

John Darling.

Sunday night - and still a cold
rain - and waiting, waiting -
waiting - Like the flowers - as if
for the sun to shine and Win's
child to be born. You would say -
"Three years from now it will make
no difference, these few extra days".
I say it too - and try to think so.

It helps to have so many and so
demanding immediate tasks that only
at night is there time to be on your hands.

I prove to myself how strong is Love -
for Christopher is so heavy that if
my heart were not stronger than my
back, I simply could not lift
him and care for him. You would be
jealous if you could see us together
devoting our days to such mutual
love-making and endearments - we
are completely charmed and delighted in each
other and I greedily take the sweetness he

2. pour out over us — making me believe
that life is much more simple than it
seems. Or is it only that it is more precious
because we know that it is not so simple?

In between This is your Telephone call —
how wonderful the human voice that reaches
out to reassure you and love you —

Gh. John darling how good it is to hear you.
I am needing you. I'm almost sure Win is in
labour tonight — but I was afraid to say
so to you — for fear it was another false
alarm. But she is in pain that looks
to me definitely like the beginning of labour —
Oh I will be so grateful when it is over —
she has been so miserable — well, here
where we have to be steady in the boat —
but your voice has helped —

I may have good news before.
I mail this — but anyhow for tonight
I have my job ahead of me.

Good night dearest — I
saw this in the reader's digest and it struck
me very personally — that seems to be my vacation too
and yours. Good night blessed. Keep well. H.

MR.
LLOYD GEORGE

when asked how he kept fit under
so many worries:

"WITH ME, a change of
vacation."