning. Even in the darkest moments when I wondered why, I found an answer in the Teachings - that it ask

"Why?" I was building a barrier. And so, instead, I cooperated with the efforts of the All Good, and Tommy awakened to consciousness and is getting better. I don't know why whenever I write there seems to be a particular grave problem that I burden you with, but like a child running to its Mother I go to you, my spiritual Mother, to drink of your wisdom and to share your benign goodness. Where else could I turn? I wonder if you would please, if possible, write me a letter giving me guidance in ^(Tommy's) his care; for surely an operation like that has a tremendous effect upon all the glands. I should appreciate your effort. The frontal lobe was lifted and the tumor removed, that is, the tumor which was situated between the optic nerves of his right eye, and a part of the tumor situated at the elongated portion of the pituitary gland - so say the doctors. I feel, within, different. I think it was a diffusion of adhered tissue which they removed, because the

pituitary channel was dry and clean. They tried to terrify me. But I rested sure in the knowledge that the Benign Goodness and Mercy would heal my child. The tumor taken from behind the eye was hard, nubbis-like, and no vascicular growth, but a dry one, and pathological laboratory examination proved it to be non-malignant. Where do tumors come from, particularly intracranial? Dr. Grant, who is the foremost neurosurgeon in this country, says they do not know. How much humanity lacks in knowledge of itself. How can a humanity right itself with its spiritual lacks, its tormented doubts, its dark dark cycle at the present? Where can we help? Your god-child is growing lovely. She is well but very delicate, and lives much in an isolated world where our daily torments do not even seem to worry her. Warren's younger brother is missing - so we were notified. This dark and dreadful octopus, this war is reaching out its tentacles and snaring human

hearts beyond their endurance. And yet I keep on saying "Whither thou goest, my Lord, I want to go." I can see even now the flickering light of mankind's brotherhood growing stronger. Just recently, in our papers, was an article that the government in Lhasa, in the name of the Dalaai Lama, exchanged greetings with the United States government. The world is getting smaller and the wonder of the Lord is illuminating all her corners. I know that you must be dreadfully busy and I wouldn't burden you but I need this easement of my heart.

My love to all of you, and I re-dedicate my heart to your keeping, and my prayers for your well being.

ChaiKo

19
107 Linwood Avenue
Ardmore, Pennsylvania
October 19, 1943

My most beloved Mother,

I recently received registered post from Professor Roerich, and the essays are a great joy to my soul. I needn't tell you the thanksgiving in my heart that Tommy's sight was spared. That he has total vision is a miracle of the first magnitude. He received a scholarship to the Forman School for Boys in Litchfield, Connecticut, on his own merit. For the next two years he will be at school in the mountains of Connecticut growing in wisdom and stature - so again the gratefulness of my heart to You and my beloved Ones.

Each day I awaken with the hope 'Today I shall receive a letter.' But I know how busy you are, so I'm not really complaining.

We have suffered grievous loss. Warren's brother was killed in North Africa during the early part of May and I stand helpless to comfort them. Should not one rejoice in death?

I don't mean that from a physical point of view
for I know that is dreadful. How does one
assure one of the everlasting quality of Mercy?
Sorrow and grief shake one's very foundations
and I have watched this grief absorb them,
and although in a physical sense they keep
on going, in their spiritual world they are
terrified. Is it not better to think of children
in a sense of stewardship - that parents are
simply guardians, watching over them, cherishing
but not possessing them. My heart aches for
them, for their loneliness, and for the sense
of finality that death has brought them. You
know the attitude - 'My son whom I have
raised, flesh of my flesh - - -'. To me it is
revolting. My most intimate daily prayer
is that the will of Our Most Merciful Lord
be manifest, that my heart and my hands
be used to further the will of Our Most Beloved.
Beyond that I have no reason for existence.

And you, my most spiritual Mother, by your most patient love toward us all who are your spiritual children, have given me a far more complete understanding of the meaning of infinite patience, of the correlation of the daily task, of the heart hunger to share beauty with all. I don't know how long it takes for a letter to reach you in these times but I do know this, that daily you are in my heart which makes my life so much easier to bear. Christmas is almost here again and the world still wrapped in darkness, and the Son of Man weeps. I become terrified and confused when I read and see the repetition and reiteration 'As above, so below, As below, so above' - I am appalled by the labor of the Angels. And yet, even with all this, nature goes on and the fires of Spring are stilled by the winds of Autumn. Truly the cure for the cancer which is destroying humankind

is so simple and yet so distant. I think even the term 'the Brotherhood of Man' is often distorted by those who seek aggrandizement. Is there any place on Earth where there is really peace? If I could feel that this is the end, that this war will really finish wars, that brute force and the absorption of the lesser ^{would cease} brothers - I should feel that the sacrifice of human life, that the destruction of beauty were not in vain. Or will we forget this, and will the race begin all over again as to who is the strongest? The longer I live in the United States the more grateful I am because here people live always united in a common need. It is a heart-warming experience, always things are done by groups and the sympathies of our people are always heart sympathies. I say that from observation, whereas in Europe they are bound usually by hates, mistrusts. And it seems to me that the European will have to undergo a self-discipline in the sense of re-education. They will have to become aware that

faith and belief in others breeds faith, That hatred begets hatred. Would you not say that this realization is the foundation of this nation? That is not just lip service - 'One nation indivisible before God?' We are not a maudlin people, and ^{we are} slow to rouse to anger, but we have a sympathetic appreciation for a people suffering, and experience an inward suffering for the afflicted. Truly this is a blessed land.

The Russian people, I feel, have found their material world utterly unsatisfying and in their hour of peril turned to their mystical ability to unite themselves with the Almighty. And I think that again the sun is beginning to shine for my beloved people. What does one write to one's Mother? I always feel that to you I can write what is in my heart, how I feel about things. How else can you judge my growth or lack of it? Often in hours of trial I call your name, and like liquid fire find my problems dissipated and disappeared, and if you find me wanting it is not because your teaching wasn't right,

but probably because I haven't seen, haven't observed, haven't learned, or perhaps my inherent weakness that I haven't conquered. But I live in the hope that always I shall find grace, in you my Beloved Ones. I saw Charles Wharton Stock who is teaching at Harcum Junior College and loves his work. He is contributing great things to our young people. I had a letter from Claude Brazdon and an invitation to buy his new book, but I haven't done so - I purchased "Fiery World" in its stead. And when I have the extra money I shall certainly purchase Claude's book. Charles Wharton Stock wishes particularly to be remembered to yourself and Professor Roerich. My book of verse shall soon be on its way to you since it is possible to send books by post. Would you please, when you have time, send me a note? The children are well. Ellyana is eight on the morrow. Young Warren is growing in a happy measure. The members of the group who are still with us are few and they send you kindest greetings, and should this letter reach you nearly at Christmastime, or at

Thanksgiving, know there is joy in my heart
for you have made it so.

I am with my heart's love

Yours

ChaiKa

I need you neither
 My heart its call like clowns
 I need you
 For I can neither see nor feel
 Nor separate
 The unreal
 From the present real
 I need you neither
 To feel thy warmth
 To know thy joyous ease
 To hear thine
 "I know my child" July 22 -
 And treat it all.

##

I wish that I could fly
 And cover
 In the only place I know
 That there is Peace
 Your heart my nest
 Beloved neither - for there
 I know that I would
 find purchase
 For gentle touch of arm
 Thy sweet & peaceful gaze
 Will take away the terror
 I have known

In all my days

Your love like blanket

Would cover me

And your eyes like mountain peaks

Crystalline with snow

Would look upon me

And would say "I know"

"Lie still, my child,

The spring though its Torrents rush

From melted snow

The scent of frezia will come

From every hill you know

And every glade you have seen

And no other mountain will peer her veil
You will see the peak

High within the bosom of the sky

Trucking each star with softness

And the watchers of the snow

Cast blue shadows, long and

Longer still as twilight herald comes

And the fire from hand to hand

Along the mountain tops

More arrows

Piercing space

Every tear you have shed

Have made the torrents
 You will see the flowers bloom
 When sun was sweet
 And stark the rock
 When you have hid in silence
 So hush my child
 I'll cover you with dreams
 Spun of air

But those who love you much
 Know thy despair
 And as I want to fly
 And kiss my face
 Within the wide expanse of air
 The loneliness of space
 That covereth things seen

Why I cannot
 Space is dense with error
 And as I see my heart a-winging
 Straight to you
 Upon the back of sparrow
 For promises of Winton from age
 To age there all
 Is that you beloved One
 Would watch the sparrow
 And never let it fall.

These very most precious Messieurs Reich -
are just of a few which are
dedicated to you.

I am sending them to you

Please write -

I love you love you you are
my only love on life.

My hope my joy

Your
Child

Beloved Mother,

What does one say and what meaning do words have? It seems as if voicing thoughts, putting them down on paper, affords relief to an overburdened heart. It seems as if man is constantly forgetting his new beginnings. Or perhaps he isn't even aware of his precious gifts. Or is he in his blind groping and self determination to assert upon this Earth his own imprint that he has placed himself in the morass of chaos? Surely the Teachings repeat the warnings of man's forgetfulness in his period of rationalization. Because while he is in turmoil there arises hopefulness and as soon as the danger fades man goes along like the hibernating bear. I haven't written simply because I wouldn't take your time but never for a minute, may even for one breath has my love wavered nor my thoughts been separated from you.

The physical changes are many. Indra, age 16 months, is utterly lovely. She looks Tibetan, slant-eyed and blonde, with a beautiful disposition. Surely she is joy. Elyanna is growing up and continues to be a source of quiet happiness to all whose life she touches. Young Warren, sensitive and uneasy. But is not uneasiness a communicable disease? He isn't unhappy, but serious and sensitive because he believes in beauty. And a child suffers unless they are safeguarded, and yet how? When so many hours are spent under the tutelage and in the company of people whose very philosophy is difficult for him to comprehend. He is an arch-pacifist, born with respect for creatures of nature, both visible and invisible. And on the whole, children are imitative of the strains and stresses of environment, and so he is

uneasy. I shall write more often. But
know you that I love you in the deepest
recesses of my being, in my thoughts,
in my actions, in my prayers.

My love to all of you.

Your
Marian Chaick

Mrs. Warren R. Rawler
107 Linnwood Ave
Arden, Orem

107 Linwood Avenue
Ardmore, Pa.

November 19, 1946

My most beloved Mother,

I wrote you, I think, about a month ago and beyond the factor that time moves and waits for no man there has been really very little of change. I have written a letter to Henry Luce calling his attention to the swill-bucket he calls a magazine. I also wrote a letter to Knopf protesting his publication of a book which vilifies Madame Blavatsky. Claude's passing left a deep wound although I am well aware that he needs no grief. There seems to be an intensification of yearning for the sacred and the beautiful, and the prophecies of the Teachings become daily more apparent. I wonder how you are, and the family. Your godchild and namesake continues to be well. Young Warren also. Indra Saint Catherine is just what her name implies. She is very beautiful and indeed I am grateful for the consideration

and the honor that anything so lovely should come to me. I feel indeed humble. She has a particular sense of veneration and love toward the Most Holy Mother who is "Sweet Lady" to her. She loves the image of Buddha. Of course, the West expresses it as being "cute", that she knows the images.

There is such a hopelessness about the world situation at large that you even more than I would know it. By the Spring I am hopeful to find quarters to reopen the Center, even if it is only one room and a quiet place for people to meet. The original group is scattered - some are in Germany, some are in New York, many continue in a half-hearted fashion. But with the aid of the Lord everything shall be all right.

Are there any things that you particularly need that we can get for you here? Or would money be more acceptable?

Why does digitalis cause pain to the heart muscles? And are artificial vitamins

as adjuncts to diet, good? Since animal acids or aminos are found to be harmful why does the West persist in gorging itself on meat? So many of the things just simply don't jibe. Their moral dualities, their bigotries, their shouting and screaming "Brothers" - and yet, right here there is racial intolerance, there are groups of hate breathings, there is so much confusion. There just seems to be no explanation. Our mutual friend Mr. Wallace got the proverbial kick in the pants. And yet he isn't all together wrong. There is a great deal of anti-British feeling in the United States and I think it is healthy. We prayerfully hope that the U. N. continue to adjust man's differences, but how can the concentration of power in the hands of so few be properly applied to so many? We keep on feeling that the war is just like all other wars. The holocaust is over and greed is again asserting itself. What we as a nation waste in

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food each day could feed a city the size of Calcutta - 130,000,000 crusts of bread. It seems appalling. Milk being fed to pigs while children are starving, grain used for alcoholic beverages when bread even in parts of this country just simply isn't. There are children growing in the South on corn pone and chittlins who have never tasted wheat grain. I feel frustrated when I hear them discuss peoples and letters and art - how unlettered their hearts, and how poverty stricken their speech! We had a visitor Saturday night - a Phi Beta Kappa and a fellow of the Barnes foundation - who spoke of Paul the Veronese and Titian as "tremendous fellows" and Fra Lippo Lippi as "the illegitimate son of an obscure artist". Isn't it shameful? And it is the same man who is explaining U. N. to our high schools. Oh well. It's wonderful to write again and free myself of much of what I worry about. This

letter shall reach you about Christmas,
and so to you and yours go the wishes
of my heart and the love of my spirit.
You are my song, my joy, may my very
breath.

Chaika Andreevna

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