

Abnigdon, am 7. August

Liebster Kind

I decided to drive father to Abnigdon tonight to a medical meeting to which I myself did not go, and just as two years ago, I am sitting in the car at the railroad station waiting for night to fall and for the train that will take this letter to you. Having dispatched the letter and watched the train disappear in the night, I shall go to the drug store for a glass of milk, - ~~very~~ before I drive back to the hospital where I shall read until father comes and we drive back to Kounaroch.

Today was calmer, but I am sure that before long more trouble will come to a boil. I look forward to being able to work, and since I know that I will not see my parents again for some time, I do not feel too badly about ~~all~~ the many hours I spend now in thinking about and being nice to them. I have succeeded very poorly in my intended work, and I cannot make up for it.

I hope you will pardon my writing in English, but the fear of mis understanding outweighs the inadequacy of the words. I wait for you, but more patiently now than when you had just left and I feel complete and sufficient in

My love lines - if only I could do more work.
Even my plans have evaporated at this stage.
I hope you will do most of the packing for
me, because it would depress me all too
much having to pack with so little done.
I hope I shall not feel like this when I
must die. It would be very hard.

The car will be ready Saturday and I will
use it to meet you Monday night. Be good
to your parents and to Alex and take care of
yourself. In God's hands we have the best in the land.

Dear
John.