

7 Lymanville Tec.
Brude :
Cannwell:
Jan 27 - 1941.

My own Darly One

I wrote you yesterday - posted this morning. but I want to write you some more.

We decided to send Gillian to school this week, this being the early incubation period of any children who may have been infected Measles began Jan 24 - and Mumps Jan 23.

I therefore reckon more cases ^{of measles} may be looked for from ^{Wed. -} Jan 5th to ^{Wed. -} 12th -
If no cases after that I suppose the school will be out of danger for measles. This would be a danger period for those not already infected.

I therefore propose to keep Gillian at home for this period -
Shall I give a bigger margin - i.e. from Monday Jan 5th - till Jan 13th -
Thus missing 10 days instead of 7? Of course if they had another case during that time I wouldn't send her back.
All this is ignoring the mumps, to avoid the danger period of that I'd have to keep her away until Jan 20th. That would be another week. Shall I do this too as is mumps not so serious.

I gather the danger would be for Perna especially as she has had ear trouble. Next week I shall try and keep the children apart. Today we moved Perna's cot into Joan's room & Gillian's bed with me - as I should nurse her in my room if she got measles and try and keep the infection for the rest of the house.

Anyway I regard this week as not yet infectious - am I right?

I like Miss Woodruffe - have had many little talks with her about Gillian - she often came to the door when I fetched Gillian and as Gillian would go off & play with other children I was free to talk without her hearing - I found her both understanding of Gillian & myself - she seemed to have what one might call a sort of reverence for Gillian's personality - at any rate a sense of the value of it.

Yesterday I enquired of Miss Weir about her whereabouts. She had left Miss W. with another teacher (of eleven years in St. Catharines) to join a friend who had started a new school. This friend - a married woman - who cared nothing for her husband or for that matter for anything beyond dancing & horse riding - and was an atheist.

Miss Weir was terribly distressed and called Miss Woodruffe an "Atheist" - I suggested she probably meant "Agnostic" anyway she had put her name down as C. of E. Miss Weir said the atmosphere in the staff room ^{had been} ~~was~~ terrible religion scoffed & jeered at. etc. Poor Miss W. - she looked aghast & horrified & said she had had a terrible summer & autumn through it. I tried to comfort her saying that I rather regarded folk like Miss Woodruffe as "measurian Christians" - in fact those who when set on the Right Hand would say "but I never knew thee." This gave Miss Weir a rather doubtful comfort as she was feeling the hurt of Miss

Woodruffs & the other teachers disloyalty. I myself, I suppose also selfishly, felt most the loss to Gilman of Miss Woodruffe. who I'm quite certain has had only a good effect on Gilman.

When I could spare a moment for thought I did so - and tried to think clearly. Years ago I would have felt like Miss Weir - then came the reaction and I felt like Miss Woodruffe - where was I now? What did religion mean to me now? Note that I did not ask myself "what does Christ mean to me now?" I'll tell you why in a minute - at the time I was just feeling the Challenge to "organized & recognized religion" rather than to Christ himself - Well. that night I dreamed.

I was in one of the shattered churches - I wandered about and noted all the destruction. Particularly I noted an old tombstone which had had brasses in it. Now there was only one brass and part of that had gone and it was loose. I thought I'd like to take it in order to preserve it or it would only be lost. Then I realized that if I took it ~~it too~~ I too would be looting. Just then I realized that the place was full of worshippers and a service was just beginning. I looked round for a seat - there wasn't a single safe one - i.e. one that one could be sure would not let one down - yet I must find some sort of seat or place if I was to have the service at all. Then I realized that however much the outward shell was shattered - the spirit lived & was vigorous. I seemed to sleep long and dreamlessly after that.

I gather from that, that I rather lack an ordered form for my religion which I need (but must not depend on too much). The rest of the symbolism is pretty obvious.

I admit that in the new arrangement of the room I rather miss my little "side of desk shrine!" I must try and fix up something that I can put beside me when I have my evening quiet times.

This is not quite my answer to your call to me to take care of my soul. Nor is the Challenge of Jesus Christ Himself which is a far greater thing.

My soul was very sick at Christmas time - but I know from past experience that had I sought spiritual help from anyone in a position to give it they would have sent me to a doctor - Priests always send me to doctors - and when with doctors I always found myself harping on religious and theological problems. At last doctor Dodd said to me "Your religion is all right leave it alone for the present - it is your sex life that is wrong - get that right and you'll find your religion all right." I found this hard to accept for I felt that religion to be of any use at all must help me at such times of need.

The war has taken you from me - only partly, I know - we still have Carlöck - and letters are very precious - and all the spiritual understanding there is between us.

In having rather an overdose of motherhood for my age Twenty years ago I'd have taken this job in my stride and regard

its problems as fleabites. From one of your visits to the next I am making constant preparation to give you a better time ~~last~~^{thing} time the last. I'll not weary you with details of what is involved. It will be easier as baby days pass and school girl days come which were also of greater interest to you.

When I find myself unable to meet your needs when you come rather "see red" with those who I think have blocked my way. Dr Dodd said when I got furious like that there was little I could do to stop it but I could learn a lot from it if I could watch myself - and I think this is the trouble - the conflict of two very strong instincts in me - wife hood and motherhood.

I've done so much for Joan & the Children the weeks you were not here I get furious if they won't free me for you when you are here. Last time they not only used up all my strengths but all my reserves too - so that when you came I longed only for a little dark hole to hide in - a feeling I have not had since my Shensi breakdown.

Well I must tackle this -

1st I must get rest - under the ~~sub~~ Cires: I can only get this a little at a time - but I am getting it.

2nd I must wear Joan & Gillian from me -

The former isn't quite so easy as you might think - Joan has a very slow mind and when left alone does the maddest things (Gillian has 20 times the common sense Joan has)

and I'm coming on school & help we wear Gillian - but we are also having some reasonable talks together - and she is being much better at doing things alone or with her dolls on Penna - I'll never let Penna absorb me as much as Gillian has done -

3rd I must plan for and take time for my soul - I need more time than just the last hour of the day - In other words I must find leisure not only selfishly for myself but for you - Time for "whatever" things are lovely etc etc out and beyond this little home, not necessarily physically although it would be helpful if I could get away from it occasionally - but free time - a time which I can spend preparing my mind for you while you are away and giving you when you come - And it will not be selfish to expect Joan & the Children to respect such time -

There now do you think that will help - Already I'm gradually bringing this about - and it is a help -

I must go and fetch Gillian now - I've given you all the time between taking her to school and fetching her - and left Joan to get on with the laundry and having Cold meat again for dinner - Soup for the kids - Regard anything that shocked you at Lucas time as a sort of delirium - it was your fever - tho' I still feel that religion - or Jesus Christ shall we say should be able to conquer it -

Of Jesus Christ Himself - never through any dark
times have I wavered in thinking Him perfect and
the only solution to the problems of this world -
It may be difficult to know what he meant - did
he preach ~~peace~~ pacifism or not - etc. etc. -
There are questions of His divinity - To me it lies
not in Virgin birth or anything like that - but in
His Character - that was certainly divine -

Does He live now? As a separate Consciousness?
How do I know - But wherever love is there He is, and
it is love and no less that will put this world right -
Why then do I so much fail to follow Him - That is
my whole tragedy, darling - It is too high & great
for me - "The high that proved too high
The heroic for earth too hard -

The passion that left the earth to lose itself
in the sky -"

As Browning says - "are music sent up to
God" "Enough that He heard it once - we
shall hear it by and by -"

The high is too high for me - but if it is music which
He has heard - please God you and others will hear it
some day - that is my prayer -

All my love to you beloved - your own
Ada.