

Dec 6[7] [1916]

My beloved Dear

I am writing in bed in the evening before I go to sleep because I shant have much time tomorrow. I could have written down stairs in the drawingroom only I like to have ~~you~~ you to myself best when I write.

As you may imagine my mind is most full of that book of Oliver Lodge's that I am reading I am going to send it to you without waiting for you to say if you want it because now I am reading it you must. I do so want to know what you will think of it. I am now well into the part where Sir Oliver & Lady Lodge & others are communicating with their son & other people are communicating with theirs. Of course Lodge would want tests but the boy Raymond from 'the other side' as they call it seems to want them even more, he so far initiates them. They seem to me quite conclusive that something supernatural happens, because the medium could not possibly know the things alluded to. I am sure you will feel as I do

when reading the book that at any rate  
Lodge is trying to find the truth. He  
already believes firmly that we have a  
future life & has made psychic experiments  
and Raymond says that is what enables  
him to communicate or at any rate that  
preparation helps him enormously.

Don't mind me writing so much about this  
book. it is not an ordinary book but  
one that might if we came to believe in  
it effect our spiritual lives very much.  
There is one woman a Mrs Kennedy who  
arranges for a great many of these  
seances (I can't spell that word a bit) what has  
done spirit writing for years at first as I  
can make out she suddenly feels as though  
she must write & impelled by some  
apparently outside force she writes the  
messages. Some times when she is writing  
she just seems to lose personal control  
of the pen & writes what she believes to  
be messages from her son & others.

To me that seems more understand available

that table turning

I think I must go to sleep now and finish tomorrow morning.

Good night dear. Yes I do like one last look at your photograph

I shall now imagine you before I go to sleep. I know just how you feel to lie beside, your strong chest & thick hair & beautiful legs; and your eyes that are so nice to kiss. Then the best place of all you kiss My darling.

Good morning I've woken up. I am writing in bed because its warmer and more comfortable than being up at this time of year. I think I shall take to it regularly for a bit.

I designed another cup yesterday. I am not so thrilled by it as I was by the last when I designed it but that may be partly my mood at the time. Aunt Theodora came here to tea after a meeting and before doing woman patrol work yesterday. That must a

hateful job, they patrol the streets in twos  
to try to see that young women behave  
themselves.

You remember the Riggs who were here when  
were engaged, dark girl & clergyman husband  
Aunt Theodora told me that their second  
baby which I believe is a girl has a  
lump on its head & I think the fear  
very much it with be feeble minded  
or insane. Her three brothers are  
all not normal & one who is now  
dead was hopeless & had to be in  
a home. It comes through her father  
who was quite abnormally slow &  
feeble as a child but grew up pretty  
all right. You would think that in  
that case they would not marry and  
embark on having children. In the  
first marriage they may not have  
realised that the feebleness would  
be inherited by Margaret and  
and must surely have realised that  
in her case it was possible,

It must be too awful to have a abnormally stupid child. I should even hate to have a child like Helen.

I wish Clave could understand about you I dont like her being unconscious of your existance, otherwise I am not in any hurry for her to grow older she is so entirely lovely as she is

After breakfast. I have had a letter from you I shall have to answer it ~~this morning~~ tomorrow. I am wroay Bell is leaving you I hope you will get some one very nice in his place. I wish you were coming back for a course too.

I am very glad your report has been approved of. And I am wroay you couldnt manage the outlet on them it must have been a real tragedy.

Your letter made me laugh.

I must stop or I shall be late

your very loving  
Belle.