







to others not in our  
living world.

On earth gem. have  
transistor radios and  
~~my~~ favourite ones used  
to be those with a  
tuning knob that moved  
an indicator along a  
marked dial.

When I am tuning  
in my world is akin to  
one of the radio stations  
at a given frequency.

But when you turn the  
dial on the radio,  
sometimes only a little







session, your mind has  
been filling with all  
the memories of your  
past.

I heard about the work  
you were doing and  
wanted to be part of  
it for the occasion.

I do keep an eye  
on some of my old  
students, but from  
your group, only one  
or two have stayed  
with the work. I always  
knew you would.



