the State of Consciousness, to which that, we know as Love corresponds, is all that I sought while struggling with difculties. 

Just to live a life where I am brought into contact with the greatest things we can see, to love, is to see God. Only when I am in the to the Sky of great heights, have I learned how long and so few are my truly great thoughts. I wish for more, why not many more? I want to live without limits. I want to change...
do not forget at the end of the day (Sundays) to leave off my prayer. Continuation...
Beloved, if it be true that I lived the "key to the Central State" that opens into the deep depths of Divine Love in your soul, I open it wide to all who seek the universe. For the love and the love of God the love of God fills the earth in every sense. Although where that love of love runs in the earth, there is no fear of the happy little one of the earth. I read out of the pain and in the mind. I live with the mind and in the body. I make my thing clear, without the act of body. Without love the mind dies out and after.
Dear N—,

I am not sure if you will ever read this, but I want to express my gratitude for your kind words and encouragement. You have been a source of strength and inspiration to me during a difficult time.

Your actions have shown me that even in the darkest of moments, there is always hope and a glimmer of light. I have been inspired by your resilience and determination, and I know that your kindness will continue to impact others for years to come.

Thank you for being there for me and for believing in me. You have helped me to see myself in a new light and for that, I am eternally grateful.

With love and appreciation,

[Signature]
Franklin dearst:

I have been to a throat specialist and he says that the tonsils are constantly throwing up poison and must be removed. That done this is done I will be unmasked
made of five years.
He also had radiographs taken of my teeth and found
two, one decayed at jaw bone, one abscessed.
He says this caused
my tiredness by de-
fecting my heart. It
also causes the con-
trouble. Also said
that the swelling
in my throat is
carried by the con-
dition in the tonsils.
Needless to say I am going to have both removed. Mrs. Hunger too. Some to have it is one of the best. I have used B.S. and unless she advises otherwise contrary will have it done Thursday at 8:00 in the morning.
at Cedar Hospital when I am to stay for three days. Lillian is with me & will stay until it is over — then she will take Jim out to Forest Knoll & I will go out there as soon as I am OK. It is as simple an operation I am not the least disturbed.
But looking forward with a good deal I pleasure to those three days yet.

But, sometimes even the simplest things go wrong—and in such an event, Beloved I
my heart, will you already know that I
the rest I am with you with all my
heart I love you all
of you and no one
if I were surround by
this place - would
be together and when
your turn came I
should be at your
side, especially no
times I grieve or strove.
I should be Tear 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
you to one who could love you and care for you even as I would do, till you remember this always.

I feel encouraged foolish to write this way but I should never forgive myself if things did go wrong
and I had not written you fully. You will not misunderstand. I almost know that it will be alright. Write me at Lillian Frost Knoll, Cal.

Dearest, I told your 20 dearest loved ones in my dreams and kiss you—can you not feel it? It seems so real to me. I love you 20, 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 have gained strength even tho I cannot evaluate yet. Have wonderful care never seen such a hospital existed. Mrs. Adler is called the "Angel" and she surely is. Hope to go 90% well by today. Love S.

Adler Sanatorium

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

Saturday

I cannot set my heart. I have laughed over the letter I sent you several times - it was so unneat of me. 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 not longer than expected.
I only know that I went there
hell actually, I seemed to be
passing these states of conscious-
ness that went like layers
me upon another and the
one thing I was leaving a hor-
rible time over was the fact
that I couldn't die even if
I wanted to that I could only
change or 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 un-
nconscious corresponding to
life was the only endurable state,
to be able to brush my head away on your shoulders and rest - just once more to know the deep peace that comes with your dear presence - the quiet resting of my 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 $}

Franklin dearest,

are feeling much better today - and while a bit wobbly as to knees and shaky as to swallows still life proves livable and enjoyable. One lends such wonderful things to not brought me, but until Dr. Brown gave me an opiate for my throat

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

Monday
Could not swallow, but now! Last night I ate in a spring chicken
your cordial, lemon mousse
wine jelly with whipped cream
creamed mushrooms, soups
sheep broth with cherries-
chocolate & shaving ice cream
with pineapple ice & lovely
poetry! I know that you are
going to have blue points
in the long shell then non-
squat - etc etc. Just
imagine me looking at
traps? food like that for
3 days and sending it away untouched - and
after a Halcyon diet!!
It was painful. This is
making a nice dent in
my bank account - about
300 $ when through. But
perhaps I am not thoughtful
to come it!
Cannot write on the
deeper things now - seem
to need to keep on the
surface. You will under
stand. A Frenchman
what wouldn't I good
not coming whether school keeps or not. I can’t wait here at all.
Love, courage, strength. I say over and over, no change in those days.
I'm almost wither, can't make a little for me & clean up. Mother Writing Comer Tuesday — Dear Little tomorrow. Syd to the Varicans leave not been near but all this woe, leave, however Christmas really was two months past.

Monday

Still in Bed!

And no word from you!

What does it mean? I cry to myself again & again to the 2 & 3 & every day will never write it so he cannot write it so. I'm almost wither, you were seriously ill!

I'm better - hoping to be able to the woe & dressed for a little time tomorrow. Am fighting a severe head cold & a severe weakness - the kind that leans to keep from
Mr. Croome wanted two of the missives I had written for the magazine & I sent them via him to the St. Luke's Society, who had your letter asking them to see found no objection & said we should receive all right so they go. I think these little missives may prove an aid to these days.

Behind heart I know —

Your letter written the 26 came last night — I did not get this finished yesterday — and I cannot till you know at least to know that you had not even received the telegram we sent you — Ernest was very last night & I told them & we will see about it today.
Of Conception, the body should arrive about the 23rd of Jan. Dr. said I could bundle up good & sit in the closed car & go to the reception tomorrow as I am evidently out of the way. I am much better this morning - the awful weakness is gone & theheavy chest pressure. Shout it will.
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 sorry for you, just as much to! I have so many many things to talk with you about. 

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

Love & one big kiss to... my dearest...
Sarah Dear,

You will think that I deluding 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 whisked 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 "call myself" to be it, indeed I shall it were nine 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 great. Do you remember Sarah, I knew, one day, just then, 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 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. 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 of our 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 book opened and received these do pass out so, but when one thinks then it means that he has not got the lesson or
not Waiting Qore" he uc time when the lesson should have been learned, and they pass on in peace. I z~,n ~a ~ the lesson thrust thca from me, and paid, eye paid, paid in this life day, and by my refusal stored Karmic updebs that it seems impossible I could repay this time. And when the next mile-stone came I walked with crippled, untrue steps the next, because having refused the lesson I 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 recognized 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".