

—the 20th

Mummy dearest,

It's four o'clock - & you're gone! Such a horrible, horrible empty feeling in my heart. It will lessen, I know, in time, but the longing never really departs. I feel like such a weak sister - physically, mentally & spiritually, & I have so many, many things to learn. I need your guidance, Posh, & your loving understanding, always.

You were so very keen to come out for Helen's debut, & it breaks my heart to have your visit end the way it did. I can never thank you enough for coming, & for being just as you are, Posh.

This word was in tears when she told me of your departure, & said that though she'd known you only a week, she felt as if you were a friend already.

Bill has taken Christy for a walk, & she asked for nothing but Dorsey to his cup of tea & even since waking from his nap.

I can't write what I feel, Posh - but I think you know, & will understand. I do love you so very, very dearly - & nothing can ever sever & change it.

Winnie

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