

Feb 16

Dearest

I had a letter from you yesterday evening from where you are with the French and you say you have about four days more with them so I suppose by now you are back with the 40th S.B and in the mud again. I'm sorry I wish you weren't. It will be interesting when I can hear all about it without any reservations, but as it is all you tell me of what you are and thinking is frightfully interesting. I think your literary note book is a good plan & I should think its certainly worth ~~you~~ while trying to keep it up though when the spring offensive comes you won't have time I expect. My dear I do hope it will be successful. Marjorie had a letter from Marjorie Waterhouse today and she says she

is very busy cleaning their hospital
and getting every thing ready for the
spring offensive. Oh if only it did not
mean all the killed and wounded that
it does. Why isn't the war over now
Dearest try not to feel that you are
writing to a blank expressionless me.
All you ever tell me interests me vividly
and I am always full of longing love
towards you.

Dearest you are so very precious to me, you
are so much of my life. You are all the
gayest brightest most vital part. I can't
be so alive without you. No one else
makes the same demand upon me that
can be asen to. And oh darling sometimes
I fear so. There are still anyway months
of hard fighting to go through. God
knows how ~~long~~ long. But then perhaps
he does not know.

I have finished Mr Britling. I am glad
Teddy came back. That part was awful
and I did not think he would.

Mr. Billings' conception of God I like. How can I express my feelings about all that. It's something like this I think. I have always accepted God as something that must be there, but the exact form that he should take has never much troubled me. That's because my religion never did trouble me much. I knew it was not really the same as the Church of England as I grew older but I didn't mind. That it was religion is what has mattered and still does matter. It is not shock to me to think of God as limited. I have often when praying said 'If you can't to God. I'll own I felt doubtful if it was exactly respectful. But then if God is a God he understands the heart and the form of words do not matter. I think now since this war, and really before only it was not brought home to us in the same way, at least

not to me because life was so gentle
to me, it is impossible to ~~now~~ conceive of
God as all powerful in the old way and
I am very glad that Wells has put
it in to us in this way that he
has. Has any one ever put it quite like
that before. There is no doubt in those
that since the war religion has become
even more difficult to the thoughtful
and much more absolutely necessary to
every one.

I began this letter in the winter garden
and then I had to stop to go
to the town and now I am finishing
in the nursery after lunch and
Clara is crawling round the floor.
She keeps coming to invite me to
play with her but I am gallantly
holding out. Writing letters to you
are the only things that make me
really firm. But I must teach her

that she cant always be paid
attention to. She has a very tiresome
fit ~~of~~ on now of crying if she
is left alone at all. I suppose
she will get over it again presently.
She is sleeping very well now which
is always a relief.

I bought you a tee in the town &
I will send it as soon as I know
where you are. I also delt with
you superfluous war saving certificates
I think I shall have to send them
out to you to sign soon because
I have not got a power of attorney
which we ought really to have arranged
as it would save trouble.

I do get most terribly hungry now
inspite of two biscuits in the
morning I was nearly starved because I
was a quarter of an hour late for
lunch. Its funny that's the one time

of day when I cant wait for my
food.

Violet is going to Guildford theatre
to night so I shall put Clara to bed
I am glad I am so much better. Only
sick once the whole of yesterday.
At this rate I dont mind having a
family.

your very loving
Ruth.

