

My dearest Ruth, I am in doubt as to when you
start from Church Hill - Sometime on Tuesday I
imagine - but will the post arrive first? Anyway
I may as well write in the hope that you'll not be too early
for a letter. The thought of Wednesday simply fills me
with delight - Perhaps that old saying that sounds so
trivial contains some truth. At least, if I don't actually
love you more, dear Ruth, I know better how much I love
you, how much I want you to love & to be loved by and
to live with and to have as a dear companion - how
wholly I am yours - and what a great new joy it is
to feel like this. Oh my dear I shall have you in my arms
soon - I shall kiss you ever so truly & tenderly. How life
seems worth living for one moment when I think of it!
Do you like me to say these things? It does sound feeble, I
know; sometimes I fear that the words that come into
my mind are only a literary echo - that the shape my
thoughts take depends only on what I've read of others'
thoughts. It is easy to think oneself into a romantic or
heroic frame of mind - sometimes I distrust the reality
of all I feel - But no! It is real. You are you, the

only possible you that can matter to me & the only
Mission was that life could be good without you.

What will you ^{be} like when we meet? It's not easy to see
you exactly; I remember an atmosphere, an emanation
of you, a sort of essence of you & I long to see the real
shape that means you. The bodily form of you is the expression
of you by which I can know you & (therefore) love it
and want to have it near me and to touch it. Dear
Ruth how you have wound yourself into all my being
so that you seem the most loved part of it!

To-morrow & the day after to-morrow and then
It's short time before Wednesday.

Good Night Beloved!

Jr. Loving
George.

Sunday May 30

