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Sunday Nov 16

[17]

My own dearest George

At last I am lit to write to you again

I do hope you have not been anxious over this foolish
second attack of illness. It was ever so much worse
than the first and to tell you the truth I was
anxious about myself on Tuesday I felt so
very ill. The doctor came yesterday & said I
had got on extraordinarily well & there was nothing
left the matter with my lung at all.
I expect I shall be kept in bed about a week and
the spend another week getting downstairs etc.

You might almost be home by then if you
get home as quickly as Mr P. Fletcher & Mr
Willet. Wouldn't it be lovely if you were.

I have imagined you coming back to afternoon
since I have been in bed it will be lovely.

Oh I'm very very glad any happy about peace
but one simply can't feel elated & very ill
at the same time. However the black days

of illness are over & I am very comfy & warm
and spending a very lazy day reading &
doing nothing by turns. Outside they say

Its very cold with an east wind.

I have had two very nice letters from you this morning telling of your visit to Geoffrey Kaynes & of your visit to Trafford. What you say about Trafford seems to me most awfully true.

I am longing to have you home and to have a glorious time with you.

Father can stand quite alone now & so can Bessie but she is best at it.

I am not seeing the children for fear of infection though I don't think there can be much now. Nurse says there is when I bring up fleas but I have perfectly stopped doing that now. I was told I might only write a short letter so I don't go onto another page. I'll write a longer one to morrow.

I wish I could tell you in beautiful language how much I love you. I know you know but I want to do it. We will have a happy time of peace & love at the Holt & we will try and make such a gentle loving atmosphere surround the children that they will naturally desire it in.

your very loving
Ruth