

June 21, 1963

Dearest Nell,

The days and weeks and months swiftly glide by. By the time you ~~will~~ receive this letter you will probably have reached the old home, your trusty dog and all the familiar things you are devoted to. There is one however whom you will badly miss, and all my pity is with you.

I am sitting at my desk on the attic. The day is gray with now and then a broad whisk of bright sunshine. The tulips, jonquils, narcissi, hyacinths and p~~o~~onies, our joy some weeks ago, have gone; the lupins, anemonies are withering, but already the roses, veronicas and many others are there to rejoice our hearts. Young sparrows and blackbirds of the new hatch are sitting closely together, with stretched wings, on the warm flat stones in the garden. Five, six, seven little beating hearts. They know nothing of the sorrow of so many of their congeners who lonely died hidden somewhere behind the summer-house during the pitiless winter and which we buried with an aching heart. Hundreds of flowers stand with closed calyces, but let a stroke of light touch them and at once they will open to catch the glorious beams of mother sun. So are we all, one with them, made of the same earth, ^{air,} water and fire.

Years ago I had a curious dream. I stood on the cemetery by my mother's grave. Suddenly the earth opened. I saw what remained of my mother the haunch-bones wide open and attracting me irresistibly. I awaked with a loud cry and remained some time filled with anguish. Then I heard the words: "mother earth" and at once the anguish dropped from me and I felt happy because now I had not only grasped the deep sense of those two mysterious words, but also because I knew that one day I would be again with my beloved mother free from worry and out of harm's way in her womb.

I relate you this dream, dear Nell, because I know it will surely not make you sad but, on the contrary, comfort you to know that there is at least somebody, somewhere in the world who feels with you that life and death are only two aspects of the same reality.

Sometimes science helps us to understand our deeper experiences. So in this case. We are dying every moment. All our cells, except those of the brains, die and are continually renewed. In fact it is only when we are no longer able to die that we have to give up life. And this is not a paradox but the biological translation of Goethe's: "Stirb und werde". Is there anything after death? Anything else than silence? Let me take your hand, far, dear Nell, and go with you looking at the stars and waiting...

In the meantime we have our work as "men" to do, to help them who have still a whole life ahead, the children who,

anaware of any threat,gladly play and shout their joy.
 We held,some time ago,an international meeting in Brussels to
 try to set up an embryo of a federation of the peoples of the
 world as,in our opinion,(see the magnificent book of Emery Reves
 on the subject),the only way to avoid a new world war,which
 would mean the end of Mankind altogether.I met there a charming
 aged American Lady, Miss Mary Lloyd,well known,she and her family
 in the movement for peace in the U.S.Unfortunately I had no op-
 portunity to speak with her personally. There was also a farmer
 and ex-senator of Kansas, Mr Victor W. Haflich, President of the
 world Committee for a World Constitutional Convention. With him
 I had a quite interesting conversation from Brussels till
 Oude God. We worked together four days with people coming from
 all parts of the world. An exciting experience.
 Let me now finish my letter for I should like it to go off to
 you with the next air-mail. Only this, the most important point,
 before I leave you: Will you send me the photographs I asked
 you for when you were in Mexico? Is "Bare Feet" already ~~xxx~~
 available in Europe?

I am dying for some news of you, dearest Nell,
 your

Deaman