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On the plane  
Two letters first tell a  
story of CONCORDIX  
introductory matter!

Dear Clyde =

You just obliterated my Sunday. Here was a day I had set aside to complete my store-visit reports, get ahead with articles, and write some letters. None of these tasks are done. The BOOKS arrived a few days ago, catching up with me in New York. I made the mistake of opening the package.

Following your suggestions I settled in a comfortable chair and read (and re-read) the first 50 pages of the Concordix, then got into many of the succeeding pages, back and forth, savoring what the URANTA BOOK promises. Absolute intoxication. I haven't had anything so absorbing in a long time. If the Concordix is a taste of URANTA BOOK I'm hooked.

What a gigantic job you've done. How many hours and years of devotion? You must have been inspired by some unseen force to carry on such a superhuman assignment and do it so thoroughly.

I envy you. I envy the fullness of knowledge you must have acquired. I'm grateful you decided to include me into your sphere of thought. I don't know what the Uranta Book will do to me but I am open minded and hopeful. Hopeful that at last I will get answers to my lifelong questions. Hopeful that this will indeed reveal the truth. If this happens to me I will be much in debt to you.

I have one regret—the Uranta Book is not in paper back (10 volumes?). I'm lining up a special briefcase so I can take it on my never-ending rounds.

Again thanks and regards. You'll hear from me - Sek