

31-8-61

Dear Nell,

I am sitting in the garden working on the dictionary. The day is lovely, but for some reason I feel weary. Shall this work never take an end? I should be so happy to have it finished — to read, to listen to the birds, to music as we did together. What is the use of what we are doing putting our heart in it? — in the crazy world in which we live?

In the meantime a caterpillar pursues his way on my table, patiently, as do the slugs: "without haste and without rest". Both of them do not ask why. They simply live their life, as they feel it must be lived, and they simply die when their day has come.

This reminds me what my son wrote in his diary under the title of "Confidence, at the age of fifteen years. With all the young men between 15 and 35 years he had to join — May 1940! — the military command at the frontier

A. S. H. CRAEYBECKX

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OUDE GOD (ANTWERPEN)

miss at any price - which was my case.

I understand quite well that, after all the misery you had to go through, your body must have been quite upset. But now this is all over, I am sure, you will soon be the old happy Nell again.

I wrote to Enschede and Martini, to ask them why they show no sign of life. May it awake them.

All I can propose you is to wait patiently and to enjoy your holiday as fully as you can. And as soon as you come back to see us, we will see together how I can assist you in bringing to birth your "Bare Feet". I will be only too happy to share with you this experience.

With best wishes to your John and to Dolores also in the name of Paula and Margaret

Semper vobis
Wernian

of Belgium and France. But soon the young men were ~~also~~ swallowed up by the tragic exodus of half of the Belgian population on their way to France, tracked down by the German Stukas, sowing death and destruction, killing without pity mothers and children.

I have tried to translate for you the page of Frank's diary in which he put down his impressions and in which - as you will see - the caterpillar plays his part. I should be glad if through my crippled English you would succeed to perceive something of his message.

I am extremely happy to hear your John has completely recovered. Does your announcement that he soon will fly to the States mean that we shall not see him before he leaves Europe? We would deeply regret it, all of us, also, I am sure, Margaret who is now on a holiday trip in Scotland till Sunday.

And how are you - as I hope - recovered from your "lumbago"? The best cure is to stay in bed or to have some good friend whose company you would not