Moscow, Idaho

## THIS IS GOOD-BYE

This is good-bye. So far as I know, you will not hear from me again. It's too expensive. I can't afford the postage necessary to ask you any more. Your path and mine have crossed on the sands of time. I tried to help you. I tried to make God real to you. I accepted you at face value, and I still believe you are good.

But as a result of our paths crossing, I have been the loser. I still am the loser. In trying to help you, I hurt myself. You would naturally think that one experience like this would have a tendency to cause me never to try to help anyone else, wouldn't you. But it will not have that effect. For, as long as I live, I shall continue to trust people. I shall continue to try to help them.

A certain percentage will do exactly as you have done. But not too great a percentage. For the vast majority of the human race are too smart to try to keep from a man like me what is rightfully his. They know that when a man is giving his all to help his fellowmen, it's pretty small to cause that man to iose, and to refuse to give that man what is rightfully his.

Now in parting may I wish you the very best of everything. I question very much if many good things will come to you. For, you will remember, the Law of God never forgets. You can forget this account, and you probably will. I can forget it, and I probably shall. But it will remain, hidden in the great archives of God as long as this world rolls around. I can't wipe it out. And the only way you can wipe it out is to settle it.

But whether you do or not, I wish you peace. I wish you joy. I wish you happiness. I do not believe these things CAN EVER come to you for the reasons stated before. But I hope I am wrong. For I don't wish for you anything other than complete happiness, and a complete knowledge of the Power of God. As you go your way, and I go mine, may the Spirit of the Infinite God go with you. If you ever feel that you want to square this account, the amount is $\$$.

Cordially yours,


