

22,

as from: House of the Resurrection,
MIRFIELD. YORKS.

June 18. 1956.

My dearest Alan,

First of all - thank you so very much for your more than generous review of my book in America. I am so truly grateful for this as indeed I am for so many other things. Secondly - thank you tremendously for inviting David, Stephen + co. to your home twice. Two of them have already written to say how greatly they enjoyed and appreciated their afternoon. I do hope they were not too 'gauche' + shy, as indeed they can be! I had a very pathetic letter from Stephen a day or two ago saying how hard he was finding his studies, because his memory is so bad as a result of the shock-treatment. I wrote immediately to encourage him, + also to the Principal: urging him (or her) to encourage Stephen also. And that is all I can do, except pray. And that is all I can do about a thousand things + people in South Africa, including you + Donie. And that is all I can ^{do} about A.H. that I really love + care for most in the world. There are times, honestly, when I feel myself very near to breaking-point. As you know, I never had any illusions about my return, and it is every bit as bad, and a bit worse. I simply don't belong here. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in England that I care about AT A.H., except C.R. and I have that in Africa anyhow. And what makes it worse is that every mail, every blessed meeting, every person almost - means talking or writing or thinking about South Africa. It really is a kind of Hell

because they're all out of reach. Oh! I know all about the spiritual realities + I know, by faith, that we are not really separated; and I know that in Holy Communion we are linked more closely than ever. Those are the ways I simply have to walk by. But, remember, all these things are equally true of the faithful departed. And I believe them - utterly. Only it doesn't stop me longing, aching positively, for the physical presence, the voice + the touch + the whole person, whom I love. I suppose it will ease off one day. But will it? And do I really want it to?

Truly I can only understand this thing as something Penitential and Purgatorial. I've no doubt I richly deserve it in that sense. And, of course, I've got so much to thank God for that it is wicked to moan. But I just don't know how I'm going to stand it for months + years + perhaps always. I don't think I've got enough guts to do so. I'd sooner die.

Please forgive me! It's a kind of a compliment really - for there's no other South African I could, or would, write to like that. And please if you can find a moment, drop me a line. Even an obtrusive one would be better than nothing in this exile + this really bitter loneliness.

Much love to you, dear Alan,

+ many thanks,

+ best love to Donnie, David + Jonathan too -

Ivor C.R.

Are you Chairman of the liberals yet?

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