

# Editorial

by Jan Nicolaas Kind

Many moons ago, it must have been in the summer of 1968 while I still living in Amsterdam, that, for the first time in my life, I was told that such a thing as Theosophy exists. The man who was good enough to open that door for me was an elderly, well-known Jewish musician who miraculously had survived the horrors of World War II. I was fascinated to hear from him about the laws of cause and effects, karma, reincarnation, the visible and invisible worlds, tolerance and compassion, freedom of thought, and how music creates energies, influencing people's minds and their environment.

I remember it vividly how we took walks in a park in the capital of The Netherlands. When we would sit down on a bench, he always started to tell me

