



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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**Letter from Geo[rge] Hansen to [John Muir], 1903 Oct 9.**

George Hansen

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ADVISORY ARCHITECT TO PARK COMMISSIONS,  
MUNICIPALITIES AND CEMETERY ASSOCIATIONS.

Oct., 9th., 1903.

Dear friend of our home,

The first rain of the season. We know it is coming, but we impatiently wait for it, and we stream out in the open to drink the air laden with blessing, rich in fragrance. I too, I "streamed" out with my "private carriage" of a wheeling chair, and I recalled in mind all the "tarweeds" that I could discern in the odor of the air. Their invigorating perfume come from over the Contra Costa hills, the region that you choose for your material. ~~roof~~. And ere the day wore away when the lights lit up in hundred stars, a belated messenger brought the materialized blessing of the first shower of this blessed season of growth and new harvests in our California. "From Martinez" he said when the all-governing, ever-busy mother told him that it surely was a mistake, - "Ah Roland knew better!" "Mama, it's for you, let me open it" -- True enough, it was for us, the harvest from a vineyard that blossoms for us when never pruned by us, that yields when never cultivated by these blessed receivers. "I want to open it first," insists the excited little man. But mother rules different, and father nods approval to make things harmonious. We share our supper, and, late as it is, the little man never was wider awake. He it is who has to take bunch after bunch, bunches such as the children of Israel brought forth to the multitude from their trap into Canaan. He loads them into the dishpan, and mother spreads them in the basement on cleanly boxes. "Mama, I lay 'em out for you, they are too heavy for you".

Blessed sleep came over me as I lay there the window wide open, listening to the patter of the big raindrops, enraptured with the music in the treetops. God closed my sentences when I was but half through with the Lord's prayer, and he accepted my petition and my thanksgiving and

thoughts for my friends and all friends when I woke up again in the night,  
and continued where I had left off " and forgive us our debts as we forgive  
our debtors " .

I write these lines and address them to your good wife . You are <sup>we</sup>  
" all of one mind " and I mean these lines for everyone in your house-  
hold, hoping that someday, one of you shall drop in and show his or her  
face in lovingkindness. But the ultimate destination for these lines shall  
be with you . You, man of plain garb and true heart, where are you ?  
The morning paper tells us of jailbreak and yellow war streaks, but not  
a line of what would tend to build up the Kingdom of God . Do you now  
walk under Cypress or Bamboo ? It is only gradually, gradually that I  
learn to love my brother as myself, and I almost tremble when I believe  
that I also will have to love the Mesquitos as I love my Linden tree.  
How can I ? Is the music of the tantam as sweet as the vibration of the  
harp ? Is the rattle of the leathery foliage as heavenly as the waving  
of the soft network of a maple ? a beech ? - And yet, God lives in  
all of them, and, I dare say, by the time I again read the chapters of  
the prophet who wrote on the Sequoias, I shall bow and hide my face,  
and ask for forgiveness of the " Great Spirit " . --- Travel, friend,  
walk and rest, be it under Magnolias, be it under Breadfruit trees. Then  
come home, your lungs laden as mine are now with the fragrance of the  
mistened earth, breath out your tales of field and forest, and be again  
one of us, one under your vine tree, one with your quail and cricket.  
By that time my crutches shall bloom. They have already cracked their  
dry lignum. And as you, some day, walk near this home, I can again stand  
on my feet, I can stretch out an arm, I can shake the right of my fel-  
low man . Believe it, as I know it, the Christ-within is filling the clean-  
sed pores and shall dwell forever in the redeemed tabernacle.

Blessings for you all from

Adew, Lita & Jerry Karsch