

the State of Consciousness,
to which that we know
as Love corresponds, is
all that is good while
existent - all that is eternal.
Just to a Love Person
whom one brought into
contact with us, is
the greatest thing we
can do for Love, is to
the Soul Body which
is to the Physical
Body which is to the
Love and so few are
truly Love - that is
why so many are so
stagnant and so without
Life I think too that

Sunday
To the Gardener:
I have seen your
beauty and fragrance &
two courses - but with
the Gardener - and each
are equally important
I wonder what result
the Gardener will obtain
from the various things
I have seen - and
the result of the
work that is done by
the Gardener - I am sure it

do not forget at the same time
Franklin D. Roosevelt
even a little more of the quality of the thought
that is the quality of the thought
letters to me to get the quality of the thought
your thought is the quality of the thought
dupes of the quality of the thought
the limiting condition of the thought
meeting. The quality of the thought
when strength is the quality of the thought
are bringing both the quality of the thought

promises

Today has been a day of the quality of the thought
day (Sunday) of the quality of the thought
inner, the quality of the thought
Did not get up until the quality of the thought
it is the quality of the thought
were at the quality of the thought
conscious of the quality of the thought
of people and the quality of the thought
by and the quality of the thought
comes the Realization of the fact that

Beloved, if it be true that
I hold the Key to the "Central
Gate" that opens into the
Great Lark's Dining Room
in your soul, I open
it, wide to all kinds
universe, for you & I
just up the ~~way~~ stand
was the ~~same~~ or ~~well~~
through which I don't
I don't love many I find
are out of and in feel
the dancing little ones
of the universe. I am out
the person, the ~~unhappy~~
young blood, but I must forget
the two can only be one ~~other~~
the ~~two~~. I love you ~~same~~

is why Master said, in
answer to a question as
to what we ~~could~~ do to
help the people, just
Love them. I find out
nothing but ~~what~~
I love actually. I want to
the inner ~~world~~ the
life & be - and when
I ~~learned~~ of its ~~corros~~
poultice, I made many
things clear. Without
blood, the ~~sub~~ body dies.
Without love, the ~~mind~~
dies. and so

Beloved I have been thinking of you
you are so far away from me
you will live eternally
it is a hope that I have
God I feel the blessed
you are so far away from me
conviction of my sin
but true love of God
will show you in the future
don't now, make that a subject

but cannot give expression to yet

But hold steady, during the time of
your Country and it will be
in the only way to get
and the Regent will come and
the way to glory is to be a
curious feeling that one is for
will be glad to know of his
just the President of the
signed this day. I am your friend

HOTEL Eugene

O'FARRELL ST. BET. MASON & POWELL STS.
OPPOSITE ALCAZAR THEATRE

San Francisco, Cal. April 20

Franklin dearest:

I have been to
a throat specialist
and he says that
the tonsils are con-
stantly throwing off
poison and must
be removed. That un-
less this is done
I will be unwell

inside of five years
He also had radio-
graphs taken of my
teeth and finds
two, one decayed at
jaw bone, one abscessed
He says this causes
my tiredness by af-
fecting my heart &
also causes the arm
trouble. Also said
that the swelling
in my throat is
caused by the con-
dition in the tonsils.

HOTEL Eugene

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San Francisco, Cal.

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Needless to say I am
going to have both
removed. Mrs Munger
took me to lunch & he
is one of the best. I have
wired B. S. and under
she advises to the
contrary will have
it done Thursday
at 8:00 in the morning

at Cedar Hospital where
I am to stay for three
days. Lillian is with
me & will stay until
it is over - teeth
and Tonsils to be re-
moved at same time.
Then she will take
Jim with her to Forest
Knolls and I will
go out there as soon
as I am O. K. It
is so simple an
operation I am not
the least disturbed

HOTEL Eugene

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San Francisco, Cal.

but looking ⁵ forward with
a good deal of pleasure
to those three days rest.

But, sometimes even
the simplest things go
wrong - and in such
an event, Beloved of
my Heart, will you
always know that I
the real I am with
you with all my

heart I love you - all
of you and we even
if I were removed from
this plane - would
be together and when
your turn came I
should be at your
side, especially in
times of grief or strain
I should be here to
be with you and hold
you in my love. Perhaps
you would come to know
it. And most certainly
should I try to bring.

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San Francisco, Cal.

you to one ⁷ who could
love you and care for
you even as I would
do, will you remember.

this always.

I feel enormously
foolish to write this
way but I should never
forgive myself if
things did so wrong

and I had not written
you fully. You will
not misunderstand.

I almost know that
it will be alright.

Write me at Lillian's
Forest Knolls, Cal.

See, Beloved, I take
your so dearly loved
face in my hands and
kiss you - can you not
feel it? It seems
so real to me. I
love you so, Franklin
I think you must feel it.
yours - \$

Last night Mr Judge
seemed to be teaching me
concerning elemental forces
and I was so tired I
begged to be allowed to go
to sleep but it could not
be. So I had scarcely
any sleep but I seem
to be gaining strength
even tho I cannot swallow
yet. Have wonderful care
never knew such a hospital
existed. Mrs Adler is called
the "Angel" and she surely is
hope to go to Lillians Tuesday with all my
love S.

Adler Sanatorium
N. E. Corner Broadway and Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, Cal.

Saturday

Dearest of my heart:

I have laughed over
the letter I sent you
several times - it was
so unnatural in its tone
yet I had to say some
thing! I am getting
along very nicely but
it has been an experience
I was unconscious from

eight until 11:30 an unusually long
time. It seems that my heart
is a bit uncertain and so I
was out longer than expected.
I only know that I went there
hell-actually, I seemed to be
passing thro states of conscious-
ness that were like layers
one upon another and the
one thing I was having a hor-
rible time over was the fact
that I couldn't die even if
I wanted to - that I could only
change & change eternally. There
was something so terrible in
that realization that I screamed
in the pain of it. Why I do
not now understand. But I
brought with me the reali-
zation that the state of Con-
sciousness corresponding to
Love was the only endurable state,

to be able to tuck my
head away on your shoulder
and rest - just once
more to know the deep
peace that comes with
your dear presence - the
greatest earthly joy &
completion. Time
is a hard taskmaster
and the months slip
by and yet we live
and love & hope. Will
it ever be attainment? Yes
some time it will Yours &

Adler Sanatorium
N. E. Corner Broadway and Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, Cal.

Monday -

Franklin dearest

Am feeling much better
today - and while a bit
wobbly as to knees and
shaky as to swallows, still
life proves livable and
enjoyable. I've had
such wonderful things
to eat brought me, but
until Dr Boer gave me
an opiate for my throat.

could not swallow, but
now! Last night I
ate $\frac{1}{2}$ a spring chicken
yams candied, German asparagus
wine jelly with whipped cream
Creamed mushrooms, soup
Grape fruit with cherries -
chocolate & strawberry ice cream
with pineapple ice & French
pastry! I know that - am
going to have blue pounds
on the half shell then non
squab - etc etc. Just
imagine me looking at
trays? food like that for

3 days and sending it
away untouched - and
after a Holayon diet!!!
It was painful. This is
making a nice dent in
my bank account - about
300 ~~days~~ when through, but
perhaps I'm not thankful
to have it!

Cannot write on the
deeper things now - seem
to need to keep on the
surface. You will under-
stand. A French line
what wouldn't I give

not caring whether school
keeps or not! But I
won't leave it so!
Love. Courage. Strength.
I say over & over +
so cling to those rocks
in such times.

Some one has been
here each day to cook
a little for us + clean
up. Mother Wilkins
comes today - Jean Little
tomorrow. Sybil does.
The various leave not
been near - but all
the rest have, since
the Christmas party
was too much for

Monday
Shel in bed!

And no word from you!

What does it mean? I
say to myself again & again
Is he so seriously ill
he cannot write or is
he merely cruelly thoughtless!
I'd almost rather you
were seriously ill!

Jim better - hopes to
be able to be up &
dressed for a little time
tomorrow. Am fighting
a severe headache &
a curious weakness - the
kind that ^{is} ^{to} ^{fight} has to keep from

them.

Mr. Conroy wanted
two of the messages
I have written for the
magazine & I sent
them via him to B. S.
telling her he could
leave them if she found
no objection & she said
they were all right.
So they go. I think
this little magazine
may prove an odd
one of these days.

Beloved heart of mine —
Your letter written the 26
came last night — I did
not get this finished
yesterday — and I cannot
tell you how it hurt
to know that you had
not even received the
telegram we sent you.
Ernest was over last
night & I told him &
he will see about it
today.

of Conception, The
baby should arrive
about the 23rd of Jan.
Dr said I could
bundle up good, & sit
in the closed car & go
to the reception tomorrow
so I am evidently
out of the water - I am
much better this morn-
ing - the awful weakness
is gone & the heavy
chest pressure
Hornet it will

noon
Louise, Ernest, Doctor
& Jean have arrived
to visit. Since I began
this letter, I have had
the dearest visit with
Doctor, he told me
all about the new
baby to come and was
so dear. Jamie has
had a terrible time so
far. Dr. said it had
been a regular elemental
battle from the moment

not be long now
until you are with
me. Try to get your
Captain to help you
to a discharge before
you leave. He will not
hesitate to recommend
you I am sure if
you just ask him
to!

I have so many
many things to talk
with you about - so

many! I wonder if
they will all slip
away into a silence
when you come. We
tend almost too much
to silences! if that
is possible!

Love & one big kiss
to my dearest —
\$

Monday.

Sarah Dear,

You will think that I deluging you with letters. I was awake so very much last night and thought for one thing that I had not sent you the "Dreamers Tales, and that I would do so to-day (but I shall not as it is nearly evening and Jackie whirled off with Mr. Dubreuil, so did not wait to take any mail to the village, and is not home yet.) Then I thought of you and B.S. and of what you said. I knew Sarah Dear, I think, of how finely you are doing, have done, for I felt it strongly, but I am glad you told me. It is very dear of you to speak so too of your visit here, and I do believe it helped and am very thankful, but, dear that was you that made it so. I wonder if you realise even a little bit how great a joy it is to me to think that even indirectly I could be of service, and how blessed indeed I would feel myself to be if indeed I ~~could~~ it were mine to move from before your foot one unnecessary pebble that a Flower might grow in its place - blessed, even if I had to lift my arms almost higher than I could reach to touch the path beneath your feet. Though I see some of the bigness of what is given you to do, I only dimly sense the greatness. Do you remember Sarah, my exclaiming one day that truly you ought to do Wonderful things, because so much and so great love was poured on you. Last night I was thinking that again, and also this. Tell me if this has been so - I seemed to feel that through your life there had been sort of comet people, who came to you, and passed out comet-like again, and that each of these had had some special message to you, had been used as a message bearer, and that each of these messages was a special something a part of that preparation that must be yours before you do That you have to do as it must be done. Of course people pass in and out of our lives all the time but it seemed to me that there had been a very 'comet-like' as I term it passing ~~in and out~~ in and out. Can you get what I mean, and if it is so, if you can recognise these messengers have you what they brought. I had such a curious feeling of these coming each with a treasure, and yet I know ~~some~~ ^{none} of your former friends. So strongly did I feel this that I think there is something for you in my feeling it. Of course each person brought our way has his or her lesson to teach us, and they pass out again, and all is well, but that is not what I felt. Looking back myself I can see many such, and of all that came in, only two did I ever thrust out of my life. When the time is due, the lesson offered and accepted these do pass out so, but when one thrusts them it means that one has not got the lesson or

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I refused it. How clear I see this and how willful and cowardly a part I played then, not waiting for the due time when the lesson should have been learned, and they pass on in peace, I refusing to learn the lesson thrust then from me, and paid, yes paid, paid in this life-day, and by my refusal stored Karmic up/debts that it seems impossible I could repay this time. And when the next mile-stone came I ^{walked} waded with crippled, untrue steps the next ^{mile} because having refused the lesson I ~~was not~~ was not fitted for that that was to come, and failed when that opportunity for which it would have been a preparation, came. More, until I recognised how against the Law such thrusting had been, and until I had made such small amend of it as was possible, sadly little though it was, and also had taken home the lesson I should so long before have learned, I could not make even that progress that has since been possible for me. (But how I got off on myself like this, I hardly know, and will return to what I was saying, in connection with those other more comet-like messengers I felt had been yours.)

I had a curious, indefinable but very strong feeling the last night you were in town with us that something for which you had come, you had accomplished, and that on your return to Halcyon would come - - not exactly a new beginning rather an opening out of something. This that is yours to do is Something beyond that that my small vision sees. When then I thought of you, and at times since comes very clearly the thought "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings, that publish peace", so clearly that I could have thought of you the words were spoken near me rather than that I thought them of myself.

How wonderful it is that we frail vessels are given so great things, and the greater the treasure the greater our humility, is it not? Those words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's seem my own heart's voice, when I think that any treasure has been showered 'in folds of golden fulness at my door', my door. Maybe you know them: "And dost Thou lift this house's latch too poor

"For hand of Thine? and canst Thou think and bear

"To let Thy Music drop here unaware

"In folds of golden fulness at my door?

"Look up and see the casement broken in,

"The bats and owlets builders in the roof!

"My cricket chirps against Thy mandolin,

"Hush, call no echo up in further proof

"Of desolation! there's a voice within

"That weeps....as Thou must sing... alone, aloof".