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Halcyon, Calif.,
Aug. 19, 1933.

Most dear Friend:-

I ask you if you will to kindly forward this to our beloved Prof. de Roerich after you have read it yourself. I want it to go to you both and to Madame R. - blessed Soul - and I can not write more than one.

To start - I was thrown back into bed again the past couple weeks. It is all right. I deserved it. Am regaining once more. Am trying to learn.

Our convention is in session this week. It is difficult - a sacrifice - all in the right way - in the sweetness of Love - not to be able to be about in the body. Nevertheless

What I am about to write is the result of my physical helplessness - without doubt

outside the Cottage³ Muncaster Building
such as the picture sent by Prof. Reich.
He was there & for a couple moments,
we introduced by him, as Madame R.
who threw back from her shoulders a
couple of times - a simple, ^{quietly colored} robe - just as
symbol of greeting to our group. (This is not
just a dream - you will realize - or I
would not bother you. It is a contact, as you
will see.) The house - Mouya's house! I
^{exclaimed!} said. I love Mouya sr - I know where the
functions - I love Him in the Reverence

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especially given for help, force, illumination, etc.

This morning early — 3 A.M.
I was awakened from deep sleep with a very severe pain under & over my right eye — and a deep soreness over whole body, so great I could scarcely move, ^{even} with extreme effort.

The pain over & under eye came from an impression being made by interior, tremendous forces being made on those spots of a terrifically large White Steed —

The Warrior Horse of the Lodge — Red Cape across saddle for rider to wear.

By the way — our convention group was assembled

of a Playmate ⁽⁴⁾ — as a Child
loves + it is reverence yet
intelligence with me too.

Mountains were about, the
group was stirred, yet silent
+ amazed. The horse
looked for someone. I went
over to it + the muzzler
rose — "It will hurt her".
Prof Roerich spoke — "Let her
go — it will not hurt her".
Twice he said it and
stood perfectly still. I went.
The horse pawed with all
power. Flanore came forward
interested — but screamed
when horse pawed. The
group said — Take her away.
It will hurt her. Prof. Roerich

spoke - not moving - "No -
 it will not hurt her. Lift
 her up" - and somehow
 Flamore and I got on to
 the horse, she in my arms
 + we went like the winds
 red cape + all to the
 Stables - the Dodge Stables
 some little ways off -
 and the group stood dis-
 mayed, etc - all except
 Prof. Roebuck + Dr. Faver -
 who turned and smiled
 to each other.

And I have had an
injection of ^{inner} force poured
 into me. I shall try +
 keep mastery over it. It
 is from above + for service
 + help in all ways.

having been received^{ed}. It shall receive
worthy notice — it should be reviewed
only in the sense of giving appreciation
for its being given to us, from Those Who Know.

Ah — as we realize a certain
weakness — we find our strength. The
heart — this physical heart of mine —
bids me watch that I may know which
shall be my next or my last breath in
this body — but the soul demands
serenity — & service unto the end of the
journey without small worries & little-nesses.

I know — and I give 4
thanks. It is about
 time ^{my answer} for my letter, to Prof.
 Roenick to be arriving with
 him. In his kindness
 he may have sent a wave
 of helpfulness — he would
 join us in Convention
 Conscience — I know —
 and the Lodge — and
 the Blessed Ones — ever
 give, even to us, so unworthy
 in so many ways — yet
 ever striving onward,
 upward.

The book - Hierarchy
 missed review in last
 number ^{Artisan} — but was given
 very short mention as

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I loaned this & my copy
of Hierarchy sent by you to a
Mr. Frank McCoy who lives
near us - proprietor of a
beautiful Inn. He was in
your N.Y. building on its open-
ing day, met Prof. Roerich &
Miss Grant - by our request
that he go visit you. He did
not meet you. He is a beautiful
soul - but the Masters Rich
Young Man - I think. Yet
may his love and devotion to
Art & to beauty as the message,
keep him within the aura
of the Masters.

I feel this should go to
Prof Roerich - for it sounds
a note of gratitude, whatever
else it is - and it is more
than passing dream.

The Light Shines
In Every Spirit & Devotion
Janet McEwen Dr. Jones.