

**THE WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
LETTERS, BOOK ONE:
CONTAINING THE FIRST NINETEEN
LETTERS CALLED THE MYSTIC
ROAD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649734238

The Will Levington Comfort Letters, Book One: Containing the First Nineteen Letters Called the Mystic Road by Will Levington Comfort

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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THE MYSTIC ROAD**

The
Will Levington Comfort
Letters

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BOOK ONE

Containing the first
Nineteen Letters

called

The Mystic
Road

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

4993 PASADENA AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

TO THE
ADMINISTRATIVE

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by Will Livingston Comfort

**TO THE
COMRADES**

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

FIRST LETTER*

1

FOR a long time I have wanted to be in closer touch with a number of people who really belong to me and I to them.

In the last three or four years I have written ten thousand typewritten pages of letters (about twenty big novels), and the wonder of letters has continually grown because I have written to those whom I love; the people who set me free. By the word *love* here, I do not mean the sentiment, or mere human emotion. I mean one of the drives of Being. We all have our own people. They set us free. The larger we are, the bigger the tribe.

Many times as I would write to some of the boys or girls connected with the Stonestudy work on Lake Erie, I found myself wishing that others of the group, or all of the group, could get the same message. Frequently I had two or three carbon copies of a certain letter made, though always at the time there were others whom I wished could get the same thing. When I considered increasing the number of copies, my eye would frequently turn to a little address book which contained some of the names of those who had written in about the Comfort novels and essays during the last ten years.

Again and again in such letters, from those whom the world would call strangers, I found something of an identical vibration; as if my work in American letters was merely a call or summons to which a particular

*This has been called the Opening Letter.

group of people answered. Many times I have thought that we are gathered together in this place, the same as the stars are grouped in the heavens; that one sun is related to all the others, but related more intimately to the suns of its particular constellation. To the large lump of humankind my particular call was as unheard, as if it were above or below the human register. It is so now, although I have learned through the years to fill a story or novel form for the American market at large. The idea of starting a paper or magazine was out of the question, but the Letter idea haunted me until the conception came through in its present form.

To follow the bent of my nature, it has been necessary more and more up the years, to become a circulating and unifying principle in the midst of others. I carry papers among you. What one can do for another, is the best way to serve himself. What one can do for another is so important to his own peace and growth that it would be a shame to take it, if he did it just for that.

We should belong to one another better in the Long Road sense, in the sense of the real meaning of the word Comrade. The plan is to send you a letter every little while. There is but one theme. The word Regeneration tells it as well as any single word can.

These Letters are to be adventures in the "Soul's slow disentanglement"—a running narrative of events on the Journey Home. . . . I write as I go. In the books of the last ten years, to put it bluntly, I have made intense studies of my own spiritual progress. Many times I have been far astray; many things that formerly were important are not so now; many taints and false

teachings are here and there through my written word; and yet, because I was always trying to do the same thing, there is a continuity of development running straight through all the books and stories. Many people still find something they need in the earlier work, where they would fail to get light from the Letters I am to do for you. Of course the real Comfort stories and messages are still to come forth.

The development of the spiritual nature; the rendering of the natural to it; the mysticism which masters materials first; the life that lifts constantly toward the mystical, yet inclines to man's present predicament; studies in meditation; paragraphs from the Road; the deep and holy intimations from the fragmentary life here in the world; better ways of being for men and women; and, as much as anything else, the meaning of men and women together—these are affairs for my writing to you. For it is all Romance, a love-story all the way. The best love of man and woman here so far is just a beginning; at best, a hint of what Love means in the harmonic condition. All is meeting and separation in our present state—a painful play back and forth between integration and diffusion—but some of us are called to remember, even here, the big Love story of the Universe, and to hasten up out of the Gulf, calling to others as we run.

All that you have done and all that I have done is preparation. These are *Days*. If we were suddenly dropped from the lightness of the summer of '14 into the present density which most of us have learned to tolerate and work through, the shock would slay. These are days for us to come into the rulership of our