

[After 1 Jul 1916] (59)
3rd, pretty clearly

My own dearest

You have written me a lovely letter today. Thank you ever so much for finding time to do it among all your work. I like very much what you say about Clara's religious education when we live together again we will discuss it all on the basis of that letter. It would be nice to do.

I love the prayers you made up for her most specially. Surely ~~it~~ ^{it} will mean more to her and make more difference than the Lord's prayer would to a young child.

Darling as you put religion for Clara in that letter, so we do already. We live religiously together. What you say makes good rather than ^{the} God of goodness into your religion. You say dearest to being the spirit or God of good as much to the force in your mind as you can and I shall think of God as the spirit

of good as simply as possible. Then I think our religions will be very much the same. Not that to be the same is exactly what I am aiming at. It would not be a very high motive. I want to want Truth. But that must be the truth that God is the spirit of good. When I pray I do not often ask that we may win this war but that the right may win. If the Germans are the right I think we should both be ready for them to win should it be.

If class is to be brought up as you suggest it seems to me that it matters desperately that we should make her home as perfect as possible. It would always matter, only when you have so little dogma, so little to take hold of if then your home and early surroundings when not good you might never get hold of good at all. We must try so hard never to say unkind things of people. I don't think we ever do say unkind things to one another, that would be the worst. Never to express meanness

sentiments, never to laugh from the touch of
or desire a person for the sake of getting
the better of them in the smallest way,
even in argument, never to laugh at good.

I wonder too very much how soon children
begin wondering about what will happen
after death. I myself I can remember I used
to wonder more about where I came from
than where I should go to. I always
thought when I was under eight that I
had lived before in some star. I don't
know how I came by the idea.

Dearest for the future we two will be no
more shy and will talk much more
about our religion to one another so that
it may become more part of our
combined lives. We will not mind a
bit that we have slight differences
of opinion on some matters will we
And I dare say in time we shall have. But
what ever differences we do have in any
thing let us never make the awful
and deadening mistake of shutting the
subject off and not talking about it
ever

I think perhaps that kills love and
real unity quicker than any thing.

My dearest I am most sorry you are
in a part of the line that does not
get on quickly, My guess is that
you are a bit North of Albest. Still
in less than a week we have taken
more than the Germans have all the
time they have been battling at
Verdun. I guess we shall squeeze them
back in time. Keep full of hope and
happiness.

I pray that you may have health and strength
and courage and patience and endurance to
do your work well, and love for those
you live with that you may be able
to help them. I dont think people
can help one another if they dont love.
And one of our biggest jobs here is to
foster our love and now let it wither
through jealousy or neglect
Yesterday Olive and I went to tea with
Aunt Agnes and Uncle Peter at Roke

Uncle Peter said, apropos of some thing I
cant remember, that he would like to
be engaged again to Aunt Agnes. She said
she would not like it. And then went on
in a way that is hard to disclose but I
expect you know, to say things that were
meant not to be true but half was.
At least that is how Olive and I both
felt. Oh just things like that she
constantly nearly broke off her engagement,
and would have done so only Aunt Rosa-
mond just had done so, and she thought
it would give them a bad name. Uncle
Peter said so beautifully that he never
could wish for a better wife. And some-
how she said nothing nice. He just
adores her, and I half feel she has
a little contempt for him I hope I am
not right. And he is far for the
best and most lovable. Boazs cant
count as much as every one loving you.
How any one can hurt a man so loyally
loving and kind and gentle ^{as} Uncle
Peter I cant think. Darling I hope this

does not sound like unkind criticism
It is not meant for it, only that is just
the sort of atmosphere we and baby must
not have. It must all be love & friend-
ship and understanding. I don't see
why we should not try & make life
perfect, Even though Mr Brock, in some
moods, would say it was blasphemous.
We, that is Marjorie + me & Clare are
going to tea with the Brocks this
afternoon. You notice I put myself
before Clare, you must keep a child in
its place you know.

Many kisses for you my dear dear dearest
George. How I love you and want you, but
your letters make a lot of difference
Your loving
Ruth.

