



Dear Ones,

Our love & thoughts are with you. Franklin has deeply touched Gary & me as we have journeyed along our paths. We both loved him. We regret that we are unable to attend his memorial gathering. Gary wrote this poem the day Doroethy called to let us know. Please accept it as our contribution to his memorial issue of the Sangha.

Love,
Mandy, Gary &
Family

Franklin Merrell-Wolff

As wick and wax form a spire,
They call forth the brilliance of Eternal Fire
To cast away darkness—the bane of this world,
And bring in the Vision Divine—unfurled.

Like moths to a candle flame, Men come to this light
Seeing their fate in the midst of their night;
To burn in the Heat of the Eternal Flame
So naught but the Vision of Oneness remains.

Franklin bore the Light of the Eternal.
Though the candle has grown cold,
The Flame endures.

Gary Karcz
October 12, 1985