

June 4, 1949

My Very Dear:-

Before I tell you anything else, I must tell you what happened last night. I had been at the library, where I can go but seldom now -- because of my own strength, and because of Will's not being well.

But last night when I came home I was walking in our very small, but blessed retreat, our back yard which always holds flowers, a bird and God, and I had such a sense of "being in touch with eternity." So that I found myself saying, "if this is death, how perfectly wonderful. One would never know where one wonder left off and another began." It was such an inflowing of peace and more than peace -- of perfect understanding, perfect certainty ---. I wondered whence this feeling came from and why -- And now I think it is entirely possible that it was the loveliness of your mother -- it was the sort of blessing her earthly presence could almost give -- but it was at the same time more.

In the days when I was writing poetry, some <sup>of</sup> times there would come an inflowing of spirit, or eternity, so that poetry would come from whence I knew not, and often I would not know what it would be -- but it was definitely beyond this world. And then I would learn that the door had opened and someone I knew had gone. . . <sup>is it that</sup> the gate opened wide enough, <sup>so</sup> that the light enfolds us too? Or is it that the spiritual growth of the individual rests like a blessing on those who are here? "life more abundantly."

All I know is that it happens. And when I walk in the garden again, your mother is there too.

I am so glad about the records too. And I have a set here, which I was keeping for the Library -- but goodness knows when that will come into being, in our "poverty stricken" district. It seems to me that it would be better when you come to let you taken them and keep them fresh and clear, to go on in your own family.

Of course it is terrible miss -- but you will come to know that it was a gain too. How her great love reached out beyond her self, and into the lives of others. So that I too felt she belonged to me. There never could be another person in all the world like her.

And what we do not know yet is whether the world is richer or poorer for losing its saints -- somehow I dare think that being saints -- we are richer.

They were so much out of the world when in it, and now they are so much in the world when it seems they have gone. If you doubt that, think what happened in India after Gandhi's death.

Oh, Hilda, my dear,

I could weep with you and I do -- but there was Last Night. When Christ returned -- was it not the Last Supper -- the blessing of the spirit -- the presence that the prison of the flesh keeps from us?

*My love - our love  
Always  
Katherine*