

19<sup>th</sup> March, 1995  
(written in haste)

Dear All on the Staff!

Greetings! And Greetings from Los Angeles! I feel like a desert plant refreshed by the first, and perhaps the last, of the annual rainfall. But be it the last I care not, for I am in full bloom.

The other day I got up and had a shower, just like that; though I still haven't found it possible to turn on the television set. I look at it like some strange, ancient relic and it saddens me for all the idiom that lies behind its screen.

I still haven't come back to terms with my room either. I think it missed me as I have missed it; and it witholds dust and recollections of my earlier days with Dale. But this has become a most sweet sorrow and nothing, in the full honesty of my heart, gives

me greater happiness <sup>than</sup> that me and Jean-Pierre should have found each other. They are, I believe, vying on each other's dream and what part can I play in that? I am thrilled for both of them, and I have told them so.

For me, I am an even newer man. My life has become the Master. I cannot begin to speak of my love for him. He has crucified me, or at least my heart; and for what more could any man plead. I have learned that Duty - Duty - is not a chore but a devastatingly beautiful seed to sow, not for the sake of its labours but for its fruits. Its flavours, though rare on this world, are exquisite; they are a neeter most ancient, and totally uncompromising.

Yes indeed, I am a man in full bloom! and as a Librarian I have stretched out my foot upon the Scales and tasted the enormity, the almost incomprehensible enormity, of what it is this Man, our Master, has given to our world. Oh! What a Path it is!

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu e anon, Paul.