

John dear -

Words are worse than useless — they're dangerous. Even by telephone they can be deadly.

But there are indeopantable truths and These have healing for us both. These Ten years are proof. Words nearly weaken — not prove.

I find none to say. Nothing. There simply is nothing. I love you — you know it well. I love my children, you know it well. Neither takes from the other — but rather adds. Yet you doubt me. You say "Why not just say you would rather stay with the children?" John, dearest — What a spot it would put me in, if they said the same. There is nothing I can say that you

1. cannot unsay. But there is nothing can
undo my Love. That can be hurt, misunder-
stood, doubted and twisted — But
it is the only Truth. It silences everything,
even pain — because it heals the heart.

We perhaps all have a
dual realm — and like the artist
we must keep our eyes fixed on the
True image. Otherwise things swim
before the eyes.

Your voice to-night sounded
strange and cold — like a
lawyer's. But I have heard it
pleading like a Plover — I have
heard it soft and kind and full
of Love. This will come again. Because
we loved — it happened — Because
we love — it will happen again.

Ever. D.