

# MEASE HOSPITAL

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DUNEDIN, FLORIDA

Monday noon.

John my blarest.

What a glorious day in man's history is this. I wanted to fly to your side - so that we might touch each other, heart and hand - when those honeyed words were spoken - Oh John, blarest. How can one small woman hold the relief and joy these words hold in store for all mankind - were we words spoken which released so much of man's fear & wisery. Oh God be thanked. God be praised - that is a God and never again can we doubt it!

A man in the next room was screaming so loudly - and we didn't dare to turn the radio very loud. so I all but put my head inside the radio as as not to miss a word. I wanted to run in and tell the man in the next room - that this joy of the whole civilized world could pierce through his pain and lift him on to wings. I wanted to go into every room - how can one just sit still after such a moment - or think of lesser things. I heard the wording of the report - no great threat to Germany - nothing Gorbachev can use to frighten his

people - nothing he would dare to broadcast as it was given -  
but some way or another the Germans - the Dutch, French, Czechs, Norwegians  
Poles, Belgians - all will say these words - and their calm  
truth will speak even louder than the words. I am so fearful / Stupid -  
whether we could hope for a true alliance - you know I have always  
said the press and the antagonism of people ~~has~~ has done great harm  
but how better to win confidence than to lay all aside - close all doors  
and merge into one - each one sacrificing his fears, his prejudices set  
for the common cause. Oh how words tumble out of my heart - too fast - too  
incoherent for writing. Living words - words of faith in mankind - in  
right - and in God. Oh John or John - would that you were here beside  
me. No one here is aware enough to satisfy me. I want everyone to join  
in singing Praise God from whom all blessings flow - from room to  
room - the nurses and doctors, the mother with the new baby in number 7 -  
the old woman dying with cancer in number 12 - The man mourning in his  
ether dreams next to mother's room - and mother with her good eyes, wet  
with tears of joy - Oh my John - I am crying with both my eyes and I want  
you and Bet and our own friends more than ever before. I don't know what I am.

Your letter to-day, and one from Bet - I love the news of the new road. Something must  
be wrong with the mails - or my handwriting for I have written every day but the day I went to  
Petersburg. But these words to-day - this letter is not written - it is coming - God bless you my