

29th September, 1997

6202 Afton Place
Hollywood,
CA 90028

Dear Christopher & Valerie,

It really was extremely touching to receive your letter, enquiring after my general mood and happiness. Quite frankly - and I know I'm a librarian with a supposed tendency to procrastinate - my head is still spinning, and consequently nothing at all seems settled. It is as if a fantastic, totally deafening "BANG" went off with the Master's passing, and that my ears have still not heard again. I mean, I've learnt to lip-read and go along with all the general notions; but something is still stuck in that silence, and if I were to guess at it being anything, I'd say it was the absolute need to remember WHO and WHAT He was and the implications that has for the world.

To that extent, I feel a slight danger

of the Master, in the cosmic sense, slipping from our grasp. A danger of taking his life too much for granted.

Perhaps though I am being over dramatic; too cautious; ~~and~~ ^{but} here at least it seems a hard task - not that I have especially tried - to draw people close together in the sharing of this heart-felt feeling. I don't know.

Time will tell. But I do believe that something, **SOMEONE!** utterly fantastic - COSMIC - touched this world these past 78½ years and that the world can never and will never be the same again.

And I also believe that it is not enough, almost even of very little consequence, to say that "I", meaning all of us in The Aetherius Society, was a part of it, because the responsibility upon our shoulders to share the Revelation of our Master and His Missions outweighs all other considerations.

So, in my long-winded way of answering your very kind and considerate question, I am concerned.

I am concerned that the "BANG" (!) has not gone off.

I am concerned that life will just become too normal again.

But in my lip-reading, going through all the general motions world, I now work 3 days a week for Elaine Golden-Beater who is an E-G in the best sense of the word, equally concerned about the society and its future as I am. To transport myself I have bought a rather classic little VW beetle convertible who was called Benjamin (after the old man I bought him off) until I returned from my glorious trip all the way to Mt. Tallac and back, during which he performed so well climbing repeatedly monumental peaks that I decided to knight him so that he is now officially called "Sir Benjamin"!

I have settled into the "rut" of regular time-off(!) which has taken me twice to Mt. Baldy, most recently to the charged spot with Dickie & Carl and one of our local members, and also to visit a friend I met whilst in S.B. who lives in the wilderness overlooking a beautiful lake about 80 miles south of here. As an artist/sculptress

she finds the surroundings inspirational. Having visited her I now completely understand why. It is really is wonderful down there and so nice to have somewhere I can occasionally get away to.

In late December I am returning home for 2 weeks. A family Christmas and a chance to meet my two nephews, ^{one} aged about 18 months and ^{the other} 5 days as I write this!

So you see I'm not doing too badly in this lip-reading world, but the greater, more earnest part of myself is still stuck inside that deafening silence, and goodness only knows when it will blow, and how.

- Did you ever hear that at the exact time of the Master's passing my mother was on Holdstone Down saying a prayer for "the soul of George King"? Quite incredible considering that she had never been there before and I doubt ever said a prayer for our Master before. "Rather cute" as the Master would say. Meanwhile I was at his bedside holding his hand... It was a sad Good-bye, but inevitable. Much love to you both, and thank you for writing, Paul.