

*For Christmas 1949  
and the New Year 1950*



Tecnológico  
de Monterrey

*from*

*Joan & Charles Beatty*

*With all Good Wishes and the  
invocation of Happy Memories.*

*I (i) Albany,  
Piccadilly,  
London, W.1.*

"Our universe is no passing thing. Creation was once, is always. The miracle of creation, the unique event of the calling into being of things describable, never repeats itself; but there are always places where it is only just a thing of the past. Once started, the system goes on forever. Each constituent has a temporal experience.....each observer lives in time but the universe as a whole has no time history. It is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. 'Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all its sons away.' Death and decay in our midst, for us; but for the world immortality. The totality of things created knows no terminus in time, no decay, no asymptotic strangulation of the surge of life. Always there is a future vista, and, since we need suppose no exact parallelism of the evolutionary trends on any two nebulae, there are unending opportunities for a variety of local experiences, each experience experienced once by each inhabitant, but the experiences themselves go on eternally. We need appeal to no cycles of rejuvenescence. The world ever sows at its frontier the seeds for its own future. Each individual nebula reaps the harvest of its own experiences and passes to the winter of decay. But ever anew the seasons recur. There at the confines of the visible universe, at the world's inaccessible edge, the music of the spheres is the song of a new dawn, the dawn of the world's perpetual birthday."

*E. A. Milne : Relativity,  
Gravitation and World Structure. (p. 138)  
The Clarendon Press, Oxford.*

The oldest home is only an Inn, and the best body but a Garment; yet every heartbeat has its own eternity.

Leaves are renewed by seasons and tortoises by centuries, yet the life endures and only its appearance changes.

Time marks the way of a ship through water, but the way of mind through matter is not so simple. We sail in other spaces, other times.

People and places die only within our states of mind; and though negation surrounds us like the night, the truth is in all space and in all matter: there is no darkness at all.

By that light, shared in freedom, any Inn can become home and any Body good to live in.

For it is only one of the qualities of light which enters by the eye.

*C. B.  
Trelydan.*