

Um Tributo de Amor
a Lobsang Rampa



FLOR
SILVESTRE



Mama San Ra-ab
RAMPA

NOTE: THANKS GOES TO A PORTUGUESE FRIEND WHO TRANSLATED THIS WORK FROM ITS NATIVE LANGUAGE USING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH.

English
AS
DOCUMENT_OPTIONS
MAMA SAN RA-AB RAMPA
A TRIBUTE OF LOVE
Translation of

EDITOR RECORD
PUBLISHING RECORD
title Canadian original

WILD BRIAR
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Rua Argentina 171 - 20921 Rio de Janeiro,
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Printed paper in Brazil
He spoke about the wild rose that smiles under the sun and he gives
its perfume to the breeze that passes.

And he would say:

The lilies and the wild roses don't live more than one day, although that
day is eternity consumed in freedom.

A TRIBUTE TO LOBSANG RAMPA - THE MASTER ONE

The history of the world is not more than the great men's biography.
Carlyle

From the eye of the sphinx flowed a tear. Like this the Egyptian President's
death, Anwar Sadat, was interpreted by a newspaper cartoonist the following
day to that in that the President was murdered such cruel mind.

One day, in chat, my husband asked me: "If you had the opportunity to
find a certain person, who would you choose?" After a moment of reflection
I answered:

"Well, it must be the Egyptian President, Mr. Sadat." When he asked me
about the reasons that influenced that choice, knowing that the Master also
admired Sadat, I exposed him as he felt in relation to the President. I

explained that it seemed important that a world leader defended the peace and that, in spite of being submitted to a situation of constant personal risk, he didn't stop having hope in contributing for the understanding among nations.

Besides, he was capable to offer a definitive [lar] to friends in exile and dying, without never to have worried about the consequences that would relapse on himself.

Two days then, still [reflectindo] after that inhuman murder, is far too much evidence that man's altruism placed the well-being of other ones before his own comfort and personal profits and he died as a martyr for that cause.

There was many opportunities for reflecting on that subject during the year that passed — we attended other attempts of men's peace liquidation – one of which well happened.

It is not among the smaller losses that we suffered, in the last months, the departure of Lobsang Rampa from this world. He whose suffering was very much larger than any that most of us will arrive one day to understand. That he contributed so much all over the world to the hope and the trust in the future of thousands of people.

This in spite of the mockery and of the disbelief proclaimed by those that envied his abilities and they feared that their own positions were threatened by the knowledge of Lobsang Rampa's superior experiences.

I want to witness the truthfulness of this statement: “The people sometimes fear and they try to destroy that which they do not understand”. The Love in the Work. But what is the one to work with love?

It is to weave with pulled up threads of its heart, as if the dear person will use the fabric. It is to build a house with love, as if the dear person will live in it. It is to plant seeds with tenderness and to harvest the crop with happiness, as if the dear person will eat of that fruit. It is to impregnate everything that molds with a blow of its own spirit. It is to know that the blessed deads are close observing.

TWO

TWO

I got up at the first hours of the morning to join the people that would be rendering a homage to President Sadat's memory to everybody on television.

When sitting down before the screen accompanying all the acts of the funeral, many were the thoughts that paraded quickly before me. I recovered remembrances relative to Egypt on that which he had spoken to the Master and that little by little began to come to the surface.

Everything was very calm at three in the morning and the whole city light points that were distributed could be seen in the place where I met seated, in the old chair of Taddy, in my opinion the most comfortable and, without a doubt, the friendliest.

Therefore Miss Cleo left the bed and she wandered for the runner, out of my vision ray. Later, when I looked behind the quina formed by the wall, there she was, lying with the extended body, obviously tuned in. I thought that she was finding all the solemnity she had owed interesting. If Cleo was in human form she would be known, in terms of metaphysics, as an “old soul”, a soul that had lived a lot of lives; I would be correct to include it even in this category being still integral with the hierarchy of the felines.

In mine understanding, Cleo lived a certain number of lives in old Egypt and it had not been by chance that she had joined ourselves in this life. We are even certain point capable to talk for telepathy; and as most of the felines, her memory is not affected nor for the time nor for the space. Of course she knows what I think and she understands what I say when I ask her to transmit messages to Miss Taddy and to the other ones that surround her. My problem is not to dominate the “feline” language or remember completely of my nocturnal visits to the Other Side.

However, we enjoyed cheerful experiences that elapsed the last months and, if not me remember of everybody the details, a clear sensation exists of having dispensed precious time with our Family of the Other World. Still concerning the communication with ours called estimate animals, that are actually the same to us, perhaps they can forgive me for including a small incident that I believe will make many readers to smile.

The image is the one of an old lady sitting down in an armchair before television. In yours I glue it is Cynthia, a white kitty, fastening an inquiring glance in its owner. Some time passed and in a moment of revelation, the old lady exclaims suddenly, “What you think of that, Cynthia? That stupid cowboy is talking with the horse”.

The test that a man is truly educated consists of what he is, what he thinks and what is absorbed by his thoughts, or the dreams he creates when he is alone.

- Donald K. David

THREE

I receive many readers' letters interested in knowing about our life, now that Miss Cleo and I are the only ones that remained in the family of Rampa. I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to tell all our corresponding ones how much it is being appreciated by the manifestation of their concerns. Many times, when I was imagining the (feather ??) was been worth that effort of continuing in [,livros??] and letters, a letter arrived with a cordial message – “I was interested in reading your book, *Lady of the Autumn*. I found it beneficial, such a big experience it is for the love that emanates of the book. I also consoled myself to the knowledge that others were devoted to observe the mind of the cats or of the animals with the same respect and love as me”. And the 14 year-old Italian boy's small note that included a photo with the following legend: “ Oi, this is me”. So friendly and sincere.

Soon after the enchanted lady, of Japan, wove a comment concerning the prefix to my name. “Mrs. Our Mother” went to interpretation given by her she Suckles her San. She could not believe me remembering a lot of cordial letters that I received from Australia, particularly that of Mrs. Samuel telling about the benefits received by her son, through the reading and the study of Lobsang Ramp's books.

Lamentably, Bill had a sudden death during a surgical intervention a few months behind. The mother found comfort in the fact that Bill's had talked frequently about Dr. Rampa, saying even in the beginning of this year that he felt the Master had left this life. Mrs. Samuel's son learned a lot in the years that were followed a moment in that he wrote to Dr. Rampa, as it was mentioned in *Candlelight*, in the sense that there had not been any affirmation of Mrs. Rampa's authenticity in the books of Rampa. In that time the Master allowed to include me in one or two pages in referred his book, confirming the author's truthfulness and the justice of its words.

All those people turned easier to Miss Cleo and me to continue. Many exist more than they helped us, so much that it is impossible to mention them here; I wait, even so, that they understand all the manifestations of friendship that did they were appreciated.

Opportunely somebody will wonder. ‘Is there how long you met the Dr. Rampa’?

And others still: “How long were you married?” For the ones that feel curiosity for things of that type I would say: “If you read with attention the Master's books, and mine also, a lot of things would be illuminated”. Still precise to find that they can tell me with honesty that it is possible to remember everything after only one reading.

On the other hand there exist many letters from those that are familiar with the Master's works, but they never affirm that they get tired of relating.

Always something “exists more to learn, something that passed us unperceived the first time or later”. If more people studied those books they

would not really need to ask so many questions. I don't think it important how many years of life on the earth we were together — I feel sometimes that I have known him my whole life. Instead of that it is the Quality of the association, instead of the chronological time.

Didn't he affirm frequently that, “A Thousand years in the earth are not more than a blink of the eyes in the eternity?” Many didn't still understand entirely the Master's coming from the Occident in order to complete a special task, one which, for several reasons, he needed to assume another person's body. Anyone can obtain larger understanding when studying the book “As It Was”!

I would like to emphasize that this procedure is not a rare fact; it is enough we stop ourselves in our own Christian religion and its leader. He already made himself reference to that previously, but he doesn't make badly some to reiterate that, in a certain apprenticeship, Christ assumed Jesus' body.

Many seem to consider that event absolutely I/you had been on purpose, it is because the Truth and the Reality were obscured for a long time.

A lot of things have been coming to the light, things that nowadays people cannot do more than accept and that before would be totally out of cogitation.

It is worthwhile we stop ourselves in the process of the transmigration. Ouço, even so, a comment: “Why to assume another person's body? Why not just be born in the habitual form as a baby”? The answer is that some are highly developed and they have special tasks to carry out and do not always have plenty of time for them to begin as babies and develop unto maturity, before they take to term the work that they drifted.

Reincarnation is intimately a subject associated with transmigration. It always makes me smile when somebody asks. “Do you believe in reincarnation?”

And I answer: “You believe in the — do I cement and in the death”? Whether you believe or not in those things, they in fact exist, as well as the process of the life that exists after the life on this earth.

Just because there was an agreement, in a certain year, among the Christian leaders in the Convention of Constantinople, that reincarnation would not be taught because that interfered with those leaders' power, is no reason for not accepting it now. Lobsang Rampa believed that humanity had already suffered too much for having been maintained in ignorance; like this, he made use of the knowledge to render enlightenment to those that would appreciate him, having enough tests that his efforts were not in vain.

He is one of the ones that possess the [amplidão??] of the desert for a pillow, and he called it a sister star. Alone. But the solitude can be communion.

Dag Hammarskjöld
General secretary of the United Nations
(already died)

FOUR

Although last year I have a lot of times revived in thought some of the experiences, of the period in which the Master was among us, I had not felt, until then, capable to share them with the external world, in spite of all the solicitations. So that I wrote about my life with Dr. Rampa. However, in the months that preceded his departure from this world, and even during the whole year past, we enjoyed extremely gratifying experiences to know that the time, for him was drained quickly and it still turned every moment more precious.

A lot of times, in the moments of uncertainty, when everything seemed difficult and nothing went well, the Master said, “This will pass, don't worry because better days will come”.

The first time in that me [Iembro??] of the Master to have made that observation was when my cat, Mr. T. Catt, left this life. I thought that nothing would be the same, my pretty Argentinean Cat, my Flower again — Tiger, could never be substituted and it disposed me to retreat of the world, dressing in the equivalent of “mourning” black.

But the Master was right when telling me that good times were coming, other feline entities awaited to assume a place among us, needing the experience that turned them capable to continue developing and that we could be useful in the sense of providing them those opportunities.

Those that read Lobsang Rampa's books as well as mine will be familiarized with those entities that later came to enrich our lives with their love and their loyalty. From that time I had opportunity to notice that we can keep the memory of a member of the family, knowing that we will be together again, but we should not be discouraged to live the present and to look for the future.

I hope all will forgive me if for one moment I seem to digress; however this is not actually a digression. Did you already think that frequently it is much easier to look at back to the front of the one what glance?

The people in general, not just the oldest, resemble to resent changes, preferring to continue to live their lives in the same way as they are habituated, in their ancestors' family way.

It is been imagining the reason for this behavior. You already heard it spoken on the theory that says, “The world is its own problem?” If I am not mistaken, I have heard it said that it is making its rotation in the wrong direction that there is a lot, a long time behind our planet moved of course after having been [abalroado??] for other cosmic body.

In the beginning of last year the Master and I met unexpectedly alone, except is clear for Miss Cleo, and there were rights you read just it they be done. When a member of a family is extremely sick and has had a very sudden change it is not good. And as a consequence it was verified, starting from then a worsening in the Master's health. For about two months we had to face the situation; we noticed, then, that it would be necessary to find help, not an easy task because it tends in view that we always took a very reclusive existence, almost without any contact with the external world. However, it was proven once again that nobody is irreplaceable; we found people that helped us in fact, making our lives a little more bearable.

Cleo and me, even so, we still needed to face the problems during the day because the aid that was rendered us was restricted to the period of the night. Cleo was a great comfort to us.

After four months, me soon me remembered again of the Master's words — that always something exists of good in the future, if we are prepared to accept it and we just don't look back lamenting that nothing can be as good as the past.

Unexpectedly, a young lady sought us saying she had a suggestion that perhaps we would like to consider. It was before accepting of Lobsang Rampa's thoughts and months there was written to him a letter in appreciation of his books. After a beat-crop, she said she felt arranged to helping us with the correspondence and to render any type of help to Dr. Rampa and me. We agreed to try and see if she could be useful. She assured us that she would not be at any sacrifice to leave the employment that she had and would be very more [compensador??] to be associated [connosco??], because progressing would be in position of transmitting to other ones the benefits of Lobsang Rampa's [ensinamentos??]. That arrangement proved to be the best thing that had already happened at our house, resulting in the continuity of our contacts with the readers and in the opportunity to write another book, things that would not have belonged possible without the help an efficient understanding of an intelligent friend at my side. That that is the end of the world for the [lagarta??], for the master is the butterfly.

FIVE

Miss Weetabix says that she will for ever keep at remembrance of the months passed at our house until the moment of the Master's departure,

knowing she had provided many moments of cheerful companionship for the family Rampa and tends her same, during the whole process, acquired new knowledge.

She was very agile and possessed to walk safe always appreciating to accompany the Master in the few occasions that he was capable to venture to the exterior in his wheel chairs, taking care so that the chair was driven smoothly, avoiding fissures or projections in the roadways. I judged convenient to comment on that because the Master considered that period very much pleasant; per times he expressed to feel that perhaps people found his illness an [amolação??] and that he caused too much upset. Cleo and I will always be thankful to Weetabix for the affection that she released to all knots for those terrible moments.

Some more thing caused pleasure and entertainment in those days; that happened when Persian, Betris, and Mitze, the Siamese gentleman, all came to visit us. Betris was very reserved, but Mr. Mitze wandered through the whole apartment, speaking without stopping, and he sometimes jumped on the Master's bed. The Master ask him why he spoke so much and if he could not be a little quieter, he answered to the Master by telepathy: "When I speak it is because I am thinking and I think a lot". Seemingly, the two cats changed ideas on our apartment, comparing it with that where they lived; one of them, then, commented: "Why am I imagining the walls here healthy so distant one from the other?" The cats possess a different form without a doubt of discussing the things and we felt a lot had we not the Master to interpret their messages.

Perhaps there be an opportunity for me to speak again on our coming to know those two beautiful felines, because in the case of Mitze it appears in my scene friend Loni and she won't be a stranger for those that read my books. To the we be about felines, [1embrei-me??] of a letter that arrived some behind days, in which the remittent manifested interest for the [srta??].

Taddy, having seen the picture of Taddy and Cleo in the layer of the Spanish translation of THE Feline Mind. * Mrs. Holmes writes: 'And your cat Miss Cleo is a pretty lady that is entitled of being called the vainest person of Calgary, am I not right?' And she continues: 'But as it was that Taddy got to return under the form of a cat of normal proportions and still to seem exacly with an enormous feline of the jungles'?

When Miss Tadalinka came to us she was a cat, much smaller than her sister, but with passing of time she grew extraordinarily fast. I always believed that the Master had made use of his powers to influence her growth, because it would not have been possible to maintain a great feline of the jungles in a common house. She, however, always gave the impression of being imposing and ferocious when in fact she was not.

Those that know the book were like this! They will leave [lembrar??] of as the members of the Race of the Giants, that came to the earth to mix with the human beings, they had their size reduced by magic means, in ways to allow for them to associate with human beings without being recognized as Gardeners. The Master had knowledge of many of those suppositions mysterious procedures, but he rarely discussed his uncommon abilities, for him nothing contained of mysterious or magic. If the public's certain secrets had given him the possibility of success after such a long battle, him and the world would have profited a lot and it would not be an exaggeration to affirm that nowadays peace on the earth would be much closer.

It is not a simple task the one of describing a person like the Master. Although he was so different from most of us, after living with him for so many years and some decades, his habits and faiths I thought more normal than the ones of the people of the external world.

For the interested ones, and I know that they are many, I would recommend the book writing for the author of Fernão Capelo Gaivota, Richard Bach.

The title is *Illusions* and it was published in 1977 by Delacorte Press. I know about people that affirmed to have liked that book more than of Fernão Capelo Gaivota and the editor defines it as a type of volume II. I see great likeness between the character Donald Shimoda and the Master, and I am right that the Master's readers will find it as fascinating as I, whenever I leaf its pages.

It is a feather that we don't have more authors like Richard Bach, because his histories do well to the soul. In contrast with the commercial of television that affirms "We are honestly that which we ate", somebody could increase "We are that which we have".

He/she/it is not discouraged with the farewells. It is necessary there to be a good-bye there to be a [reencontro??]. And a [reencontro??], after moments or whole lives, is right, for those that are friends.

SIX

October 25 ~ one Sunday and a special day for me.

A calendar in my thought tells me that I should be celebrating a special fact, because it makes [exactamente??] a century room since Lobsang Rampa's first book appeared in the English language, proceeded closely for several other countries. It would be good if today the Master was among us. Even so, it is a foolish observation for we know that he is [connosco??] in spirit.

As human beings are so to the physical presence of our family, of those to who owner-millstones and that are we expensive, that found difficult to

accept that they can still be [connosco??], same if the external peel already left. I always felt [atraída??] for the pages that they compose the '*Chapters of the Life*', one of the few [autografados??] for me, "Ra'ab, the first of the edition Of [Chen??] the last of a series"!

On this era of Kali, when the civilization seems to crumble, there is a lot of comfort to be found in that book; the first chapter is exclusively about the hope for the future; not feeling any nostalgia for the days that are left, my trust rejuvenates in the knowledge that, in spite of everything, our dear planet Earth is not to be abandoned.

Just think that the next "World" Leader's first pupil is already a person with maturity, and that this leader will come shortly to the Earth, for soon to reach the maturity, when its vehicle will be used by a Superior Entity and the concept of transmigration will have made him more acceptable because the people have been prepared for him through other [ensinamentos??], among them the Christian Bible.

As readers that studied and followed Lobsang Rampa's [ensinamentos??] they don't get to notice all they contribute to the dawn of the Age of gold and those that are imagining what to do with humanity's benefit don't know that they are already being well cared for.

I didn't intend to do any sermon, but just to provide some [encorajamento??] to those that try to progress and that perhaps, even without noticing, are already on the right road.

This weekend particularly has been a period of calm reflection reviving the experiences of the Family, the almost two year-old period in Ireland and later the long crossing of Atlantic in direction of New York destined for Canada.

In those days, the Master nurtured great hopes of forming a small group, with the purpose of helping to increase his plans for the dissemination of the knowledge that he had acquired along an extremely difficult life, due to his weakened health and to the incomprehensions. That group was composed of not more than half a dozen, and everybody was animated in participating. A bookseller, a housewife with [dactilografia??] knowledge and a third linked to the automobile industry. The idea was to transmit knowledge for half a correspondence course and then work with the lessons was put into operation with the expectation that everything would take place in agreement with the plan.

However, as it happens with so many groups, obstacles [intransponíveis??] appeared, resentments, inability to work in team with harmony and disposition absence to dedicate time to the project.

That produced a constant perplexity in the Master when coming across with such anxious people for the progress in the thought and in any other astral apprenticeship, but when arrived the hour of acting, they seemed to

prostrate due to its obligations. He finally decided that the only solution was to gather the lessons under book form and it soon appeared in “You – Forever”. Even so, the same past every year, some people still write us asking information on the course that they think to be the disposition.

Those that know his books will know how the Master felt on groups and sects, and everything takes to believe that, in what he told in respect, it was necessary to work alone.

The people's great majority seems to have difficulty in understanding this solitude, the fact that the Master's did not associate with other people.

Through the years they have been having countless inquiries on the part of anxious readers while visiting, just to sit down and talk, and it has been very difficult [mantê-1os??] at the distance.

A person like Lobsang Rampa, extremely sensitive and affectionate in another people's presence, needed a long time alone in his rooms, even at home close to the Family.

He would like to leave it clear that he doesn't want to say that he was a person of difficult access, but, to the opposite, his solitude was determined by absolute need. I have been interested myself about other people that maintain their private lives very separate from their work.

Seemingly, the first-ministra of England is like this. It is counted that one of its ministers, a friend of many years, was mentioned as having said they had never arrived nor even visited the house of Mrs. Thatcher.

This lady would seem to be serving her country, according to the largest interests of the nation, without evidencing to receive a lot of [encorajamento?]. Perhaps opinions are released.

There is the case of a very well-known actor and it is said that “he is invariably a discreet man. He maintains a completely reserved personal life, not allowing even journalists and photographers in his house”.

Nobody likes to feel too different; like this, it is good to know that other people exist that find it to be necessary, once in a while, to isolate the rest of the world.

Religion is what the individual does with their own solitude _- if they never feel solitary they won't ever be a religious person.

Dean Inge

SEVEN

“How does time for you pass, now that Dr. Rampa has left”?, could anybody ask.

“Certainly it cannot be so busy, you should have a long free time”. If people just stopped to think, they would notice that a precise life continues and the departure of somebody doesn't mean that everything should be interrupted. I like to think, and I believe it is true, that many of the Master's readers, that use to write once in a while to him, still find satisfaction in a continuing correspondence with me. It is as if it were a two-way street where so much the remittent, as the addressee, picks benefits.

I must say, to write letters consumes a great part of my time, but it is a time well employed, in measure that the words [encorajadoras??] that comes to my senses is that everything is worthwhile. Of course there exists many commercial commitments in a writer's life, so that that side may receive the attention that it is owed; the time dispensed is significant, because when it is such a big number of books, in this case 22, the situation is very different than if it was only about one or two titles.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that I maintain commercial relationships with five continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia. The last time that I needed to repeat those names was in the times of school, together with the relationship of all the oceans of the world. Being fortunate in that I chose for me the same, and also in what I make actualment, I can only say that it is interesting and pleasant and so important and very educational. I think I already affirmed previously, I was favored by the gods when they put to my side the ideal person to collaborate in this mission.

Committees were judged capable to accomplish a lot of things, while alone I would probably submerge before the dimension of the efforts and of the responsibilities.

Weetabix is a very nutritious food; if the name leaves one perplexed, let me quickly say that it was checked by the Master being of the family of the Wheat. Besides, the Master said that it looked good. That nobody thinks that the [srta??].

Cleo and I thought our life is as complete as in the days when the Master was [conosco??], because it is not that. When I see the fixed eyes of Cleo on something or on somebody, for besides my normal power of vision, I don't feel very competent.

It happens that the cats are capable of seeing in the neighboring dimensions, while most of the human beings are capable, in the best of hypotheses, of only feeling another presence.

In that way Cleo had the advantage of her “television”, where she could observe the members of her family that had left this space, while she observed the same. I fear that a certain dose of envy on my part exists, even so I possess considerable telepathic aptitude.

Still not being capable of seeing the Master, I am fortunate for receiving these supposed impressions that reveal very clearly that he is still very close. Whenever I receive his readers' letters telling me that they had a, “dream” where they saw and they talked with an image that they knew to be Lobsang Rampa, I feel great satisfaction, because I always knew that the Master would not abandon those for whom so much had been sacrificed.

I have been receiving a significant amount of letters of that type and I am always happy when being informed of them. I don't believe that the Master will leave definitively before he has seen some more of its projects if they materialize.

It is right to exist a [lacuna??] in the life of somebody that cannot be out, but each one of us needs to finish their task ~ somebody said:

“Here is a test to determine if he/she sweats on a mission in the earth before it is finished: he/she/it continues I live, it is not”.

A thought on which is worth the feather [reflectir??]. As most of you know, the Master possessed great likeness for the cats; that, whenever I have the opportunity to be close to them, I like to think that the Master is not very far.

A few pages behind I presented Miss Persian Betris and Mr. Mitze Seal, Siamese, and I thought that it would be good to know them a little more and as it follows they brought pleasure and entertainment for this [lar??]. Those creatures are members of the family Weetabix — they take care of the apartment while Miss Wheat accomplishes her love work in [prol??] of Rampa. Betris was the first to arrive there, not very more than one and a half year, and she possesses a pretty orange color.

Miss Weetabix was rescued from a position where the cats didn't accept it; she now enjoys a very happy domestic life, shared with Mitze. In spite of Mitze having arrived one or two months then, he is definitively in command. His coming was due to my friend Loni's kindness that took care of him for several days, before informing us of his existence.

The master was capable of discovering that Mitze had taken a long trip, crossing a bridge that cut the river, before reaching the house of Loni. It was evident the Mitze suffered bad-treatments. We noticed that there was a bruise in his tail in cicatrization phase and there was an absence of shine in his hair. Now, even so, he receives the cares that before were denied him and that were due to a feline entity highly developed like Mitze.

He talked with the Master and in elapsing of the telepathic dialogue he expressed the desire “to be called” Mitze and it was soon after that he received this name.

The Sound of the Happiness

When he/she works, you are a flute for whose heart the whisper of the hours if it transforms in music. Who of you would a flute be it moves and silent, when all the another sing in unison?

EIGHT

Without a doubt he doesn't make himself necessary to observe that the appreciation and the Master's affection for the felines is shared by me, so that I am always interested in those creatures' well-being. If I am allowed to count an incident which happened in the last summer, it will be a favor for me because I will have enormous pleasure in doing it.

The residence of Loni seems to be a halfway house of that which could be called one house of cats, in the same sense of the ones that exists here in Canada for the transgressors' of the law rehabilitation that they try to retake its place in society. However, it is more probable than in the case of the cats that have been abandoned by somebody that moved to the city or suffered by negligence and absence of love. Like this, when that sweet creature wandered there for several days in the garden, Loni, always the most generous of people, took providences so that Susie went properly fed.

On a Certain night, when Loni and her husband were seated on the balcony of the front of the house, [Riga??] exclaimed suddenly, “Ha, there, see, that cat is carrying. a [ratazana??]!”

“Yes”, he answered Loni. “And she is taking it to the garage.”
It was discovered later that the “[ratazana??]” was a very new red kitten, and it was evident that Susie was urgently in need of a [lar??] for herself and her baby.

On that occasion we went by certain dilemma, because, for being the month of July, a period of vacations, the family of Loni would be out for some weeks and they had not arranged to leave the two abandoned guests. Riga found the solution. He suggested that if I didn't like taking care of them so that they had enough to eat, he would feel better in leaving them in the garage, until that definitive [lar??] was found.

Thus, he gave me the key to the garage, having opened a big hole in the door. Big enough to allow the passage of the cats. One cannot leave a garage without bar, particularly if there is kept equipment of value in the same way that one cannot leave open a house.

The [srta??] Wheat and I started to walk up the river every morning and every night, calling for Susie and, when hearing us arrive, she jumped from the hole greeting us with profusion, anxious to please with the food for cats called “Nine Lives”, in particular the tuna and the mixture of eggs.

It was an extremely pleasant period of vacations for us because it was in the course of a strike by the postal workers, therefore, we had surplus time at our disposition. For those weeks the [filhote??], that was nervous and not very friendly, began little by little, accepting us and we had the great satisfaction of presenting him his first solid food. He also liked “Nine Lives”.

Those few weeks had been the rainiest of the year, but Susie always came out running to greet us from where she had been appreciating the shelter that the garage offered. The saga of Susie, however, doesn't finish here, because it still persisted the problem of meeting a definitive [lar??] for her, since it had been right that Loni could not take the responsibility that the problem created.

Mr. Smooch, with whom the readers will be familiar after the reading of *Lady of the Autumn*, had aged, he had gotten sick and he had left this earth in about one year.

Loni had decided, then, that it would not be exactly right to have another feline entity, because she and her husband camped with a lot of frequency and they knew that Smooch, on those occasions, had felt very alone. We felt that we had already drained all the possibilities in search of families [adoptivas??], because our few acquaintances already “possessed” a cat or a dog. I simply didn't know from where the next given would come.

Our veterinary friend, Dr. Randall, always solicitous, he would take charge of the mother and of the [filhote?]. There was no doubts that he would be a person adapted to find a [lar??] for them, together or until separate, because of Susie with a very brand new cat and that would facilitate the [adopção?]. Although I don't see any reason that justified not giving a [lar??] to an older feline, some people prefer them younger, believing them more adaptive to a new [lar??].

I thought a lot on the future of Susie; due to her wonderful qualities, of her gentle nature and of her beautiful behavior as a mother, I thought she deserved a future with safety. Suddenly, I remembered at [lembrança??] from “a position”. It was as if they were telling me: “Why don't you enter into a contact with Mr. Mac? He will have a solution”.

That gentleman is a man of business respected by everybody and well-known by the Master, and he also appreciated him a lot. Thus, did I think, why not?, there is nothing to lose.

The chat on the telephone was so well-happened that soon there was provided an affectionate [lar??] full of understanding for Susie. Mr. Mac and

his family, the woman Kay and her four children, Eldon, Calvin, Darren and Marlon, everybody adores Susie.

That didn't mean the end of our relationship, because Weetabix had said to me that we could visit whenever we wanted. We had, thus, the satisfaction of maintaining contacts with Susie and to observe her development.

I never doubted that the Master had participated importantly in such a satisfactory arrangement.

Growth

I sometimes think that He heard the murmur of suffering of all the things that grew under the sun and that He raised them and aided them, not just with their own knowledge, but also when revealing to them the power that they possessed to develop and to become complete.

NINE

The readers that know my first book, THE Feline Mind, will leave [lembrar??] of Mrs. Gertrud Lavery, that she lives in Australia and she is a devoted pupil of the Master's [ensinamentos??]. Mrs. Lavery belongs together [conosco??] since that decade and we started like this to know her a lot better; on several occasions she recounted many of her experiences, particularly in what she said in respect to the treatment of felines, who possessed special likeness.

But now Mrs. Lavery assumed another commitment and the description that she gave of a little bird and its life which she revealed so clearly, about the likeness and the harmony that can be developed among man and nature, that I thought appropriate to tell it here — the history speaks for itself.

These photos demonstrate that the small son of a parakeet, that I brought home a few weeks ago in a box, had learned a lot in a few months, in spite of my inexperience in the treatment of birds.

It doesn't remain doubt that I read some books and I asked information concerning experiences and methods to the people that had already created parakeets. Therefore in the first days I decided, wrong or wisely, that he should be taught, from the beginning, to leave the cage and fly freely thereabout. Thus, one day, I removed it from the cage very fearful of hurting that life piece, but it stayed the rest of the day and the whole night [empoleirado??] in the rails of the curtain.

The following day, in the middle of the morning, it discovered the way back suddenly to the cage and began soon to eat. I just needed to remove it once again and start it over. From then on it understood and it began to fly inside and outside of the cage whenever it had the will; even so, while it was out it would be also out of my reach.

Some weeks later, on the only time it stayed out of the cage, besides its normal schedule of sleeping; seemingly, it was not capable to find the way back, staying landed in the rails of the curtain, even after all the lights had been lit.

Finally, I placed the cage close to my bed with the small door opened in the direction of the rails of the curtain placed above my bed. About ten or fifteen minutes later, it flew for the cage; I jumped off the bed, I closed the small door, I put back the cage in its regular habitual and I covered it.

It took some time for me [!conseguir??] that Gerry, still inside of the cage, jumped for my finger when I pressed its breastbone.

If I had proceeded with larger persistence, perhaps the requested time would have been smaller but, any way, in the end we were well-happened. Then I saw myself before the task of teaching it to come to me when I had already gone to the cage and it allowed me to play with it.

Somebody suggested me to appeal to the aid of a mirror. It was what I did, arresting the mirror inside the cage with a twine, so that Gerry could get used to it. When loosening the mirror, I would have to bring it together with the twine, well slowly, outside of the cage. Gerry would follow his own image and the seductive points of the twine, first on my hand, later progressively for my arm until the shoulder, while I maintained the movement of displacement of the mirror. Then I would sit down and I would place the mirror in my lap while Gerry would follow discovering buttons etc. on my dress. This became a daily routine, being prolonged for some weeks. On certain days, Gerry came and landed on my shoulder of its free and spontaneous will. [Actualmente??], he prefers my head.

Mrs. Lavery continues with her history on Gerry.

“Now he already lost the whole fear of me, which cheers me enough. He possesses his favorite places in the room of guests, in the kitchen and in the [lavanderia??], flying freely thereabout.

“Gerry is just confined in the cage when he is waiting the doctor, the [l'impador??] of glasses or some domestic employee, but he already got used to that and he is not displeased. One should leave him alone for a long time

and for that precise to arrest him, he appreciates plenty to be hunted because he likes to feel that we cannot capture him.

“If I make some thing for which he is interested, as to write, to sew or his [desamarrar??] mirror, Gerry soon will be close. He makes the best he can to seize, with his beak, the point of the pen, the point of the seam needle or of the pin. He seems to think nothing else doesn't exist entertaining than to do [furinhos??] or to tear pieces of the [beiradas??] of the paper leaves, including the one of the books, particularly of those larger ones and of more careful impression.

“Once in a while, Gerry needs a ‘massage facial’ the beak needs to be negotiated with baby oil. In the first times, I had to face the fear of seizing him, to maintain him firm, imagining perhaps that I would not be hurting him.

Now, even so, I already acquired enough trust and Gerry is surely not afraid. The times he is lets to escape a sharp [gritinho??] and a little is debated, but when I open the hand finally, he doesn't flee, he is just there stopped looking at the sides, imagining what to do to proceed.

“Unless he is eating or resting for some moments, Gerry is rarely quiet; he is all movement, sound and color. My apartment acquired a vivacity that is difficult to believed possible. If one day somebody tells me that I possess a little bird brain, I will take that as a praise.

“Gerry is adapting to a way of life that is completely alien, without any company of his own species, in a way that, certainly I would not be capable of doing, and without at least losing a little of the happiness of living. He likes to explore everything that I have. In most of the times, he ends up despising the food, particularly if it is a hot meal, but he appreciates apples, oranges and some juice sips. “Even so, he continues trying in my case to have some pleasant thing after all to offer”.

I received the recounted history above concerning six months, in fact last May, and he said to me same that, if he had the opportunity to write another book, the history of Gerry would be included, although just to show everyone that what some patience, understanding, and love can do in the sense of uniting man to the creatures of nature.

It would be good if it was possible to include an illustration, because like this you certainly would have a good time seeing Gerry, the parakeet, landed in the head of Mrs. Lavery. The picture was excellent, very funny, and at the same time extremely touching.

He/she/it can do with that a heart stops of cutting into pieces, I won't live in vain; He/she/it can mitigate the suffering of a life or to liven up a pain, or to help a thrush [desfalecente??] to return to the nest, I won't live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

TEN

Some people, when they are left alone to face life, they think they need to go to another place because the memories are simply made intolerable. To revive the happy moments and to enjoy the sensation of coming comfort of a well-known atmosphere seems to be an addition they can support and then they decide to begin new a life in another locale. But not all the people, only some!

And that is comprehensible.

When the Master was among us, that type of things we discussed and he said something similar to: “What do you think I should do if you leave before my hour has arrived”?

We did talk. He did wonder at what I would like to do and like me he always answered that, in fact, he didn't know, but preferred not to think on the subject. We did agree that there would not be any advantage in moving to another place; then, why not be where we were?

I noticed that Miss Cleo was very satisfied. She had lived in this apartment more time than in any other place and as her sister Taddy, that was blind, still visited us, it was well easier for her to wander around in an atmosphere that was known. Cleo always thinks of the other ones. Although we had not probably expressed our thoughts, she was aware that we would both be happy with that disposition, because that, in a certain way, would also help her feeling closer to the Master.

Well, the hour of our temporary separation arrived much too early and we remained, Cleo and me feeling that loss in a very sharp way. In the last days, when the Master's health became a lot worse, he sometimes told me: “You know Ra'ab, a life without me would be much easier for you”. The Master saw himself as a bale, and it displeased him deeply to need to depend on others. It was difficult to do and to understand that it was not [incómodo??] none.

I tried to explain that I would not be better alone, that this era of my life and that of his was not anything he would make sense.

To glance at the past, for my first ones [lembranças??], I remembered that, so to speak, I had lived together all my life with the disease. When I was a child, my mother never enjoyed good health and my father called me in the middle of the night to tell me. “Your mother is terribly sick, will you come”?

Perhaps it does seem strange that I decided to choose a nurse's profession but, in the uncoiling of my life, that proved to be the best experience that somebody could have had, being considered the paper that I later was called to carry out.

Let us return, even so, to the present where we are in position of evaluating our [actuação] in the last period, when we had need to adjust to a different routine, filling the days with several activities.

I have already affirmed previously, Miss Weetabix and I dedicated to answer a lot of the readers' letters and the subjects linked to the business of our time, and I frequently wanted to have enough knowledge to answer some of the questions with larger details. But I never intended to try to substitute for the Master, nor I never heard anybody say that I could be qualified to do that, because the Master's knowledge and his ability to work with the problems were a lot beyond the possibilities of most of us. It is a notorious truth that we all needed to vary our activities, if we hoped to reach our potential in life. We were, then, imagining what we could do to amuse a little, when we felt that we were noticing our mental processes were going too much in only direction. We felt that we needed an amusement, and this appeared in the form of a game that consisted of spelling and to word forming.

When the idea happened to us for the first time I knew that there had been the Master's intervention. When the end of the day approaches and Miss Cleo and I were alone, perhaps that was the moment in which we felt more the Master's absence. Everything was very calm and we can feel the silence; there, then, we sighed and we thought a lot. The times, if the night extends too much, seeming that it would never finish, Miss Wheat joins with us for a beat-crop after that certain cup of tea.

Yes, the Master kept his promise, we would not be forgotten. Executing her daily routine, Cleo visits the Master's room several times a day.

It is during the night, even so, that she makes a special pilgrimage, always asking me to accompany her. It is necessarily a great effort for somebody [aconchegado??] protected in their own bed, sleeping most of the time, to leave staggering at night and to wander for the runner until the room where we sat down in the ground, before sleeping again. That can happen two or three times between the 22 and the five hours of the morning.

You know, when the Master was among us, Cleo visited him frequently, especially during the night, she liked to settle down on his chest, taking care not to be arriving very close to the hiatal hernia that caused so much suffering to the Master.

In the elapsing of the last year that he was among us, there was always somebody close, a fourth neighbor, during the whole night, to render attendance, so that there was no opportunity for Cleo to be alone. A paper of this feline [senhorazinha??] is reason for great pride for its Mother, and any human being should be proud following its example. Without her this would have been in fact an arid existence.

An oyster commented with one that it met closer:
— I carry a very big pain inside of me. It is weighed, round, and I feel in danger. The other answered with disdainful indulgence:
— Thanks to the skies and to the sea, I don't carry any pain with me. I feel perfect inside and outside.

In that moment a crab then passed over, hearing the chat among the two oysters, it went for the one that felt perfect inside and outside and it said, “Yes, you feel perfect; but the pain that your friend complains about is a foot that rolls of rare beauty.

Kahlil Gibran

ELEVEN

Henry David Thoreau observed at certain times that he seemed to write always about himself, that happened because it was he who knew himself better. Like this, if somebody thinks that I write the same, perhaps it be for identical reasons. Our thoughts and experiences are much more alive for us than those that link with other people.

Another famous citation of Thoreau, whose truth is recognized by many – “Most of a men's life is passed in calm despair.”

Yesterday, during a chat, Calvin told me that his brother had read that sentence for him and that both had agreed with the truthfulness of those words.
Who doesn't still try terrible despair sensations, when things are going badly and we are not capable of finding the solutions for the problems? The ones that escape are not many.

Perhaps if [I embrem??] that Calvin is a member of the lovers' of cats family, and to care for them occupies a great part of his life. I am always hoping to hear it said, after examining the labels of the victuals for animals, that so much as he could see, the animals are much more favored than we in respect to the palate than the human beings, in what refers to the canned foods. Who would want to argue with that point of view?

When beginning this page I intended to write something different, but now that I mentioned the cats and the care that they should be provided, I am taken, and to all those that are disposed to accompanying me to a visit to Mac to hear what happened yesterday.

It is once in a while necessary to promote a change in the routine and nothing exists better than the fresh air, blowing the spider screens, and to see the life under a different angle. The Master finds it extremely beneficial to answer the readers' letters or to work in one of his many books, or just to slide his electrical wheel chairs up to the elevator, and for him to go to the lobby where he could leave and take a turn or two around the streets of the neighborhood.

It provided me immense satisfaction to see him capable of gathering enough energy for those small trips, visa to be that his only [lazer??] form, because most of his time was dispensed in the sense of the well-being of others, at the same time he tried to fight equally against the pain and the suffering that resulted in his sacrifices for the humanity's [prol??].

I don't think it necessary to excuse me for so much references to the Master, to his work and his suffering, because those that will read these words will be, in most, people that felt they knew him, that admired him and were considered his friends. After all, this book is intended to take the form of a tribute. However, no matter how much I write it will be insufficient in the sense of compensating the debt that so many of us owe to him.

Well, Susie seemingly slept in a great armchair and there was nothing strange in that, because we were in the beginning of the afternoon and we were aware that she had been inactive during the whole morning; even so, she was very aware of us. We cannot get our hopes up when a cat seems to sleep before a visitor comes because, as you will observe, you will see the ears in position of alert, while the cat is registered.

After six or eight weeks there were new acquisitions on the part of Mac Cat, in the form of an almost white [filhote??], two or three months of age and with brown grooves, that encouraged the house a lot. In a rainy morning, in the hour that he left for school, Marlon, the more youthful of the family, saw this small feline entity and posted it in the entrance of the cars; he, then, caught it and he took it home in turn, presenting it before the mother.

Some days then, in agreement with the consultations accomplished in family, Mrs. Mac asked me if the Hospital Pet could help to find a [lar??] for the kitty, to whom they had given the name Sally. I agreed to talk with Dr. Randall. It seemed, to the first view, that Sally had been abandoned and I felt very sad, imagining what the future reserved for her.

You can imagine the happiness that I felt when telephoning to say that the Animal Central Hospital would take charge of Sally and they would take care to obtain her an appropriate [lar??]; there was a moment of silence at the end of which Mrs. Mac exclaimed with her melodious voice.

We talked later on with the boys and they decided they wanted Sally [conosco??] seems that she adopted Eldon. Weetabix and I sighed of relief.

An arrangement proved to have been advantageous in everybodys senses, because the kitty is an optimal company for Susie, being almost of the same age of the [filhote??] of Susie, that went live with a lady, it works out, when Susie found Mac.

The following day, when Sally jumped on the chair where Susie rested and got involved with her paws, giving her a [lambida affectionate??], Mrs. Mac observed, “See, they get along well. It is as if she was destined to come here; she just had to be here like this.”

Dr. Rampa said there was nothing like having mingled with people that loved and took care of cats. It seems that the Família Mac belongs to that category, in spite of the fact that [apercebido??] he had, just in elapsing of a year past, of satisfaction and of happiness that is obtained through that relationship type. A cat in the [lar??] of Mac is somebody that certainly should be worthy of envy.

The work is [materialização??] of the love. If you are not capable of working with love, but only with aversion., it is better to abandon the work, to sit down in the portal of the temple and accept alms of those that work with happiness.

TWELVE

This late, when wandering from the apartment, feeling the atmosphere of the autumn, my thoughts were on the Master. I began to think of the values and the point of view that somebody, like me, can suffer such important transformations after a life beside somebody of spirituality so elevated as Lobsang Rampa. While digressing, [I embrei-me??] of the Master [encorajava??] in the works of compilation of my three books previous. He could have said: “Why do you want to write? Don't you think one writer in the family is already enough”? But no, he would never have said something like that because, to the opposite, he believed in the encouragement offer to all those that showed the slightest sign of artistic or intellectual inclination.

The same when he thought it would be good that he was here to give me one or two ideas, a suggestion perhaps, for a possible subject to be approached later on in this book, a powerful image appeared before me.

You interpret it as not being missed to account to our readers a little more on the person that has been, for us, such a great help in these last two years. “You know, Ra'ab”, these are the words that I heard in my mind, “you know a lot albeit without Weetabix you would not have been capable of working with the whole correspondence and still write another book. Why not account to the readers a little more about her? They would appreciate it”.

Well, where to begin?

Perhaps they would like to know a little of her vision of her life, your fence in cattles, the things that she appreciates and where she is walking. Only today, during a chat, I asked Miss Wheat which problems, contained in letters we received from the readers, that she considered of larger importance. For being her who [dactilografia??] them answer, has the opportunity to study the subject, being like this highly describes as to do a judgement. — Well — she said here without hesitation — “that question is very easy to be answered. Without the smallest doubts it is the solitude that worries me most about the people. It is mandatory to agree that that is a situation difficult of being faced — not to be alone, but to feel the sensation of a more complete solitude.

This subject was already approached previously by me, in particular in the end of “*The Feline Mind*”, because I am one of the ones that so much suffering comes because of that.

The experience of Miss Wheat has been showing that the solitude appears perhaps in “pieces” when the physical conditions of somebody is shaky, and it is just necessary to let pass the indisposition, what soon will happen. When she thinks it is necessary, she goes for a walk, if possible unto the river where the trees are leafier.

She considers, this form of a more beneficial [lazer??] than any other exercise. I have rarely found people that are so susceptible to the bad mood

of others. In fact she is so sensitive that she feels the need to enjoy periods of solitude to renew her energy. These are those excellent qualities making it so valuable to the present situation, one of collaborating in the continuity of the Master's work.

A small fact that I would like to narrate exists, but I don't want to cause any [constrangimento??]. See, Weetabix is a modest person believing not that she is a lot of importance. Certain time observed:

— Instead of writing about me, my time could be better taken advantage of if I wrote on the cats and its activities.

Oh, well—I answered—there is a place for everybody, including the cats. Right late of last year, in the beginning of our association, Miss Wheat told us about a trip that she had made to England in the previous year. We found it very interesting that she mentioned it had been her dream for a long time, almost to the point of obsession; it is there what she did or stopped doing, it was imperative that she visited England.

The period of six weeks had been distributed in permanence in a hotel in South London. The visit to everywhere was interesting; it had proven in newspapers of wrapped up fish, some days she had passed in Edinburgh and she had taken a small trip to the Netherlands. When she returned — she said, “I felt a sensation of true fullness, knowing that there was accomplished something very important, something ignoring reason.

“Ah”, said the Master, “You were making some interesting images while she spoke and perhaps we can help her to put the things in order.” We sat down to his circuit while he rescued [lembranças??] in the conscience of Miss Wheat, the ones which before had not passed vague ideas, I found of his thought. He was capable of telling us about a previous life in the south of England, in the beginning of this century, which finished prematurely because of the war. It was very fascinating to testify to the revelation of the history of the area where she had lived and the position that she had occupied, which implied her to be active in the community where it was capable to carry out countless good acts.

We talked a lot of times on the subject, and in each one of those times Weetabix had said it felt good to know that she had acted wisely when hearing about herself, in spite of those that would have tried to discourage her.

About herself she says, “this is my life and I can only answer to myself for my own attitudes.”

If somebody could imagine this it would be the best hour of finishing an incarnation that unhappily ended much too early and was lived to the service of others.

Miss Wheat thought our readers would perhaps be interested in reading this small history; so she gave me permission to register it. She becomes trained better than that more one needs to learn.

THIRTEEN

Here we are again, Sunday morning, one more week has passed; we are therefore, authorized a rest period, having worked the last six days. Miss Cleo and I had a gratifying night. Before we pick ourselves up we decided to do a visit to our Family now in the Earth of the Gold Light.

Following the instructions dictated by the Master, we repeated three times: “We will visit Taddy and those that are with her on the ‘Other Side’ ”.

To that we woke up with the thought gone back to the felines, and with such peaceful sensations and harmony, that we decided to use them as the subject in this chapter.

Thus, here we are, and they are not nor seven hours of the morning. You some time already envied the freedom of the cats? In spite of all the attempts if they evoke laws for those creatures' control, they stay free, being perhaps the only “domestic” animal that releases permission to live.

Definitively, a symbol of freedom — perhaps it is interesting to know that the Roman goddess of Freedom was represented holding a cup in one of her hands, a scepter in the other and with a cat laying at her feet.

No animal is so much an enemy of any type of subjection as the cat. Although it is known as totally independent, the cat can be very devoted to its human family, winning all the obstacles to be with it. [Dias??] behind, I became aware of news that a cat met its owner again, after 78 days lost far away from the city.

Perhaps I may be allowed to tell the history of the family: she had stopped having hopes of seeing Baby, after the cat to have moved away him of them running during a picnic to 30 [quilómetros??] of distance from the house in Calgary. The mother recounted that was the first time the cat had been out of the neighborhood and had never left the car when they went for a walk, so that she could not imagine that the cat would be capable of finding its way back. They had not had any sign of Baby when they made the suitcases to

return in August past, and they were concerned to leave like this with it lost in that deserted place.

The following day, they went back to seek again, but the cat was not found any place. But in the days that proceeded, after 78 days of disappearance, he was located, outside of the house. The mother saw him in the gate and she screamed, “Baby, Baby”, and he came running. She recounted that the first thing he did was jump for his favorite chair, do a circle and later jump again in search of his plate of food. He had been surviving that whole time of [camundongos??] diffused in the brushwood ~ the mother said. But she found the way back?

Cats possess a radar sense out of the common. I consider very gratifying histories like the one that recounted above, but another side of the life that is more difficult to face exists.

The master always said that we should not ignore the sadness, and he referred to the animals that, having placed their confidence in the human beings, are frequently cruelly battered. “If we blinded ourselves to the reality, we will be steeling ourselves against assuming our responsibilities”, he told me. “If we stay distant to the suffering of the world, we cannot be made to respect it”

It became public, weeks behind, that in certain people's opinion were done many unnecessary researches with animals in the laboratory belonging to a certain infantile hospital; he decided, then, to do some thing to respect it. Some people got to free some of the animals, and these were taken to a veterinarian where they were examined and properly tested. In one case in particular, involving a cat, there was great indignation on the part of public opinion, which was translated in letters to the newspapers, one of which was sent by me, because I rioted with the case. There was a picture of a specialist at the Pet Hospital holding up an animal showing its ears had been cut off.

For What reason, one could wonder!

The supplied explanation said that the ears of cats are very similar to the ones of human beings. There were experiments that took place to discover an easier method for injecting liquids with a syringe.

In the same week we were winning with new information, of this coming time of United States. Scientists told the dramatic results of the tests with a hormone applied in cats that eventually could be used to prevent the paralysis and death in human beings that suffered lesions in the spinal medulla. Is it difficult to believe, it is not?

According to the report, the searching [ministraram??] great doses of that hormone in six cats, whose spines had been squashed by a great weight, after the animals had been anesthetized; they discovered that the cure was significantly accelerated. Six other cats that were left without treatment died or they passed away on the floor with extreme difficulty.

Do you believe that so much cruelty is necessary?

I think that type of experiment is unjustifiable, but that is what they are doing in Boston. Why are voluntary criminals not used for tests of that type?

Something exists more than I would like to mention before finishing this chapter, something that has been included in a previous book. It is the retreat of the claws of a cat. Every year many people have been asking our opinion, if we respect it, and we always answered that that was a barbaric practice. Judging by the books and good writings of veterinarians, the general opinion is that causes not only physical but also psychological damage.

A cat becomes incapable to defend, or of having the pleasure of use the scratching post. In our opinion (the Master's and mine), if you really love a feline entity, it would never go adopting an attitude like that. With some affection and patience on its part, the cat won't cause damage to the furniture, if you provide a substitute such as a tree until the roof or a post to scratch covered with a cheaper carpet. It is strange as the creatures lacking spine they possess the hardest peels.

[CATORZE??]

Therefore after finishing the Last chapter, I received a letter from one of my regular correspondants that happens to be also my Only "one to regulate" of Wales. When he reads or he hears something entertaining, that he considers can be of some interest, he sends it to me. When receiving this here, [acOei??] I could not help but share it with you, the matter lies in it being about cats and of furniture.

A Mr. Gray mentions the following observation, done by a lady that lives in England. "To discourage my kitten from sharpening its claws on the furniture, I entered into a store of goods for animals and I asked the scraper for patented [gatos'??] that I seen in the shop window. A customer of age that was to my surprised side [o1oou-me??]. 'You without a doubt spoil its [gato'??] a lot', she pondered him.

"When mine is exasperated, I make it to pull up to itself [mesmo']". There were many months that Mr. Gray was writing us, and the Master appreciated his letters a lot. Letters that I continue finding [encorajados??] and descriptive [encantadoramente??].

Exactly now, in the autumn, when he misses the forests and the peacefulness of the field there arrives a letter to me from that gentleman and I feel it would be wonderful to be transported by the force of thought to the beautiful Welsh scenery. He tells me the feeling would be pleasant if we went neighboring, because we could go for A walk and enjoy the fields in the company of one another. The descriptive talent of Mr. Gray is so vivid that it makes us feel as that involved by everybody you be they of the nature,

where the birds and the trees possess a private language. We have very much in common with that gentleman -- Mr. Gray lives a calm life and he dedicates a great part of his time in the months of winter to reading. But it is his capacity to paint images with charming words that I particularly appreciate, as well as this -- “All the stations enchant me -- the spring with its new one to wake up, the indolent, long and hot days of the summer, the kaleidoscope of colors of the autumn, and the nakedness and the immobility of the winter that makes all the other stations seem so attractive. Yes, I am very happy”.

There was a [cãozinho??] in the [lar??] of Gray and a charming mother; both already left this life. Now a feline entity took the responsibility of the [lar??] and they told me that [Darkie??] takes its task very seriously, tends in filled few months the atmosphere with a shine [fulgurante?]. It is extremely pleasant to hear histories on cats, as in the case of the cat of the ready neighborhood that came to light about receiving the aid of another cat that made “massages” and assumed midwife's duties.

Correspondences as the one of Mr. Gray provide a type of oasis for the soul, a spiritual experience, a food that is absent in many replete letters of questions and with frequent requests of useless information. I thought of the experiences of Mr. Gray when I heard, one or two days behind, of an observation done by a Canadian politician.

Mr. Angus MacLean, first-minister of Príncipe Eduardo's Island, a smaller county of Canada, his imminent retirement discussed, recounting for his audience the vespers of leaving the farm of the family, where he had grown up and where hopes of reviving some of his youth's most pleasant periods.

A very dear Mr. MacLean was presented by two of his advisers with a rocking chair and a shepherd [cajado?]. Everybody agreed that nobody could have found two presents more adapted for a gentleman than, after his 30 years of public life, in which he had always demonstrated good sense and intelligence, facing with objectivity, the fact he was about to return to the field. In his acceptance speech, Mr. MacLean rendered a beautiful tribute to nature when saying, “When you live close to the earth, and sell the things you grow, you settle down and communication with the Creator”. At 67 years of age, he should know.

You know that, when writing on something, my thought hurries in direction to the subjects [correlatos?], and something that turns up on Scotland, and the Scottish people is not expected.

A name such as the one of Angus MacLean brings me to [lembrança??] places and moments of the past, when my [lar??] in England kept border with Scotland, and actually the county formerly was part of the Scottish territory. People's memories of Robbie Burns and Harry Lauder floated about and their vibrant music filled the air.

“The scarps of Maxwellton are pretty to see when the first dew drops. It was there that Annie Laurie took me to turn its promise reality”. And the eternal “Before a relationship of the times of formerly it was forgotten and never more it came back to thought”, that soon would be in the lips of everybody when approaching the end of the year. Oh that it doesn't lack for here they are [Mc's] and [Mac's]; we maintain contact with several of them. First Mac that possessed those cats — Mac is just the first part of the name, because we don't want to identify him totally for the case that excessive publicity appears, which, I am sure, it can become a nightmare for the beneficiary.

Then a gentleman called Cameron Mack exists who helped us enough in the elapsing of last year, and that didn't make any objection that his name was mentioned here; actually he appreciated it a lot. Related with the laws, perhaps the aspect promotional carted it some business.

In third [,lugar??], Miss Wheat thought perhaps it was interesting to mention the nine year-old boy that is an enthusiastic follower of the [ensinamentos??] of Dr. Rampa's — his name, Ian McAndrew.

That that provides that a person's final form is the child that formerly she was.

—Robertson Davies

FIFTEEN

The first pages of this book contain some lines on President Sadat; now, as we approach ourselves of the end, I would still like to do some more comments on him, mentioning some of his own observations, at least.

Mr. Sadat commented that his last period in prison was a gratifying experience, and the last six months of jail constituted the happiest period of his life, because he started to know himself and it dominated the situation. He believed he had grown in man's immortality — and he said, “The body can perish, but the soul remains living”.

The new President of Egypt observes: “Anwar Sadat knew what he wanted, and he knew where he went. For this reason I supported him.”

Knowing that the Master held Sadat in high consideration, sympathizing with him for his fight in [prol??] of the peace in the earth and, in general, admiring him for the frank and loyal person that he was, I think it appropriate to include it in this tribute.

I want to do another reference — constituted in special gratefulness to a German lady that told us that her acquaintance had asked the Dalai Lama about the Master, and the Dalai Lama had answered, “Lobsang Rampa renders us a great service”.

A valuable tribute, and it is not definitively a [superestimação??]. There still remains two gratefulness’ — I will mention the lady first. Mrs. Booth, of England, that, in spite of her personal problems, was well happened in the task of compiling an index of Lobsang Rampa's works, something that a lot of people frequently requested. Last, I would like to thank the authors of the citations that I used, especially those of Kahlil Gibran whose contributions don't take signature.