

I still think very often about the "dead end" and the incompatibility. I hope that you do too. I believe that it exists and is very real, but I also know that my love for you will be able to stand great pain. And I am not afraid., and I often tell myself, that no matter how discontented you will be with me, I will never be discontented with you. I only wish that I could make you happy, but I know that nothing I can do or be suffices. ... Just now Mutz was barking; he seems to think that some intruder is about. He has been very good and gentle to me these past few days. As soon as I talk to him, he is happy and wags his tail. When I was small, I would think that there was much virtue in unhappiness. Perhaps there is, more than in silliness or self-deceit. But there must be more virtue in overcoming unhappiness, because we cannot be unhappy when we love either God or man or ourselves ... or even Mutz, - and as the great salesman put it: the greatest of these is charity.

In Gedanken nehme ich Dich ganz fest in den Arm, und ich bete für Dich, dass Du gestärkt sein mögest ... I fear, though, that it will take an air-mail, special delivery prayer to do any good; the ordinary kind seems to remain unanswered. Gute Nacht, schlaf gut.

Dein

John