

Cambridge, Monday night.

Dear Margaret,

The fact that this letter must be only an excuse for a letter has troubled me all evening. I thought I should write you at least briefly, even if my words must be against the grain of my feelings, so to speak. I made an unsuccessful attempt to write you last night, and you must consider the reluctance against which I am writing now and not be disappointed if you find that I have nothing to say.

The truth is that there is much which I would say, but it is too far away outside of me or too deep within me. If I should try to reach for it with words, I would surely lose my equilibrium, and straining too far for the forbidden apple, I would fall out of the apple tree. In so far as is possible, I try to make my life consist of work and music, but there is much distraction. Except for the seminar papers I must write, - both of them are in very immature stages yet, - my work seems to be going well.

The examination next Saturday, for which I have been studying more or less unsystematically and very inefficiently since September first, seems very unimportant now. I hope I shall be admitted to Medical School, but it will be a kind of voluntary exile from many of the things I know best and love most. But truly, to separate oneself from what one loves most is the greatest expression of devotion. Because only that which one has lost can one love indeed.

Perhaps only because of this has God seemed to abandon his world, because he loved it so fervently. Perhaps he loved it so much that he found it hard to bear the division between himself and his creation, and he was tempted to become human again and walk among us, - Let us pray that he will not succumb to that temptation to become human, let us hope that he will not succumb to the burden of his great love. For if he were among us, we would not know him, we would despise him and sin against him, we would no longer be worthy of his love. But if he has ~~xx~~ turned his face from us, perhaps it is only because his great love could not bear the sight of a creation separate from him. Perhaps he has only turned away to weep.

Maybe this has grown into a letter after all, but now I must go to bed. Somewhere in the far distance, a freight train is faintly echoing. Otherwise everything is silent. My eyes are falling closed whenever I try to relax them, and tomorrow is a long day. Let me know when you are coming and if you like Alex or I can meet you. We may be in Boston together Friday afternoon (28th) for a concert ending at 4:30, and could meet you afterwards. I like the idea of your coming.

John