

P.S.- I'd like to get several copies of A Passion Play. How much do they cost?

**FRANK K. KELLY**

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34 E. Padre Street  
Santa Barbara, Calif.  
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The Hon. Covington Hardee  
Chairman of the Board  
The Lincoln Savings Bank

Dear Guz:

Barbara and I are still glowing with the joy of seeing you, the lovely Diana, and Ben Fox. We wished you could have stayed longer; there were many more things we wanted to talk about. Diana is a fine person, and we know that the two of you will be very happy. We also treasure the beautiful book you brought us, with the fine pictures of Joan and yourself and other members of your delightful family. You are blessed by the Lord in many ways, and you respond to His grace; that is why your life is so full and you are overflowing with love for others.

I was deeply moved by Catherine de Vinck's Passion Play. Thank you for sending it to us. Barbara hasn't had a chance to read it yet, but I am sure she will do so soon. Frankly, I put off my reading of it because I always weep when I read the story of what happened to Jesus in the midst of people who did not know what they were doing, who were blind and cruel and rejected His love. I weep first with sorrow for Him and for the whole human race, and then I weep with joy when He rises from the darkness of death, when His light streams through the world in a torrent that can never be stopped.

Several times recently, at eucharists in the little Chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity here, with Barbara and the Episcopal sisters and all the Anglican Catholics of Santa Barbara who are now my friends and members of my family, I have been overwhelmed by the presence of His light, a light that pours over me with silent thunder like the waves of a great bright cascade rolling all darkness away. And I have been struck by a blaze of His light while at communion in the Old Mission, among the Roman Catholics to whom I also belong.

The ending of Catherine de Vinck's Passion Play brought tears of joy to my eyes. The words she puts in the mouth of a woman are words any of us might speak: "Lord, we need you, here, now. We need your power. The world is still a strange place. Fear nests in our hearts and there is shadow in the tree and shadow in the house and shadow dragging at our heels. . ." And then Jesus speaks: "I breathe my spirit upon you:  
he will make light, make fire  
with your dry wood. You will speak  
a new tongue, you will spill  
a new scent over the world. . ."

Thank you, Guz, thank you for that book filled with the Holy Spirit  
I thank you for being the wonderful person you are.

Love from Barbara and all the Kellys, as ever --

Frank