

August 22, 1968

Beloved Nell,

Your letter goes right to my heart. How well I know your feelings. These are days when goodness in the world seems to vanquished by all that is the most loathesome - when good men die or are killed and calumniated. I feel more and more inclined to sink into the isolation of prayer as the one meaningful thing left. But of course I work on and on, hoping for the miracle, seeing that men sell out their souls and that we will have no true choice in the coming elections.

Dear Jacques has written twice this week, feeble little letters, but wanting me to know that he had nothing to do with the papal encyclical, Humanae Vitae and assuring me that he "thinks of it what I think of it" - that it is an enormously faulty document, and that its faults are cruel in their effects if not in their intent. Jacques would never have allowed the contradictions that abound. Jacques is very weak and weakening (the heart). I don't know if he can write to thank you for the book, but it will have been a gift of beauty that will mean much, much to him. You, beloved Nell, must be greatly loved by God: you have created only the greatest beauty. The artist is ultimately the greatest healer, greater than the healers themselves. The world is rushing to its lemming death. You must grieve, but you must also take solace in that deepest truth that you dedicated all your talents to turning it back. That will hold - the rest will go.

Write us. Our great love to you.

9

John



Window of abandoned church
near Venus, Texas 1968