

Dec 8 & 9

My dear Beloved

We went to that meeting of Mrs Brock's this afternoon. Mrs Pilcher & Miss Franklin both had colds and could not come. So there were only six of us Mrs E. Rendall, Mrs Darcy, Bill, Mrs Brock & us two.

Mrs Brock began by reading a lovely thing by St ^{Augustine} ~~Dunstan~~ + ~~think~~ on death & friendship. He had had a friend he had loved very much who had died and he had been most brokenhearted & felt as though he had poured out his love upon the sand and then he had gone to God. And he describes his happy life after that of friendship always with the love of God dominating.

The love of God does not dominate with either of us I think. I am just realising that is certainly does not with me.

Because if I could be assured that I could have you and all my other friends for ever, here & in a better future life that almost seems as though it

would sacrifice. Almost not quite I
would rather have God too.

Its so difficult to think & feel every
thing I find while I am occupied
with one thing I leave another out.

Do you find this? I suppose its partly
selfishness. Mildred says I am selfish
& hard to live with. I dont like
to tell you this but I must.

I go on thinking about you too much
perhaps and my fears for you, &
then I get cross & horrid.

I am going to try to be nicer but
I do want you so much that other
people fidget me and I wish they
werent there.

Oh I wish I were a nice person.

You dont mind me telling you all
this do you but I think it may
help me to be nicer so that I
may not have to tell you again.
I dont think our discussion on
friendship down there was very

good but I enjoyed it and so did
Brie & I think Mrs Darcy did too.
Mildred didn't. She said Mrs Rendal
seemed to her to take a dreadfully
superior attitude all the time,
I did not notice it but I was
not thinking about the other
people much except that Mrs Rendall
& Mrs Darcy held out rather &
would not be drawn into the talk
easily. Mrs Brack was perfect as
you would expect her to be.
We are going to meet again next
Thursday & if possible Brie is
coming here in the morning &
going with us & coming back
to spend the night here.

I have such a lot I want to
say to you and its getting late.
Do you think one ought always
to struggle against unhappiness &
depression. Somehow it seems to
me times not to. I mean that

unhappiness seems the natural and
right feeling for these awful times; &
when I ~~thought~~ thoroughly let myself
be unhappy I feel I am being the
true thing. But then on the
other hand I shall not be helping
other people to be happy, but I
shall be depressing them also.

Of course one might say that the
right thing is to be unhappy
deep down but to make the surface
cheerful. Perhaps that is what one
does when one is cheerful. I don't
know. I only know when I am
cheerful I am & it goes down
pretty far. I am not good at
pretending to be cheerful when I am
really miserable.

Dearest one I do love you so so much.
Good night I am not really unhappy
now, only very full of feelings.

Saturday morning.

I have been up to the Hall to stay and

find the books you want and I have
found the English and Italian Alice and
your grammar but I cannot find Il Grammatico
by Dostoevski but Mr Green is going to
ask Mr Green to keep an eye open for it.
I will also try & buy you a small dictionary
I have only very big ones here
I send you two more parcels yesterday of food
& stockings. Only one pair of stockings have
gone as yet. I sent mince meat plums
cristallised fruit and dates.

The chocolates are being so slow coming from
Burgards that I am afraid I shall not get
them off to you in time for Christmas but
they will taste just as nice afterwards.
It's such a lovely warm sunny day that it's
very nice to be out.

Olive Smalley & Rachel Dixon are coming for the
week end. One came up yesterday evening to
ask if they could come & the other this morning.
We don't know what time either are coming
so we shall not have to meet them.

Meeting people is a nuisance now the trains

are apt to be so unpunctual.

Poor Mil has the horriddest blistered toes, right underneath and they hurt her to walk rather. We can't think how they got there unless they are the result of chilblains. She has just been soaking them in boiling water (not really boiling you know but very hot) I hope it will make them better.

Mrs Green says that they are going home for Christmas and are going to refurnish their house in the hope of letting it like that. They did let it for three weeks furnished but that is all.

Your very loving
Ruth.