Sunday Oct. 13th,1957

Dearest Nell, Dearest John,

To-day is Sunday and a thick blanket of fog spread over the valley.. I am grateful to the fogg because it made the docteur change his plans and go off to meet some theology friends of his but stay at home and this in tern enables me to sit down and write to you..I have been sending so many thoughts in your direction that you must have felt them.. but ever since A.S. arrived, the 23rd of August, we have been travelling, he has so many obligations to fullfill and they all involve getting around. I am glad I can help him with the car, it does make it a little easier for him. Unfortunately two weeks after he arrived, just when he began enjoying playing the organ again and felt safe in the saddle(after 2 years on Africa) he fell over a wet rock and broke the little finger of his right hand and had to be in plaster ever since. If he had not - inspite of the cast, the pain and the swelling, written about 50 kilo of letters, it might have healed by now, but he was so miserable to dictate(something he had never done in his life before) that he decided he would write anyway.. so he still has to stay in plaster for another two weeks and then we will see whether he will be able to play again.. not once have I heard him complain about not being able to play the organ - and when he broke his finger and was also quite cut open on his forehead and face, the first thing he said, was : Don't be afraid .. I fell...but even at that moment he thought of the other one first.. do not be afraid...

Nell, if it is possible that each beautiful moment has one which surpasses it, then I am the priviledged to experience that.. I don't deserve it, but

to be able to listen to his crystal clear mind, talking to scientists, scholars, musicians, students, people from everywhere, people we pick up in the car from the fields going home, tramps, even tipsy ones, o, it is such a joy, to hear him, always talk with his heart, always understanding, always helping.. I wish I could retain every word...
What are your plans, are you coming to Europe, or have you been ? I don't think you would have come without telling me where you are though..I hope this letter reaches you and I hope that all is well and that you forgive my long silence.. I write about 40 to 50 letters daily for A.S. and the mail is like an avalanche.. these only the Englisch ones, now you must multiply with German French Ducth ect ect letters from all over the world. Today a yound American came, with wife and 3months old child, when he talked to A.S. he suddenly burst into tears.. he is the ~~answer~~ ANSVER, he said, he is the answer, my parents could never give it to me, neither my minister...
Nell do write me a line and let me know how John is and give him my dearest love and loads for you, you always are right inside of me when I am most grateful,

Love always,

Erica