I was studying the feeling in my chest reaching down into the solar plexus region. It seems to occur rather frequently now, and I had the impression today that it was something gnawing, as it were, at the very base of life itself. I think it does carry a certain threat. Not that it matters too much if a person of ninety-four departs this plane, but the request remains that I should stay here longer; and I’ve heard the suggestion from one of the Brothers that my cycle could continue until the ninety-ninth year—about five years from now. And as I have heard something about the bad condition existing in this world today and that therefore everyone who can contribute something to the alleviation of that condition should remain on the job, I would like to accommodate this request. But there is the question all the time as to whether I am going to be able to do so. Something is needed if I am to continue; and I think that something would be someone who would give me a backup.