

John Howard Griffin

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Dearest Nell,

A hasty note to tell you that we have thought about you much although I have been unable to write. I have been going too hard - working at Gethsemani, and then going to Davenport to give the commencement and receive another degree, and then to Notre Dame to lay out the Visual Maritain, and then on the way back, last Tuesday, I went into shock in the Chicago airport and had to beg them to bring me on on the plane. Arrived in Ft. Worth at 3:30 and was in surgery at 5:30 for them to open an abscess on my hip which had grown unbelievably fast and which had thrown the diabetes wildly off (blood sugar of 285 - should be 120 and I go into a coma at 280.) So, I have been put to bed and am slowly getting things back to normal and trying to explain to my doctor that there wasn't anything else I could do and that there was no way to see a doctor during that ~~xxxx~~ trip, etc.

All goes well enough now. I spend much of my days with Amanda, playing cards on the bed - "Authors" and I am forever charmed to hear her ask: "Do you have Louisa May Alcott?" or "Alfred Lord Tennyson" etc. She knows them all.

We do hope and pray all is well with you, Nell. Take it easy. Leave some of the burdens of the world for the world to solve.

Great love to you from all of us here,

John