

LETTERS FROM
KATHLEEN HAMILTON (NOW HASENBERG)
TO HER MOTHER, 1934 - 1938

LETTERS FROM KATHLEEN HAMILTON (NOW HASENBERG)
TO HER MOTHER, 1934 - 1938

LETTERS FROM KATHLEEN HAMILTON (NOW HASENBERG)
TO HER MOTHER, 1934 - 1938

With a few other letters
to or from various other people



PLOUGH PUBLISHING HOUSE
HUTTERIAN BRETHREN
Farmington, PA, USA
Robertsbridge, England

©1992 by the Plough Publishing House of
The Hutterian Brethren Service Committee, Inc.
Rifton, NY 12471, USA

Robertsbridge, E. Sussex TN32 5DR, England

All rights reserved

LETTERS FROM KATHLEEN HAMILTON (NOW HASENBERG)
TO HER MOTHER, 1934 - 1938

With a few other letters
to or from various other people

Notes that Mrs. Hamilton wrote on the envelopes of these letters have been typed at the top left-hand corner of each letter. In some cases the spelling has been left as in the original letters.

Kathleen uses the following names

Eberhard Arnold	Papa
Hardy Arnold	Eberhard H., Eberhard Heinrich
Her sister Agnes	Baglink
Her brother Alick	Old Uncle Crabbe or Nunkie
Her sister Maureen	Maur
The Hamilton's cat	Blitz

SCM Edinburgh
1934

[Pencil note] Written 2 months before I went to the Almbruderhof. K.

9, Craighouse Tce.
Edinburgh.10
10.6.34

Sweetest Moth,

Thanks for your long letter which arrived yesterday.

How nice that you met the Gibsons: also the Godfrey Paynes. It would be absolutely wonderful if the Gibsons visit Lichtenstein in the summer. I shall tell Marion Whyte about visitors at 35/- a week. I met her on Friday and she was asking particulars.

I have just come in from an Auxiliary meeting on "The Church". I told them what I believed Christ meant by the Church--His Body, a community all members one of another, in the world to do God's will. It did not meet with unqualified approval. For one thing they did not think the Bruderhof in the world, and for another they thought it would simply mean a new sect in the church!!! Of course there were only a few people present--four others and myself, but they are people whose opinions I honour. However, I remain unconvinced.

The enclosed letter arrived from John. I opened it as it was addressed to Misses Hamilton, which I took to be us. It was fine to get Crabbe's letter. I wonder if he is with you just now. I do hope you manage to see quite a bit of him. I am glad you are getting a long lie in the mornings. There is no need to be in a hurry back as things are going quite well here--bird catching, indeed, is going only too well. At the moment, we are keeping Blitz a prisoner to give a little bird a chance to make good its escape. That poor little bird was not seen again. If Blitz got it, that was at least better than starvation--poor little thing.

Mothie darling, I don't know how to thank you for being so wonderful about the Bruderhof. As far as I have gone so far, I honestly believe it is God's will, not only for me, but objectively--that it is His Kingdom, not only in men's souls but in society: that it is doing His will on earth, as it is done in Heaven. I do not deny that I am terribly grateful to the Church (in its orthodox meaning) just as I am to the S.C.M. the Auxiliary, the Oxford Group and the F.O.R. They have all helped, but when I was told I should stay and try to make the Church of Scotland more Christian, I was reminded of pouring fresh wine into old wineskins. I know Jack Stevenson and others are trying to do it--and I honour them for it, for it takes a terrific courage, but it leaves unsolved the question of social justice. I know Jack, for one, is aware of this.

I shall look forward enormously to hearing of Eberhard's [Hardy was known as Eberhard while a student in England] visit when it takes place. Since it is impossible to visit the Bruderhof, I suppose there is not much point in waiting to send in my resignation to the Educ. Committee. One has to give a month's notice and as we break up on July 19th, I suppose it would need to be in by June 19th. I do not think I need any more convincing that the Bruderhof is God's will. And I do not think that seeing it would make much difference--even suppose I did not like it (which I cannot conceive), I could not but be happy, knowing objectively, that it is God's will. If you would prefer my not resigning till I had at least seen Lichtenstein, I shall of course wait. Personally I am all for it, but you have been so rippingly considerate that I can gladly stand September in Lochend, if it would make your mind any easier.

By the way I got this in the News Chronicle--our old friend "Keeping your Powder Dry" in a new dress.

To seek the full Support of God while relying in part on worldly aids is like trying to Swim with One Foot on the Bottom.

By the way, I was guilty of steaming a letter of yours open!!!! I recognised "the Rev. George's" fist, and opened it to see if he was calling soon, as I did not want him to confront an empty house a second time.

Shall stop now, Mothie. Love, Kitty.

P.S. Please give the "Fembly" my love. Kit.

A message to Kathleen Hamilton from the Community in Germany, written by Eberhard Arnold its spokesman & spiritual leader. June'34.

[This letter is written out in Mrs. Hamilton's writing.]

Dear Kathleen

This is an extract written to me by my Father. It is a message for you.

"Please tell her how I share her inward struggle, & tell her she should not be afraid of the false motive of flight, because just this doubting anxiety is a fear which does not come out of perfect love. She should not doubt the objectivity and clarity of her will, for she affirms that she does not desire anything so much, as to live in the unity of the Community; she acknowledges it is the true life; she is longing so unspeakably for the right motives; she confesses that her only desire is that God shall use her & she is looking forward greatly to the Bruderhof.

Is it cowardice to desire to get out of unjust & unchristian ways of work? Is it a wish for flight that makes one realise, that one is kept prisoner by a wrong system? On the contrary isn't this feeling of captivity in the faults of the system, an experience of the truth? If she asks whether God can be frustrated by Capitalism, we must ask some more questions. Is He frustrated by lying? Is He frustrated by unfaithful impurity? Is He frustrated by manslaughter and murder? The subjective Xianity of the Churches with its experience of a salvation which is personal only, cannot imagine in what struggle God is involved with demonic powers, & that the struggle has not been decided yet. So we must answer to this question of Kathleen's simply "You are frustrating God because you are connected with capitalism, & other diabolical things of the present time. You hinder Him from coming to His aim with you. This goal of God is clear to you--namely that He will use you for His truth. That means that you must not live for anything else, that you must not even spend a single hour in your so called professional life any longer than you can help, but only & solely, moment by moment, live for the love of Jesus Christ which has become reality in the unity of His Church."

Eberhard Arnold.

Eberhard's [Hardy's] Begging Letter

109, Gt. Russel St. W.C.1
14th of July 1934

Dear Kathleen,

I think it is the best thing to do to answer your letter at once. I appreciate it very much, that you criticise so openly, because this is the right spirit, and the only possible way of fellowship.

I agree with everything you write with regard to faith. Of course, everything in such a life is built on faith and on nothing else. Also the economic and material things must be dealt with by faith in the almighty, and nothing else whatsoever. That is the very base of community life.

But there is one very important point, where our attitude is different from those social works you refer to. We know that we must be active, faith is active faith. We do not sit in our chairs and wait for money, we do everything we can do to get it for the children, always knowing that God gives it. The same applies to work in general. If we work the farm and the work-shops, it is the same active faith as if we go begging. We know, everything comes from God, the crops as well as the money, but we must do something for it to show our devotion, and to show, that faith is always active. The same is done by those people the paper cutting refers to, who have boxes for money at the entrance, that is also begging, but only a very hidden and even cunning form of it. Don't you see?

St. Francis felt it his duty as a follower of Christ to go begging as the most humiliating thing to do! Do you think it is a joy for me to do it? Believe me, it is the most dreadful thing to do! But I must! For Christ's sake we must be ready to stand all those humiliating criticisms and despising remarks about our doing so! Begging seems to me nothing else than complete readiness to be like the poorest of the poor, to become one of them, one of those who are pitied but also despised by everybody.

Don't you think there is much unconscious middle-class feeling of honour and respectability in your attitude? Do you think it could cause criticism and misunderstanding, even despise? Do you think it could do harm to the community if you beg for it?--then you must learn more! You ought to study the life of St. Francis then. Do you really believe he lacked faith more than you?

Just because of the faith and of the knowledge of our weakness and because of the necessary readiness to be of the poorest and despised, begging is right, even it must be done! Not so much for the money which it may raise, that can, unexpectedly, come from quite a different place where you never asked. But because of the necessary activity for Christ and His will. Because we must be ready to do everything for him, even what is mostly despised under civilised and "Christian" men!

That is one important point I want you to understand: we really do not believe that help comes through our work (as the crops or sale of products) or through our begging: what we want comes entirely from God! But we must work for it, with all our power! How often did it happen, that I asked on one place and got help from quite a different source! I could tell you many stories about that! Though this begging hurts me personally, and it is the most difficult and most unpleasant thing to do, believe me, I feel I must do it, for Christ's sake! Really !! How much nicer it would be to stand in the wonderful floodlight of "faith" admired by many for the "splendid Christianity", all the money coming by itself, than to stand the permanent criticism from even the best friends, as you are, by being a beggar!

You understand:

1. All things come entirely from God. We are in his hands.
2. Our faith but must be an active one. That is just the reason we live in community!! God's spirit leads us to work, to begging, believe me!

Both things are apart from each other (in the depth, they are of course one)

The kind of Faith you proclaim seems very, very dangerous to me, believe me! It is nearly so as if it was a good business to have faith, it always pays, is always successful. That is not so. Extreme Poverty, debts, humiliation, death, persecution, illness, hunger, starvation, that all can happen as well as anything else if we have faith! We cannot pray for money! Or for our lives! What an egotism! What we can do is to pray "Thy will be done" "Give us our daily bread" "Give us help for the children" all under the motive "Thy will be done"(!) " If it is thy will we are ready to die, to starve. It is thy will, not our will, which shall be done!

Faith does not mean prosperity! Christ was poor and a beggar-tramp. So were all original Christian movements! Poverty is necessary for our humility, for our being like the poorest of the poor!

Our community is poor, has debts, does beg! Does this repel you? I am so glad this came out. It is a very very important point! You must decide: Are you ready to be poor? Are you ready to stand the humiliation of having debts?

Are you ready to beg?

Are you ready to be regarded as a defraudant?

Are you ready to die (to be killed) in faith?

Are you ready to starve in faith?

Or: Do you think faith is a good way to get everything?

To have a good "record" (not begging!)

To have never debts, always enough money!

To safe our lifes from death?

To safe you from illness and distress?

What is your attitude? You must decide!

Faith is readiness for everything!

Faith is unlimited activity!

O, I hope you understand! It is extremely important!

Write to me to

chez M. Guerdenken

2, rue de Rubens

Paris XIII

Yours ever Eberhard [Hardy]

I am looking forward to talk all this over with you when you come to Silum. Do think about it, and listen into your soul. What do you hear? Mind, I do believe begging is right, is necessary is Christian! Not for getting something, but because of humility. I want to add: If I ask for help I always do it like this (of course there are variations!)

1. There are these and those necessities:

A ---

B ---

C ---

2. What do you feel about it, do you feel your heart moved for help?

That is exactly the same with the boxes! People know in this Church what is wanted. (Which I must first tell people, because they do not know!) The boxes ask them by their presence: Do you feel moved to help? Do you see any other difference?

We must be ready to bear all humiliations, and not try to put ourselves in the best light, by doing what pleases people!

It certainly pleases them if you are not begging directly.

It certainly pleases them if you have no debts!

It certainly pleases them if you say: Yes, look what a good faith we have!

(Excuse the very hasty letter! I am so busy! begging !!!)

[Mrs. Hamilton's notes of the lost letter of Autumn 1934.]

Courage

Poverty

Zurich students

New orphans from Paris

Dependance on the Spirit of God

Brings unity

Bruderschaft results of unanimous prayer.

"A Peace Army".

I do not think you could find a more courageous Peace Army in this country, than the little Christian Pacifist Community at Liechtenstein. Dr Eberhard Arnold. Gen. Secy. of the German Student Christian Movement, started it in 1920. There were 7 grown ups & 10 children. In 1933 they had 150 members, but the Nazi Regime changed everything.

As for being lost to the outside world, I am more in the world than ever, for I am living utterly for God's will, that is the world's true happiness and not earning my living in a way I could not reconcile with God's love, then spending my money, trying to patch up what I had earned my living by breaking down. To everyone they preach the life and teaching of Jesus Xt [Christ] but add the invitation to come and live it with them. They try to live like the early Christians, according to the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. They have a common purse and every one lives for the community.

Peace. With my whole soul I believe the step I have taken is right whatever happens. The more I think of the situation between Russia and Japan, the more I wish people could only see it, as the true way of peace and the only way of world progress.

The Church. "Leaving the Church was no easy step, but the Church simply was no solution to the problem of loving one's neighbour as one's self. Life means love to God and love to one's neighbour. To love God to be true to His commands was for me impossible under a Capitalist order, as was also love to my neighbour, for having tried it, I found that while I was giving of my surplus and not sharing all,--either wealth, poverty, joy or pain I was really demoralising him.

We are simply people who give ourselves up utterly to be used by the Spirit of God at whatever cost. So it is His work unhampered by restriction.

The Church. While seeing good in Churches and other organisations, we do not think they go far enough. Love to one's neighbour can only be lived to a very limited degree, under an unjust order based in the depth on self, and maintained by force. We render unto Caesar what belongs to him--rent tax etc., but our lives belong to God and we refuse to live in a way, that amounts to denying that love is the law of life.

Community. Perhaps you remember my very first impression of the Community was the sheer joy of everyone--a spontaneous bubbling joy, like a natural child's. We heard today a comment by a villager of Triesenberg. A peasant woman said "We cannot understand what they are doing, and how so many people can live together without quarrelling, but we like to have them. They bring life to the mountain, and they have strangely happy faces."

Life. For sheer organisation few things could equal this life. But the organisation has grown from the life which is organic, so is not in any way stereotyped. Life is good if only people knew. But they must go their own pace! Poverty, slander, misunderstanding cannot shake the peace at the roots of it. If anything they increase it, for they emphasize our complete inability to live alone, and drive us to complete dependence on God.

The room Susi and I share is next the office. Hans, Adolf and Fritz were up all night discussing business. Then they began to sing outside our door three songs. When they were sung Susi was asked to get up and type the decision reached. Talk of the triumph of spirit over matter, one sees it daily here! After at most an hour's rest, they were hard at work again.

Arnold family. People who think the Arnold family privileged might be surprised to hear that for days the little community at Zurich were short of food as we had not the money to send to them. Favouritism would poison the unanimity and nullify our life. The fact that the Community exists in real unity, is proof that such a thing does not exist.

Because we are not yet full members we do not know all about our economic condition. For example yesterday Hans said, that for a fortnight it had been a very near shave. We had food enough but were just on the point, of having to stop sending letters because of the postage.

Zurich Students. Walter has the responsibility to keep the little family in Zurich in food, rent, fees etc. He goes risking imprisonment for he is Swiss, and has not done military service. He gave us news of Eberhard H. & Co. They have two rooms, the sitting room which is also Eberhard H. & Edith's bedroom, the kitchen which is Hermans bedroom. They sleep on mattresses on the floor. In the sitting room there is a round table and a chair without a seat, but they have made one of rope and made a cushion. For books there is a board on two boxes, but the room looks quite nice as a curtain covers the boxes etc. Edith gets home from Varsity at about 7.30 in the evening, and has to set to, to cook the big meal of the day. She also makes the breakfast porridge as there is just time to heat it in the morning. Herman has 8 lectures a day! As for poor Heini he is in a Sparten Agricultural College--resident. They are not allowed to speak a word at meals or at work and are fined if any article in their cubicle is not in the place it was in when they came. Each cubicle is a soulless replica of every other. Poor Heini who here sings at his work or chaffs the youngsters who adore him.

Money. There is none in the bank getting interest. Apart from begging we get it in two ways. (a). New members bring all they have, (b) the sale of our handwork and books. Then, but I suppose this comes under begging, one or two of our little orphans have been adopted, either indefinitely or for a stated number of years by friends of the community.

There is no money in reserve not even to pay our rent, university fees, or indeed anything but our food and sometimes even that is low. You see our faith is in God alone, not in money already in the bank. I know it is hard to understand as the world's outlook is so different. It is the same with our children. We do not wait till we have money when we know of a child in need. We take him now, no matter what it may necessitate our doing without, for it is patently not God's will to shut out one of His little ones for material reasons. Then we set to, to get the wherewithal to keep him.

Ways of sending money or parcels. The best way to send money is either notes direct, or an ordinary English Cheque.

"Konto, Eberhard Arnold Verlag G.M.B.H.

Bank in Liechtenstein
Vaduz Liechtenstein "

Communion. What you ask about communion is very interesting, and important. We do celebrate it (Bruderschaft members), at Easter and at times of Spiritual stress. It is the deepest part of being Bruderschaft members, for taking part in it literally means readiness for martyrdom, and 20th century even tho it is, that is not merely rhetoric. Do I miss it? Not as it is celebrated in the churches for even without partaking of bread and wine, our life here has much the character of a sacrament. In fact our daily life here is in reality partaking in a deeper meaning, in the life of Xt. for we have only one scale of values. You know how values known to be true on Sunday, partaking of Communion, are re-adjusted on Monday. For example I could not teach in Lochend and be true to them. I had either to conform to the existing order, or leave it, & live according to Christ's criterion of values. When we who certainly are part of the Community, tho' not yet bearing the full responsibility of membership feel this, the actual Sacrament of Communion must indeed be full of meaning. In reality what I say is not strange. If in a church there is no true unity between members, how can there be very deep communion with God?

Police Force. I agree with what you say about the Police Force--it is necessary where the authority of God is not acknowledged. It is not acknowledged in the present social and economic order, & to organise peace in that order is, as Arnold put it like "trying to wash the spots off a leopard." It is because we serve God alone that we do not live under the Capitalist order, & in this way it is not only possible, but inevitable to have no army or police force.

People of the Community. I cannot answer your question about a certain amount of mysticism being necessary before one is drawn to community life. Categorically, Certainly there are people here who are richly gifted that way--but that is not enough; mysticism that does not result in action amounts merely to a form of selfish indulgence. On the other hand we do have people who are purely practical, and they are as much a part of the Church Community or Body of Christ as the more sensitive ones. The real barrier I think is not muscular christianity or lack of mysticism but self importance--people are so sure they have a definite part to play; that they are working for the Kingdom of God; that the world needs them; that here they would simply be burying their talents etc. They do not see that they can do nothing of themselves, & that what they are doing is really dictating conditions to God. It is such a painful discovery to know that except ye become like little children ye shall never see the "Realm of God."

[Hardy's letter reassuring Mrs. Hamilton]

Silum, Oct 10th 1934

Dear Mrs Hamilton,

Before I leave Silum in a week's time, I want to tell you a little how we are getting on. Kathleen seems very happy here, though her love to you is strong, and she has naturally hours of homesickness! As far as I can see her health seems alright and she had adjusted herself marvellously to the new climate conditions. Her very sensitive soul has to face here of course the same apparent hardships, specially with regard to animals, but we all feel that she is getting stronger also in this aspect, as well as in many others, as she will have told you in her letters.

Now to Mrs Heard's stories about Silum. At first, we all must know, that she is rather a wealthy lady, and our poverty therefore must seem to her ten times as bad as it really is. That we are poor is true, but our food is sufficient though different from Scottish standards! Our doctor states, that the health conditions of our life are good and in some respects even better than in usual condition, because our life is very much more natural. Some of us have of course more difficulties to get used to the climate than others, you will know that from India. But it is now quite certain that we are moving to the valley in some month's time, and that will be much better than here of course. But in the emergency this spring there was no other place available than Silum. -- Our economic situation has also improved a little since Mrs Heard was here, which was in June, and only two months after we came here. Meanwhile our products have quite a good sale, and we also have two cows and two goats, which we had not yet bought when Mrs Heard was here. I don't think there is much cause to be worried now, and it would be very sad for me to know that you are full of sorrows for Kathleen!

I want to mention another point. We have heard, that you might come in difficulties caused by Kathleen's coming here. Please, do let us know how it is. If we can do anything for you we would try to. Do not think that we mix into your personal affairs, but you are Kathleen's mother, and that is sufficient for us to feel a kind of responsibility for you. We also have the faith, that God will find means and ways for all difficulties, and this is a very living experience in our 14 year's community life. That does of course not mean, that we ever had a surplus in any things, but again and again just enough, though it often seemed impossible for human eyes to get through many situations.

If you have any particular questions, if anything is not clear to you, if you have sorrows because of Kathleen or personal ones in connection with Kathleen's coming to the community, please let us know.

Yours very sincerely,
for the Almbruderhof,
Eberhard C.H. Arnold.

Almbruderhof, Nov. 1934

P.P.S. I enclose a little note for Granny. If you think she would not understand don't send it. The thought came to me with blinding clearness during your Communion service this morning--the meaning of the bread and wine--the broken body and the poured out life (for blood to the Jews was the symbol of the life or soul). To partake of it, surely means to become identified with Christ in the life of love--not only to live for the cause for which he lived and died, but to lose oneself utterly in it, so that it is not I who lives, but Christ in me. And this life does not only mean to be prepared to give up possessions, health, one's very soul' should need arise. The need is all around--as Paul said. "The whole creation groaneth, etc," and we are powerless to help.

One understands why Christ said, "The way is narrow," though it is wide enough to admit all people, it is not wide enough to admit anything else--they must be stripped of pride, self, possessions, everything, to get through the gate to the wide and joyous life beyond: to the life of freedom, for one is free from self--free to do good. The grain of seed is a wonderful picture of it.

* * * * * *

I have just come from a delightful "tea." Annemarie's mother made a lovely cake for her birthday, and she invited 10 of us to share it. So we sat on the upper veranda, in the brilliant sunshine, looking at the snowy peaks and after many wonderful songs--German and English (mostly dating from the time of Shakespeare)--ate the cake and drank coffee--Real coffee and not the corn variety. Then more songs accompanied by three stringed instruments, the only one of which I can name being a violin! What a wonderful Sunday!! In the morning we had a meeting with our Dutch visitor--a teacher from Amsterdam--who like me had been thrilled by the Anabaptists, but who had followed them up to the present day. His forefathers had been "Mennonites"--people very similar, but unfortunately now mostly commercialised.

Love - Kit

Almbruderhof.
Silum 10.12.34

Dear Agnes,

At long last I set to to answer your ripping letter. It was sweet of you to write on my birthday as you did and to send us those international stamps. I appreciate it very, very much, and not I alone.

I am so keen to get news of your eye, of your work, of the cubs, of the G. A., of your friends, in fact, of every phase and aspect of your life. Did your talk with Sandy come off, and what did he say to it? How is "Dear" John? Is there another Scout and Cub concert in the offing? Any dinosaurs this time? How are Hugh and Kotick fitting into Scouting? The King Arthur project sounds ripping. Funny that the kids here, off their own bats, have taken a knight craze, and have worked out the most elaborate coats-of-arms. My old guider's hat, now adorns the head of Wolfgang when he and his crowd are playing knights. It looks very effective with a large Edelweiss brooch stuck where the cockade should be. How nice that you have got two new boys. What does Tommy Mowat say in his tender enquiries about me?? As far as I remember he told me I would probably be kicked out of the thing to which I was going!!!

It is tough about that tooth, but don't be too fed up if it has to come out. About two months ago Susi fell and smashed a front one, and one would never know that she has a false one. It is a beauty, as are all her teeth, and does not come out. Apparently it was screwed into the gum. Horrid as it sounds, it cannot have been too bad for Susi came back looking very happy. She had walked ten miles to the dentist, then ate her lunch by the Rhine, from which she fished an apple (orchards abound by it) and said it tasted better than any apple she had ever tasted!

Poor little Bag! I sympathise with the sugarless diet! and even more so with the trial of seeing another having a succulent guzzle. I am keen to know all about the weekend with the Aunts. Did they keep a discreet silence about all things Continental??

How ripping of Mollie to ask for me. Will you please give her my love when you see her, and ask her to give Mrs. Taylor my love. Bad throats are the rage here, too, at present, though, so far, I have escaped.

No, Mothie did not mention the loud speaker. What a ripping way of getting accustomed to German speech, etc. Of course, you will have a good chance when the Swiss girl is with you. By the way, you will be very, very welcome here, if you can accompany the Jolly Moth, and you may rest assured that there will be no pressing of ourselves upon you. If you wish to regard us from a discreet distance, you can do so and welcome! As far as I know, we have no broadcasting station, but as we have no connections here with wireless, I am afraid I cannot say for certain.

So tell me all about the dance with Stanley. He is a nice kid. I had hoped to see him before leaving Edinburgh and was very sorry there was no time at the end.

I am so glad you liked Wolf's letter. He is a nice kid whose latest ambition, in which I do not encourage him, is to become a past master of English slang! He certainly was most useful to me as an interpreter when I first came.

We would be very grateful for the wooly pant pattern, when you have finished with it. So far I have had only that one morning with babies. There is no outside pressure here, and the result is that when I am next asked to go to them I shall go with avidity.

It was decent of you to write, dear. You see, I too, can still write and enjoy "trivial" letters!! As to Arnold Bennett--yes, I like him, though at the moment can only remember "The Old Wives Tale," though I have read a few. One man I like very much is Hugh Walpole.

If I can find it, I shall enclose a little paper with photos of Liechtenstein Christian gave me. Doesn't it make your mouth water?

Love, little Bag--

Kit

P.S. Do please remember me to all your friends who know me. How is Maisie? So glad Bagheera is shaping so well. For no reason at all this sentence came into my mind, "'Faugh!" said the Black Panther under his whiskers!!!" Namoshcars [greetings] and "delicious flakes on the cheeks" to little Blitz.

Love to my little Mothie. At 12:30 I sometimes imagine Blitz's fish boiling over!!!!

'Slong! Slung!! [greetings]

Kit

P.P.S. A darnig needle--a good sized one--would be very welcome.

23

Reason for going to Liechtenstein objective.

Airman visitor.

More pupils to teach.

Willie and Hanseman

[Wilhelm Fischer and Hanseman Grimm]

Almbruderhof, Silum.

Sat. 12.1.35.

Darling Mothie,

Thank you so much for your letter written on New Year's Day. I am so very sorry you had a fortnight without a letter from me. It must have been due to the rush at Christmas. Your letter arrived in a bunch--yours, Nunkey's and a long one from John. I shall let you have Nunk's when I have answered it, and I shall answer it as soon as possible. I was so thrilled to read it and see that he had been to several places that I, too, had visited, but in summer. John's letter was very interesting, and I shall have to answer it carefully.

I very much enjoyed hearing about Nunkey's do at Peebles Hydro with Bag, Miss Wilson and you. I can very much enjoy hearing about people being happy, but I have always found the kind of happiness Peebles Hydro supplies is only possible if one shuts one's eyes to the misery in life. I, too, can enjoy it, but only if I deliberately set to to put beggars, etc, out of my mind.

Young Wolf, I see, has taken it into his head to send you a letter; so I shall not write too much. Another child has got Scarlet Fever, so there is a very great deal of extra work, washing passages in Lysol water, etc., to be done, especially as several grownups are laid up with Tonsillitis. This I think is due to the cold. I have known nothing like it. Susi and I can keep no water in our house. A drop is frozen almost as soon as it falls, but I am not quite Eskimolike, for Freda and Gladys very kindly let me wash in their rooms at night!! Though the cold is anything but comfortable, it seems to agree with me. I am feeling very fit and hardy and keen to work.

Little Moth, your letter was a joy. I, too, had not realised what my going meant. At least, in one sense I had not. As far as I myself was concerned there could be no possible doubt, but I had not at all grasped the grandeur and sublimity of the fact that that which made me come is objective. It is universal and not only for certain people. It is God's will not God's will for me: it remains God's will whether people follow it or not. You see, a great deal--practically all--the teaching of the Churches is individual and subjective (a very necessary part, but only a part). Individual "salvation" means nothing if it does not mean a complete losing of oneself--being saved from the relative ideals, etc. of men to the Absolute. On thinking things over I can see that the "vision" (call it what you will) that utterly changed my outlook, was completely objective, and independent of my feelings, etc. That was why it came as such a surprise to me. I remember laughing as the thought came to me, "I believe this is what the Oxford Group call "surrender", and I am conscious of no deliberate surrender at all." The absolute wonder of the revelation of the character of God was such that the instinctive response on my part was simply to be used by him.

Sunday morning 10:30 A.M. I have just had 5 hours in the kitchen. I have been so happy. I said we had had a heavy week owing to people being ill. Well today I was asked, with Uwe, a boy of 12 to help me, to make breakfast. I had never done it before, but I was thrilled, for the last thing I was told last night was that in the time of stress the novices had proved themselves responsible i.e. able to carry some responsibility for all the work. No finer thing could have been said. This life is the life, and I am dying to be able to bear all the responsibility I can and give myself wholly to it. That, of course, will come when I am a Bruderschaft member.

Now I must tell you about one of our visitors. Yesterday at supper I was next [to] a stranger, who slightly reminded me of Dr. Wölcken. Gladys was speaking to me, and as I saw he looked intelligently at her, I asked him if he knew English. It turned out he had lived 3 years in America and could speak it fluently. Seeing this, Hans suggested that he should meet with the English-speaking group after supper and we had a wonderful time. He has travelled in most European countries, speaks about five languages, and has also lived in America and Africa. He is a Swiss citizen and had come home to do his compulsory military service, and for this he has to go today. He is in the Swiss Air Arm, and is called up because of the Saar question. He seems a fine honest man, and it is rather wonderful that he should come to us, on skis, just the day before going, for he has told us he cannot square military service with what he knows of Christianity. He has a friend in Zurich, a minister, who is an Oxford Group leader who disapproves of us--yet sends poor children to us! His summing up is that the Oxford Group is right, as far as it goes--but real Christianity only begins when the subjective surrender is made, and one loses oneself in the (sorry ink run out!) objective and social living of God's will. He is to speak to us all, telling of his life, outlook, etc. this morning, and we are all on the "Qui vive? [alert]" to hear.

Now to return to your letter. Your quotation from Kingsley is indeed wonderful, but it is not I who must spend my soul on others, but I who must let my body and soul be spent by God, and that will mean for others. I see, on reading on, that you yourself say the same. Moth! that is wonderful--near and

very, very dear as we have always been to each other I can see we are getting still nearer, and one is nearest of all to another when both are lost in a common aim in living for that which not only gives life meaning but actually is life itself.

I am so keen to hear all about the Swiss girl, and hope very much hers is a restful and invigorating presence. She sounds very nice from the little I heard of her.

You talk of sympathy with X. We all have it, but Moth sweet, your outlook is not his. I could not imagine him speaking with your humility. That was the wonder about John's letter; that he--a minister--was so humble! for, strange to say, we find ministers are generally very, very far from being that, and also that they are generally intensely individualistic, thinking their individual experience of God everything and seeing nothing beyond--no object in life (the Kingdom, the actual rule, of God, on earth).

So sorry, darling, about the phone call. Do not dream of it: the money could be so much better used. And lovely as it would be to hear your voice, our love can not only exist, but grow intenser, without our five senses!

You ask about Annemarie. Yes, she is a darling--one of the best, and is as obviously made for Heini as Edith is for Hardi, Sekunda for Fritz--and one cannot say more. No she is not the girl who told me tales of the Rhönbruderhof. That is Liesel--a sweet girl, with one of the most beautiful mentalities I have ever met. She is 20--Liesel I mean. Annemarie is 24 or 25. I am not sure which, and Heini 21, but age means nothing here.

You ask "Who is Sophie?" A girl of 20, one of the original orphans in the community, and a darling. Her home was a tragic one, but to God nothing is impossible if He is given a free hand, and Sophie, and Liesel, too, are examples of what he can do.

Re "good old fashioned common sense", darling. I remember James Parkes saying, "Don't forget God has common sense!" It may not tally with ours, but we are content to trust ourselves to Him.

Yes, the old stamps are very useful. They were not wanted for the exhibition, but the exhibition stamps were of special value to collectors.

You will be glad to know I have been given more teaching. I have now a little class that has had 3 months English with Gladys. Gladys is a really wonderful teacher, but strange to say has never had any joy in teaching--and here, even, she dislikes it. As she can be used for other things--she is wonderful at making bookmarks--I have been given her upper class. So I have now Wolf and Co. and four children of about 10--one boy, Daniel, and three girls, Elfriede, Lotti and Lisbeth, and then my hour per day with Békir.

Now, darling, I shall draw to a close. All the Arnolds are gone, and as people we miss them, but no matter where they are we know we are in utter unity with them as we are with the Rhönbruderhof and our brothers in America, and with that knowledge it is not only possible to bear separation happily, but even torture and death as the old "Anabaptists" proved.

By the way, Hans goes soon to the Rhönbruderhof with "Emmi Ma" and their two children, and then Georg who has newly been given the responsibility of word-leadership comes here and a few weeks later Papa and Mama. It will be wonderful to see them. Now there will be two Wordführers in each

Bruderhof, for the work they do is so terribly exhausting. For nights Hans has worked literally day and night, and Papa, too, had an impossible amount to do.

Nunk's letter was a delightful, living description of his wonderful, though exacting holiday. He had left my letter to him behind, so his only reference to us was to convey his salaams [greetings] to the Almbruderhof!

It is very wonderful here now that Hanseman and Willie have come. I think I told you of Hanseman. He is 23, I think, and a delightful boy, or rather man. He does the work of at least 2, and is always ready to leg anyone up when they feel overburdened. Willie is a very interesting boy of nearly 21. As neither speak English, we have a good chance to exercise our German. Willie has come from another community which was built on "common sense" and "economic security", and like the missions of the church, had to retrench--in this case try to get rid of extra mouths to feed. So much for trust in human institutions!! I told him that his German was very clear. He said, "If I spoke of other things I do not think you would understand, but when I speak of the "Sache" (there is no real Eng. translation-- "Summun Bonum", object of life) you can understand in spite of not knowing the words." That is absolutely so, for when speaking of other things I have always to ask him to speak slowly or to repeat what he said. That is an example of what we mean by unity. There is that in us, which is not of us, and it makes us one even with language, or space barriers, for we are lost in a common purpose.

Now, darling, I shall stop. Love to little Bag. What books do you read, Baglink? And "ows life, slung?" In a few minutes we have our meeting with our Swiss airman friend, so ta ta, Bag. Love to Blitzchen, the little beast!

My love, Moth, darling--

Kit

P.S. I am happy, happy, happy, and even when I'm not I am, for this life is worth living for, and that can, on occasion, mean more than dying for.

P.S. It is rather striking that the only Conscientious Objectors known to have died in prison, through loyalty to the "Sache" during the war, were two young men, brothers, from a Bruderhof in Canada. Do you wonder we know ourselves in unity with the Anabaptists and Early Christians?

24
14/1/35
Novices first hard week
Arrival of Georg
Criticism of Wreford's present attitude
Answers to criticisms.

Almbruderhof, Silum
14.1.35

Darling Moth,

Just a tiny line to say that this is your wedding day, and you have been almost continuously in my thoughts. I have been oh! so happy--just like singing "Bouncer"! Do you remember it? I think it was thinking of Daddy that brought it back.

15.1.35. Your lovely letter arrived yesterday to make your wedding day perfect. For the third or fourth time it has come the very day I have sent mine. Do you notice how often we answer each other's questions without knowing that in the next letter they will be asked? (Please excuse the untidy letter. The ink is not meant for a fountain pen, and Heini has Bag's little white one).

It was good of you, Mothie darling, to write 8 pages when you are so busy. I am so glad the little Swiss girl is so very nice. Please give her greetings from me, and tell her I am very glad she is there, though for so short a time, to take my place. Good old Crabbe! It would be just like him to be so kind and thoughtful with both Payshee and her. I can just imagine Cinderella and Tommy Lorne. Though more capable of enjoying bosh than ever before, it is something that we here are preserved from seeing that!!! It was my first pantomime, and made me wish never to see another. You ask about Marianne. Yes, she is married. She was, and is, a teacher, though only one child of school age remains at the Rhönbruderhof and he comes here in a week or two!

16.1.35 Your parcel has arrived today. Thank you so for it and especially for the needles, elastic, etc. Gladys is awfully pleased with the wool. How sweet of you to have included the Butter Scotch. The Customs had the parcel all jumbled up, and nothing was in the envelope labeled "Gladys", but fortunately I knew what should have been in it. As far as I know there is no duty to pay.

So glad Blitz and you are both feeling better. How I roared at your remark, "I think the turkey did not agree with him"!!!! I fancy our Christmas dinner would have been more to his taste!

Thank you so much for the saxe wool. I have a craving after having a red jacket as I have already a little blue coat from my Harris costume, but perhaps it is best to stick to blue. By the way you refer to shoes. The parcel came in a very loose condition, and as I said everything inside looked as if it had been stirred up. I wonder if the shoes were left out?

Thanks so much for the Dochart Tweed, etc. I fancy it will make boy's trousers. You see we do not wear skirts. I am so glad to have the beautiful face-cloth, and all those handkerchiefs. I can assure you they are welcome.

Yes, Susi sleeps with me, but she has been so busy lately that she has been in bed when I am asleep and up before I awake. Indeed on more than one occasion she has worked through the night.

No, I am not alone! Georg, one of the new Wordführers arrived yesterday and he also sleeps in our Hutte. I would not turn a hair at being alone anyway: we never dream of locking our door and anyone stranded in the snow, should there be any, is free to come in.

Moth, how I roared at your remark, "You won't manage a bath often." A bath!!! I have had one since 14th August! It is hard enough to get water to drink and wash in, and we have resorted to filling the little tank attached to the kitchen stove, with snow. You ask "Who is your doctor?" I have never seen him, but he is a young man, very clever, who is known as being a really good doctor. It sounds incredible, but it is true that people in Zurich even are his patients.

Arnold is keeping up his spirits splendidly. As for Gertrud, she seems to be doing nothing but peeling, poor kid. (By the way I notice you said you took out Agnes Cormie's shoes. Sorry to be so dense. At the moment I am rather tired and shall be bunking off to bed.)

What a welter of questions, little Moth! Roland sleeps in a room that opens off Susi's and mine. No, I do not have a hot water bottle. I gave it to Emmi Ma as she has been so ill. But I have your ripping bed socks and now that we are getting acclimatised to the cold, things are not so bad. For three nights last week one was continually waking up shivering, but now that the snow is really deep, either we are getting used to it, or it really is not so cold. At any rate I sleep like a top. Goodnight, Mothie.

Fri. 19th. Have had a great sleep and am well refreshed. Mothie darling, thanks so so much not only for the parcel with its wonderful contents, but for the long extract you sent me in Reconciliation.

Sun. 21.1.35. I think this is the most untidy letter I have ever written. Please excuse it.

To my joy your letter arrived last night--two letters, a paper and a long extract all in one week!! Now I must be content for a period not to hear from you as I cannot expect the Jolly Moth to spend her days writing to me.

Since writing this I have been at a wonderful Gemeindestunde on the Revelation of St. John. Here one experiences the truth of Christ's words that the spirit would reveal all mysteries. We never take an isolated sentence as a text, etc, the entire context is studied. This was the same with the early Hutterians and is still true.

You will notice a change of ink. I got some real fountain pen ink from the bureau from Susi, so I hope to be able to write without blots. Now for your second letter. It is yet another illustration of thinking along the same lines for I see I have already in this letter answered some of the things you ask in it.

I wonder, Moth, if you were yourself conscious of a distinct break in your letter? Of course, darling. I do not take silence always for agreement, for I know if the agreement were there you would be here. But in your letter there were two distinct spirits speaking, and the break was caused by the visit to Wreford. In that visit the spirit of love, the Spirit of God, was confronted by that of the earth--of the purely human outlook e.g. love to one's country: how one can develop one's character, etc. These are ideals, and good ideals, but how relative! Where the will of God is clear, one thinks nothing of one's character, of how it may be made stronger (by possessions or otherwise); one realises the true futility of human efforts. It needs the great Gulf Stream of God's will to carry one along, if any effort is to be permanent. It is only when the tiny trickle which is our human goodwill loses itself in this mighty force that one is really free--and freedom is the goal that those who talk of character formation aim at.

Compare the thought in the hymn "O Love! that wilt not let me go." About ministers. I do not remember how I worded what I said, but will you please read it again. I cannot think I said all ministers are subjective and subjective only. But the truth is that the message usually given in the "church", (meaning by that the weekly meetings for worship) is intensely subjective. About the missionaries giving up "friends and home comforts to bring the blessings of Christ's love to Indians and Africans whose standards of living are often so cramped and shadowy"--that I do not for a moment deny--but not many seem to have given themselves. Apart from the fact that they have a salary--however small--I honestly have not met one who simply ceased to exist as a person, that he might be purely an instrument of God:-whatever that might mean to himself, his country, his wife or his children. This is not criticism, darling. I have found qualities in them that I admire with all my heart, but it is merely a statement of fact. I am not saying such a missionary is impossible--Paul was one--but in my experience I have met none. As for possessions forming characters. The one character without spot or blemish was that of One who had not where to lay his head.

God's Spirit is working everywhere--but it is not everywhere it is given a free hand. It doesn't matter two hoots if we are in Britain, Liechtenstein, America or anywhere else. Of course we each love our own country best and would like best to be there, but that is a love that must bow before the only thing that matters--that God's will is actively done. If it cannot be done in one place, flee to another. The history of the Hutterians (intense lovers of Germany and the Austrian Tyrol--their land of origin) makes this abundantly clear. Nor is the solution "community", in the sense of simply living together. If the Spirit of God left us, there would be no earthly point or purpose in living together. The great forces not only in human beings, and in the world, but in the cosmos--good and evil, light and darkness, love

and hate--this is what one must see. Evil is so strong that it cost God the Cross. Christ's resurrection showed that Good is the stronger force, but that has not yet been proved in material fact. In the end God will prevail, but evil is so desperately strong that God alone can work against it. One must choose between the two. One cannot serve two masters. As Christ said, "He who gathers not with me scatters." There is another wonderful sentence whose meaning has become clear in the life here. "Walk in the light, then ye shall have fellowship one with another." In other words community is the automatic result of risking all on God's side. We have a tremendous grocer's bill to pay--about 140 pounds--and he said he could give us no more food till it was paid, or at least some of it. Fritz was speaking to me about it. He said rather a striking thing. He said, it has been proved over and over again that when there were times of prosperity the Spirit of God has been crushed out of life--even community life. We must face this with our whole lives open to the Spirit. Hard times have always been the times of deepest life. Mother darling, we are not unbalanced or abnormal. We talk of martyrdom, not from any morbid interest in it, but those who have stood on the identical ground (metaphorically, I mean) on which we stand have had to go through it--even in modern times (I think I told you of the two young men who died of their treatment in prison during the war). Never have I known people so joyful as those in community--our very life is overflowing with thanks to God. Never have I rejoiced so in nature and in everything beautiful--music, poetry, sheer hard work done with joy, for it is done for love alone, and for no monetary reward.

One very true thing you say--"I do not think any of you at Silum would ever fit into life here again." If you mean town life, with a job got at the cost of another's not getting it, etc., this is indeed true. I could not return to a capitalist life. That would be putting one's hand to the plough and looking back. That does not mean that we might not be sent out by the community on a mission--but there we would have the community behind us, and we would be a part of it: not individuals.

That, I believe, is what is wrong with the church. It sends out missionaries to teach people the life of love Christ lived and taught but if these people ask "where is this lived?" One cannot say, "Come and see." In fact, as you know, when new converts come to see the places which sent out the missionaries, they often return to paganism. In other words, the "churches" support the missionaries as regards salaries (sometimes pretty mingily [stingily]) but do not support them by living what the missionaries teach.

You say "There must be something wrong in this life calling one away from the natural relationships formed by God"--as a matter of fact I think Christ told his followers that was just what it meant to follow him. He put it pretty strongly too--spoke of hating ones father and mother, and one's own life too. As for wearing anything out of the common--we wear the dress of the people, of the peasants. Anyone seeing us, no matter of what nationality would know this of our life--that we live simply, that we work hard (our clothes are practical to a degree) that we rejoice in simplicity of forms and colour. Do you think Christ was not apart from anyone else? We are in the world, definitely in it and living for it; we are men and only men--not saints!--but at the same time we are not of the world, for the power by which we live is not a power of this world. So we are different, in effect, though it is not us, but the Spirit working through us that is different from that working outside community. Mothie, darling, there is no thought of hurting our feelings. You see it is not us you are criticising, but that for which we are living. We do not matter nor do our feelings. As for Wreford, I am dead certain that his present outlook will not satisfy him for long: there are two alternatives: 1. He shall see its shallowness and falsehood: 2. He will accept it and become spiritually stultified and insensitive. The latter I cannot believe, knowing something of his sincerity and honesty.

Darling Mothie, just as I knew I had to come here (I did not want to, and was terrified at what I was doing) because I knew with blinding certainty that the step--or rather leap--was right; in the same way I know that this life is the only life. It is risking all for God; and whatever it may mean, we know that while we are open to God's Spirit, nothing can separate us from the love of Christ.

Hard times, slander (we are getting quite a bit just now from the parents of a child we took in. His mother has spread many lies about us, and only yesterday another child's father took him away.) only make us all the more dependent on God--for literally without Him we can do nothing. But hard times do not oppress our spirits. Freda's birthday is today, and what a day we have had!

Now, Jolly Moth, I shall draw this overlong scrawl to an end. Do not be hurt at what I have written, for it is not you, but the outlook from which you wrote that I was answering. That outlook is not yours--I know it. No one could have lived for the love of God in so far as it was recognised, as you have, and have a purely earthly outlook.

My love, darling,
Your
Kitty

Wed

P.S. One parent who took his boy away has returned him!

25

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1 Charlie becomes a novice | 27.1.35 |
| 2 Kathleen desires to become a member
of the Bruderschaft | 31.1.35 |
| 3 Hans and Emmi Ma depart for Rhön-Bruderhof
in a sledge in a snow storm | |
| 4 Being God centred | |
| 5 Object to spread the message rather than make money. | |

Almbruderhof, Silum
27.1.35

My darling Moth,

Many many thanks for your letter and many thanks to Bag for hers. It is sweet of her to think of sending a book. When I can think of one that would be really useful to us I shall tell her.

Oh Mothie, we have had a most wonderful experience, which shows the power of the Spirit of God where human beings give up in despair. Last night Charlie became a novice. That sounds simple, but if one had experienced the last three months one would see what a victory of the Spirit it is. Susanna, another "helper", of whom I have not told you, also became a novice.

Hans and Emmi Ma leave today for the Rhönbruderhof, where for the next five months Hans with another Hans shall be Wordführers. Georg will be alone here for about four weeks, then Papa will come.

On Friday evening there was a Gemeindestunde, which showed the strength and firmness of love. It was terrible, and is not a thing of which one can speak to anyone not present. Indeed, Hans said they were risking our not understanding by admitting us to it. However, the result was miraculous. Instead of rousing criticisms, etc. it drove me personally, and I found later, Freda too, deeper into the Community. It made so clear, in actual fact, what I already knew in theory--the absolute futility of human nature to do good or be good and the imperative necessity, every moment, for utter dependence on the Spirit of God. So till midnight Hans, Georg, Freda and I, with Susi as interpreter, where necessary (and it was barely necessary to translate!) had a deep talk. The outcome of which is that I told Hans my deepest desire was to be admitted to the Bruderschaft, and was told it might happen at Easter.

Freda today is being admitted to the "firm noviciate" i.e. there are two kinds of novices--those committed to this life by the belief that it is God's will, and those, who perhaps do not believe in God, but who want to live this life. Freda belonged to the latter, but today becomes the former. She also expressed her desire to share in the responsibility of the Bruderschaft.

Beside these momentous events all other news seems trivial. I shall stop for the moment as tomorrow is Willie's 21 st birthday, and Freda and I are making him a pair of gloves. As they are barely begun we shall need our time!

Sunday, later

Hans and Emmi Ma have now departed. We saw them off in a snowstorm, on a sledge pulled by a horse. We certainly are living out of the humdrum round of civilized life!

Tues. 29th Willie's birthday is over, and it was made even more enjoyable than it would otherwise have been by Arnold's return from isolation. It is indeed true that we are brothers and sisters. I could hardly say more--and I mean it--but Arnold's return was just as though old Crabbe had come.

Many thanks for Mr McKenzie's tract. At the moment I have mislaid both it and a letter from the Auxiliary. They came yesterday just as I was beginning abwash. But when I find them I shall try to find a moment to do the tract justice.

A wonderful box of warm things arrived from Elizabeth Goldsmith yesterday--for which there was not a penny of duty to pay! I shall write, somehow, to acknowledge it, and Trudi says she hopes to write too.

Mothie, darling, my last letter was a very important one--for me.

Thurs 31st Sorry to have had to stop there. This is a terribly disconnected letter. As we get more and more into the heart and meaning of this life, the less time do we have to write. But that is no cause for worry--rather one for rejoicing. Why? That takes me back to the point where I had to stop. You see, sweet Moth, the Oxford Group talks about being "God-centred"--well that is literally what this life is. We do not for a moment say we are right and others wrong. It is not a question of us and others at all. What we know is that the Spirit leads us to the truth--the Spirit, that the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not neither knoweth Him, because it is so much taken up with earning a living, or amassing wealth, or seeking a meaning for life in pleasure, etc. It is when one is "God centred" in everything--economic matters as well--that one knows the power of the Spirit. Thus in saying that this life is the way there is no thought whatever of our being better or wiser, or anything else, than others--far otherwise, we are only too conscious of evil, even here, in ourselves. But when one opens oneself literally to the Spirit, with no reservations, as to personal comfort, food, health, or anything else, one knows that the power resulting is not of one's self. It is right, for it is the very work of God, and never have we been led to do anything that in any way contradicts Christ's teaching. For God is One, and the Living Spirit reveals to us the truth that Christ taught, in a wonderful and clear way.

Now, darling, I must stop. I am writing this during my school preparation time, as I don't want you to get it later than I can help. Little Moth, if my letters are late, know there is no cause for worry. Our whole life here is literally "being about our Father's business" (therefore we are brothers) and if that is so, what on earth is there to worry about? God's patience is wonderful. It took 27 years for me to see the purpose of life, but all the time He was leading me, as I was open to His guidance. This life, Mothie, is of God, so nothing can kill it. Even if not one of us remained, this life would remain, this power, for it is the Absolute--God, Love. There is no narrow sectarianism here. We live this life for God's will, and God's will embraces the whole world without any race, class or other distinctions, so it drives us to love all. And it is only here that I have learnt what LOVE is

My LOVE, darling-- Kitty

P.S. Uncle Hamilton sent me a book, with the sides open, for 4 pence. Bag, could you send me the little white and gold K

Perhaps that is not clear. I mean the book had only a wrapper round it.

Thursday, 31st Jan. '35

My Darling,

I am writing in the kitchen, ready at a second's notice to stop and stir a pot, etc! I had your letter written and the envelope closed. It was in the bureau ready to be taken to Triesenberg. Then Fritz came in with the news that I had a registered letter; and on finding your 4 pound note I rushed to Georg to give up the money and get my letter back to enclose another.

O Darling, we thank you from our heart--all the more so that you criticise, yet give. Mother darling, we take your gift with a deep love and gratitude. I do so hope you do not have to minge too much to do it. I know so well what it is to be pulled in two directions. As far as feelings go, I say, don't give, for I do not want you to have to do without things. On the other hand, I see that for which we are living as the Summum Bonum [highest good], and so I see that accepting is actually helping you to contribute to that which is truly worthwhile. It is the weak human nature struggling with the ultimate, but darling, though it hurts like anything to think of you doing without things, I am really not divided. It is with joy I accept, or rather we accept that which your love has given, and the only thing that makes this possible, is the knowledge that in return we are giving ourselves for the true good of the world--exactly as I can now eat meat--when we have it!--knowing that I am living every moment at the cost of sacrifice, and that I can only accept this on condition I am willing to sacrifice every moment, every ounce of energy for God's will--for the true well-being of the whole creation.

You ask how old Georg is. About 32 or 33, and he is married to Mama's sister, Moni, who is considerably older. They have some young children, who will come here in a few week's time with Moni. The only resemblance to Hans is that he is tall and dark with a black beard. He is an artist--the designer of the bowls, etc, Fritz and Arnold make--a queer mixture of dreaminess and promptness. As a man, at the opposite pole from the energetic Hans, yet behind the man is the Sache. It is truly marvelous. He has been much longer in the community than Hans, though has just recently shown the special gifts necessary in a Wordführer.

How wonderful of you, Mothie, to have thought of a hot water bag. It would indeed be gratefully received--if you could spare one you have in use, so as to avoid duties. It is cold, Moth, but we are standing it amazingly.

About the organ recitals. Our object is not primarily to raise money, but to spread the message. All that comes from us speaks of that for which our life stands--love, unity, genuineness, sincerity. I cannot remember the passage, but I fancy you will find what our life is in the bit in which Paul talks of the "fruits of the Spirit." The Spirit active here is Love--love to all. If Hans' gift of music expressed Love then it should be free to all. Just as Papa will never speak in a hall, etc. if tickets have been issued. That would mean that the message was not for those who could not afford the ticket. If the message is love, it is for all, and should be free to all. We gladly take money freely given, but to charge for others to hear that of which we are only the vehicles, while God is the worker, would be to limit God's work. I wonder if you understand this?

Mothie, I can honestly say there is no cause for worry. Of course we do not like that bill--all the more so as the grocer is our friend and needs the money himself. We always go to him because his business was nearly ruined by Liechtenstein people going to Switzerland to buy their Christmas presents, etc. We are quite certain we shall pay, but this life means being ready for the humiliation of being in debt. That is by no means all we owe. We do all in our power, consistent with love, to pay up, but the best thing is to spread the message that others may give their all to this life. We are in truth in God's keeping, Mothie, and like Paul we know both how to have little and how to abound.

What you said about intellect was most interesting, but shows a misapprehension of our life. We literally serve God with heart and soul and mind and strength, but the childlike attitude comes first and then the serving. I can assure you any gift we have is used by the Spirit. There is nothing automatic about guidance--we have no notebooks, etc. This is no organisation: it is living, and is utterly dependent on the Spirit.

No, no new cases of Scarlet Fever or Tonsillitis have arisen. I think the snow is healthy. We thank God for our wonderful mountain home when we hear of the horrors of people dying of cold in New York and of a virulent fever in Ceylon. You see, dear, we are not out of the world. We stand side by side with those in want or oppressed all the world over.

I do hope the pain in your back is gone, dear. If not, get Baglink to rub it for you. It was most interesting to hear of the proposed visit of Uncle Hamilton and Aunt Isabel. You are right, dear. If you can, come alone, but even if you come with them, I am sure all the time possible would be given that we might be together. Please thank Aunt Meta for her love. It was good of her to send it. Re the scarlet coat--just the day before your letter came, Liesel (the delightful girl with whom I used to darn) offered to make the blue one up for me--so I gave Trudi the red for stockings etc, that are needed. Yes, Moth, we do not miss baths. Gladys, Freda and I try to wangle an all-over wash every Saturday night.

I am thrilled that you are reading Acts. I wish you could see it through life here. No, persecution did not break community life--it was self, self, self. Darling, I thank God for you.

Kitty

Darling Little Moth,

Once more it is more than a week since you heard from me. This will be only a short letter. It is simply to tell you that we are well and healthy and in excellent spirits though our economic horizon is pretty lowering. What a life! I was on Kinderwache (i.e. going round the youngster's rooms, etc. at night, seeing that everything is in order) the night before last, when I heard roars of laughter coming from the Bruderschaft. Before very long someone came to tell me that I was wanted, and when I went to the meeting it was all I could do to reconcile their happy faces with the work in hand--a summary of the contents (not a very long one!) of our larder. It would be impossible to find anything like it outside such a life as this. The days go by on wings. I roared at Békir the other day. He was commenting on how quickly time went, and he said ruefully, "I shall soon be an old man"!

At last I managed to write to John. It was by no means easy as he asked such deep and basic questions, and it took 15 pages (i.e. single sides) to answer them. I am indeed having many opportunities to test the reality of my faith. One--and it was an ordeal, but at the same time had the quality of a sacrament--was the question of eating meat the day after our pig, George, was killed. I had the alternative not to, but it became clear to me that to take it would be a fleeing from reality and that Christ's way was to identify Himself with the suffering in nature. That was a real experience for me, and another will come soon. Last night when we were in the Gemeindestunde Békir came to tell us that a calf was born. Later Willie told me that it would be killed in a fortnight. My first reaction was horror but when I realised why, I could only with utmost humility accept the sacrifice of the innocent little calf. You see in a fortnight it will be possible to use the cow's milk. For weeks we have had none with our porridge or "Mehlsuppe" (flour and water boiled)--our breakfast, and it is a case of giving the milk to the calf or to our children. We have two vegetarians here--one more or less for the same reasons as I had for not eating meat; the other purely because she dislikes it. I need not say they are not brotherhood members. Well, well can I now understand Paul's comment that it is a man of weak faith who eats only vegetables.

I am sorry, darling, you had so much trouble with the Income Tax, but we thank you very, very much for your gift of the money.

I expect you are also having very cold weather. I think the terrible cold from New York has now reached Europe. Tragic stories are going round of people being lost in the snow. They are still searching for the bodies of three boys in the mountains opposite us. Several people have been killed by avalanches of snow. Here we are indeed fortunate--one does appreciate shelter this weather, and the wonderful thing is that food, etc. is in reality a gift from God. When that little calf was born we interrupted the Gemeindestunde to celebrate its arrival by singing (in German) "All good gifts around us."

Gertrud is now better, and no fresh cases of Scarlet Fever have occurred. Walla should be out in a fortnight. Poor Martha has had about 11 weeks of isolation nursing Gertrud, Arnold and Walla.

The other night I wrote my first letter in German. It was to Friedi, a novice at the Rhönbruderhof who had written to me. Georg told me that my meaning was clear though my syntax was somewhat unusual!

This time of testing is in truth meaning a great deal to us. It drives us to utter dependence on God and to a life lived in His strength for His will. Never in the midst of material worry is the "Sache" [cause] lost sight of. It is indeed seeing things in proportion--and a wonderful experience that is.

This week has been terribly busy, as practically every night there have been three meetings--one for the sake of Charlie and Susanna, the new novices, a Bruderschaft to discuss our economic position and all necessary details regarding our work, etc. (to this Gladys, Arnold, Freda, Willie and I have been invited for the last four evenings) and finally a Gemeindestunde. So it has been about midnight when we went to bed. It is indeed wonderful to pull one's weight: to share in the responsibility entailed in living this life.

Last night the Bruderschaft was discussing the school, and I simply drank all in. (We had only to ask for the translation of one sentence). Then during dinner we have had a book on the 16th Century Hutterians read to us. Their education left me gasping. It was what I had striven for under Capitalism, what my whole nature responded to as Right, and what was hampered at every turn by the system under which we lived. It included not only education for children of school age, but kindergartens (centuries before Froebel) for children from 2-6 years old! By the way this particular book is in English. It is not altogether exact, being written by a man who is not himself a Hutterian, and who is a little fundamentalist. He is an American and in contact with the communities there. The book, however, if one discounts the fundamentalism, is well worth reading. I shall get its name from Trudi, and perhaps you could get it for yourself. It is published in America, but I expect it could be ordered in Edinburgh. The important thing is the number of old Hutterian sources quoted--most of which old books and documents we have in the Rhönbruderhof (or where the book is in Canada, we have a hand printed copy in old German script--done by Marianne or Edith). The Hutterians trusted us with the originals to make the copies.

By the way Leyton Richards and Mrs Richards hope to visit us soon. We are looking forward tremendously to their meeting with Papa. Papa and Eberhard [Hardy], too, hope in some months time to go to England as we feel there is a real need and expectation for what underlies and results in community life, there.

9.2.35 Mothie, darling, how perfectly wonderful of you to have sent Susi and me those hot-water bags. Thank you, dear, very, very much. Your love means such a lot to me, especially as I have been conscious for some weeks of a barrier between us. It is perfectly natural that this barrier should arise--how can one suddenly understand Community life? But the truth is that what to you, quite naturally, is ununderstandable and "fanatical" is to me the great object of life. The barrier is so great that neither you nor I can bridge it, but the Spirit of God can. We have indeed had cause to understand that "with God nothing is impossible."

I don't know if words can make community life at all clearer and more understandable. All we are doing is obeying Christ's word, "Seek ye, first, the Kingdom of God"--the society in which God's will is law. The Kingdom is above all a social thing, for where God is supreme in a man's individual life, he at once sets to to live love--and love implies other people.

We know only too well all the evil and misery and injustice in the world, and we too are partakers in the evil, in that just as we have to accept the sacrifice of animal and plant life, in the same way we have to accept the sacrifice of our brothers in the capitalist order e.g. our meals are simple to a degree, yet we cannot cook or eat one without the consciousness that it is at the cost of human blood e.g. our brickettes (we have no coal) are made from coal dust, and we do not know at what cost that coal dust

was obtained. We do not avoid or close our eyes to the fact that we are men, and all share in the evil in the world. But what we do do is to do no active evil. Just as the acceptance of the sacrifice in nature made it clear to me that I could only do it if I were living for the true good of the whole creation, in the same way it is only possible for us to accept coal, etc. money earned in the Capitalist order, etc. if we are living for the highest--in other words living love. As it is impossible to gauge the exact people who suffer by the profits of others (those robbed of their wages, whose cry God hears) we accept money, etc. to give to all in need, and not only money is given, but a part in our life--true brotherhood--to all open for it. Do you wonder, I can now with joy ask my friends for help--for in return for all we receive, nothing but good is given back. Compromise there is, but active compromise (that which we can of our free will acquiesce in) there is none. Under Capitalism there is the former--which cannot be avoided, just as we cannot breathe without killing--but there is also active compromise, so the vicious circle goes round, and progress is impossible.

10.2.35 (Sunday before breakfast) I got your wonderful letter late last night and had just a few moments to read it over. So have now re-read it. It is indeed wonderful, Mothie, that you should write as you did and I shall answer your questions carefully. I am so sorry you have such lonely Sundays. You mention certain young people, who, like Bag, do not go to church and ask what is wrong. Well, darling, you knew the answer before I did--the church is not a fellowship, a body, a unity. It is composed of individuals--separate units--and love is only a name. One does not go to a congregation and feel oneself a part of a family. Nor is one conscious, whatever happens, of the deep love of the church. All that is here, and with it the knowledge that we, as individuals, do not matter as long as the Spirit works.

The next problem is a great stumbling block--but then it was to me too--re debts, etc. And, without having read your letter, you can see that I have answered it in the first part of this one. The attitude that if one serves God, only pleasant results will follow, reveals a sentimental interpretation of the word "love" (whereas the love of God is strong and powerful), and it also shows that one has not faced the facts of history. What about Christ? God certainly guided Him--and the guidance led to the cross. What of the apostles--one has only to read Acts to see that physical hardship, deprivation, imprisonment, all resulted from being true to the guidance of God. What of the Early Christians and the unheard of things they suffered "to make a Roman holiday." The same was true through the ages. Re poverty--the man who was God's instrument in bringing new life to the church in a decadent age--an age when the church was fat and comfortable--was St. Francis, and poverty was an integral part of his life. And remember the remark made by Thomas Aquinas (was it?) to the Pope when the Pope said, "The Church can no longer say, 'Silver and gold have I none'." "Neither can it say, 'Rise up and walk.'" No one likes debts, and we do not sit down under them. We can only pray to God for help when we are giving ourselves wholly to His work. We pray that, whatever happens, His will is done, but we do not stop there--we actively do His will. Thus we trust wholly in God, and give ourselves up to working actively to pay off debts, etc. Would you have us curtail what is plainly God's work for the sake of our own good name, etc. You ask if we have sufficient food. Up till now, yes. We have been living nearly entirely on potatoes--but then for long the Rhönbruderhof had them three times a day. These potatoes were a gift from Esertine--the Seventh Day Adventist "community," who were remarkably kind to us, but now will have nothing to do with us because of our attitude to war, and because we did not join them at Esertine. They had hoped we would become Seventh Day Adventists, too.

As to your quotation, "Owe no man anything but to love one another"--our debts are incurred actually in loving one another. We could stop the love--the "open door"--and be "respectable" and out of debt. Do you think that would be fulfilling Christ's command? Mothie, we must do His will--whatever

the result. Who knows but it may be God's way of teaching our grocer that "a man's life consists not in the things that he hath", and pointing him to Community life?

I shall ask Freda what the Rachel McMillan Training Coll. cost. She was there for a year--but not just as a student as she had had four or five years' teaching.

So glad you had a restful time with Aunt Meta. Poor Aunt Meta! She will miss Fordy. Your remark that "the Aunts are thankful he has got something to do, and is not, like some, out of work," shows the real hopelessness of the present order. Every job is got at someone else's cost--and is it love to rejoice, knowing this? The glory of this life is that we are working with heart and soul and mind and strength, not for a wage, of which we are robbing another man, but for the real happiness of men. There is no such thing as people being out of work, and we would welcome others with open arms. Poor "Mac," his work must indeed have been bad, when, with his ideas, he gave it up.

I can hardly take in "Papa Bluesmoke's" death. When I read his name--not knowing what was following--I saw him standing opposite the church, grinning at Bag and me and giving us the scout salute. But death is but a step, and in the world there are far far worse things than physical death.

Hans has as co-wordleader at the Rhönbruderhof Hans Boller who was, I believe, a minister. His two daughters Ursel and Lisbeth are here and I teach them English.

Your second letter, darling, begins with the comment that our life is very noble!!! Mothie dear, it is not us--this life could not be lived on a human basis. That is why you need never worry. It is identical with that found by the Hutterians both now and four centuries ago. (Of whom Eberhard did not even know when the Bruderhof began). It is also identical with accounts of the early fathers of the 1st and 2nd centuries of the lives of the early Christians. The reason is, this life has one source and that is not in any way changed by time or space. Now I must stop to make supper.

Some hours later: Walter and I made supper, and it went with a swing. Unlike the last time I tried, there were no lumps in the Semolina!!

Susi has just handed me a letter for you. Do not be startled at the mode of address. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgwater are always "Vater und Mutter Bridgwater." So are other parents!

I have asked Freda about the Rachel McMillan training Coll. She says with a Government grant it is 40 pounds per year: without it about 100 pounds.

Now to say what being a Bruderschaft member means. It means no change in faith, etc: we are already one there, but it means the taking of a definite responsibility. So long as one is a novice, if one leaves the community one can take with them what they brought i.e. such money as I brought is put in the Bruderschaft books as a loan and remains a loan till I am a Bruderschaft member. Becoming a novice means that one gives one's whole life to the doing of God's will in Community. But we are not like monks and nuns. People--even Bruderschafters--have been known to leave, though of course then they took nothing with them. Of course, darling, if the community is unanimous, I can visit you. Nils and Dora went to Sweden to see their people some years ago; but if it was a case of one or other, I would infinitely rather you visited me. Of course, it does not mean I could not break away if my views change--in fact, if God ceased to be the centre of my life, and the doing of His will my aim, then it would be impossible for me to remain a Bruderschaft member as there would be no unity--impossible not from my

point of view alone but from the view of the whole community. May such a thing never occur for it would be an utter betrayal of God.

The Mr. McIntyre whom you met at the F.O.R. meeting was one of the ministers Miss Knox and I visited. He was very good to us, but what a life! Poor man--he said his congregation was atrophied and dead: that they would give a little to Home missions, perhaps a very little to Foreign missions--but Europe was beyond the pale!!!!!! Mr. McPherson lent Eberhard his church, and then set to to praise Cromwell and tear down Hitler and Mussolini!!!! I could quite imagine his remark on the R.A.F. Personally, there is little to choose between the R.A.F. and any other profession in Capitalism. To bomb people is no worse than to draw an income from the making of armaments, or teaching in a state school--where it is not the body but the soul of the child that is stunted and even atrophied. The system, Mother, is a denial of love and justice. Think of the older men turned away because it is cheaper to employ younger: think of the boys and girls of 16 turned adrift because keeping them would mean paying insurance: think of the boys of 14 and 15 employed in the factories I visited in Yorkshire, whose work of threading tiny needles all day long would soon ruin their sight: think of the cues of unemployed: then think of those who draw money for nothing they have done, who live in comfort and take it for granted and as a right, and who yet believe God is a Father, and men brothers! It is like saying to a starving man, "eat", but giving him no food. Of course, Mother, in the present state of society one cannot do away with everything in the way of bombs, etc. God works by love not by force--whether the force of bombs or the force of compelling men to give them up. But it is up to those who experience God's love to give up all connection with what is contrary to it.

You say, "Your ideals are what we all aim at, and what we shall gradually work up to." There we disagree. To begin with, this life is based on no ideal, but on the presence of the living Spirit. Secondly, I am afraid, judging by the papers, etc. there is not much question of gradually working up to it. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and miracles do happen (where one is ready for them) but good remains good and evil, evil. Morally, evolution just does not hold. Can you think of modern warfare and believe in evolution? I should very much like to see Jack Stevenson's pamphlet, when you have finished with it. As you say, darling, "God is leading us both," and while we are open to the truth we shall find we reach the same conclusion. A year before I heard of the Bruderschaft, I heard James Parkes say, "If, in sincerity, men seek to find God's will they will reach the same conclusion." It was my first lesson in objectivity. The reason they do not reach the same conclusion is because they do not wholeheartedly seek God's will. They seek God's will in so far as it is consistent with, for example, a "safe" job, economic security for their wife and children, etc, etc, etc. No wonder they think God says different things!!!

This has turned out a long letter after all. I meant to send a page or so only, then your parcel came, then your letter, and finally we have no Bruderschaft tonight, so I have gone on writing. I shall try always to post a letter on Mondays. If it comes late, do not worry. It probably means it has gone to Maur. first--or that there has been no free time. Your mind may be absolutely at rest about me, darling. Isn't Susi a dear? She speaks of me as a little sister. Really she is just Bag's age, but this life develops one as nothing else does. One would never dream Eberhard Heinrich was only 22. I feel he is much older than I am.

I see in a previous letter that you say I do not mention Hermann. No, he was not here for Christmas. He went to the Rhön. Now, I shall get your lovely hot water bag (grey, not blue!) and get to bed--early!!!

My love, Darling,

Kit. (So glad Blitz is so sweet and helpful).

P.S. Please thank Maur ever so much for her letter and parcel. I began a letter to her before this, but do not know when it will be finished.

The book in question is

"The Hutterian Brethren" by John Horsch

published by

The Mennonite Historical Society

Goshen College, Goshen

Indiana U.S.A.

We are mentioned in it--but not exactly. Horsch thinks we are a daughter branch of the American Communities, whereas we arose independently and then became unified with them.

27 16.2.35 [Letter is dated 1934, which is incorrect.]

1. Community life in the Bruderhof is vital and organic, balanced because the whole of life is unified.
2. Property and love kill each other? They live close to nature.
3. Regarding begging. "God feeds the birds, but He does not throw food into the nest!!"
4. J. Stevenson unconsciously prepared the way for K's going to Liechtenstein, by what he said at Safferon Walden and Skipton.
5. Several avalanches in the vicinity--red ropes.
6. Spring in the air, a squirrel and a bird.
7. A miracle wrought in Charlie.

Almbruderhof, Silum
16.2.35

Darling Mothie,

Only a little note to enclose with Maur's, to say that we are well and very, very happy.

17.2.34. Perhaps it won't be such a little note after all, little Moth! Since beginning this, your wonderful letter has arrived, and I cannot express the joy it has brought with it. You will see by my letter to Maur that I had faced the possibility of your being like 99 out of every 100 mothers and--perfectly naturally--being unable to understand our life. It was a very terrible thing, but it had to be honestly faced, for even my love to you, darling Mothie, cannot compete with wholehearted loyalty to the Sache. Having faced this, can you imagine what it meant to get a letter from you that is nearer--immeasurably nearer--than any you have yet written, and that showed we were nearer to each other than we had ever been in our lives!!! God is good.

I have just opened the letter that came from you last week, and the first thing I read is, "That grocer's bill is worrying me." It is only one of those we have to pay--but just to show the wonder of this life in which God is given a free hand--yesterday Fritz came back from a two day visit to Zurich with nearly half the money to pay the bill--and that when our pantry was--except for potatoes--practically bare! We just do not know what a day will bring forth--and when it is something like that or like your letter, what cause we have to glorify God! But no matter if it is scarcity or plenty if God's work is done. You see there is no humdrum, machine-run existence here. It is vital and organic, balanced, because the whole of life is unified. It is not seeing a little bit of the Truth e.g. Temperance, Pacifism, etc. These are good, but follow naturally when one's life is unified in the one desire to live that God lives in us. We do not say we have the whole Truth. We are weak and sinful human beings, but in the power of the Spirit we can do great things, and this living, powerful Spirit is the Spirit of Truth. "When thine eye is single the whole body is full of light"--truth and clarity. Do you wonder we can see a clear way through the muddle of economics, political pacts, etc, etc,--a way that embraces the whole creation, and does not stop with our little life on this little planet?

Now for your actual letter, Mother. We shall remember little Bag together, dear. What you say is the solution not only to that but to the problems of the whole world--"to live an atmosphere of His divine love." Also what you say later is a very deep truth--"We are at one in this--in wishing to be God-centred and in praying for the guidance of His Holy Spirit. We cannot be far apart with that in common." God is unity, purity, love, truth--contradiction and inconsistency is against His very nature. He is One. That is why those who give up all to follow Him find themselves in community. For love implies loving others as yourself: this, in practice, is community. Also no man can see the whole truth, but if he is open to the Spirit of Truth, if he walks in the Light, the result is "fellowship one with

another." I have just seen in a flash that unity, purity, sincerity, love and truth are one. Unity, peace and love are one, and purity, sincerity and truth are one. Oliver Wendel Holmes saw it when he wrote, "Lord of all life, below, above, whose light is truth, whose warmth is love." Light and warmth are both qualities of fire, and fire is a symbol of life. I wonder if that sounds only words. It is not reached by reason but by a flash of insight. I remember, years ago, the wonder of realizing that sincerity and purity are one and that the pure in heart who see God, are the sincere.

It was lovely to hear of Margaret Swann. She wrote me a lovely long letter that arrived on Christmas Eve and has not been answered. She is indeed a delightful girl.

How nice to hear of Mrs Geof. Gillespie, but she is absolutely wrong in thinking this life "just the thing which would appeal" to me. I do not know how often Gladys and I have said to each other that but for the Sache, we could not for a moment imagine anyone choosing such a life! It is as far from any natural desire or inclination of mine as it could be. No wonder visitors who do not see the Sache depart quickly!!! But what a wonderful life it is, and what makes it wonderful is not any quality or temperament in us, for it is wonderful in spite of these, but something open to all who are open to Truth.

Thank you so much for Maur's letter, also Aunt Isabel's, Granny's and Elizabeth's. By the way, what is wrong with Jimmy Charlie?

Re your quotation:-"To give unbridled bent to impulse, spiritual or physical, is to lose or lower, or destroy the tone of character." I do not know its context, but an impulse is a matter of feeling--an instinct or natural desire. Man is more than feeling. To satisfy the whole man there must be knowing, feeling and striving. The object for which man lives must satisfy all three. I do not know if the quotation meant that you thought we here had given unbridled bent to a "spiritual" impulse or not. This is not so. An impulse is something within one. It may be strong or weak, and differs in different individuals. What brought us here is objective--quite outside ourselves. Personally, the Atonement gave me a vision of the character of God. This glimpse of eternal truth filled me with such joy that my one desire was to live for it. For a year I strove to do this by myself, and in striving, the way was opened to the one way to live utterly love to God. Here are two things that kill each other, Mothie--property and love. This is the narrow gate one has to pass to reach full, rich life--and indeed few there be that find it. Not only personal property, but one's personal desires, appetites and inclinations, have to be given up to live love. It is not a single surrender, but a daily, hourly one. Perhaps that sounds extreme--but it is a cool statement of fact. That is why it is so hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Christ said "lay up for yourself no treasure on earth"--do not hoard, or set your heart on getting a living wage, etc. And he spoke of God caring for birds and flowers. We live like these. We are wonderfully close to nature, and we have the spontaneous joy of a bird in a blink of sunshine or in a simple meal. Regarding asking for money--I came across a quotation the other day, "God feeds the birds, but He does not throw the food into the nest."

I cannot tell you how I am looking forward to getting Jack Stevenson's pamphlet. Of course, Mothie, we have much in common with him. He is sincere and selfless, and indeed it was he who quite unconsciously prepared the way for my coming here, by what he said at Saffron Walden and Skipton.

Darling Mothie, may God guide us. Nothing matters while He does that. What you say, darling, about there being a power outside ourselves, is what I have tried, feebly, to explain by the words "Objective Reality." Something that is, whatever we say we believe or whatever we say we don't believe. It is because it is real and eternal that it cannot be affected or changed by our temperaments, etc. God is One and His will is One, and He does not lie or contradict Himself. Nothing is impossible to

God except forcing His will on his children, for His nature is Love. Thus in His love and incredible patience he waits till we are open to understand and do His will.

Now, Mothie, for a wonderful piece of news. We hope that very soon Eberhard (Papa), Eberhard Heinrich [Hardy], and Edith will visit London, Birmingham, and Edinburgh. We believe that in Britain there are many people trying to find a positive way through the ghastly muddle of life today, and that the Spirit of God will guide those sent out on the mission. Do you remember what you said last Easter when you were ill, "If we are meant to have Eberhard [Hardy], I shall be well in time."? We do not yet know exact dates, so nothing definite can yet be done, but as soon as Hans is better and can take over Papa's work I shall write at once. Then I shall get into touch with the F.O.R. through Miss Knox and ask her to pass it on to Mr. Lowe. Also you can do such a lot to help us, if you would like to, by asking Mr. Reid if he would be willing to let Papa speak in church, or in the church hall, and asking John and Roy also. Does Mrs Heard go regularly to F.O.R. meetings? Do you think she would like to put Papa and E.H. and Edith up or to have a meeting of friends in her house at which they could speak? Of course, I would much rather they were with you--if that is possible--but they would be certain to see you in any case. You see you belong to us! When writing to Miss Knox I would at the same time write to the Auxiliary. Perhaps it might be possible to get St. George's West again and D. K. Walton's church--he chaired Eberhard's [Hardy] meeting last year. Then the idea arose, having gone 1000 miles why not 60 more--in other words--they might visit Glasgow. There are two reasons I. it is less select and bourgeois: more communistic: II. it is a wealthy town. Spiritual and temporal are one when doing God's will, and it is very important for our existence that a large sum of money should be paid soon. Do you think Uncle Hamilton would like to have them? If so we could also get into touch with Geo. McLeod and Mr-- of the University Chapel. (His name has just left me.) If Glasgow doesn't come off, I fancy Uncle Hamilton would try to come through to Edin'?

It will indeed be wonderful if you know Papa and Edith as well as Eberhard [Hardy] before you come to visit us. Edith is a darling. You know she is Susi's friend.

Your mentioning Jack Stevenson was very wonderful, for in thinking out people who were to be sure to know of the visit, the very day your letter came I wrote: "F.O.R.--especially Jack Stevenson."

I fancy the visit to Scotland will, at maximum, be one week. As I wrote to Maur, we are expecting Leyton and Mrs. Richards here in about a week. That is indeed something to look forward to!!

O Mothie, all nature rejoices with us! Yesterday was like Scotland--the mountains were half hidden in a soft mist and the air was fresh and springlike. There are several avalanches in the vicinity and Fritz read us careful instructions the other day--never to go about alone: to wear a red rope 30 metres long trailing behind one, etc, etc, that one might be traced if one was caught in one. Also how to recognise four different kinds of snow and the special dangers of each. This really just affects the men--but when they have to go to Triesenberg to carry up bread it is quite dangerous. Today the sun is shining and far down in the Rhine valley the snow is gone. Yesterday the sunset was a dream. Spring! Hope! Easter! Life from death! Yesterday morning when I woke Susi with the words that there was a feeling of Spring, she went quite silly with joy and sang songs of flowers and birds and whatnot with about 6 ft of snow outside!!!! We both roared at her i.e. she and I!

Yesterday Charlie showed me a squirrel--a tiny little black one, running up a tree. Poor, little things they must be having a thin time. Also the other day a wonderful little bird like a woodpecker arrived. We hunted it up in a bird book and found it belonged to the woodpecker family, but a branch that lives in rocks on the Alps.

I think little Moth I shall have to send this letter separately--it is too much to include in Maur's. It has just happened that this week I have managed to write to you both--only Maur's has been a long time in the writing. I got my Sunday duty over by 10.15 as Békir and I had breakfast, and it so happened that the afternoon was free.

This morning we had a wonderful Gemeindestunde on Christ of the Four Gospels. It is becoming wonderfully clear what John meant by calling Christ the "Word." The written word (any word) is just a symbol of that for which the word stands. Even without the New Testament, those open to the Spirit of God would know His will, for the Spirit is the reality behind the written word. Without Him the written word cannot be understood. Indeed for many decades there was no New Testament, but that which is written in it was lived for it was lived in the power of the Spirit--the expression, the Word, of God--not the written word, but the "living word."

Charlie is a special joy to us. We have as I told Maur a German journalist staying with us just now, who does not at all see beyond the surface of our life. Hanseman was speaking to Charlie about something he had done, and the journalist took Charlie's part. I could scarcely believe my ears, knowing how Charlie would have flared up a few weeks ago, to hear him tell the journalist that Hanseman was right. It is in truth a miracle to see the change in him.

Wolf's birthday was this week and a wonderful day we had with dancing--a thing we have had no time for for weeks.

Mothie, you cannot imagine the joy of so many families and single people living as one family. This does not mean there is no family life--emphatically not, but family life outside community seems empty by comparison. Our daily life is a miracle for on a human basis it is quite impossible.

Now, darling, I must stop. There was a long interruption in the middle of the word impossible!

So sorry I omitted the back page of my last letter. I do not know what I can have done with it as I can see it nowhere.

My love to Baglink. Hope she and Mollie had a really good midterm. Love too to Crabbe, when you write. Tell him I mean to answer his splendid long letter about Germany sometime, and not to give me up as a bad job. Please give Granny and all the Dunbunners my love and unless you happen to be writing directly to the Curries, please send them it via Granny!

Mother, darling, our love

Your Kitty

28. 3.3.35

1. Kitty sends best wishes to a list of people
2. Leyton Richard's visit. Papa, Eberhard H. and Herman arrive next day.
3. Conscripton for 30 at the Rhönbruderhof.
4. K. makes a catalogue of ten people in the Swiss Cantons who helped them in any way.
5. All foreigners to go to the Rhönbruderhof
6. God's way means suffering

Almbruderhof, Silum
3.3.35

Darling Mothie,

What a joy it was to get your letter last night. As mine was so late in going I did not expect to hear from you for some days. And what a busy week you have had too!

This has indeed been a busy week with us, too. At the moment Leyton and Mrs. Richards are here. They are both darlings. I feel particularly with Mrs. Richards, as if I had known her for years. That is because she is very close to community. Eberhard Heinrich brought them here, and next day Papa, Edith and Herman arrived. I cannot say how wonderful it is to see them all--especially Papa--again. Only Heini's term is not finished. Poor Annemarie!

I think it is providential that the Richards should have come at a time of crisis. They went to the Rhön, but were not allowed, by law, to stay overnight, so had the long journey to here--as long, as regards time, as from Edin to London. They had just heard of the proposed order for conscription in Germany. This would affect about 30 of our young men, and would mean untold-of things in concentration camps, and "shot while trying to escape," etc. or leaving the country. Mrs. Richards referred several times to her amazement at the calm courage (her words) of the Rhönbrotherhood--Mama particularly. She had said, "There will be no panic, everything will be thought out and quietly done. If our young men leave, it will be for no cowardice but because we know it to be God's will, and if it is God's will, they are ready to be placed against the nearest tree and shot. God's will is alone what counts." Courage! That is what we need, and at a time like this one realises the solid foundation on which we are built. We know what unites us. We are one, for Christ is the unshakeable rock on which this life is built. It is the living expression of His Spirit, and so, whatever happens [to] us, will remain, for its sole builder and maker is God. God is the same yesterday, today and forever. That is why, when people--not only spiritually--but in concrete reality, give themselves to Him, the same life results. That is why there is unbroken unity between us and those who now and throughout the ages lived this life--the "communion of saints" as it is called. Community and communion have a common and very deep source.

I was so thrilled to get Lakshmi's note with the snaps. I think we, as a community, shall have more to do with her.

It is snowing heavily, and Susi and I had our dresses nearly round our waists wading through last night's fall on our way down here. And I am wearing what Susi calls my "Spring Apron"--one made from a piece of delicately flowered cotton you sent me soon after my arrival here!! Susi is daft on Spring! What a dear girl she is!

Sunday afternoon: I am writing this in the room with the children ages 7-14. It is the first time I have been with them when they have not been in school, but playing games, singing, etc. Wolf, Uwe and Rudi are skiing and the rest playing draughts, sewing, reading etc. and singing! What a jolly crowd! I do so love them! Mr and Mrs. Richards have just gone and Herman, too, as he has to be back in Zurich tomorrow. The Richards hope to come back for a longer time in September.

It is so glorious to see Eberhard. Before sending this I must have a long talk with him over Edinburgh, and when arrangements are made, I shall have plenty of writing to do! Just now for some 2 1/2 hrs per day I am making a catalogue of all the people in the different Swiss Cantons who have showed some interest in this life, either by buying our products or sending us presents, etc. It is

fascinating, and I am so glad to be entrusted with this work--for it means reading and writing in German. You see it is not only the name and address, but all we know of each person. I am getting used to remembering that in script "F" is the continental "J" and "T" the "I", etc. It was rather confusing at first and I made some stupid mistakes.

Tues. 5th. Well, darling, we have had such important meetings that there has been no opportunity for that long talk with Eberhard. You see our whole outward life will be changed. Instead of 90, odd people being at the Rhönbruderhof and 50, odd, here, it will be the other way about. Foreigners are safe in Germany so the Swiss, etc. will be going there. It is pretty certain Gladys and Arnold will too, but not quite certain about Freda and me. Everyone possible will be needed for the farmwork there--even as it is with the 30 young men under 32 and over 20 all that was necessary could not be done.

Wed. Well, sweet Mothie, this is indeed a late letter. The world is indeed in a desperate way. I cannot understand my previous shallow optimism. There is nothing stable except God, and trust in God does not, of necessity, mean safety. It becomes more and more clear that God's way means suffering--as it was with Christ, even so will it be with his followers. It is not that a number of people (e.g. British Israelites) are kept safe while the evil in the world brings with it its terrible consequences. The "remnant"--those who live utterly for God--are not sheltered spectators of a cataclysm: they are there in the middle of it, taking on themselves, as Christ did, the consequences of cosmic evil, and praying for those who kill them, for indeed they are so blind that they know not what they do. Does this sound exaggerated and ridiculous? It is a cool facing of real facts, and if only Christ will keep us loyal nothing else matters. I had a long letter from David which I have only had time to skim. I must try to read it decently today. My love, darling, and may we have the peace that nothing can disturb--you and we, both. Of course, it is human to worry sometimes, but I have left you in higher hands, dear, and I know it is for the Best.

Love--

Kitty

P.S. Love to little Bag.

29 10.3.35
 Dr Arnold's meetings
 Gladys' letter
 Nothing but 2-4 lines saying Edna coming for a year. [in letter 30].

Almbruderhof, Silum
 10.3.35

Darling Mothie,

Thank you, dear, so much for your wonderful, brave, cheerful and understanding letter. I am sorry to have heard about little Bag's flu, and hope she soon recovers her strength and vitality. Please give her my love, and say I shall welcome a line, if she should have the time and inclination, telling about Allan's party, the Scout concert, if there was one. Our 'Arry, "Dear John" and the Cubs in general.

This is going to be a tiny note only. It came to me that I had promised to let you see Crabbe's letter. (The "one and only" so far, but I am quite on the same bench). I have not had time to answer yet, but that is no reason why you should have to wait indefinitely, so I enclose it.

Thank you so much, darling, for going to the F.O.R. meeting and telling all those people. They were all people whom I wanted very much to meet Papa. The visit, owing to many causes e.g. conditions in Germany, etc. is not definitely fixed, but as it is undertaken in the confirmed belief that it is God's will we know that the way will be opened. It will be fairly soon as Papa and Eberhard must be back at least a week before Easter--a vital time in our life--but Scotland is better placed than England as I expect they will be at least a week there before going to Edin'.

I well know the difficulty of arranging big meetings, so if it proves unworkable (though I hope at least one may be managed) do not mind. Last year E. H. said that many, many contacts were made, but that they were very slight, and we believe it to be better to get really close to certain really interested people--e.g. Miss Anderson, Jack Stevenson, etc. than to have shallow contacts with many. On the other hand the big meetings are also important, as there may be people, not in my personal acquaintance, hungering and thirsting for a clear way through the hopeless compromises and ready to take it when it was revealed--as was with me a year ago.

My Darling, I can absolutely understand your "not having much of a desire to visit the Community." If you only knew how I hated the thought of it!!! But the money will be well and positively spent that brings you here for that visit.

I am very sorry to hear about Mrs. Hogg's sister. She is such a darling.

Sunday afternoon: Have just spent some 4 hours with the babies--Liesel and I together and the time went on wings. They know me now and accept me, and I know enough German to make what I want to say understandable!

As far as I know, darling, no single sock reached me, so there was no need to think I had only one! It is sweet of you to think of pills. While they were there I used them; when they were done I just did not bother or worry, and indeed I am in splendid health. I am sure Wolf will be delighted to get the little box when it comes. It is sweet of you to think of it.

Darling, how sweet of you to have spoken to all those people. I shall send you a note by air-mail when we know exactly, with the names of people I should especially like to meet Papa. Do not worry or overwork, dear. Do what you can. We know this visit to be of God, so if one does what one can we can trust Him to turn it to His glory.

The news about Miss Anderson is wonderful. Only this week a young girl--a teacher--is coming from B'ham. She has a year's leave from the Educ. Cttee. and is going to stay here for that time.

Tues 12th Tomorrow is Maur's birthday, and I have sent her a letter. Liesel has shown me my beautiful blue coat, my present from you, sweet Moth. It is not quite finished and the wool is finished. Would you please, Darling, send a few more ounces? I enclose a little bit of the wool. The colour is perfect and I am looking forward to wearing it.

Here are some people whom I should like very much to meet the Arnolds--either in a meeting or if you are not too tired in No 9 or some other house:-

1 Jack Stevenson, the Manse, Coulter 2 Miss Anderson, 11 Hermand Terrace Edin'11. 3. David Blair, 4. John. 5. Agnes Cormie and Elizabeth Goldsmith. 7 Margaret Swann 8 Ella Turnbull. 9 Miss Knox

I fancy Mrs. Hogg would be delighted to ask some friends to meet them in her house--Roy, Mr. Pollen, etc. And Miss Roy, 30 Netherby Rd, Trinity asked me to her house last year and had a number of friends collected there. I fancy she would be most interested. I shall write and tell her. Then there is Miss Ida Ritchie of the Glen, Malleny Mills, Balerno. I am very keen that they should meet her. Perhaps they could visit the old mill. Then there are a few young stalwarts whom I should like them to meet: 1 Alfred Armour, Hillrig, Damhead, Lothianburn, Midlothian. 2 Ian Ireland, 18 Braid Cresc. 3 Wreford Watson.

Then there are five or 6 members of Lochend Staff who are interested:-

1 Mr Geo Watt, Mount View, Craiglockhart Loan, Edin. 11. 2 Miss M M Mitchell, 25, Moira Lee. Edin. 3 Miss Scott, 16 Marchmont Rd and her friend Miss McLeod. 5 Miss Smith, Lochend Rd Sch. 6 Mr Wakefield, M.A.B.Com., 32, Blackie Rd. Leith (Not so much interested as the others).

There are many more people, but they are I think all in either the Aux. or F.O.R. I shall write to Edith Gibson, Aux Sec. and tell her of the visit, and perhaps you would be good enough to send a P.C. with exact dates when you know them. Her address is--Miss E. Gibson, Esdaile, Kilgraston Rd (Phone 41510 Ed).

If an open meeting is arranged, perhaps, the interested members of Lochend Staff could be sent intimations.

Then, of course, there is Mr. Reid, and there are friends of yours who might be interested e.g. Miss Jameson. Then Hilda Denholm Young might be interested. Also Mrs. Donaldson (of the wonderful dinners!) and her two daughters, 101. Cornhill Terr. Leith. Then a Miss Jeannie Stirling--a stranger to me--sent me a letter with the names of friends likely to be interested in Eberhard's big meeting last year. Her address is 17, Ladysmith Rd, Edin' 9.

Of course these names are for big meetings.

Mr. Reid, Jack Stevenson, Miss Anderson, Margaret Swann are very important--perhaps Margaret could have her friends to meet Papa in her house.

Then there is the question of Glasgow. However, darling, if you would invite the personal friends, and let the FOR or Aux. know the names and addresses of the others (provided they arrange one or more meetings) it would indeed be wonderful.

But do not feel overpowered. Some organisation (I know only too well!) is necessary but that, without the living Spirit, is nothing, and given the latter, the rest is the outcome of it.

Now, darling, I must stop, as this letter has already missed the post twice.

My love, Moth--

Kitty

P.S. Have just remembered Sister Gilda Ingram, of the Central Hall, Tollcross brought about 20 young people to hear Hardy last year.

Alm Bruderhof
Silum
Liechtenstein
24.2.35

Dear Mrs. Hamilton,

Such a long time has gone by since you sent me that baby wool and those lovely toffees and I have never written to thank you for them. I hope you don't think that my thanks are any the less because they come so late. It is so nice of you to think about me when you have so many other things to think about just now and you cannot imagine how I appreciate it. I haven't begun to make my baby things yet because there has been so much else to do but I shall have to begin soon. It makes me so happy to think about it. Especially that it will be a baby born into Community life and surrounded from its first moments by a real, living power of love, the love that is given to us by God through his Spirit to enable us to live this life, for no other power is strong enough. It is so wonderful to think that at last God is going to trust us with a new, little life, straight from heaven, but still more wonderful to know that this responsibility is shared by all, and that the child is really given into the care of God's Church who will watch over it and care for it in wisdom and love.

I expect that Kathleen tells you all that we do here so that any news would be quite superfluous but I must say that the deeper one grows into this life the more one realises that nothing less than all in every sense of the word, is sufficient. But it is good that we cannot see everything that it means all at once, otherwise our courage would fail and we should not be prepared to give up our all and live by another power than our own.

I have been amazed at the way Kathleen has grown into this life so that she is now so much a part of it that we couldn't think of Community without her, and stumbling along in the rear; and often failing so miserably myself, I have watched and wondered at the power of God which enables men to do the impossible if only they are open to his Spirit.

Kathleen and I do washing up after dinner and getting the tea, every day in the week now, and although washing up is one of my pet aversions I look forward to this piece of work as much as anything else I do for we so much enjoy working together, and Kathleen can do all the things that I can't, and it is a great thing to think that we are working together side by side for the same great cause; for God, that His will may be done, and for his Truth, that it may shine, through all our weaknesses into a dark and despairing world.

I do so hope that you are being able to realise, through Kathleen's letters something of what all this means so that if and when you come to visit us in the summer it may be a wonderful experience for you. I am trying to tell Mother something about it too as I believe she will must certainly try to come out if it is only to see the new baby, but I must say it is very difficult, for Truth is often so hard and it can only be felt by those who are willing to hear it and do it.

We are all looking forward to this summer very much for many people have promised to visit us and it is always such a joy when people come--though --as you may imagine--an indescribable joy when they stay. But this does not happen so often.

Once again thank you for your kindness to me and for all you have done for the community. You may be sure we think a lot about you.

With much love
from Gladys

30 17.3.35

1st eleven escape from Germany

Almbruderhof, Silum

17.3.35

My Darling Moth,

Thanks so much for your wonderful letter. It is so good of you to write even when my letter has not arrived. And thanks, darling, for the 10/-. It means a lot to us that your love to me should express itself in love to us all.

Now, darling, this is Sunday, but it is not like a Sunday at all. Late last night we got a phone call from Papa, who was only here for a few days, saying that the suspected move on Hitler's part re conscription had been put into force that very day. So we had a very important Gemeindestunde to see what we could do. Even if our brothers left immediately they might be stopped at the German frontier. Then there was the question of money. One is not allowed to send more than a very tiny amount from here to Germany owing to the latter's debt to Switzerland, and we had no idea how much they had, if any. It was proposed Arnold should leave today taking all we could amass with him. Then we went to bed, knowing those young men to be in desperate danger, but with the one wish that whatever happened God's will might be done. Then this morning we got the news that eleven had left last night--all by different ways: four by train and 7 on bicycles (though it is about 350 kilometres to the frontier). They left at 2 in the morning, and we have just heard that four are out of Germany. We must do all we can to get the others out. But we believe it is God's will that they should live, and that He can do as wonderful things for them as he did for Eberhard. I did not tell you but at the two vitally dangerous places for young Eberhard on his way to the Rhön (He went there to interpret for Leyton Richards.) his passport was not looked at. He would at once have been imprisoned if it had for he had been in Austria without paying the large fine necessary for a German under the present regime. Then coming back, he did nothing, absolutely nothing, to avoid inspection, but it just happened that he was getting some money changed when the inspecting officer came to the carriage, and seeing his back and the empty place by (the) Leyton Richards, he asked the latter, on inspecting their British passports, if he was their son. Knowing no German and misunderstanding the question Leyton Richards said "yes!" and Eberhard's passport was not even looked at.

We have just heard that first two and then another two are safe: the first in Switzerland, the second in Liechtenstein. God is good.

Now for why this has not been like a Sunday. I was in the kitchen all morning, which was lovely, and upstairs there was a very practical Bruderschaft. All the blankets, etc, we possess were amassed and re-distributed to include the eleven, and this afternoon we have been busy, in the faith that they won't be arrested, getting beds, etc. ready for them.

Then there are all the brothers still at the Rhön, and one young man, Liesel's brother, who is studying bookbinding, etc, at Stuttgart. There is also a young cousin of Eberhard's, an ex-storm trooper, who means to join us in this life. It will be no simple matter for them, but whatever happens, if it is to God's glory we can rejoice. As for Papa, his passport expires in a few days, so he must go back to Germany. It takes a courage beyond human capacity to go knowing that he will be held responsible when it is discovered that the young men have gone. But he goes absolutely calmly. He knows that

conditions are desperate: he knows only too well what it may mean, but he goes, ready at any moment for the journey to England. Mother darling, this is life! It is one with that experienced by Paul and the early Christians, and with that experienced by people through the ages, who have been driven to live in unity, and therefore community, by the one Spirit of God who is Truth and Love.

Leyton Richards, by the way, we heard in a letter from B'ham had told some friends that he had experienced here for the first time what the true church was. He was here for a tiny time only--two days!--and naturally there are many things that cannot possibly be immediately understood, (They are only understood as one actually lives the life--the mind alone cannot grasp them.) so it is natural that there should be some criticisms (I had so many, I tabulated them and presented them to Papa!!!!), but that remark is indeed wonderful.

I am so glad to have time to write to you. I fully expected to have none, but the work was a joy, for it was a work of love to our brothers and of faith in God that He would bring them safely here.

The snow is beginning to melt and Roland, my little boy, presented me with a lovely little bunch of "Snow Heather" which he had found, so Spring is indeed on the way. It is delicate pink and white and the flowers are exactly like Heath but the tiny dark green leaves are different. This morning I was able to wash in my Hutte--the water was not frozen!!!

By the way, thank you so much for sending on Adie's things. I have written to thank her. And I must tell you of Wolf's delight over the little ring box. The box itself is a joy to him, but when I told him the story of the ring, he was thrilled. I wish I could remember his exact words but they have gone. However, dear, the little box is in most appreciative hands, and not only appreciative of the actual box.

I had a most wonderful letter from Miss Anderson. I do so hope she is in Edin during the visit as she would be a wonderful link. She knows Miss Ritchie of the Old Mill at Balerno, and I have asked her if she could take Papa and E. H. to visit her and all her young people. Also she is in touch with many young men, and at the same time is a member of both Aux. and F.O.R. However, she may be here during the visit. We are all thrilled at the thought of her visit. Would you please be so kind as to let her know when I am able to let you have dates? Then I enclose a little note to Miss Roy. She just heard Eberhard speak in Dr. McPherson's Church, and then asked me to her house to tell her brother and some friends all I knew. I would be most grateful if you could ask her to tea or to a cup of coffee. You could tell her to come after school in the 3.56 (is it?) train from Leith Central to M'side, or as she teaches Infants she might catch the one some twenty minutes earlier. I should very much like her to ask her friends to meet Papa. As I do not know their names they can only meet him through her.

Now for a line to Baglink. How are you, Slung??? I was so sorry to hear of the 'flu, but hope it has gone where the dead crabs go. I filched that from Kipling. By the way, his humour appeals to Wolf excessively. I can never read them a Just So Story, etc. without his demanding to see the pictures and even more so Kipling's comments and explanations of the said pictures. (I nearly wrote aforesaid. Do you remember the tussle over "áforesaid", and "afóresaid?" How is Molly Struthers? Are all the Cublinks thriving? And how are all the Cubmasters?).

Since writing this, much has happened, though it is still Sunday night. Two have arrived--August and Roland [Karl] (the father of little Roland) and we have heard what actually happened at the Rhön. Hans Meyer was in Bäsle when he got the news of conscription and he phoned it at once to them and to Papa, who phoned us. They did not know if it really was Hans or if it were a ruse to trap them. Then yesterday at midday Papa arrived there. He was telling them of important visits he had paid when

the phone rang. He went to answer it, came back and finished his story--then called the Bruderschaft and said that all between 18 and 30 had to leave that night. They had 1/2 hr in which to pack! It was marvelous to hear it as Roland told it. How they had had a Gemeindestunde--how calm they were and how sure that God had told them the right moment and what to do. (For Bäle was the only town that knew the news yesterday. Heini and Herman in Zurich did not know of it till midday today and Hans Meyer had only just been sent to Bäle. Then they decided how they were to go--in twos and threes crossing the frontier at different places, and in darkness and silence they set out, though accompanied by the older men and women.

August said that one of the most wonderful things he had ever known was to come here and be conscious of utter unity with those of us he had never seen before. It is a coincidence, if you like, but today, a year ago, the first three arrived at the Almbruderhof, and now on its anniversary we have to thank God that the Almbruderhof exists in time of great need.

Life is wonderful. We are expecting Hans Zumpe and Gerhardt tonight (the other two who came by train) so though it is late we are sitting up. E. H. Arnold, Hanseman and Willie have gone down to meet them with a sledge as Hans has been so ill. That is another instance of God's guidance. If Papa had not arrived yesterday, Hans could not have left. By the way he is much better now and full of wit--especially since the birth of another baby daughter a week ago.

Now I must stop--though I have forgotten to tell you of the arrival of Edna the day before yesterday. She is a B'ham girl who has got a year's leave of absence from the Educ. Cttee. and is spending it with us. She was here for a week with Godfrey Pain in Summer.

Now, darling, my love, and many, many thanks for pills, etc. The sock is beautiful, but I have not got its pair. Perhaps it is also in the box-room!!! Love to Bag. Ever your, Kitty

P.S. Miss Roy's address is 30, Netherby Rd., Trinity Edin.' 5

P.P.S. Am so glad to hear such good news of Uncle Harry. How sweet of Adelaide to ask for me in her p.c. I got a letter nearly 6 months ago which I have not managed to answer.

31 and 32 23.3.35
Other arrivals at Liechtenstein

Almbruderhof, Silum
23.3.35

My Darling Little Mothie,

I have Kinderwache tonight, so while waiting for the children to get into bed before going round putting out lights, etc. I am going to begin a letter to you.

I just cannot express the wonderful joy of these last few days. We know what Paul meant when he said he had been delivered from the mouth of the lion, and what those experienced when they said they were like men that dream--"then filled with laughter was our tongue, our mouth with melody" or words to that effect.

I told you in my last letter of the safe arrival of the first of our brothers. Daily after that as our big cow bell was rung, we rushed to our cellar door--the easiest means of egress owing to the snow--for

it meant that other arrivals had been sighted. Three of the cyclists did the entire distance in 65 hours--going without sleep all that time. In fact more, for they left after a whole day's work. They are not quite all here yet. Nor is Papa. Some had considerable difficulty at the frontier, being detained and questioned: others got through easily.

Silum is the same, and yet different. The spirit reigning there is the same, but what an increase of noise--particularly at meals, you should just hear the singing!!! There is also a great increase in such things as "Abwash", but the work is indeed a joy when one realises what it means. Two days ago we had a wonderful day in honour of two events--the twin's first birthday and the first birthday of the Almbruderhof. At supper the whole story was told--the first arrivals a year ago telling their experiences, and each of us--even those who came much later--added ours. Then there was dancing. My word but the German Folk Dances are great! Then after that there was a Gemeindestunde--an unforgettable one, for those of us who knew only Silum had never sat in such a wonderful big circle before.

The next day Gladys and Arnold left for the Rhön, and today I got a letter from Gladys written during the very long train journey there. Just half an hour after their arrival Moni (Georg's wife and Mama's sister) with her three lively young sons left for here and brought the letter with them. In a fortnight Trudi and Freda go there. I am to stay here and to take over more work in school.

By the way, Marianne is to come soon. I am thrilled at the thought of meeting her. Her husband, Kurt, is an absolute dear. He is like a replica, in appearance, of Ian Ireland. He showed me a beautiful drawing Marianne had done of their 9 days old baby.

I am having a busy time here, for now, at meals, I am doing my utmost to translate for Edna, for when Trudi, Eberhard [Hardy] and Susi are all gone, it will fall to me. News read from newspapers is ghastly (both in itself and to translate), but fortunately what is really deep is much easier to understand in German, so can be much more accurately translated.

The youngsters are now in bed, and as there is a Bruderschaft overhead, and no Gemeindestunde tonight I am going to seize the welcome chance to get some extra sleep. Goodnight, Mothie!

Sat. 23rd: Darling Moth. Your great fat letter arrived today, and as I see I am on duty tomorrow afternoon with the older children I am doing all I can to write now. How good of you to have sent Nunkey's letter back so promptly. Thank you also for enclosing Maur's. Do please give them both my love when you write and tell them that they are often in my thoughts.

How sweet of you to get the wool, Mother. As for the red one, I really do not think I shall need it, but if there is no greater need I shall gladly use it.

Now about the snap, dear. I have not seen it. Just as Leyton Richards was leaving he said he had one last snap in a film left, and that he had promised Mrs. Bridgewater to take Freda. He wanted to take me, too, so while Freda and Detta were waiting I was hauled from my work to be snapped. I am sorry I look untidy. The little jackets are often worn open, but mine was open from necessity owing to my having no patent fastners. (Now don't go sending them! Uwe has a birthday in a few days and the little coat and my old Harris skirt are going to make a suit for him). I shall gladly take your little mirror dear. We always come to meals tidy, but the nature of our work is sometimes such that one cannot be continually tidy.

I have just today looked at St. George's magazine, and see to my amazement a little article on the Bruderhof in it. I suppose Miss Welsh is responsible.

Mother darling, I know your interest in the Community is personal and is simply a result of your love to me. I cannot thank you enough, dear, for your love. To be a Mother must indeed mean to be prepared many a time to have a sword pierce your heart. Mothie, darling, you don't know how terrible it is to feel that I have caused anxiety and pain to you--and to know that I could and can take no other course: That is a test of love. You have several times quoted in your letters, "He shall keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Darling, we both love God better than anything in life, and we know that nothing matters if only His will is done on earth. The powers of evil are so strong and cruel, so cunning and plausible that the desperate thing is that they can use fine, sincere men as tools. War, for example--how many brave, gentle men believe this awful contradiction of love to be right and pleasing to God--God whose very nature is Love? We, too, Mother, have a terrible fight with evil--evil in its most subtle forms, for in very fact we are not fighting flesh and blood but principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Most ghastly is a creeping sleepiness that comes on us when God demands we should be awake and ready for the time is a time of great danger. Christ's disciples, living constantly in the presence of Christ, even failed him. Evil was so subtle that it could even penetrate that circle, and when Christ had to face his desperate fight with evil on the cross, they fell asleep--thereby showing an absolute inability to grasp the terrific importance of the time, and what love was costing God. And we, too, fail God, being more occupied with our tiredness or our personal problems than with the crisis that has now been reached in the fight between the cosmic forces of Good and Evil. Mother, darling, we are not untempted recluses! Christ's words come home to us with power, "Watch, and pray that ye enter not into temptation." May God open our eyes, for the power of evil to bring about a kind of drugged insensibility is desperate, and beyond our human power to combat. Perhaps you may remember when I was in Edinburgh my saying how blind--how hopelessly blind we were. How I despaired of being able to impart the vision I had seen, which drove me into the F.O.R. and from there here, to others. That is indeed the truth--we are quite powerless. But God gives truth and the power to act it, to those whose hearts are hungering and thirsting for Him. The thing is that we must be ready and open.

Monday morning: Just a word or two to add, darling. Hardy has just departed en route for Eng. He shall write to you from Holland where he hopes to meet Papa. As they must be back a week before Easter, you see the visit won't be too long. Also it is far, far more important to get close to a few people really interested than to have a large superficial contact. You ask about Edith. She expects a baby in some months time, so I expect only Papa + E.H. will go. They go first to B'ham, where they will be with the Bridgwaters, and then to Edin', I think, then London. I have not written Miss Knox, as I think you told Mr. Lowe about the visit, and it is better to go direct to the Sec. I wrote Miss Anderson, and I am sure she will do all she can. If a meeting is arranged by F.O.R. or Aux or both together would you please see that the following know of it?

1. Mr. Wakefield, Lochend Rd Sch. (with a little note including all members of the staff interested--I gave the names of five I know to be but of course all should be included).
2. Some of Bag's friends--Eva, Dorothy Sinclair, etc.
3. Margaret Swann (Perhaps she might ask them to her house to meet her friends--the Campaigners, etc.
4. Miss Knox might also be able to have a little meeting with friends: also perhaps, Miss Roy, whose address I gave in my last letter, and Mrs. Hogg, and perhaps Mrs. Heard.

I have asked Miss Anderson to try to get a visit arranged to Miss Ritchie and the Mill, Balerno.

Then I would be so grateful if you could see that Jack Stevenson, Miss Anderson, Elizabeth and Adie, David, John, Wreford, Mr. Reid meet them. If possible also Ian Ireland, 18 Braid Cresc. and Alfred Armour, Hilbrig, Damhead, Lothianburn, Midlothian. Mr. and Mrs. McKelvie, 20 Fountainhall Rd. and Ronnie Hall's Pa and Ma. I do not know where Donald Dugard is now, but if he happens to be near Edin', I know he would want to see Hardy again. George Reid might be interested, too, and Dorothy McArthur.

Darling, if the Aunts make it impossible for you to have them--though I hope with all my heart they do not for I do so want you to know Papa and Eberhard really well, I think Miss Anderson--who has character enough to ignore convention--would gladly put them up. That is if she is still there. But I somehow think she will be there for the visit, and then come here. Failing that--Mrs. Heard is an unexpected character; who knows, she may leap at the chance!!!

If the Aunts are not there, my old room would be the very thing for them. Its simple style always appealed to me much more than the front room did.

We have been living through such fateful times that I really cannot say clearly what letters I have written. I know I wrote Miss Roy, and Miss Anderson, asking her to tell the Auxiliary. I wrote David saying the visit was expected soon. Others I just cannot remember. A little P.C. to those who are my friends, saying I was extremely sorry that owing to the upturn caused by Hitler's latest move, I had not been able to write, but that I wanted them badly to meet Papa, would be enough, I think, little Moth, if you can manage to do it.

In a few days we expect 25 new people--the wives and children of the men already here. They are not in danger in Germany, but we want to have families united, and some eleven or twelve of us will be going there.

Here we will be some 90 people, without any of the means of obtaining food, etc, possible in the Rhön. As a farm, it is a true wonder, but they are not allowed to send vegetables, etc. to us here. We are utterly thrown back on our faith in God. All that matters is that His light of love, active practical love, should burn, and should be set on a candlestick that those around may see. It is the power of God, the Spirit of Love, that has driven no less than nine of us out on missions to six neighbouring lands to bear this light to a world in unparalleled need. Just as the early persecutions were the means of spreading the Good News over Europe, we can see in the straits through which we are passing a like opportunity--an opportunity for which we have for long been waiting, but had not the men to send. Now we have many men (the poor Rhön is in awful need of them), and no means to use many of their powers (e.g. we have no horses, and some worked constantly with them), but the power was given us, and we saw in some the necessary qualities for the desperately difficult task of going out with the message. To have enough bowls, etc, for them all to take, has made it necessary for some of our brothers to work at night, that the turning wheels are never idle. Faced, quite literally, with starvation, the faith--no facile optimism--comes, that this desperate economic situation is in reality a wonderful new beginning. United and unified by the Spirit, we stand as one behind those who are sent out, and we know that since the battle is His, not ours, it will not be lost.

My love, Darling

Your Kitty

Almbruderhof the
27. III. 1935

Dear Mrs Hamilton.

I was so glad, to get the sweet little thing, the box, you sent to me. Thank you very much for it. Kathleen gave it to me some days ago and told me the story of it. How old may it be? Kathleen told me, that you thought it came from Italy. That little box was specially nice, because the Almbruderhof has also an artistic workshop, where wooden things are made. We sell much of this--bowls, boxes, candle-sticks and egg-cups; perhaps you have seen some of this things.

Now we have the most lovely sunny weather, and the snow is melting slowly. But I think, we have to wait a good while, till all snow is gone, because we we had six to eight feet of snow. But everybode, who comes from the valley, brings snow-drops or prim-roses or crocus, or any other flower, for it is real spring in the valley. But slowly also Silum becomes springlike. The first heathern is blooming, and the birds are singing, and the sun is shining warmly. Even the air smells like spring. But still we have much snow, which disappears very slowly. But the farmers in the whole country burned already the winter, and he is died, even if he is not quite driven out.

Many kind greetings from
Wolfgang.

32 31.3.35

Almbruderhof Silum
31.3.35

Darling Mothie,

What a joy your last letter was! Darling, I cannot thank you enough for all you are doing for us in helping Papa and Eberhard. Thank you from my heart.

To me it is indeed very wonderful what you write regarding economic security and the Moravian missionaries. It is the old question. Do you remember the Pope who said, "The Church can no longer say, "Silver and gold have I none"" and the answer of Tomas Aquinas (was it?), "And no longer can she say, "Rise up and walk!." That you see and appreciate that, Mothie, means a very great deal to me.

Your letter was a great joy, dear. How wonderful that you should meet Alfred, and that you should have Ella, Miss Roy and Mary Anderson to coffee. Do not be worried if in the end there are only little meetings. I know it takes time to arrange even one big one, and little informal ones may be far more vital. I do hope the Aunts are not with you during their visit, though, darling, I know you will be given the physical strength for the extra work.

It was not mere chance when you said, last year, "If we are meant to have Hardy I shall be well in time." Is it really a year ago! Never did time pass more slowly than during that last awful term at Lochend, when my eyes were open to the ghastly compromise in my work, and never has it flown as it has during the 7 1/2 months I have been here.

Darling, thank you for your prayer--that God should lead me in the ways that are most honouring to Him. To be used by Him that His will may be done and His name glorified is my one desire, and there is no conceivable doubt but that He has guided me and will guide me.

How wonderful of Roy to have said that. When I read it I was all agog with excitement to know what friend he had who had joined a Christian pacifist community--it never occurred to me that it was me, till you said it!

Also, dear, thank you so much for all the letter-writing you are doing for me. It is wonderful of you. I am very sorry Agnes will be away from home when Papa and Eberhard are there. I do wish there was some means for them to meet old Crabbe. Ian Morison did not occur to me, but he and his friends might be very much interested. So glad Baglink is fitter and stronger. Please give her my love. This is all I am writing now, darling, but I enclose a letter of Wolf's. The peasants burned the winter out rather prematurely--yesterday we had a terrific fall of snow and I sank over knee deep on my way to my Hutte! I also enclose a letter to a little Lochend girl of the backward class I had four years ago and loved so much. Will you please send it on to her? I shall give you her address. Do please give my love to all my friends you see. If Eberhard and Papa are with you when this arrives, please give them my love,--our love,--and the greeting of Einheit.

My love, darling--Kitty

P.S. Sorry, dear, I have had to send this without the little girl's letter. I have not managed to find her address, but shall try to have a good hunt for it. My love, sweet little Moth, Kitty.

P.P.S. Love to Nunkey, Granny and little Bag'.

33 6.4.35

Departure of 15 to the Rhön, including Arnold, Gladys, Freda, Békir.

Almbruderhof,
Silum, 6.4.35

My Darling Moth,

My beautiful little blue jacket is now finished and it is warmer than anything I have ever worn. Thank you, darling. It is wonderful this icy weather to be kept so cosy by my little Mothie's gift, and I wear it every day. The red wool you so kindly sent, darling, is being used for something else as I have a little thin coat for summer, and the wool is the very thing we want for "Slitzer" shoes. We hope to make these for children and give them to those of our brothers who are sent out with our books, bowls, bookmarks, etc.

There is such a lot to tell you this week that I must jot down headings before I go further so as not to forget anything.

First, thank you so much for asking Miss Roy, Mrs. Keppie, Dorothy McArthur, Mary Anderson and Ella.

Darling, your second letter has arrived. My darling Mothie, I am simply overflowing with gratitude to God for giving me such a mother. How wonderful of you to feel so for Eberhard and Eberhard Heinrich! Of course, in this life one must be ready for anything, but we believe there is work for them to do in Britain and we do not think anything such as you suggest has happened [to] them. We heard from them the day you wrote your letter. They were finding opportunities for work in Holland, and said friends were arranging meetings for them on their return journey. He also said they were leaving for London that day (Thursday).

I had a delightful letter from Mary Anderson and also one from Margaret Swanne the other day. I have written to Margaret Swanne asking her to try to get Ann Cumming to meet Papa, and also some friends of hers who belong to what they call the "Fellowship." Although I am very sorry indeed Mary Anderson won't be here for Easter, I am more glad than I can say that she will be in Edinburgh. Re the common criticism that we are out of the world, she writes, "Up on your mountain you seem nearer the heart of things than anyone else"--and she was referring to world movements and news!!! By the way when you see her, please tell her that the rumours she refers to regarding German re-armament etc, and which she says she refutes because our brothers have arrived safely, are not anything more than the truth.

Germany is in an awful way, and in more cases than one could possibly believe those who go to prison are never heard of again. They just disappear, and never come out alive. When one has had a little contact with the true state of affairs in Germany, one sees through the illusion of human progress. Evil is indeed a terrible reality.

I told the community about all you were doing for us, dear, and about your going to the Seekers. At the end Mama came to me and said, "I love your Mother", and she said she would write to you. Do you think, dear, you could let the Seekers know of Papa's meeting in Roy's church when it is fixed? They seem to be living people. Roy, too,--I don't know how to thank him and Mrs. Hogg. Do please tell them that from me, and that I shall be extremely happy if they can get to know Papa and Eberhard personally.

Darling, how my heart bled for you when I heard how S. Morningside had turned the cold shoulder--and even Mr. Reid. My brave little Mothi, may God uphold you. I know what a very, very trying position you are in, and from your letter it is plain that you are facing it in His strength.

I am loading you with P.C.'s to write, dear. Would you please tell Miss Roy how very, very much we appreciate her kind action in sending us those 10/-; and thank her from us all. Please ask her to remember me kindly to her brother, and to give Mrs. Keppie my love.

Now for all the events that happened this week. I was just beginning to recount them when your letter came. The first is that 15 women, each with a little child or baby came here from the Rhönbruderhof on Wed. morning. They included Mama and Emmi-Margaret, with her 3 weeks old baby. They came in a big motor and the journey lasted about 26 hours--going all the time. Mama, Emmi-Ma and the baby spent a night at Constance, where they were very badly treated--put into a room that had had no heating all winter and the person in charge refused to make a fire. (How different with rich people!) Mama informed him that the 3-weeks-old baby was being treated as the Christ-child had been--there was no room for him either. However they also met with surprising kindness on the way. It was rather trying at the frontier (indeed in a short time even women won't be allowed to cross without a certain work certificate: women are needed for agriculture, etc, in the event of a war.) However, they arrived here very tired, but quite safe.

We had a love feast to celebrate their safe arrival. Then after a wonderful Gemeindestunde we went to bed. Some of us had to share beds as there were not enough, so Freda slept with me. Do you remember the night before we came here, we slept as sardines on the railway carriage seat? We did the same our last night together. But that leads me to another bit of news. I am no longer in my little Hutte. I have been moved to a lovely room at the very top of the big house. (These snowy nights it is a treat not to have to go out at night). The reason of the change is that two little children came to us last week--little girls of about 9 and 2, and I have been given the care (during the night) of the little 2 year old. They come from a Children's Home where they have been badly neglected. Their hair was dirty and my little Brigitta has supurating sores on four fingers and on her face, and has continually a heavy cold. She is a dear little soul badly needing someone's love--but doesn't she lead me a merry dance through the night!!! I feel a thrill of triumph if her bed is ever dry in the morning. I bath her every night and dress her every morning. The rest of the day she is in the lovely children's room in the Swiss House.

We, Free and I, were in my bed, and Brigitta (I think it is an Italian form of Bridget)--as usual--was snoring heavily in her cot, when crack! bang! My jolly old bed went bust. Freda's and my combined weight was a trifle too much, so we followed the good old Guide song, "What will we do if the bed breaks down? Sleep on the floor!!!" We dragged the mattress out and remade the bed on the floor. There we lay till 2:30 a.m. when Fritz came to waken Freda. I got up too, and found some 15 people having breakfast in the kitchen. Then they left in a heavy snow-storm to get down to Vaduz in time to get the big bus that brought our other sisters from the Rhönbruderhof. I had hoped to go part of the way with Freda, but Anne, Kate's little girl, was crying because Kate had to go, so I went to console her. Then I put my mattress back and went to bed. But no sooner was I in than--bang!--went the bed again. However, now there was no Freda and somehow the event had lost all its humour. I did not get out and re-make the bed; on the contrary I lay at a sea-sick angle of about 45 degrees till morning. I did not sleep, but that time was very precious to me. I have written to Free about it. I began by thinking of our first meeting, and that led back to the very beginning--to the events that had led me here, and I lay there thanking God for the wonder of it all. As I wrote to Freda I missed her awfully, and Susi, and the others--but especially those two--but it was impossible to be lonely. You cannot imagine how everyone, in the most quiet and unobtrusive and insignificant details showed me their love--those who had only

[just] come, too. We are one family, and love transcends racial differences, language difficulties and indeed every differentiation and barrier between man and man. Hansemann, the dear, mended my bed, so I now sleep in luxury!

The next joyful event was Herman's arrival on holiday from Zürich, and last night good old Heini put in an appearance, so Annemarie, who is always happy, is looking radiant!

Then the night before last Herman Arnold arrived. He is the cousin of Eberhard H., Heini and Herman, and was a Nazi. He is a delightful boy, and I feel as if I had known him for long. He was here on a visit just before Freda's and my arrival, but has now come to stay.

Marianne is a darling--surpassing all my (very high) expectations. Georg and Arno are in Paris looking for destitute children. Alas! The need is terrible, but the cases that need help most in every case are refugees who have not got a certain pass without which they cannot leave France. However, we have the promise of five children. Does it surprise you that we are looking for children when we don't know where our next day's meal comes from? God has given the community a wonderful number of teachers, and we have nearly a teacher to a child!! With the same output of love and energy one could teach five or six times the number of children--and the children are there in desperate need, so it is plainly God's will that we should give them one of the most precious things in the world--a family in which love is supreme. If this was done out of human idealism, it might be fine but foolish, but it is done out of no such motive. "The battle is not ours, but God's" says an old prophet, and in truth the cause for which we have given ourselves and all that we have is Christ's, and because it is His, whatever it may cost us, it cannot be overthrown.

We must be positive. We know that if we seek His will--the Kingdom of Heaven--first and only, we shall have what is necessary, but we would not dare to pray that His Kingdom come, while we were nursing our resources for ourselves and not actively, in faith, giving ourselves to the doing of His will.

It came to me, little Moth, that some of Nunk's compeers might be interested to hear, and, if possible, meet Papa. I already mentioned Ian Morison and Wreford in previous letters--what about Gavin and Malcolm?

Also, dear, when they are with you, could you please give Eberhard my degree parchment, etc. and testimonials (the originals of these are all that are necessary). Also my Teacher's Certificate. Of course, they are not necessary from our point of view--but from the point of view of Liechtenstein officials and inspectors, etc, it is good to have them.--a big seal sometimes works wonders!!!! My degree is in the round, long tube in my shelf in the drawingroom. I think my Teaching Certificate and the certificate I got from St. George's are there too. If not, they are in a box you will find in the same place, with my original testimonials. I should also like Mr. Wakefield's one he so kindly sent me--to show, if necessary, that I was not actually sacked!!!!!--To show inspectors, I mean. To us, that would make no difference.

I think, dear, I have now told you all--oh no! I forgot to say I no longer work in the Bureau. I have started "segen" i.e. making the little Bookmarks you have seen. To be exact, I have begun making an awful hash of the material, but I do my utmost to spoil as little as possible and I hope eventually to turn out as many as I possibly can, to speak to the world outside something of the quality of this life and to help us, economically, to carry on.

I gave Wolf your little message, and he was very happy to get it. He counts you a special friend of his!

Will you give little Bag' my love--the dear! Do you think she would like (and be able) to come here with you? She would have no fear that we would pester her. She is frank and honest, and if so inclined, could tell us she thought us jolly old freaks, and she could camp out and have as little to do with us as she liked. The same would apply to Crabbe, if he cared to come, too. I should so love to see you all again. Do thank Crabbe for his salaams [greetings]. A delightful boy of 20--Werner, who with Willie was at Isenach--reminds me sometimes of him. I have lost my friend and pupil, Békir. He is at the Rhönbruderhof, and to my incredible joy, inspite of his Mohamedan religion and his language difficulties, has got very close to the core of this life. Out of the snowstorm and darkness he called to me, "Soyez heureuse, Kathleen!" (See P.1).

[From P.1.] Of course, such a parting is no real parting, though we do not know if we shall ever, in this life, meet our brothers and sisters again. Glad. and Arnold write very happily from the Rhön, though the work to be done there is colossal. Békir is thrilled to be among horses. He comes from the Steppes--and has ridden from Babyhood. He is literally a Circassian prince, yet he scrubbed our kitchen floor every night!!!!

My love, Little Mothie--
Your Kitty

[From page 5.) P.P.S. Darling, I would be so grateful if you sent a little paper of black and white bone buttons. Brigitta's clothes are in an awful way. You will be glad to know my little girl wears wee James' cap. Thanks so much for it, Mothie).

[Letter from Emmy Arnold to Mrs. Hamilton]

Almbruderhof, 8th April 1935.

My very Dear Mrs. Hamilton!

Much-loved mother of our Kathleen. I feel driven to send you a few lines to tell you of my love and understanding now that your dear daughter has been nearly 8 months in our Gemeinschaft and has shown herself so dear and hopful a sister and fellow-worker. Kathleen has told us so much about you and yesterday she read us some extracts from your letters. We were all so glad about your understanding and felt deeply what you wrote about your experience in mission work.

Now you will soon be able to get to know my dear husband and our eldest son Eberhard, whom you have so kindly invited to stay with you. Then they can answer, perhaps, such questions as are disturbing you. It is a hard and difficult time our Gemeinschaft is experiencing--but it is a great time! It has been given us now for the second time to leave all for the sake of the love of Christ and for his peace, which is also for this earth--and it has been given us to experience in the last year of need, how God upholds those in need who trust Him and want to do His will. In 1920 we began our Gemeinschaft with much work and in great need. So moved were we in our hearts by the words of Jesus! (Matt. chaps 5 - 7). The selfishness and division and lack of peace among men became to us something unbearable, so we made an end of the old, and gave ourselves to this life of Gemeinschaft (community) in all things! We said to ourselves: "when we wish to have community, in spiritual things, then it should be easy to

share also the temporal things with each other." And so the story of Pentecost became to us reality. We experienced the same spirit who moved the early Christians (Acts 2 - 4). The groups of believers were of one heart and one mind. No one said of his goods, that they belonged to him: but they had everything in common. There was also no destitution among them, because they divided their possessions so that none was in need. And they remained faithful to the teaching of the apostles, and in the breaking of bread and in prayer. This can, of course, not be regarded as a law, but one can live it, in so far as God gives His grace, and in so far as His Strength is given and received.

Then we worked together, with much joy. We sought out and brought up children who had no homes of their own. And the living spirit lived and worked among us! Indeed we strove daily with human weaknesses, and in the years experienced many set-backs. But the grace of Christ came again to us. Many people came to see us--each year well over a thousand. Most of them went away again--and some stayed with us! So things went till November 1933! As a result of the Poll, in which we were not able to give the vote the German government wanted, our school was closed and the coming of visitors was forbidden. So our teachers and children went to Switzerland in the beginning of 1934. But we were only allowed to stay there till the 20th of March. Until then our children had found refuge in a Swiss children's home. Now my husband and I went to search for a place for our children and the school. We searched in many countries. We would have liked best to have found a farm, as in Germany, where the economic necessities of life were already on the spot--but this was not given to us. At last we found here in Liechtenstein, 1550 metres up, an empty tourist hotel with grazing for some cows, and moved into it on March 17th.--three days before that on which we had to leave Switzerland with the children. We began straight away with wood-turning--now we work at from turning lathes in day and night shifts. We can sell all that we make, but we do not know how long Switzerland will allow us to go out selling. In addition to this our many young men, some of them fathers with families, because of loyalty to truth have had to come here. That, also, gives rise to problems that are difficult to solve. For it is no small matter for so many people to give up their home and farm, with its possibilities for work and its food supply. We do it for the sake of the faith, and in the trust that God will further help us. It is incredible to us how some English Christians can, in such a position for conscience's sake, wish to see first an ideal economic system before they can believe on the message of the Bruderhofe. As we say here: "That is spoken out of the green table and not out of an understanding of the real position." (i.e. it is purely theoretical and does not arise from an experience of the situation).

I think your Kathleen has already told you something about it, and we are sure you will have an understanding for our needful position.

We ask you, also, not to be anxious about Kathleen. Kathleen looks healthy and full of vigour. She is very happy with us, and in steadfast trust expects, with us, the help that will come from God. How happy we should be if you visited us!

We greet you with warm love as our Kathleen's mother.

Yours.

Emmy Arnold

My Darling "Jolly Moth"!

What a joy your letter was, dear! But what a lot of questions!! I shall proceed obediently to answer them--though I think most of them were answered in my letter that crossed with yours. Am I in really good health?--Never was better--am full of beans and as healthy as possible. How many blankets do I have? Ans. 1. German "feather bed" (worn over, not under you), 1 thick blanket, your Paisley shawl and Aunt Margaret (is it?)'s sofa cover. And I am as warm as the proverbial bug. Do I have enough potatoes to eat? We are about out of tats, but have felt no want--porridge, rice, semolina and what-not have always been to the fore, even when we did not know what to have for the next day. Do I get proper rest? My sleep is a bit broken by Brigitta, but the fact that my work is a joy and that I start it with gusto and leave it with regret, is, I think, enough to show that I get all the rest that is necessary to health.

How many teachers are here? Georg, Marianne, Lena and I for the school, proper, and several trained Kindergartners for the little ones and the babies.

Isn't Mama a darling? She gave me her letter to you to translate, and Edith and I did it together.

My darling, you also have been much, much in my thoughts. I feel sometimes torn in two to think of all the work I am giving you: on the other hand I absolutely rejoice in it. If Alick is with you when the two Eberhards are there I shall regret very much that you won't be as free as usual to be with him: on the other hand, with every inch of my being, I have been longing for such a meeting. The future is in God's hands, and when one trusts utterly, He surely guides.

Yes, darling, I got the wool and the mirror safely. When untidy from work I remember my Jolly Moth, and trot to my room and have a peep at my genteel little mirror!! However, from the fact that I have several times been taken for Liesel or Susi (by brothers who have never before seen me and have not seen them for long) is enough to show I am not usually untidy, for I have often looked amazed at the neatness of those two above all. And I was mistaken for them before the advent of the mirror!!!

Thank you so much, darling, for the 1 pound note. It passed through many astounded hands (the said 'brothers', who had never seen English money!) before it reached Hans who greeted it joyfully as an old friend!

Do remember me kindly to Mr Griffin. Well do we ourselves know what it is to try to get money for a pass, to sell--and we have a very large family. Would he be interested to meet Papa? If he has a real interest in this life, our doors are always open.

If it is God's way to come back, Mothie, I shall with joy do so, but so far it is very clear that His will is to be where the others are. Of course, that may mean England or any other land--but if it does, it means it for us all. As I wrote to Leyton Richards and some others, "Apart from the Community I, personally, do not exist and life is meaningless." I know, darling, that this must sound only words and perhaps a little wild, but it is LIFE, it is experience, and it is spoken calmly and in the certainty that is beyond all reasoning, for it comes from God Himself.

So little Bag went last night to Plymouth! You will be alone, dear, so if I can I shall send this letter earlier than usual. I do hope she has a really good time with May.

All our young men have arrived except one--Liesel's brother. He is learning Bookbinding and was away from home, just like Eberhard in B'ham. His apprenticeship does not expire till June, but we trust all will be well with him. We have had to rent extra Hüttes for the men and their families.

Yes, Wolf has real aesthetic appreciation. Rudi is a man of action and sheer practical skill. When I told them about there being colours we could not see because they are beyond the human range of vision, and also sounds beyond our powers of hearing, Wolf at once agreed. Rudi wanted to know how I knew, and when I told him of Ultra violet rays and Galton's whistle, he calmly summed it up in the one word "Quatsch"! i.e. the German equivalent of "bosh!" Where else would you get such a delightful frank, friendly understanding between teacher and pupil!!! You see, underlying that relation is the deeper one of sister + brother.

Yes, little Moth, the "new wives" do help with cooking. At present I do not cook at all. As for Abwash, it is a real old friend, and it was with joy I saw that I still had it now that there has been a new arrangement made about work.

With the bigger children I teach purely in English. With the smaller ones I have to use all the German I can. As to the grammar--it is the fact that I try to speak grammatically that is keeping my German-speaking back. Both Gladys and Freda, who have had no time to learn grammar, speak much more fluently than I do.

How lovely it was to hear of Captain William. I feel we, particularly you and we children, owe a tremendous lot to him--much more than the Aunts and Aunt Meta and family do. I think they must take much more after our Grandmother's side of the family. She would have understood this life, I think. The clean, simple and hardworking life of a Shetland crofter has very much in common with us. Do please remember me to Cousin Willie, Gracie, Hilda and Bertie, and Alan Fraser, should you be writing.

No Moth, dear. There is no need to think of posting underclothing to me. It is fact, that "He who feeds the ravens will give His children bread"--when they are living utterly for Him. What you can do, darling, if you would be so good, is to send me a standard German dictionary. We have no decent one here, and I am sometimes stung when I want to translate something important. If it costs a lot, Mothie, don't do it.

I do not know what laxative the children have. Everything is different here, but in so many things, for sheer simplicity and common sense, the ways here beat ours in Britain hollow. The kids are all very fit and healthy--that is, those who really belong. Little Brigitta is not healthy yet, of course, but if she is not physically she is much better psychically. She now rarely cries; she sings and plays and rushes to meet me when I call for her at 5.30 every evening to put her to bed. Her love to me is something really touching, and humbling.

Yes, Freda took Detta with her. Her father is over 35 so he and his wife are still at the Rhön.

Sunday. A couple of days have passed since I began writing, and alas! Your letter won't arrive earlier than usual. However, I think I have answered all your questions. I got a wonderful long letter in nearly ununderstandable French--the spelling being quite unique--from Békir. It will be quite a job to answer as I shall have to do so in either French or German. I think French, as I have a fairly decent Eng-French dictionary. I also had a very nice letter from Arnold. To our intense joy Edna has become a novice. I am waiting with great expectation for a note from Freda. I am sure you would be very much interested in Békir's letter, but I have read his writing for months, and it was all I could do to read it.

However, I think I shall send you a translation for the letter is really wonderful, showing how our life speaks--and the writer is not only handicapped by language but is of a different religion.

Everyone of the community in Liechtenstein is here now except Papa and Eberhard. Georg and Arno came back from Paris bringing a delightful little boy of 10, of Russian parentage, and several more are coming. To my joy I have to teach him German--so though Békir is gone the practice in French his presence gave me, has not been lost.

I always sit by Bobbie (as the little Russian, strangely enough, is called) at dinner, and try translating what is said in German into French for him.

It is with breath-catching interest we await news of the two Eberhards. We are very, very sorry they can't be with us for Easter, but we know that it is God's will that they are carrying the message to Britain, and we stand behind them as one, knowing that the Spirit of God has sent them out and that He will guide them to those whose hearts are open and give them the right words for those who are floundering in this terrible time of world need.

It is with deep gratitude and rejoicing that we have read the letters they have sent us from Holland and London. It is very, very hard for them that they should be away from us at this time, but both they and we would rather be separated, doing God's will, than together, at the cost of His will. I expect they will be with you when this arrives. Please give them our love and say that they are constantly in our thoughts.

I see I have still some questions to answer. Yes, we do have disinfectants here!!! Brigitta's sores are doing very well. Moni, Mama's sister, is a nurse, and a very competent one. She has never been proved wrong in her diagnoses and treatment of illnesses, etc. when she has had to go on on her own responsibility, when a doctor was not on the spot. She would certainly have told me if the sores were venereal or anything like that.

You ask why not send the degree, etc? Simply because such things, I think, are irreplaceable, and I think it is much safer to bring them in person. But ask Eberhard if he would mind bringing them. If he has not room, etc, just risk sending them.

I am so glad my letter brightened you up, dear. It must be very lonely with only Pluto--dear little beast. No! Of course, I mean Blitz. How is he? Does he limp badly? I do so love cats, but somehow now they have fitted into the scheme of things, and are seen in proportion--Brigitta does not leave very much time for feeling cat-sick!!!!

I shall not write very much more, Mothie, as a letter goes to the Rhön and everyone is busy writing, and I do want Békir to get his answer. It was very, very nice of him to send his first letter to me.

The school has now holidays, so I spend all the time I can making bookmarks--or rather making the forms. I hope tomorrow to start actually sawing out the design. It is wonderful. You can't imagine the joy of using ones hands creatively. Then apart from the joy of doing something that requires all one's skill of hand and eye, there is the company. Marianne, Liesel (who did not go to the Rhön after all) Gerhard, and several others--I am not yet certain of all the names--do it, though we are never all at it at once. Then tomorrow I start teaching Bobbie, and now that I am the only Briton here I shall have Gladys's English class as well.

Easter is the most important time in my life, Mothie. It was on Easter Sunday, two years ago, that I was stunned with joy when the reality of the Atonement came home to me. That never left me. As you know it revolutionised my life, and gave it a meaning and purpose: in short, it lead me here. With us here, too, Easter is the most important time in the year. This week none of our brothers are being sent out: it is a special time of preparations for this time of solemn realisation of what God's love cost Him, and of joy that it is given us to share in this cost--to share in the event for which the whole creation waits.

I do not know when the Scottish schoolboy's Camp is held, but if it is, as I think, a really important opportunity, I am sure Eberhard and Papa will manage to be at it.

Now, little Crabbe may be with you shortly, after this arrives. Do please give him my love, and say that if three of four of our brothers' traits were combined we would nearly have him--in other words. I have felt much nearer him than I have since last summer since the men arrived, as one or two of the younger ones remind me very much of him: not in appearance or anything definable, but in little things like a grin, or a tone of the voice (though the language is different!). I hope he has a really good holiday, and that the presence of the two Eberhards adds greatly to it.

Now, Mothie, please remember me to Jack Stevenson--in fact to all my friends who meet Eberhard. Miss Knox sent me a beautiful card at Christmas and I have never answered it. If you see her, please tell her all this week she has been cropping up in my mind as I recalled that just a year ago we went hunting up Mr. McIntyre, Gordon James, Mr. Rennie, etc. all in pouring rain! So tell her I am more grateful than I can say for all she did, and give her my love.

Please remember me kindly to Miss Clark and her mother, the little ladies in our seat in church, the McCaskels, Ronnie's Pa and Ma, the Michies, the Strahans, Mrs. Rennie, her mother and Drew, and Miss Rennie and her mother--and, of course, Miss Anderson, David, Roy, John, Mrs. Hogg (with a special greeting to Cathreen), Wreford, Malcolm, Gavin, Ian Ireland, Adie, Elizabeth, Margaret Swann. In fact, everyone you see who knows me. I should so love Mr. Reid to meet Papa, but that I leave to you, dear. You have already done so much that I do not want to wear you out. At any rate he is so busy that he might not be free.

Love to Little Bag and Maur, when you write. I see the Eberhards are visiting Edin' before B'ham, after all.

Now, my darling, I am very very close to you and you to me, for you, in your love, are helping the great Cause of God--peace on earth, and love and brotherhood among man--to which I have given my life.

My love, Mothie--

Kit.

[Letter to Kathleen from Eberhard and Hardi
when they were travelling in London]

London, 12. April 35

Meine liebe Kathleen!
Du viel geliebte Schwester
unseres gemeinsamen Lebens!

Von Herzen danken wir, Hardi wie ich, für Deine feine liebende Vorarbeit und Dein fürbittendes Gedenken! Dich wie beide Bruderhöfe bitten wir um Eure unablässige Anrufung Gottes in unserem Christus für alle unsere Aufgaben in Eurer großen geliebten Heimat!

Schreibe es ohne unsere Namen auch Arnold, Gladys, Freda, Percy und Charlie. Hardi war bei Deinem Bekannten, der in der Studenten-Bewegung arbeitet. Auch ich freue mich ihn zu sprechen. Am meisten aber freuen wir uns auf Deine geliebte Mutter!

In Einheit grüßen Dich von Herzen Eberhard Vetter u. Hardi.

[Translation of above letter]

London, April 12, 35

My dear Kathleen!
You very beloved sister
in our communal life!

Hardi and I thank you from our hearts for your wonderful, loving preparatory work and for your intercession! We want to ask you, as well as both Bruderhofs, for your unceasing calling upon God in Christ, for all our tasks in your big beloved homeland! Write this also to Arnold, Gladys, Freda, Percy [Edna] and Charlie, without mentioning our names. Hardi looked up your acquaintance who works in the student movement. I am looking forward to speak with him too. Most of all we look forward to seeing your beloved mother!

Greeting you in unity from our hearts, Eberhard Vetter and Hardi.

34A 19.IV.35

With Békir's curious French letter translated by Kitty
Also Arnold's letter.

Love Feast and children's search for Easter eggs.

Symbolic Fire, at which Herman Arnold and a young teacher became novices.

Almbruderhof, Silum
19.4.35

Darling Moth,

This is Good Friday morning, and I do so want to send you a line. You and the two Eberhards have been almost constantly in my thoughts.

Last night we had a Love feast--exactly as the early Christians had. It was very wonderful. There was lots that I did not understand, as now that I am the only Briton here there are no translations, but the fact that I did not understand everything with my brain was of no importance: one could sense what one could not express. Marianne and Liesel sang some beautiful songs, and one in particular brought home to me one aspect of Christ's passion that had meant little to me before. It came to me through you. What must it have meant to Jesus to know that his Mother would feel all that happened to him, as intensely as if she were herself crucified! That must have been awful to face--and he did it: his love was so great.

Mothie, darling, I feel it is no chance that the two Eberhards should spend this most wonderful anniversary in Edinburgh. The Easter message is timeless. I remember years ago reading a book in which it said, whatever people may do 5000 years hence, however they may live, etc. they shall keep Easter--Easter fits. It was Easter that revealed to me the heart of God--that made the miracle of Christmas understandable, that unified and gave meaning to life.

Easter Sunday: We had a wonderful common breakfast this morning--all, except the babies and those whose duty it was today to look after them, being present. It was a little like the wonderful breakfast on the First of Advent. At it Hans read from that wonderful book, which translated, is called, "The Expectation of the Redeemer", but the German word Erlöser is rather "he that sets free." Then we had a wonderful time with our three guests--a young Swiss teacher of 20, a man, who seems to have the very difficulties re animals, that I had before this life made me free from them. (we have many, many ex-vegetarians here, but most were vegetarians from health grounds, etc, and not from a religious and philosophical reason) Then there are two young men from the Swiss Blue-Cross (i.e. Temperance) Movement.

Since writing this I have been for a lovely walk, or rather climb, right up to the top of the mountain on which we live. I had never been there before. In fact--owing to the deep snow, it was the first outing I have had (apart from that necessitated daily when living in my Hutte) since the wonderful walk I had with Susi on my birthday. How Bag would have revelled in our climb today--particularly coming down, when one sank at odd patches waist deep in snow! In many places the snow has thawed, and on the brown earth with its scanty grass are little purple and white Crocuses, Snow Heather and Cowslips. Spring can't be far off--though it is very cold.

To return to this morning, however, after we had our talk with our guests we all went out egg hunting. A plate had been prepared for each child, covered with moss, etc. and in it was a real egg (luxury!!!) of some bright colour, a little toy (one of those so kindly sent by Miss Anderson and other

Auxiliary members) and some sweets, etc. These were hidden in patches where the snow was melted, and then the children were set loose to hunt for the nests bearing their name! It was wonderful.

Yesterday a P.C. came from Eberhard [Hardy], and a letter from Papa and you, as well as your parcel. Thank you, darling, for all.

Oh! How I am looking forward to hearing all about the visit. All about Crabbe, too. I got a P.C. from Lands End from Bag'. I thought it so nice of her to remember me.

Brigitta's mother--to our sorrow, for we asked her not to come until the children were settled down--is here for a few days. The effect on the children is anything but good. Brigitta was very sick last night--her mother had been stuffing her with sweets, etc, and the poor kiddie paid for it--and so did I at 2 a.m.!! The latest is that the mother wants to take Brigitta away, but to leave Dita, the elder sister. If she only knew what she was doing! I gather both children are illegitimate and have different fathers, and to take Brigitta from Home to a life that knows no home is tragic--apart from the fact that the state of the children when they came showed the mother knows nothing of how to care for them. The mother will be here till tomorrow: let us hope she will change her mind. I would hardly know myself without a little girl to bath at night and tend during the night.

Re testimonials, dear, I think I had the originals all in an envelope--a long one--with my Varsity "D.P.'s" etc. in the brown paste-board box or the gold one. However, they--the originals--are not strictly necessary. Certainly post them if you like. It was just the Degree Parchment and Teaching Certificate and Probation Teaching Certificate that I thought would be safer with Eberhard.

I am so glad, darling, that Mama's letter solved one of your difficulties. What you write is a common criticism. We say there is only one way--Christ's way, as revealed in the Sermon on the Mount and in His life and death. We do not say our way is the only way: in fact, as we told Leyton Richards, "Show us a way to live love more effectively--to be truer to Christ's teaching--and we will gladly go it." What matters is that we go His way--the way of love, without bounds. Christ said, "I am the way" and it is only when we are ruled utterly by the Spirit that was in him that we can really live love, really go His way.

Yes, darling, I shall let you know, if you want to, when I need underclothing. All I can think of is a couple of cotton vests for summer, and I don't really need them yet, as there is the possibility of much life yet in my old ones.

O darling, do be so good as to tell me all you can about all that happened in Edin' during the visit. I feel there are people ready and waiting, and that God had a purpose in their spending Easter week--in spite of the holidays--in Edin'. God can indeed do wonders when one really dares in His name. Re taking in children and unproductive members (oh, no--you did not say that: it was the Carr's Lane Group, of whom more anon) the answer is that a gentleman in Zurich has offered to be father, financially, to two little Russian refugee boys. Do God's will, and risk everything. One can trust God not to let his great Cause down, and if, as with Jesus, the Cause is only furthered by a cross, in His strength we are ready. Re counting the cost before we build: we do so, I can assure you--and, inspite of the staggering cost, we go ahead, once we know that it is not us who work, but God through and in us.

My little Moth, how well I know what you must be feeling when you say that I seem sometimes to come between you and God. But when one realises that there are not two loves but just one that is righted: for by love to God and loyalty to His purpose you love, not only me, with the strongest love

possible, but actually you love the whole creation. For God's great will is the true happiness of all His creatures, and for what were men born but to glorify and enjoy God? Re Rita going to Glasgow--as you say, I am sure God has some better way.

Mothie sweet, you don't know what a joy it is that you should meet Papa. We only saw him for a weekend during the last six or seven months, but how we love him. Mama too. But you will meet her here, I hope.

Now re Carrs Lane. Perhaps you know that we "Englanders" have been receiving a number of letters trying to persuade us to join in an experiment in communal life in B'ham. The offer comes from a group--mostly members of Carr's Lane, though one at least is a Friend. Their sincerity is obvious, but the very ground on which alone this life can exist is lacking. The inner meaning--the miracle--of Community, is unknown to them, and without it, the highest and most idealistic human efforts are useless.

We have all, separately, answered the letters, and from one that I received yesterday, I gather we have all given the same reply--therefore they think it is something forced on us: that we had no freedom to reply. If they only knew!! But unity is something they cannot grasp. To them it seems the aggregation and consolidation of many parts. To us it requires no consolidation--it is the gift of God. His Spirit unifies the whole of life, for it gives to all a meaning. Time and space are no barriers: spiritual and temporal, all, are one. And it is this Spirit that unites us to each other. This is understandable without experience. Yet the Carrs Lane group do not understand when we say, "If you want community, join us here. You agree that God's will plainly means community. If that is so, what does it matter where the community is, if His will is done."

You do not see that His will means Community, Mothie. Neither did I when I came. What I did see was that His will meant love to Him and to every living soul, and I saw that that was what this life meant. Peace was my aim, but Peace, to be positive, means Love. Unity did not mean anything to me. Then in living this life, the wonder was revealed. As Jesus put it. "That they may be one as we are one (think of that!)--I in them and Thou in me--that they may be made perfectly one, so that the world may recognise that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as Thou hast loved me." In another place, Jesus said that one would recognise his disciples in that they have love one to another. And the source of love and peace is unity--God.

Oh, mother, my heart is sore. She has just come and told me that she is taking little Brigitta away tomorrow. She is taking from her child the best gift she could give her--a true Home. But I am told it happens only too often. The mother thinks more of herself than of her child.

Tonight we are having an Easter fire on the mountain--a symbolic fire--in which each lays on a piece of wood. Just as each piece makes the fire burn brighter, and just as each piece is itself consumed in doing so, so we live for God's Cause, and if the fire Christ came to bring to the earth burns brightly it matters not that we are used up in the process: That is why we live this life, that the light of God may not be hidden under a bushel, but be set on a candlestick and give light to a world where darkness reigns.

Mothie, dear, thank you so much for the buttons, etc. It was so sweet of you to think of Brigitta. The beautiful cloth will now make something else--possibly a dress for your "wee Kite" !!!

O Mothie, I am just going to bed, but I must tell you of this wonderful day. The fire was wonderful--so beautiful, solemn and refining. One could understand the saying that God is a consuming

fire. Then came the wonder. We were all in a circle on the mountain, lit by the blaze and we were singing our wonderful songs of light and fire, when Herman Arnold and the young teacher I referred to earlier, declared that they gave their lives to this Life, which is the Spirit of God, and they were received as novices. There is no stereotyped rule,--Freda, Gladys, Arnold and I all became novices with quite different words and actions, and Herman and the other were quite different. You cannot imagine our joy! Herman said that at the last symbolic fire at which he attended, he was in the uniform of a Brown Shirt!! I was reminded forcibly of St. Patrick and the fire he lit on Easter Sunday when he arrived in Ireland. The Druids told the High King that unless that fire (symbol of the Gospel) were quenched at once, it would spread over all Ireland.

May the light of God's truth and the fire of His purifying love kindle the world! And it will be, though darkness and horror come first. That is the message of Easter, the triumph of Life over death, light over darkness, Love over Hate. That is the wonder of this life--we in this world of lifeless mechanisation and war and darkness, are living in the dawning of the New World--the Kingdom of God!
My love, Mothie---Kit.

P.S. I enclose a letter from Arnold and a translation of Békir's--I thought you might be interested. Békir was born on the Steppes and practically lived on horses of real race. When he talks of the English he really only means Charlie. Siluma is a foal, born the day we got Silum here. The reference to mud is that that seems to be what has struck Charlie most at the Rhön, judging from his letters! I enclose a little snow heather.

[Translation of Békir's letter.]

Rhönbruderhof. 6th April '35

My Dear Kathleen,

I arrived here yesterday and today I am going to write to you. We arrived in safety, but Kathe felt sick in the bus. However, all is well now. I arrived with the others and Walter and I carried the twins. Then I went into a big room with a big stove, a big 17th Century cupboard, and another cupboard with three candlesticks. When I saw all that, I could not believe where I was. At first I thought it must be the room of a Roman Emperor, with its three great beams in the ceiling and the three great wooden pillars [pillars] in the middle--all brown. Then I knew that it was no room of a king or president, but simply our wonderful diningroom. I cannot tell you how fine it is, with its six bright windows, with its red and green tables, its great green stove and its yellow one, and with its red benches and brown chairs and black branching-candle-stands. I just cannot tell you. It is Heaven here on the Rhönbruderhof. It is so wonderful that I cannot write what I want to say.

I have also gone round all the houses and the garden. Little fruit trees have been planted round the house. I was also in the babies' rooms, with the cots and warm stoves. They are also perfect, in fact, a true children's garden.

In all the rooms at the Rhön there is a stove. They are very neat and tidy and have good beds. They are very romantic and complete--as is also the garden with its little vegetables. The calves also are very nice, the cows are very fine and big, and there is a great brown bull in the byre. In fact, everything is fine. The only thing that does not please me is the life of the horses. It does please me, only it is not what I would like. They are very poor horses, and they are dirty in the stable. I also saw Siluma. But he is mischievous and kicks when one plays with him--but that is nothing: he is still young.

In short, everything pleases me, though Charlie says it is terrible here, but there is nothing dull for me. For the English, perhaps. That I can understand for they are used to city life. This is like a frank, open man, as compared with a masked man. Life in a city is like a man wearing a mask. Charlie cannot understand what I think. He always wants luxury, but if the brothers wanted luxury they could not live as brothers. We must have a life that is simple, orderly, practical, economical and believing. I think a brother must be like that.

Yes, here there is mud. But in the country where I was born there is always mud. In short, I want to tell you that the Rhönbruderhof is the HAUPTSTADT DES BRUDERHOFES. (untranslatable literally, but implying it beats the Almbruderhof hollow).

Truly if one follows this way, one must not look at the mud. One must follow without worrying about mud, wet or cold and such little things, I think. Everything here is magnificent and peaceful.

I greet all my brothers and sisters, in Peace and Unity--
Békir

[Arnold's letter.]

Rhön Bruderhof.
Tuesday, April 9th 1935
1.30. a.m.

My Dear Kathleen, and everyone at the Alm,

I have wanted to write to you, and everyone else at Silum ever since our first day here and am taking the opportunity presented by a "Night watch" of doing so. As probably you know, we have a watch all through the night here and it is my turn again tonight. There are so few men able to take this responsibility that we each get one night a week.

Hans Meyer(?) is starting off early tomorrow morning on a tour of some of our friends with the hope of raising money (as our financial position is very acute) and he is taking the Silum letter with him. I am writing between one "Rundgang" and the next in the famous kitchen--all the men will picture me very well.

Although there are so many things to write about; I feel that you will all want to hear our impressions of the Mother-Community. I can only say that it is a real joy to attempt to pass them on to you to you all.

The first impression is that which is always shared by any of our brothers and sisters in community, going from one Bruderhof to another and which, although we had expected it, filled us with a particular joy, was the Unity which binds both places together.

It is nothing less than a miracle to feel so completely united with a group of men and women whom one has not met before. Especially when one remembers that in any other way of life one rarely finds even a man and wife who are deeply united. This came to my mind particularly while we were reading the letter from the English group, I felt that the strongest bond between any of the families which have signed it to be little more than deep human affection. That Unity which is the gift of the Spirit of God is waiting for them if they could but open their hearts to it.

Then our next impression, I cannot say second impression because we are struck by it immediately, is the Peace which is in the very air of the Rhön-Bruderhof. This, is I think, the fundamental difference between the Mother community and its heroic offspring, fighting for its existence on a mountain in Liechtenstein. This Peace smiles into ones soul and brings a particular joy which I don't think that our spirit-less Silum Kurhaus could ever give. One would I think expect to find this difference between the Alm and the Rhön. Six or seven years of the lives and work and faith of men dedicated to Gods Will must make a difference to the atmosphere of their dwelling place, where, as I have often reminded Fritz each nail was driven with the force of love. Gladys and I were thankful to have seen our men just for those few hours, and we all wish from our hearts that they were back with us here where they really belong--but they left an atmosphere behind them which brings us each hour peace and joy.

And our third impression which also came to us immediately was of the Beauty of this place. I felt fully for the first time that "Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty." We had always known on the Alm, that whenever our life in Community had the opportunity, it would express itself in beautiful things, as we had already seen in the Schallen and Dosen for instance; but here on the Rhön it expresses itself everywhere from the dining room to loaves of bread.

I must finish off now as it is 3:30 A.M. and I must call Hans soon.

Tell Hans Zumpe please, that I will be almost entirely objective when I write next time to compensate for this letter, but the Rhön-Bruderhof has affected my head and heart.

I must say that we are realising more and more that our also-beloved Alm Bruderhof has a special value of its own as a place of test and discipline. It has been this particularly for us and I feel for many others too. It may well be that this is another special benefit which has come out of the great Exodus.

Tell Fritz please that I often think of him when I am at work and that he need have no anxiety that I shall become soft. I should like to give him a list of the different jobs that I have had already.

I will try to write again soon. Afraid my sentences are not very clear Kathleen. I can hardly keep awake. Greet every single one from us please in Einheit and Friede.

Arnold

Dear K., Will write more particularly for you next time. We think of you often and wish that you were with us.

35 23.4.35

Easter Monday excursion down the hill, and games.

Exam in Triesenberg and Gertrud's drawing.

Little Brigitta is taken away.

Almbruderhof, Silum
23.4.35

Darling little Baglink,

Thank you so much for your P.C. from Lands End. You don't know how I appreciated that you should think of me when on holiday like that! I shall, indeed, be interested to hear all you can tell about it--(provided you have time). How did it compare with your other hikes? Were you at Youth Hostels? How is May? Do remember me to her if you see her or write to her.

I am about half asleep, so your letter is doing me the good turn of keeping me from going quite over. I have Kinderwache. Usually it ends at 10 P.M., but today there is a very important Bruderschaft which may go on for hours, so I have to keep an eye on the children sleeping in this house and the two nearest Huttes till their parents can go to them. A letter arrived today from our brothers in three countries. One from the Rhönbruderhof i.e. one large envelope but possibly 40-50 letters! One from Papa from Edin' and one from the Hutterians in America!! As they are all very important, they are the cause, I fancy, of the long Bruderschaft tonight.

Now I shall tell you a little about yesterday--Easter Monday, as I told Mothie about the wonderful day we had on Easter Sunday. Well, immediately after breakfast all the community except the babies and those with special duties that day such as tending the babies, cooking, etc, assembled, and off we set for the valley. We set off about 8:30 and reached our goal at about 11:30. Our goal was a flat meadow by the Rhine which with several others (anything but flat: in fact nearer perpendicular!) on the way, we are renting to try to keep ourselves in tats, cabbage, etc. We had to take what land was free to be rented, and such as there was, is scattered in tiny clumps of all shapes, everywhere.

Well at 3:30 men, women and children set off to the music of German Youth Movement (Pre-Hitler!!!) songs. You cannot imagine the life, the sheer appreciation of being alive, in them! We set off in snow in which, when not careful, one sank knee deep, but before long the snow was gone and in the scanty grass were little wild purple and white Crocuses.

Then it quite fails me to tell of all the flowers we came across--daisies and rich buttercups, cowslips of delicate yellow, and others brighter; with smaller flowers, each petal having a red stroke, violets--never did I see such luxuriance--bunches of every shade from deep purple to pure white; wood anenomes, and wood sorrel, gentians, ragged robin, vetch, solomon's seal, globe flowers and water forget-me-nots, speedwells--oh, I just cannot enumerate them all! And as we went we passed the peasants' Huttes with cherry and apple trees white with blossoms. By this time we had reached Triesenberg--our nearest Post Office. It seems that the people of Triesenberg are quite different from the rest of the inhabitants of Liechtenstein. In the year 1260 they came in a body from a Swiss valley near Lake Constance--the reason for the invasion historians have been unable to discover--and to this day they have kept themselves distinct from the other Liechtensteiners. Their accent is quite perceptibly different. They are our very good friends and we have much cause to be grateful to them.

Before we leave Triesenberg I shall tell you of our school inspection. It took place a fortnight ago, and our children were examined in the school in Triesenberg with all the other children, by no less than a body of 6 inspectors. Trudi took our younKees' (?) exercise books, etc with her, and when she showed Gertrud's drawings the inspectors refused flatly to believe she did them herself and demanded she should do a drawing of the inspection on the spot, and that she should do it while the rest were at Maths. So Gertrud set too and drew the room and a speaking likeness of the inspector in question, correct in every detail. In fact it was only after seeing the drawing that one noticed such things as the inspector's buttons, etc. And the irony was that she missed maths--at which she is nearly hopeless!!! To return to the drawing--knowing our kids (they have one and all a good streak of Allan White in them!). Trudi said she half feared Gertrud would jolly well caricature the inspector! And her relief was great when she saw him grin with amazement, then go straight to collect the five others to show them the

picture. Our youngKees did very well: so well that the Triesenberg teachers inquired if they ever got holidays or if they were always at school!!!!!! These teachers by the way were very friendly and nice. In fact the spirit shown was great. Next day when Willi went to the post with our letters, he encountered a Triesenberg peasant who told him the whole story of the picture with much appreciation and said everyone was delighted the Almbruderhof had done so well. They are indeed nice people--there was no sign of jealousy. The inspector asked Gertrud to paint a picture for him and to send it to him as a memento. (It was her last day in school).

Well, we left Triesenberg behind us, singing sometimes, just talking to those near at others. I was most of the time with Gerhard and Bobi. Gerhard speaks English beautifully and is only too keen to better it--to the cost of my German: Bobi, who is a ripping little Russian Loyalist of 10, speaks French, so keeps near me, as owing to the practice I got with Békir, I can now speak fairly fluently. Down, down we went, the road zig-zagging in an incredibly tipsy manner, and ones toes got all crunched up and blistered from the long descent. Every now and then Fritz showed us yet another little patch, sometimes as zig-zag as the path, that we have managed to rent.

At last we got down to the swift flowing Rhine with its high banks to prevent flooding. Then near the village of Triesen we came to the flat meadows in question. We no sooner got there than Fritz and a few other stalwarts went off to try to cook dinner in a friend's house in Triesen, and the rest of us took off shoes and stockings (not to spoil our precious grass) and folk danced. Those not inclined for that did all manner of gymnastic feats, beginning with leap-frog and ending with broad jump over some 6-8 boys lying prostrate: not just broad jump, but a jump ending in a graceful somersault.

By this time nearly all the population of Triesen were on the high Rhine bank behind us: spectating for all they were worth, in spite of the fact that a few hundred metres away was an "international" football match between Liechtenstein and a Swiss Canton!!!! Then with much gusto we ate a piece of bread with a slice of wurst (i.e. German sausage). That kept us going till Fritz and co arrived with our dinner--macaroni and prunes: Palacial! The pot was scraped till cleaning was a farce! Then began an uproarious time. Our boys mounted, sitting on the shoulders of our young men--who made the most ferocious horses--and did everything in their power to dislodge each other. My little Bobi, who is like a wiry schrimp, showed the most amazing mettle, and even Wolf could not knock him off. It was too killing to watch: we simply sat and howled, and the population of Triesen, howled in chorus! Then the young men mounted on each other, and they were more killing yet, but being heavier the individual combats were not so long, though terribly funny, what with fierce grimaces as they charged, and mock triumph as the opponent found a soft bed on the rich grass! By now it was nearly 3 P.M. so we put on boots and stockings and set off home--accompanied by all the kids, I think, of Triesen! The sun had shone all day, and we all looked beautifully cooked--done to a turn, in fact. Then on the way it rained: soft rain. It was lovely: our first for months, as with us snow is still the order of the day. On the way up nearly everyone gathered flowers. I thought of you, and determined to press some for you. However, I am afraid they have not come out too well. If they turn out better than I think I shall include them when I send this. (Sunday--Sorry have had no time: also they are not very good, but I shall send some next week.)

Well, Bag dear, it is ten to one and your letter has driven sleep away. I have stopped periodically to go to see that all is well. It is very necessary. Only today, this evening, Leo and Herbert working down below in the cellar, which has been made our workshop for making our bowls, etc, smelt smoke, and on emerging found the kitchen floor had caught fire. It is bad, but not desperate--there is a hole about a foot in diametre. But it shows how careful one needs to be when living in wooden houses.

I must thank you, dear, for the long, interesting letter you sent me at Christmas telling me all about your work. I, too, have quite a lot to do with smaller children now--or, alas!, had till yesterday. Then Brigitta's mother came and took her away and I feel quite lost with an empty cot in my room at night. Every morning, after breakfast, I took her up the hill to the "Sweitzer House" where there are two lovely rooms--one for the babies up to about 2, and the other for those up to 6--and there I got to know some of the babies who came from the Rhön. Then having removed her coat, cap and boots, I departed to my usual work, and at 5:30 called for her again, bathed her and put her to bed. I felt terrible after she had gone, for she had improved so incredibly physically and psychically in the three weeks that she was here, that it was tragic to think she was going back to the old life of neglect.

However, there is Bobi. He and I are great friends, and every morning and every afternoon we do 3/4 hr's German together. He is very bright--by no means all our kids are. Brigitta, was of very low intelligence, but very, very lovable because so pathetic. Bobi spent today in bed. The little hound had over-guzzed down at the Rhine and was feeling the bad effects. I asked him if we should postpone our German till tomorrow, but he would not hear of it, so I gave him one of his periods, in bed!

Do give me news of all your friends, Agnes. I wonder if any of them met Papa and Eberhard. I was very sorry indeed you did not, but I know you are not very much interested. I am excited to know if Nunkey met them, and if so, what his reaction was.

Give Eva my love, will you? Also Dorothy Sinclair, Muriel, Molly, May, in fact all your friends whom I know. How did you get on with Margaret Swann? She wrote me very enthusiastically about meeting you.

You cannot imagine how excited I am to hear what Papa has written about Edin'. I know enough from Mama, to know the little Moth has been an angel, helping them at every turn.

How is Blitz? Or has he quite forgotten to answer to that name? How are the Cubs? Nancy Thom will be a real old hand by now. Do you ever see Maisie? Do remember me to her, if you do.

Now I think it is time to shut up shop. I shall swot some German till the Bruderschaft is out.

My love, Baglink dear--

Yours ever, Kitty

P.S. Wolf has just told me he wants very much to read an English book. Could you possible send me my cheap little "Alice in Wonderland"? It comes for a few pence if the sides are open.

Love--Kit.

Almbruderhof, Silum
28.4.35

My Darling,

I got your wonderful letter late last night, and read it through twice before going to sleep--poor old Hanseman, who was night watchman, had to knock at my window to say my light must be put out!! Oh, Mothie sweet. Thank you! You cannot imagine my joy when after 10 wonderful pages, I found an eleventh on the back of the 10th and so on till I reached the fifteenth. Each one was an added joy. And,

darling, it is beyond my power to thank you for all you have done for us, but I ask God to bless you for it all.

I shall not write a very long letter. As you see I have already written to Baglink. Do not think I am worn out. I got a real good sleep after the long Kinderwache--and now that little Brigitta is gone I sleep like a top, absolutely without interruption. But how much rather would I have her, even with the four or five breaks in the night! Needless to say I have little James' cap. Her mother had one for her. I seem to remember, Mothie, or is it imagination? that when I was very young I had just such a little fisher-cap, only with stripes of many delicate colours--mainly blue.

I little knew, little Moth, that when I wrote of what in my life Easter Sunday had meant to me, that when I was too young to appreciate the gift, life on this wonderful earth was given back to me. But it is just in keeping with the whole.

*

*

*

*

I have just re-read your letter--and can find nothing to write for joy. Do thank Agnes with all my heart for her kindness to Eberhard and Eberhard Heinrich: also Uncle Hamilton. It is just wonderful that Alick, too, should see them.

I have had another letter from Békir--10 pages!!!! I thought you might be interested in something Bobby told me. His mother wrote a letter in Russian containing over 20 questions. He read it to me in French. I wrote it in French, with his answers, translated both into English, then Edith and I translated that into German, and we read it to everyone--of course, only questions re our life, not personal ones. One was, "Who teaches you German?" And his answer was, "A lady who is always laughing!!!!!"

Now, darling, I must stop. School begins tomorrow and I must be up early to prepare.

I can just imagine how lovely the lilac bush in the garden must look. I used to see it, with its little yellow leaf buds, in the light of the rising sun, from my window, and I was reminded of the burning bush. Do give my love to Maur, Nunk and little Bag--

Your, Kitty.

P.S. The young Swiss teacher I told you about, who came for his Easter hols. and became a novice, went on Thurs. to give up his post and arrange his affairs, etc. His father, who is a Swiss politician, was away from home, but when his mother telegraphed he said he would rather have Baltasar dead than here, and said he would shoot him. Then when Baltasar went to wind up his affairs, he had an awful time. He expected to be away a fortnight, but came back last night. Tonight he is going at 3 a.m. to Germany, as he can be imprisoned for not paying military taxes, and also he is not so near Swiss control and his father.

Never did I see such courage--in a sensitive boy of 20, too--but then it was not human, and when God speaks, one must act.

5.V.35

This life practical not idealistic. It would be impossible without the constant presence of the Holy Spirit.

They are realists.

Békir's second letter.

Almbruderhof, Silum
5.5.35

Darling Moth,

Many, many thanks for your letter. I was at Abwash yesterday when Herman handed it to me with one from Miss Nancy Heard.

Eberhard Heinrich arrived here on Wed., and today, any moment now, he and Edith leave for Zurich. (They left between my writing the words "Edith" and "leave.") Just before he went Eberhard asked me to write to you explaining the parcel of pamphlets. He has been rushed beyond description with meetings, travel, etc, and he had not time in England to send you a note, so he asked me to tell you the idea re the pamphlets is as follows:- We wanted if possible to have a store in Britain to which people who wanted a considerable number e.g. 10-100, could be referred. We shall send out single ones from here, but the postage here is so exorbitant that it would be much more practical when larger numbers are required to have them in Britain. For example, an artist, I think Eberhard said a Mr. Campbell, was asking how they could be got, and Eberhard said he took the liberty of telling him to write to you or to call on you. Eberhard said he would write himself as soon as possible, but meantime to tell you how very, very grateful we are to you for your very great kindness.

It was sweet of the Aunts to help as they did. I should so love, when you have time, if you could tell me what their impression of us is? Are we still "idealists", impractical cranks, etc, etc??

My duty today was "Hort" i.e. to be with the children, ages 6-12, from before breakfast to dinnertime. It is a perfect day--though only a few days ago to think of washing one's face in May dew was ludicrous, as May came in with a terrific snowstorm!--so after breakfast I went out with them and we were nearly three hours on the hillside in the sun, playing games, etc. Talking of breakfast, Werner and I have made it this week. It was grand! Up till now I had only made it on Sundays, but this was for 7 o'clock breakfast. Werner was up every morning at 4:30 to light our great cauldron in which porrage or semolina is cooked, then he wakened me at 5:15 or 5:30. School also started again this week. Now I do all the Eng. teaching--including the little youngsters who began school on Monday and cannot yet read or write in German. Also I have an hour and a half every day, teaching Bobby German. Today, I received such a nice letter from his mother. He is an only child, and it must be terrible for her and her husband to be without him.

From tomorrow breakfast will be at 6:30, so I was fortunate in my first essay. (I shall not be on again for some weeks). It is wonderful to be trusted with responsibility--but Werner did the lion's share of work. He is a perfect hog for it, and can carry great responsibility without getting flurried or turning a hair--and he is just 20! The Bruderhof Youth have included me in their number though I am four years older than the oldest of them--most are between 16 and 21 or 22--and I have a wonderful time with them. The idea is to take a positive, active share in the terrific responsibility born by the elder members (elder in experience only: Hans and Fritz, etc, are just my age) and to do everything within our power to help in this (to the world's eye.) hopeless situation--e.g. the keeping of 90 people on a hill-top, etc.

I told you in last week's little note about Baltasar. Today his young sister and a friend came to see us to see if they could understand what had made him give up his job, risk imprisonment, etc. to join us. They have now left, but I fancy they will visit us again.

Since last week I have written two letters in French--or rather I have tried to translate Georg's complex German letters into French. And one of the letters was to a princess--and not only that, but to the ex-Russian Princess--Princess Theodora Romanova!!! And I had no idea how to begin or end it! It would be difficult enough in Eng. but in French! However, if she gets my meaning, I don't mind how much she grins at my French!

Talking of letters. I enclose a little note I got from Susi. Gertrud Löffler, a delightful girl who sleeps in my room (I have shifted again!) came last Sunday from the Rhönbruderhof, and she brought me the note with a little bunch of daisies, with her. Susi is sweet. Her birthday is on the 12th, so I am making some handkerchiefs for her.

I am so keen to hear all about Mac's visit. He is a very nice boy--or rather man--and I like him very much indeed.

My parchment, etc. arrived safely. Thank you so much for it, dear.

Darling, I am so surprised at your writing, "I am so happy you are finding life so ideal." I do not remember what I wrote, but this life is practical--scrubbing floors till one is wet with honest sweat, etc. It is also a constant fight with evil--that is anything that comes between the knowing of God's will and the doing of it. The extract you sent me from Maur's letters also thinks of us as "idealists." An ideal is a poor foundation: this life is real for it is founded on the living rock of the Spirit of God. The difficulty is and I am very conscious of it in myself, that religion, etc. is thought of theoretically. One can accept, theoretically, the existence of the Holy Spirit, without having any glimmer of a conception of the living reality--and therefore without any idea of the relation of the Holy Spirit to everyday life.

That Spirit is an impelling force, a consuming fire, and yet at the same time so tender that He will not come when not wholeheartedly desired. He will not force His way against our will, nor will he share our loyalty with wealth, ambition, a good name or any other thing of which man makes a god. This life, without His constant presence, would collapse. Oh, Mothie darling, we are realists. We do not see the world through rose-coloured spectacles.

Békir's second letter was very nice indeed. He is a dear boy. It contains some very interesting comments on Mohammedism and Christianity, though he says he is too young to talk of Mohammed and Jesus. That he says he does not understand, but he says, "One thing I know. There is not my God and your God. God is one. And if I follow the way He leads I must live love and brotherhood; and to follow as far as I see the way, is what I want to do, and I believe He will lead me further." This life is indeed one--that extract was written beside a killing account of Migg, a young Swiss of 19, and himself, aged 16, who were included with the babies under 6 (owing to the lack of children at the Rhön) in the Easter egg-hunting expedition at the Rhön!!!! We, as I said, had our fire at night: at the Rhön they had it at 3 in the morning, and the sunrise added yet more to the marvellous symbolic meaning in it.

Yes, dear, you were perfectly correct in what you wrote to Mrs. Heard. This life has indeed helped me physically, mentally and spiritually, but that is not why I am here. Jesus' words come home with terrific force, when he talks of leaving father, mother, etc, and receiving one hundredfold, with

persecutions. We know what it is to be maligned and slandered--and indeed it is often those nearest to us, who (because they feel somehow judged by this life) are most against us.

No, dear, I have answered Arnold's letter, and do not want it back. Arnold, by the way, was in business in B'ham, and is essentially a practical man. It is really amusing to think we are taken for romantic, unpractical and idealistic!!!

How nice of Mr. Wakefield to write, and also Mr. Watt. I think a very great deal of the latter, and am glad he was introduced to Eberhard, but wish they could have talked more. Eberhard H. to my regret, does not remember meeting Jack Stevenson, but maybe he was at the meeting but un-introduced. He was most taken with David and Roy, I think: also Marg. Swann.

Moth! What a joy it would be if my brother and sister, by blood, could meet all my brothers and sisters here. They would indeed be given a welcome! And Nunk could hobnob with Herman, who, I expect, has much in common with the young Nazis who so took his fancy at Christmas in Germany.

I see at the end of your letter you ask about stamps. If you can afford the 1 Pound, I would be so glad to be able to give it to Hans as my watch broke--I think it is the mainspring--and for a week I have been trying to do without it. This is rather awkward as I have constantly to leave my work to scour round to find out if it is time for an Eng. or German lesson, etc. Re stamps, I shall just do as the others do, and give my letters to Gunther (who has Susi's place here--a long, long ex-theological student!!!) to stamp in the bureau. Should my letters be late, know there is no need to worry. When we do God's will to the utmost, we need not fear--but we dare not sit idle and expect His help. It is only when we are utterly used by Him, that we can ask and expect His provision and sheltering care. If, darling, you cannot or do not want to send the money, of course, do not think twice about it.

I am writing in the Novices' Room--a little green room with a round table covered with a lovely cloth of sacking. (Bag's old friend!) On the table is a sweet little green bowl--a birthday present I got from Gladys--and in it are wonderful Pelsanemones. They are delicate purple, and the petals and short stem are covered with thick silver fur. The world is indeed beautiful! I got them with the children this morning, and should like to press one, but know it would be utterly ruined. I am the only novice here who is not a boy or man, but in the Bruderschaft Youth there are several girls, so I am not alone or lonely--also the novices and Bruderschaft members in it are franker and freer in telling one one's faults, etc. than one would have the courage to be with one's brothers and sisters in the usual family. Perfect frankness and honesty are essential to this life--that I think is what Békir meant when, once again in his second letter, he talked of life outside being like a man who looked at you from under a mask.

I got a letter from Maur, Mothie, telling me about the position of the Bruderhof and her family life. Will you, darling, send on to her any messages from me? I do not want to write or do anything that might make matters more difficult for her, or to do anything that would in any way violate her conscience. Thank her for the love expressed in her letter. How very, very brave she was not to promise not to send financial help! I can quite see she cannot do it, but I am so happy about the courage that took. Tell her that she knows she has my love always. This life loves the enemy, literally.--how much more a sister who has meant to me all Maur has! Tell her I shall be thinking a lot of her, and very especially on 31st May. My love to the sweet little nevoys--Matthew, too; though perhaps he would rather be without it.

Will you please, Mothie, give my love very specially to little Bag? Also to Nunk and Granny when you write--and to Uncle Hamilton, should you be writing. (Of course, Aunt Isabel and the boys, too)

Now, my darling, I shall end.
With love--
Your Kitty

P.S. Thanks for your cuttings. James Parke's poor servant! And we think the world is progressing! When will people come out of their drugged insensibility!
Monday P.S. I forgot to thank you, darling, for the sock. They are a wonderful pair--and I am so glad to have them. Thank you so much.

My dear little Kathleen!

It is only a very short and very small greeting, but it comes from all my heart and shall tell you my love and that I am thinking so often of you with many thanks for the time I could sleep together with you. I hope that you are well! With great joy we heard about the great kindness and love of your dear Mother. I am looking forward to her visit on the Almbruderhof! I hope to be able to write to you very soon something more. My dear Kathleen, many many greetings!

Yours Susi

37 12.V.35

Gertrud Löffler--sleeps with Kit

Fritz and Alfred return with good news about a new community--with much in common with the Bruderhof but not having all property in common. Swiss Socialists forsake them.

Almbruderhof, Silum
12.5.35.

Darling Moth,

This, I think, will be a short note only. Thank you, darling for the 1 Pound note. The watch in question is not a "Bruderhof" watch, but the little gold wristlet you gave me. The high altitude seems to agree with it as it has gone perfectly for nearly 9 months here, and in Edin' I was constantly trotting to the little jeweller with it. What happened [to] it eventually, I do not know--for it stopped when under my pillow, as usual, and refused to go.

Rudi thanks you very, very much for the Jubilee stamp. Yes, the king is a man whom I honour. The Jubilee seems to have been a festive affair.

I am looking forward very much to seeing Miss Scott's note. Thank you, darling, for getting the dictionary. I expect it will arrive tomorrow or the next day. When sending a book, dear, it is much cheaper to have the sides open.

Yesterday was Susi's birthday, and remembering all she did to make mine so wonderful, I wrote her a letter and sent her some handkerchiefs I had made--hoping they would have no duty to pay. I now sleep with Gertrud Löffler--a sweet girl of 21, with two long, long black plaits--wonderful hair, like the Lorelli. She is a great friend of Susi's, and shared a room with her at the Rhön, so you see, I am still, in contact with Susi.

Sometimes I miss Freda rather. When I have something really important that I want to say I feel very conscious of the language--there is no Freda to say it to, and when I try in German I have before now given an utterly wrong impression of what I meant to say. However, language is just a little human difficulty, and when I feel like that it is clear to me that I have things out of proportion and self has begun to protrude, for I have so often experienced that when the Spirit of God alone rules, words do not matter for there is a contact far deeper--the reality and not the symbol. You see, little Moth, life is not a soft thing--clear sailing all the way. It is literally a fight, but not just a little personal fight. It is the fight in which God Himself is engaged--the fight of the cosmic forces of Good and Evil--and the terrible thing is to let little personal considerations stand between you and your stand on God's side in the struggle.

Darling, I want to thank you for praying for us. Fritz and Alfred have just returned from the Aussendung ("mission"--gives rather a false impression) with very wonderful news about new friends who have recently been discovered--a community with our attitude to war, and with a tremendous lot in common with us, but not having all property in common. A responsible member is coming tomorrow to visit us, and they have promised to try to help us both with money and food. There are about 100 such communities--mostly in Jugo Slavia--and they have a deep understanding for our position as they have been terribly persecuted. At the moment most young men are in prison for refusing military service. The ways of God are wonderful. When old friends forsake us, He gives us new.

Many have forsaken us including the Swiss Christian Socialists, who have been our friends for years. And the reason is because we refuse to say we hate Hitler, and use only the weapons of love.

They are not just Socialists but "Christian" Socialists, but many are for military service and say love to one's enemy is pure sentimentalism!!

I had such a nice letter from David. I wonder if he had my answer when he visited you, or not? I do not remember when I wrote it. I also had a letter from Ella Turnbull and a very long one from Elizabeth, but have not answered them yet.

Give the Aunts my love, dear, will you? Also the McCaskels and their cousin and Miss Symington. To think of the McCaskels somehow brings the smell of freshly dug earth and flowers. I think it is because the last time I visited them the flowerbeds in their garden were freshly dug and the association has remained--a very pleasing one, too.

Re stamps, darling. I do not want you to have unnecessary expense. If ever a fortnight goes without a letter, send a stamp coupon, but not otherwise, dear--especially as you have given us the present of the repairing of your little gold watch. What it cost I do not know, but even with the rotten rate of exchange I think there should be some money over.

Concerning Eberhard [Hardy] and my degree. He told me himself how sorry he was to have left it. I quite understand that from the point of view of individualistic, as opposed, to communal, life, his looking at the contents must have appeared pure curiosity. But, dear, the document belongs to us, not me, and he and as many of my brothers and sisters as feel interested are welcome to it, as to any other of my "possessions" when they want them.

Eberhard [Hardy] has not been too well, and on top of that has had a tremendous responsibility on his shoulders: that would account for his worn out appearance. He has not really changed. I fancy the apparent change is due to the difference in the relationship between you and him--He is no longer a delightful young stranger who spent a long weekend with you, but the brother, in a deeper sense than by blood, of your daughter. I, too, when I first came here, thought there was a difference, but the difference was in me. I had been in a privileged position--that of being able to help. I thought I had been his friend, but then I saw that friendship to have a deep foundation--to be brotherhood, love--meant being on the same level: sharing the receiving (which humanly can be awful) and doing it truly with joy, for the sake of the great Cause of God to whom we have given not only our property but ourselves. We, Mothie, know him, and we know that he has a ghastly fight in Zürich and we know, too, that God has kept him strong and true (Christ, too, was physically tired) by His Spirit. You have a wrong impression of Edith, Mothie. She has not changed him. Both, like all of us, are living to be used by God, and the one Spirit rules in both.

How sweet of Agnes to buy "Alice in Wonderland." I had a little 1/- copy I got in Eliots. I thought it was in her book case. I do have Wolf, Gertrud and Rudi still for Eng.--3 days a week. (They have left the ordinary school and get special classes from Hans and Georg) I want very much to do Eng. literature with them. Wolf was cracked to read Shaw's St Joan!! However an attempt showed he was rather too ambitious! So I want, while I have them, to introduce them to good Eng. books--even if children's--that they may have a real desire to read Shakespeare, etc later. It struck me "Alice" would be a good beginning. Perhaps later we might get "Through the looking glass", perhaps a Ballantyne--"Coral Island" and some other standard books for English kids. I have so regretted not having "The Children's Encyclopedeia" for the younger ones--perhaps it may be possible to bring it, if Nunkey does come, as I hope he will! Also, in the same event, it may be possible, now that little Bag has a post, to let us have the typewriter.

I have just finished duty with the children. What a wonderful Sunday--a living Gemeindestunde in the morning and then duty with ten children, aged 6-12, from 1.45-8 P.M. We went for a marvelous walk over country where I had never been before, through woods--both coniferous and deciduous--with the cuckoo calling! Oh, it was a dream! And the flowers! I must try again to press some--the last attempt was pretty hopeless. The other day we saw a fox--a perfect beauty--on one of our little patches of arable land, and the day before no less than ten deer on the same patch. Spring is really here--though all the snow is not yet gone. The world is indeed lovely.

Papa, we hope, will arrive here safely tomorrow. Next Sunday is Sofi and Christian's wedding so it will be a busy week of preparation. The day before the actual marriage is a wonderful joyful day, when everyone contributes something to the general jollity, and I am hoping my middle class can dramatise something very simple e.g. The Three Bears in Eng and then in German in Sofi's honour. Perhaps, my babies, who have had 2 weeks of English could sing an action song. Perhaps my old pal "Incy, wincy Spider"!!

About Maur, little Moth, we do not for a moment want to come between her and her husband. As far as I remember I wrote saying that all that mattered was to be true to one's conscience, whatever it meant. We do not for one moment dream of pressing any point. She must herself decide what is right, and having seen it, do it. It is not what we say or do that matters, but what God says and wills.

Now, darling, there is a Bruderschaft, to which the novices are invited, and our big cow-bell has rung, so goodnight.

My love, darling little Mothie, and thank you for your love, seen both in your prayers for us and in your gift to pay for the watch.

Ever your, "Wee Kite"

P.S. Love to Maur, Bag and Old Nunk, and my little furry black brother!

19.V.35
19th May--Sophie and Christian's Wedding day,
Daddy's birthday and a snow storm

Almbruderhof, Silum
Sunday, 26th May

Darling little Mothie

I cannot say with what anticipation I am looking forward to your visit. Herman Arnold's mother is here at present. Mothers have often been at the Rhön, but she is the first since I have been here, and it has made your visit, which has for long been a longed-for dream, take the form of material reality. Oh, Moth! I can hardly think of it without feeling all agog with excitement and wanting to give vent to "Bouncer" or its modern equivalent! I am sure, darling, that the way will be opened for you to come. When does Agnes get holidays? Perhaps it would be possible to come before Nunky gets his. On the other hand Nunky may not be spending all his holidays in Edin? so it may be possible for you to come with Agnes and Mary Anderson. I am overjoyed at little Bag's visit.

I had a letter from Mr. Glyn Jones. (Do you remember a chemist working in a big munition factory whom I met at an Auxiliary weekend at North Berwick?) He says he would like to visit us, too, and asked for details. I also had a note from Mary Anderson enclosing one from Arthur Bourne. (Do you remember the day I left, Margaret Swann handed me an address in London saying that she had met a young man at an F.O.R. conference who said he wanted to see me before I left Britain?) I spent a large part of the day in London, on my way here, hunting him up. I barely [barely] know him having met him three times, and then with crowds of others, but in his note he enclosed 3 pounds asking Mary Anderson to send them on here.

I got my watch back the day before yesterday. Thank you, Mothie dear! (Do you remember saying I was too proud to let you do anything for me--about a year ago?!!!!)

I am so glad, darling, I remembered Daddy's birthday. I knew you, too, would be thinking of Daddy. No, I did not know of Lawrence of Arabia's death. Poor man! I always felt there was a great sense of frustration about his life. He had worldly fame, and knew its hollowness. He had a great deal in common with the Black Prince. Both were gallant, honest and kind-hearted men, yet both bear the responsibility for a massacre, and both felt weighted by that responsibility.

The Assembly is in full swing now. Do you remember last year how I offended the little McCaskels by being repelled at the artificial pomp and formalism of it? The incongruity of wearing swords, etc, at an assembly of servants of the Prince of Peace, never seems to have struck them. Nor that of the wealth and grandeur of the procession--when Christ rode on the humblest mount, without even a saddle.

Re what you say of Canon Raven's "The Way to God"--we know that it is not our groping and striving to reach God that matters. That is where the difference lies between our aspirations and our deeds. We strive for what is beyond human strength and fall back defeated and disillusioned. The power and the initiative come from God's side. We cannot rise to Him, but, in His love, He comes down to us. That is why the Gemeindestunde is such a vital element in our life--the invocation of the Spirit of God, that He might fill our lives even as the soft rain fills the buttercups and globeflowers that are blooming here just now.

When the Spirit comes He makes clear the way, and there is no falling back frustrated for it is His power that gives not only the aspiration, but performs the deed.

How nice that Mrs. Rogan and Mary visited you. I am so glad to hear about Chris, and to know that she is happy. The reality of her experience of God is unquestionable, and in being true to her vision she cannot but be happy--though that very experience brings a sensitiveness to and consciousness of evil, pain, cruelty that is fifty-fold intensified. Thus it was that Christ, the joyous sharer in children's games, in wedding festivities, in the whole outpoured joy of Nature, was also the Man of Sorrows, for He was conscious of the presence of evil, where less sensitive souls felt nothing.

I am so glad little Blitz's lameness is gone. Dear little creature! I wonder if he has any memory of me? I still have a very, very special regard for cats, though it is now in a truer proportion to the essentials in life!

So you too have had Arctic weather! Sophie's wedding day--Daddy's birthday--was a day with over a foot of snow! Now all has gone. I had morning duty with the children today.--Made their breakfast, ate it with them, saw they had made their beds, swept their rooms, etc, and took them for a

walk till dinner at 1.15. We spent a solid hour watching ants transporting a dead spider. It was entrancing! Bobby's shrill little excited piping in French does complicate things.

On week days Herman Arnold and Georg take them their walk, day about, and as neither knows French, Bobi stores it up for me, and stays by me incessantly talking--meantime the other little "Nutcuts" [rascals] are off the scenes, and it is all I can do to disengage myself physically and mentally from Bobi and let fly at them in my most emphatic Deutch!! But they are sweet kids. They know how to take a dressing down, and bear no malice.

No, Mothie, we have not seen Leyton Richard's account of the two Bruderhofs, and would be extremely grateful if you would let us see it.

No, Mothie, no other little Russians arrived yet. The horror of it is that the every worst cases of need, have no papers--passports, etc. They belong to no country, and no country will receive them. I had such a sweet letter from Bobi's mother. It is very convenient for I can write her in English and she writes me in French. They are in a very had way, and though Bobi is their only child, and though they are bound up in him, she says they are glad Bobi is not with them, and the conditions in which they live are not for a child.

Do remember me to Ruth Duncan's mother when you see her. And also Mr and the two Miss Michies. Thanks, dear, for all the letters you sent on. Could you ask Mrs Currie, if you see her, for news of her cousin, Mr Blyth? The last I heard was that he was very ill.

Oh, I am so keen to get word of Maur. Will you, like a darling, send me a P.C. immediately you hear, and do give her my love when you write?

If I can wangle it I shall send a note to Granny enclosed in this--but I must first acknowledge Arthur Bourne's 3 pounds. Sorry my ink has run dry, and as a Bruderschaft is nearly due to meet I have not gone for a re-fill.

You ask about the financial success of the English journey. It is more in promised help than in actual cash, but the essential is that the Spirit of God should speak. As I felt, there are people longing, thirsting to hear, and when His voice is recognised, then oneself and all one has are at His disposal.

Now, my darling, I shall stop. But a wonderful old 2nd Century (I think) prayer, which has meant a lot to me, comes into my mind, with it I shall end.

"Oh Thou, who art the light of the minds that know Thee, the life of the souls that love Thee and the strength of the hearts that serve Thee! Help us so to know Thee, that we may truly love Thee, so to love Thee that we may fully serve Thee, whom to serve is perfect freedom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

My love, Mothie,
Kitty

[N.B. These 3 letters were written in Dec. 1934, so either Kathleen did not send them until June 1935 or Mrs. Hamilton just tucked them into this envelope]

Almbruderhof, Silum
2.6.35

Darling Moth,

I seize a moment (while waiting for the water to boil for semolina!) to send you a line. I fancy I shall have to finish this note before breakfast tomorrow as I went for a walk for an hour this afternoon with the youth--up a wonderful crag, with rain and thunder--instead of writing. The others are still there, but Werner and I came back early as we have to make supper. It was a wonderful experience of the majesty of God in nature, and one that made us feel very "peepera"

Now for your letter. My sweet little moth, I have a feeling that the one pound you gave us from Miss Somerville was really meant for you, and that it is you we have to thank for it. am I right? It would be like you.. Anyhow, as I am pretty much bowled (N.B. To be taken figuratively only!!!!) over translating letters, etc., will you please give her our heart-felt thanks, and say I shall write in person as soon as I have an opportunity? (Of course, I could have taken that hour this afternoon, but I feel it was right to take the time in carefree wandering with the youth. We know the joy of working together, but that is necessarily limited to one or two--this was a chance for frank talk and free open fellowship with others.)

Darling, I hope when this arrives that your throat will be better. You were lying in bed today when I was out in the majesty of Nature. My darling Mothie, I was thinking of you and my staunch little Bag. I am ganz gespannt (My hat! German there comes as by second nature--and it expresses better than I can in English what I mean. I mean thrilled with anticipation) at the thought of seeing you both in some six or seven weeks time. Papa told me with real relish and appreciation a delightful incident in which Agnes figured. She had given young Eberhard cigarettes, saying, "There! That is all I have in common with you!!" Papa was delighted with her frank and honest nature.

Mon I too, darling, shall be writing to Mr. Reid to "lift my lines". For long, as you know, my desire has been to be in full membership of the Bruderschaft. Sometimes the years of compromise at Lochend weigh very heavily on me, and I feel, "Oh that I had known of this life earlier!" Happy indeed is the child who grows up in it! Yesterday however, it became clear to me that I must not waste time regretting lost years. The parable of the vineyard came into my mind, and with it the wonder of the fact that the Master was as glad of the help of those who came later as of those who came at 6 a.m., and he treated them all exactly alike. But how blessed are those who had the joy of the early morning's work with Him! But God in His inexpressible love was leading me in the only way in which I could be lead, and my heart overflows with gratitude to Him.

At Pentecost, that wonderful anniversary, four of us here and four of us at the Rhön are becoming Bruderschafters. I had a letter from Freda in which she says she feels the time is ripe and asks me what I feel. I can agree heartily. At the Rhön are Gladys, Arnold, Freda and Waltraut, and here Willi, Herbert, Werner and I. I cannot express my joy, Mothie, and my gratitude to God. It can be expressed in life only: my words are feeble. All is One, Mothie. The marvel of it! The Power behind the universe is Love, the power revealed in Christ was Love, and the power the living Church, His Body, lives by, is Christ Himself, the Holy spirit--the very heart of God--a love that knows no limits. And in this life, this love of God, is seen in realisation--that we weak human beings can, in His power, live a life that carries His love, like a light, out into a dark world.

Darling, you don't mean to say you are sending another dictionary, do you? How good of you, darling, but we have enough little ones. A real exhaustive one would be very useful, but an old secondhand one only. I do not like you to have spend so very much.

Thanks, dear, for telling me of Miss Robb, Glasgow. I shall write her and send her our Craft work prospectus. That is a nice little job for me (shades of Granny!) I shall have to translate the German, make the cms inches and the francs Eng. money, and draw the new designs Georg has made that are not yet on it!!!!

We have also heard from a gentleman in Glasgow who gave us the name of a friend in London, whom, he said, would be sure to be interested.

Now, darling, I must stop. I did so want to share our wonderful Alpine Spring with my flower-loving little Bag--but alas! the colours have changed in pressing. I do not seem able to do it successfully. The middle two are Anemones, and the last two Gentians.

My love to Maur, Granny, Old Crabbe and yourself., Mothie--and the little quad. is not forgotten.
Ever your Kitty.

Alm-Bruderhof Silum
Fürstentum Liechtenstein
the 7th of December

Dear Mrs Hamilton!

We all are very happy to live with Kathleen and especially that we have school with her. We read with Kathleen the Jungle Book which is very splendid because Kathleen can tell us so many things about India and its special character. We learn very good English. We all were very happy on Kathleen's birthday. It was a real happy day. We are so joyful that you understand why Kathleen has come to the bruderhof. It is wonderful here in the Alps. The landscape with its contrast is so grand. The Rhine valley far below and the high mountains with the white snow. We lie between both. During the last day there was a mist down in the valley and we were above it. It looked like a sea or a lake. In the valley it was 15 degrees under zero and here it was 22 degrees above zero. Now I must come to an end.

With many kind greetings
Rudi (the stampcollector) [Age 11 or 12 yrs]

Almbruderhof.

6.12.1934

Dear Mrs. Hamilton!

I was very glad to get your kind letter. I thank you very much, also for the stamps. I don't collect, but my friend Rudi does. He was very glad too, to get them. We had beautiful weather, a clear sky, and the sun shining the whole day. But in the Valley of the Rhine was mist, and it looked to us like a sea. It was a beautiful view. Now the mist has gone, and we have rainy weather. Now we are making many Christmas presents, some are very nice. Little books, almanacs for 1935 with pictures and

birthdays, lanterns, pictures etc. We like doing this very much. While we do this, we sing German or English Christmas Carols. I like them very much. We have learned from Gladys many English songs, including some Christmas ones.

In the Jungle-book we are at that place where Mowgli is in the village and make nonsense. Some time before we played at knights. I was called Fasold von Adlerklippe, that means: "Hero of Eagle-Rock." We played a Christmas-play on the first of Advent. I was one of the three kings.

Many kind greetings from Wolfgang Loewenthal [aged about 12 yrs]

Almbruderhof Silum,
7th December

Dear Mrs Hamilton!

I have never written to you and I like to do it now. We have always nice weather, always the sun is shining. In the last days was mist in the valley of the Rhine and it looked very interesting like a lake, and the little mountains in the valley of the Rhine were half covered and looked like islands. When the mist went away, one could see the snow in the valley. That was funny.

After dinner we go out and nearly always we play at knights. There is a place with pieces of rock and fir-trees. Every body has a rock and that is his castle. The name of my castle is Falkenstein (Kitestone).

Now Christmas comes nearer and nearer, and we make Christmas presents for the members of our Rhönbruderhof and for our Almbruderhof. When we have finished our lessons in the afternoon we begin with these Christmas presents.

On the first of Advent we played a Christmas play, about Mary and Jesus and Joseph, about the shepherds and the three kings. It is a very nice play indeed. I think, that we will play it in a village in Liechtenstein. The village is called Triesenberg. I think, that it may make a great impression on the villagers. But now I must finish my letter. Many kind regards to you from Gertrud Braun (Brown)

The third pupil of your daughter, Kathleen. [Aged 13 yrs about]

7.VI.35

Present from another community

eggs, cheese, dried fruit, sugar, ham, clothes, shoes, etc.

Preparation for Pentecost--Whitsuntide-- little Brian's birthday.

Almbruderhof, Silum
7.6.35

My darling Moth,

It is an evening that can only be described as heavenly--the first real summer evening we have had. The mountains, the sky, the rich green grass, the tinkling cowbells--and above all Love--combine

to show the wonder of God's creation. What an evening! At supper Alfred announced that a tremendous present had come from the community of which I told you--five members of which visited us. He said it would require four tables to hold, so supper was cleared on the spot, people running about with their plates if not already finished--and then package after package was carried in. The wonder of it--eggs, cheese, dried fruit, sugar, ham. Clothes, wonderful baby clothes, shoes, and I don't know what all. The din we made as the entire adult community celebrated the opening of each new sack or box, brought the amazed youngsters from their beds to join in the joyful confusion.

Then Alfred once more took charge when everything had been seen, and in five minutes all was gone (many hands!) and the Eßsaal was being swept and put in order for the Gemeindestunde. The wonder of it--people whom we have seen once, and about whom we knew nothing a few weeks ago!! But where God's will alone is sought, the result cannot but be a life of practical love.

Friday: Well, sweet little Mothie. I realise I did not answer a question in my last letter. You ask if it is true that I have never had a day's illness since I came here--the answer is "absolutely true!" The nearest approach is the headache the Föhn wind brings--but when it is common property it is more easily ignored.

Oh Mother, I wish I could tell you of these joyful days of preparation for Pfingsten. (Pentecost: Whitsuntide). Hans and Georg are reading us from wonderful old 16th Century Hutterian writings on it--so simple, so profound. What religion, or shall we say the church (with a small c), in Scotland, seems to have lost, is the joy with which Christ's life and the life of the early Christians was full. It is so organised and formalised that the spontaneous, ever-fresh-springing Spirit of God is given little chance--the Spirit of God that is so strong and so delicately sensitive. (I say with a small "c" for the Church of God, the living Body of Christ which is unaffected by what men call death, has its vital living members everywhere where God is sincerely loved).

Well, Mothie, I have moved my sleeping quarters again, and am once more in a Hütte, sharing a room with Lena. To my joy I have heard that Susi may be coming from the Rhön next week. I shall be glad to see her.

When I could get a moment this week, I have been hard at it translating our Craftroom prospectus for the Miss Robb who wrote from Glasgow. It would indeed be wonderful if more people in Britain started ordering our bowls, etc. We no longer use Cherry wood, but Slavonic Nut wood,--a wonderfully beautiful wood, and the finished article is truly a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Also Georg--(as well as being Wortdiener, with a special responsibility for the school, he is our artist)--has designed some wonderful new forms, speaking in their beauty and simplicity.

Sunday afternoon: Darling Mothie, this is I think the first week that I have not had a letter on Saturday. I hope it is just that the post is late owing to Whitsuntide celebrations, and not that anything is wrong with you. How is your throat, dear? Also I hope very much that my announcement of the fact that I would soon be entering the Bruderschaft did not come as a shock. My whole life and experience here was leading up to it. Everything has corroborated and substantiated my first blind, but impelling conviction, that it was God Himself who called me to this life. Oh Mothie, here is no dead dogma or cold morality, but living, ever-moving Spirit. Such things as Baptism and the Lord's Supper are brimful of reality and meaning.

Papa is at the Rhön, and I fancy today Freda, Glad, Arnold and Waltraut have become Bruderschafters. The three Eisenachers and I are waiting till his return--possibly in a week.

I am trying to imagine what you are up to, little Moth. It is 10 past 3 on Sunday afternoon, and I am sitting high up on the hillside in the shelter of a pine (for the sun is scorching) writing to you. A few minutes ago I was lying at full stretch, with eyes shut, listening to the bees, birds and cowbells. This is Whitsunday and through the love of the friends of which I told you we have had a really festive time--but, just when there are such good things to eat, out comes the jolly old sun like a furnace and makes eating nearly impossible. It was particularly tough luck on Werner--a tipping baker. He sat at breakfast unable to enjoy his own wonderful baking.

The great thing about this life is that the wonderful joy in it is seen not only in--say the Gemeindestunde, but in the most practical details. For "Pfungsten"--not only did we prepare ourselves in the Gemeindestunde, but Christian (formerly a house-painter) was hard at it making the walls look fresh. Herbert brought his plumbing skill to bear on our queer Liechtenstein watering systems, etc. with the result that it is going as never before. Every room, every corner and cranny was swept, scoured, waxed and polished. This is indeed life--one whole; something infinitely worth living for. What always amazed me was the wonderful selfless devotion called out by--to take only two examples--the Stuart kings in Scotland, and Communism e.g. in Germany. Both of these objects falling far, far short of the Kingdom of God--yet how many "Christians" are willing, for Christ and his Kingdom, to lose themselves utterly??? We are so blind--God give us eyes!

Now, darling, in half an hour I must be home again as Herbert and I have to make Abendbrot. Also I have been so hard at it translating that I have not managed to write to Mr. Reid, so shall try to do it now.

I just want to tell you, little Moth, something about you. I think I told you that on my birthday Susi gave me a Madonna picture, did I tell you that it was through you I began to understand the wonderful significance of Mary--for when I thought of the truest example of womanhood, you with all the wonderful qualities of mother-love came into my mind. Last night, owing to the heat, my head ached and I could not sleep. Then like a very angel came the thought of you. I felt your gentle, soft hand on my brow, and as in a moment, the leaden weight was lifted.

Now, darling, goodbye for a week. Do please give my love to Maureen, Agnes, Alick and Granny.

Ever your,

Kitty

Entrance to the Bruderschaft
12.VI.35 with Willi, Herbert & Werner.

Almbruderhof, Silum.
11.6.35.

O Mothie, my darling!

I just cannot find words to express my joy. God is good. That you should have taken the news of my entering the Bruderschaft in such a wonderful way! What a coward I was fearing you would see it in another light! Oh Mothie, Mothie. I thank God for you.

Then on top of that came the news of Maur and Matthew's little boy. Never have I rejoiced more over the birth of a child--for life and its wonder and mystery have never before meant as much to me. Do give Maur my love and a kiss for the new nevoy, and many, many thanks for the snap. When I saw it I felt as Wordsworth felt on seeing a rainbow--"my heart leapt up!" Great little youngsters--I can imagine the thrill with which they would hail their little brother.

Then came Bag's characteristic letter--how I did howl over it!! Bag, dear, give us "the pleasure of your company" for as long as you can! It takes a lot to make us "heave" people out!!!!

To cap all, by the same post came a wonderful letter from Granny--the dear!--written on the eve of her 86th birthday. In truth, Mothie. I am radiantly happy. And now before many weeks are over, I hope to see you again--darling little Moth! Herman's mother left today. She, too, is a widow but she lost her husband in the war before the birth of her only son, so Herman has always been particularly dear to her. She came frozen with resentment (How we all felt for her, and sympathised with her!) at this life for taking her son: she left this morning, giving him gladly to a life that she knew to be of God, and saying her stay here would help her in the hard times ahead, and that she hoped to come back often. We felt there was a real and deep contact between us.

Now, darling, have no fear that entering the Bruderschaft makes it impossible for me to visit you. If you should be ill or urgently need me, everything possible would be done to let me get to you "eck dum" [immediately]. Even without such a reason a visit is not in any sense, taboo, but we would all far, far rather friends come to see us--you see the message of our life is much better seen and understood when the actual life is seen and experienced and not only one limb, as it were of the body. You see we are all so diverse, yet one. If someone saw only a hand or an ear, what true conception could he have of the form, and "mystic harmony" between the members of the body?

Sunday morning: My love, Mothie, ever and always! Yesterday evening began a new life, an utterly new life--He hath indeed made all things new and has broken the power of evil, long hidden but ever there--and in this new life of freedom, utter freedom and forgiveness in the love of Christ, I want my first thought that goes to you to be love.

I do not know how much, darling, I can tell you without giving a false impression and causing misunderstanding, but I pray that God may give me the power to express the most wonderful experience of my life and one which shall stay in my memory not only during my earthly life but in all eternity.

For some days we have had preparation in the Gemeindestunde for this experience--baptism, entrance into the Bruderschaft, and the Lord's supper. And, of course, baptism, presupposes a review of one's whole life, repentance and utter abhorance of all that is evil in it and the confession of faith--and anything that is not clear has first to be cleared up, both in matters of faith and in matters of conscience. There is nothing merely literal and "fundamentalist" in all this. It is indeed exactly what the New Testament says, but the real matter is Spirit. We know the act of baptism is an outward symbol of the already present Reality. In this general clearing-up, the preparation for the actual symbol of losing one's life in the Life of the Spirit, I had to see if there was any corner, nook or cranny not utterly given--starting with outward possessions, etc. and going on to the far, far harder matter of giving one's will. And there was one little matter on which I was not clear for it might be simply nothing and it might, in principle, be the robbing of the Gemeinde (the Church). As I could not know for certain myself, I went to a Zeugnis Bruder, one of the Wortfuhrer's helpers and asked him, and he said I should frankly write it to you--not in any sense meaning you should feel bound to do anything about it, but simply that I could honestly say I was ready, with a clear conscience, for baptism. This is the matter in question. You

remember when Agnes had no job and you were trying, unsuccessfully, to get a paying guest, I wrote asking you to regard the piano as your own. Now, I know only half the piano was Granny's gift, and at the same time I know it may, and very possibly was, only nominally mine. The point, and it is one of principle, is that when I said that, I was a novice, a member of the Feste Noviziat, which means I had handed over my all to the Community, so that the piano or rather the half value of it, was no longer mine (if it had ever been) but the Community's. You understand, dear, I am only doing this that I could honestly know before God, that I was holding nothing back.

That was a matter of doubt: there were other things that were not doubtful, but that I knew were evil and that I regretted with all my heart, but about which I could do nothing. That is where the real actual marvel of forgiveness comes in. Where they literally are utterly blotted out, and by the Power of the Spirit of God, one is as innocent as a little child--in truth a new birth. My first conscious thought this morning when I awoke was "He hath made all things new." The incredible wonder of it. Baptism is a deep mystery, darling. I think I see an unconscious reason for my "hiding my head" when babies were baptised--for infant baptism is a travesty of the meaning of baptism. The little child is innocent of the experience of sin, and also unable to express its faith. Our little babies are brought into the presence of the Gemeinde, as Jesus was brought to the temple as a baby, and they are given a name and they are brought up literally in the church--but that is not baptism. Truly, Mother, we are one with the early Church--we know the spiritual wonder behind the laying on of hands. In the light of the living Spirit, the Bible is a new and open book.

After Baptism, which was beautiful in its deep spiritual significance and in its outward form, we were given our sign as members of the ever-open circle--the men the ring and I the silver band worn on the head. It is also an open ring.

And tonight we have the Abendmahl--the Lord's Supper. Really a meal, really a supper at which a large loaf is broken and wine is drunk in memory of Christ as He said. They are deep symbols of the Gemeinde, the Church. Just as many, many grains of corn were crushed and ground and gave their life to make the one loaf: and just as many many grapes gave their life-blood to make the wine: even so the community consists of many units, who, utterly emptied of self, literally dead unto self, live literally by and through the One Spirit, so that they are not many but one body, even as the bread is one and the wine one.

You talk of a personal Saviour, Mothie. Yes, dear, the acceptance of personal salvation is an essential, but not nearly all. The redemption, the atonement, are not merely personal, but cosmic--how much more so social? It was the universal, if not quite cosmic, view James Parkes gave of it, that first made me see its reality.

Now, darling, Georg and Moni have asked me to tea, so I must draw to a close (I see I have 20 minutes so shall try to answer your letter). I enclose a letter to Miss Somerville and one to Elizabeth. Would you be so good as to send them, darling?

I am thrilled at the name of my third nevoy--the darling. Gladys's baby--Jonathan Arnold Eberhard Mason--was born last Thursday: Edith's, not yet.

Darling, I am so very happy about the Seekers and your attitude towards a subject that has caused you great pain. Love, real active love, (not a lack of ill-feeling and resentment), is the only way, for it is Christ's way. And what you are doing is in the Spirit of his teaching when He said, "Pray for those who spitefully treat you, etc."

You ask how I like sharing a room with Lena. Very much. No she is in no way like Susi. Susi, by the way, is here--to make my cup of joy flow over.

So glad, darling, that your throat is nearly better. Oh, how I am looking forward to seeing you again. In one year what marvels God works! It was a year ago today, Agnes will remember, Blitz caught a sparrow-baby, which I rescued though it was simply ingrained with wet mud. Then it sat on Agnes' finger in the garden and its parents hovered round. That was the day I decided to risk all in the belief that God had spoken to me--to be like the little fledgling (unable to fly and to eat alone, with a cruel death lurking, in the form of a beautiful kitten, in the near vicinity). That night I saw the little bird perched in the wire netting a foot above the ground, and I took good care to keep Blitz in. Early in the morning I went to search and could see it nowhere. Of course, it is possible it fell a victim to some other cat, but the faith came to me that it was safe, and at the same time came the certainty that the God who loved and cared for it could be utterly trusted, and that morning I told the astounded Mr. Wakefield I was resigning my post. Economic security to the winds--for God's sake! Thanks are weak. Do you wonder my one desire is to live that He who met me blindly groping in the dark and horrible bogs of compromise may through me meet others and that in Him all may be one, even as God and Christ and the Spirit are one?

Darling, don't go buying more dictionaries!! We have any amount of little ones--what is needed is one that can be trusted. The others are so inadequate. Aunt Mary's sounds the very thing, and it would indeed be wonderful if we could have it. It does not cost much if sent with a wrapper open at the sides.

Now I must really stop. Do please give Maur, Nunk, Bag and Granny my love, and the last two my very, very grateful thanks for their letters.

My love, Kitty

P.S. Darling, could you please send me 1/2 yd thin round white elastic in your next letter?

P.S. Do read Miss Somerville's. I have news in it I had no time to tell you. Our Wandervögel are still with us.

P.S. Dear Mother Hamilton! How glad I am to be able to send a greeting to you in Kathleen's letter! For I stay here for some weeks with Eberhard, to my great joy! So I could see our dear Kathleen again, and in the moment we are sitting together--since yesterday as sisters of the Bruderschaft--What a great joy for all of us! And Kathleen told, that in a few weeks you will come here! I hope so very much that I could be here then to see you!--With kindest regards!

Susi.

Sunday night.

I must take a few moments to answer your other letter.

No, Darling, the Bruderschaft won't exclude me from Youth Walks--any more than my duties with the children, for example, already exclude me. Most of the Youth are either already Bruderschafters or have recently become so, like me. Some must always miss something, as cooking, babies, etc, have always to be cared for: but the work is done gladly and nothing is said about it.

I do not seem able to identify the Mr Carteris you met at Miss Somerville's. How I roared at his remark on my being a "keen and fertile speaker"!!!! I think he must have been thinking of someone else.

As to food--we take all with joy, lean weeks and fat weeks, but it is impossible to tell ahead what our food will be like. But I can assure you we are fit and fresh and full of energy!! It is indeed true that man does not live by bread alone, and there is a quality in this life that makes possible what would otherwise be impossible.

Yes, dear, if you travel at night it must be 2nd class--but, darling, don't dream of coming third. That entails a slow, slow journey via Paris, and you would be utterly worn out. For the passport, send a line to the Passport Office, London. (That is not quite all, but will arrive there) asking for the forms to fill in for Agnes and you and for particulars. That reminds me, my Passport expires in two days. I must tell Hans.

As to the ticket, one books direct from London to Buchs, and once one is across the channel and in the train, the train does the work for one. I think one should write to Victoria Station for that--but you have heaps of time and I can write to ask Freda for she got mine for me. It cost about seven pounds ten shillings (single 2nd class).

Oh, Mothie!
Auf wiedersehen!

P.S. Thanks for the stamps!

Kit

23.6.35
Bobi's Birthday (9th).
Day on the snows with Jugend.
Birth of Claus and his mother's illness.

Almbruderhof, Silum.
23.6.35.

My Darling Mother,

Your wonderful letter, darling, with Maur's to you enclosed, and also your 1 pound note, gave me incredible happiness. Mothie, Mothie, thank you.

What a mother I have! And how I am thrilled at the thought of seeing you and Agnes once more! I enclose a little note for the old Crabbe, enclosing in its turn a copy of a letter Wolf wrote to an English boy. It struck me Nunk would appreciate it, so I asked Wolf if he would mind if I let him see it.

I must write quickly as Bobi has invited me to his birthday tea. Herman (yes, he is Heini's ex-stormtrooper cousin) and the children are making a picnic of it--and now, as I have half a minute ago heard--I am to be there too.

Darling, what can I say about the piano? What can I do but with the humblest gratitude accept the gift of your love, knowing how very much it is needed. But the miracle of it! It brings me back to what I have just tried to write in a long letter to Heini but felt was very badly expressed.

Those of us who are separated from the Gemeindegemeinschaft feel it terribly, and Heini had asked me to write to him telling all about the admission to the Bruderschaft, baptism and Lord's Supper.

I think I mentioned to you in my last letter about the incredible reality of forgiveness. Reality, Truth--that is the word: that which is unshakeable though Heaven and earth pass away. And the very essence of this Reality is Love. God is Truth and God is Love. Jesus showed us the heart of God. He is the heart of God: Love incarnate, and he has sent us the Spirit of Truth, that through him we might live the love of God--the love that knows no bounds or frontiers. Oh, Mother, I wish I could express it. The words are clumsy, but the experience is Real and eternal, undisturbed by such relative considerations as time and space.

Never in my life have I experienced anything like the Abendmahl--the Lord's Supper. Just as before baptism we individually reviewed our lives and put right all in our power and asked God's forgiveness for all not in our power, so before the Abendmahl we did the same, not as individuals, but as one--as the Body of Christ. The others and I were not there during this time, as we had not been in the Bruderschaft which was searching for any case of lovelessness for which it was responsible.

Time passed. I sat writing my letter to you. 10.45 P.M. In came Werner, Willi, Herbert, Herman and Gerhard (Liesel's brother, who has recently escaped from Germany. The story reads like a romance--with Liesel risking all to go to see him--letter-writing being too dangerous--and escaping over the frontier with him.). Well we yarned for half an hour, then we were called. Everything that could be recalled had been put right, and in the deepest unity, the supper began. It was so simple, so living that I cannot speak of it. There was no formalism. It is something, not only that I can never forget, but a living, active power in our life today, and I thank God for it.

6:30 P.M. I have just finished translating a letter of Georg's to Sonia, and before that Herman and I and the kids had a wonderful time celebrating Bobi's birthday. We made a fire, cooked cocoa with Swiss milk (an unheard-of treat due to the gift of the communities I told you of) ate a piece of bread (with honey!!!) and Bobi's cake, the product of Sekunda's genius. Now the first gong has rung for supper, so I hope to be able to write more later. There is so much to tell.

8. P.M. There is little time to tell you of the wonderful day Wed. was. On Tues. night Papa announced that the Jugend (Youth) should have the next day free until supper at 6.30. So 20 of us set off after breakfast and we went for a wonderful day's hike carrying food and a large pot with us. Time fails to tell how we got up to the snows (snow is long since of the past here--heat is the order of the day) and how we experienced Spring for the third time this year in the flowers we found there. The whole day was wonderful--The others' company and the grandeur of nature. It meant a lot to me--the sheer joy of the songs as we beguiled the long walk--(and Youth Movement songs give as none other I know, except the Elizabethan madrigals, expression to an overflowing "joie de vivre" [joy of living, vitality]; the writing of letters to the Rhönbruderhof Jugend and to Herman, Heini and Kurt, Willi Klüver and our other brothers outside. Perhaps above all, what meant most to me was just being together, saying nothing; while I, at least, and I am pretty certain the other new Bruderschafters, were trying to realise the wonder of life.

The next wonder was the birth of Claus Eberhard Arnold--a real little boy with finely cut features and a quantity of long dark hair! Edith, however, sad to say is not doing very well. What it is I cannot understand. But poor Susi is feeling terribly for her, and I gather it is serious. Eberhard Heinrich I have not seen all today. God grant that His Spirit prevail over all illness. Gladys is doing splendidly at the Rhön, and Arnold is in the seventh Heaven. He asked Trudi if all fathers really felt as he did!!!

I enclose a tiny piece of wool, Mothie. Would you, like a dear, try to get a very little like it. It was a large loose ball shaped like an egg. I have no idea of the weight. But two arms for a baby coat have to be made. Who sent it I do not know, but it came from Britain, and Gertrud has nearly finished some baby garment of it, and the wool has run out. We would be so grateful. But do not go to too much trouble. Thanks so much for the Dictionary. Sweet little Moth, you will be heavy laden when you come to see me.

Thank you so much, darling, for Leyton Richard's article. It is strange we were not told of it directly, but are very, very glad to have got it through you. I can assure you it will not be destroyed. What people who have not lived this life cannot realise is that material and spirit are one--that the "economic model" is the direct outcome and expression of the Spirit.

To return to your questions. Novices can get the Lord's Supper. It is a question of deep inner unity--not a question of membership in the outward Bruderschaft. Thus it is also possible for someone who is a member, but is conscious of some lapse, breaking the miracle of unity, not to be present. You see, Mother, it is not outward regulation, but the Spirit of Love and Freedom that "maketh alive".

Waltraut is a girl. She is one of 5 who came from Eisenach--a community that was organised by a church and remained in the organised church. It was built on idealism and good will, but that was not a sure enough foundation. It could not bear the friction of personalities and the whole thing collapsed about a year ago--after Willi Fischer, Werner, Herbert, Waltraut and an older man (I have forgotten his name--he is at the Rhön) had seen its inadequacy and one by one had come to the Bruderhof. Eventually those who remained got so on each other's nerves that they even got to drawing pistols!!!!

So much for the best human community. Economic "security" is nothing, lacking the Spirit of God.

Yes, Willi is Willi Fischer--a delightful boy. In fact the three Eisenachers we have here are all very, very nice.

Poor little Moth! Winter combies!--I am wearing the barest minimum of clothes, and then am hot. After Wed.'s wonderful "Fahrt" I am as brown as a berry--or red would be more exact!

Thank you, darling, I shall think of things--little things--I should like you to bring, as I do not want to overburden you.

So glad about Fordy. Please give Aunt Meta, Mary and him my love when you write.

How nice of old Mr MacKenzie to be so friendly. Please remember me to him and his wife should you see them.

No, dear, I gave no formal resignation to the Court Session. I am sorry if it made things harder for you, dear. For myself, I am glad. So much talk is pure whitening of sepulchres. As for my "services"--

I have realised that the one Divine service is life. I remember A. C. Craig of Glasgow University-chapel quoting a modern version of some old prophetic utterance made by a young Highland girl who was in one of his classes--"You won't gull me with your musical services and special collections. Put your social wrongs right."

I shall be most interested to hear of your meeting with Miss Ritchie. Several of her girls know me, too.

Mothie sweet--roughly four or five weeks from now--!

Please thank Maur so much for her letter. I do so appreciate it when she has so many to write. Tell her I think Brian a delightful name, and feel it is just right. Much love to the three nevoys. I hope I shall have better news next week regarding Edith. But the Bruderschaft is standing firm behind her, in the power of the Spirit, in the struggle against the demonic powers of illness.

Now, darling, I must end.

My love to you and Bag, Maur and Nunk.

Your Kitty

Extract from A. Sommerville's letter.
[This is in Mrs. Hammilton's writing.]

"Last week we had a very delightful American visitor a Mr. Gilbert McMaster, who is in Europe as the official representative of the American Quakers. He was so keenly interested in our work that he has urged Joan Mary Fry to get the English Quakers to raise a fund and through Miss Fry, Dr. Maude Royden is also keenly interested and is going to do all she can. Today a letter came from Mr. McM. urging the British members to write to their friends telling of this and saying we should with pleasure use his name. He is a dear! an old gentleman retired from business, who now simply lives to try what little can be done to help to humanise the poor victims of concentration camps, when and if they ever get out, a truly Christlike Service."

25.VI + 30.VI.35

Typewriter requested.

Edith's mother and storm trooper brother arrive.

Almbruderhof, Silum
Triesenberg
Liechtenstein
25.6.35

Darling Mothie,

We very badly need the little typewriter, so I have been asked to ask you to send it instead of bringing it. The enclosed paper stating that it belongs to me and is not new should make it possible to let it come duty free.

I gather it is necessary to get someone's official-signature, with a good-sized stamp, if possible. On the continent when one leaves any town one has to give official notice and get permission, etc; so for others here it is easy: they only need to apply to the police or mayor, etc. who gave it. What we can do in Edin' I do not exactly know--perhaps Mr. Laird would be good enough to tell you if the M'side [Morningside] police would sign it. The main thing for the Swiss officials is an impressive stamp!

Thanks so much for the elastic which has just come. it is tip-top.

As soon as I know more I shall tell you how to send the typewriter.

I have now got it.

It is best to send it by post and have very clearly above the address:

Zollabfertigung beim Zollamt Buchs (St. Gallen)

and also the word Umzugsgut. Also in English "Portable Typewriter, with care." or anything else that occurs to you. The important thing is that the enclosed paper should be signed above the word Edinburgh--by anyone with an imposing-looking seal--and that it should be sent to us separately at the latest, at the same time as the typewriter, for we have to have it in our possession before we get the typewriter from the Customs. It would be as well not to have the paper of purchase of the original owner in the typewriter, as it might confuse matters.

I hope, darling, it won't cause you very much trouble. Sending by post is dear, and perhaps difficult to pack. Perhaps Paterson could let you have a wooden box with shavings, and it might be possible to send it "goods"--but that might not be very safe. However, dear, however great the trouble, I think it will be less than travelling with too much luggage. If things go well, it might be possible to send the Encyclopedias in such a box by goods train.

What a business-like letter! Poor little Moth! But the typewriter would be a perfect Godsend. Here is so much to type that Susi and Irmgard use one right through the night, on occasion, because it is the only time a typewriter is free.

Edith was desperately ill last night, and we had a Gemeindestunde in which, utterly united as one, we stood open to the life-giving Spirit of God, and asked Him to do His will. The moment it was

over some eight of us went to Edith's Hutte to sing softly for her, and on the way we met Marianne, who had not been in the Gemeindestunde and she told us of a wonderful fall in temperature that had just before taken place. The fight is not yet over, and it is literally a case of life and death, but we believe the powers of Life will triumph.

Must now stop. It is 5.35 A.M. and Herman must have this letter. He leaves in a few moments. It is a glorious morning.

My Love, darling
Ever your Kitty

Almbruderhof, Silum
30.6.35

My Darling Mothie,

I am stunned again and again when it is borne in on me what a mother I have. We love you, darling. I can say no more. Most, in fact, almost without exception, parents react so differently: but then, dear, you never did make the mistake of regarding your children as your personal property, but regarded them as, like yourself, God's. So when a clear and unmistakable call came to them from God, you did not regard yourself as robbed.

With every power of my being I thank God for you. We are so grateful for the 10 pound note. Not only for its intrinsic value but, oh so much more, for the love that could send it, knowing so well that it is not just a walk over to get the money for your and Agnes' journey here.

We have indeed cause to thank God. Yesterday the doctor said that for the first time he could say that there was a real possibility of recovery for Edith--that a virulent poison had been checked, and that it was beyond human explanation. The life-force of the Gemeinde, the Church of God, was behind her. Yesterday her mother and storm-troop-brother arrived--both a mixture of blazing anger and ice-coldness, saying Eberhard Papa had mesmerised Edith, etc. etc. into forsaking her home, etc; and wanted to take her away. Our doctor has proved a true friend. He has come every day, all the miles from Vaduz to see her, and now he faced the mother, and told her she could on no account see Edith except in his presence, and that she was to say nothing that could disturb her. And he knows nothing of the circumstances--that Edith's mother had sent Görings men to search the Rhönbruderhof, etc. Who knows, perhaps Edith's desperate illness may be the means of helping her mother and brother. After all young Herman was also a storm-trooper, and in this life one sees the utter folly of regarding anything as impossible.

1.7.35. Actually July - and I hope sometime this month to see you both. Agnes asked about her little tent. If it is dry weather it would be rare to have it. On the other hand, when it rains here it usually deluges and camping out is out of the question.

How nice of you to have gone to the Old Mill and made Miss Ritchie's acquaintance. Yes I know Elma well. She was my Patrol leader in my Ranger days--when I was at Borough-muir. She is an awfully nice girl.

Thank you for Nunky's letter of a year ago. It certainly was a rare one--just as if the old Crabbe were present in the room speaking. Give him my love, and say it would be a terrific joy if he could come sometime to see us. Our two Wandervögel blokies leave today. I think they have been three weeks here. They came here from India, Afgahnastan (?), Baluchistan, Greece, Italy, and from here go to France, Spain and across to Africa!

No, we have not heard from Miss Robb, Glasgow. I think, dear, when you get the photos back, you should not send them to strangers. The reason is that our outward appearance is so very superficial and unimportant, and people who have no comprehension for the inner power in our life, get an absolutely distorted view of the reality.

I enclose a form I got from the British Consul at Zürich. Would you, like a darling, get Roy or any other who fulfills the qualification to sign it? Perhaps it would be easier for you to get Dr. Leckie or Mr. Reid--but I would sooner have someone who had a deeper sympathy for the cause of my being here. Would you please return the forms as soon as possible. I know no resident British subject here, so Edin' will have to do.

By the way the Wandervögel said sometime in their lives they might be in Scotland and asked if they could have my home address! There is something of the Bengal Lancer about them, though he has more depth. I gave the address, before thinking that perhaps you might not like it. However, Africa is a good distance from Scotland!

Thank you so much, dear, for posting the dictionary, and for getting the wool. You are a darling. I expect they will come in a day or two.

I am very keen to hear of your talk with Mary Anderson. I enclose a letter to her that I wrote a few days ago.

You ask if Herman has any brothers or sisters. Yes, one sister. A teacher--violently opposed to the Bruderhof. She, however, is not at home, and his mother works as a doctor's secretary to keep herself and the daughter whose training is not yet finished. Considering Herman was given an education, equivalent to that of an Eng. Public School, it says a wonderful amount for his mother that she has felt the depth and reality of his life here.

I wrote to Heini in English. It is very, very much easier to understand and read a language, I find, than to speak or write it. I understand very nearly all, but am very weak at expressing myself in German.

As to Freda's mother. I know she does not think you inquisitive. She is a perfect darling. I haven't heard of her for some time, but the last I heard was that Mr. Bridgwater had to undergo a serious operation. That may be responsible for her silence. No, Freda was neither a Carrs' Lane member nor a Quaker. She was more of a free-thinker. It was Gladys and Arnold who belonged to Carrs Lane.

The intimation of Eberhard Claus' birth was sent by Monica Elizabeth--a sweet girl, now seventeen.

Now, darling, I shall stop. It is not a long letter, but yesterday I had duty with the children, and that always means very little time for letter-writing. Now that Annemarie (Heini's fiancée) is constantly with Edith, I have breakfast and tea with the children every day.

My love, little Moth, and thanks that I cannot express.

Ever your Kitty.

P.S. Love to Nunk, Bag, Maur, Granny.

4.VII.35

The World wanderers-pure expedientists--out to help themselves.
 Eberhard Claus brought into the Gemeindestunde and given to the care of the Gemeind.
 Günther's parents visit Bruderhof.
 The horror of mass produced education under capitalism.
 Reality is Truth.

Almbruderhof, Silum
 4.VII.35

My Darling,

Your letter enclosing the paper with Mr. Laird's name and stamp has just arrived. Darling little Mothie, how am I to thank you for the love I felt in your letter? I know how tired you are, and I go worrying you about stamping papers, passport applications and what-nots, and on top of it all you come on a journey that in itself does not attract you, at a great expense, to come and spend a week with me!

My Jolly Moth, I love you, love you as I cannot say, and your tiredness will all go, and I know all the worry and expense that your love has borne will be richly rewarded. So that great as it is, you will be glad you had it.

Oh! how we are looking forward to the 20th--or I suppose it will be the 22nd! I think it is possible to leave on the morning of the 20th and leave London in the afternoon for here, but I would not recommend it. To begin with, the night journey to London is much less tiring, and then going by day would make the time in London a desperate rush. I would recommend a night journey to London, putting your case in the Left Luggage at Euston, or, if you like, taking it direct to Victoria, and then spending a restful 3 or 4 hours in Kew Gardens, where you can also get something to eat. But if Mary Anderson is with you she will know all the ropes--only don't make yourself too tired. As for good old Baglink--we grin with heart-felt appreciation at her frankness, and hope very much that she will take "nur'shment" in small doses so that it will be a full month before she is fed up!!!

7.VII.35 There is not very much to write except my joy, joy, joy. Oh Mothie, to see you again!!!

It is very uncertain if Eberhard (Papa) and Susi will be here. I hope so more than I can say, but they are badly needed at the Rhön and also in Holland. However, Heini and Herman should be home from Zurich then, and I hope Werner and Willi (who have been sent out with our books, etc for the first time) will also be back, but that too is uncertain.

About the two world wanderers I told you about. We have heard they have gone to the parents of one of us at Zurich. It seems they are pure expedientists--very nice and friendly, etc, but absolutely individualistic and that their sole purpose is to help themselves commercially e.g. in getting hospitality, etc, in their wanderings. And they represent they come from the Bruderhof, thereby doing untold harm, as they have no part in the Spirit of our life. I am very, very sorry I was so stupid as not to refuse their

request for my home address. Truly one needs to be wise as serpents as well as harmless as doves. I hope you shall hear nothing of them, but if you do (their names are Erich Mandel and Karl Schutz) either ignore any letter, etc, or write a distant cold reply.

Now one or two little things I should like you to bring with you:

- I. Hairpins (my hair is now in two diminutive plaits!!!)
- II. Little 1d or 2d skeins of embroidery silk--any colours that are themselves beautiful.
- III. A bunch of Woolworths little elastic bands
- IV. A good ink eraser rubber.
- V. A hairbrush.
- VI. If it is possible at least one children's Encycl.--but perhaps it is better not to load yourself up.

I must try to write to Maur and Granny.

I have a completely unreasoning feeling that it may be possible for you to be more than a week here and for Nunk to come too. There is no material ground for it, but I somehow think it will be. That would be utterly beyond words.

Is it certain Miss Anderson will be with you? Some English visitors are going to come from London, but they leave on the 20th--leave here, I mean.

Now as to Edith. She is now very much better and for two days the doctor has not come. Fulda, darling, is in the Rhön, so it would not have been very practical to have sent her there!

Yes, it is splendid about Gladys. It is very wonderful--just after the deep experience of Whitsun-Baptism, entrance to the Bruderschaft and the Lord's Supper--Gladys' little boy was born. The others were symbolic expressions of a new life, a being born again, and then God sent the best symbol in the form of a little child. Here we had Baptism, etc, a week later, and exactly as Johnathan was given to the Rhön, little Eberhard Claus was given us. Today he was brought into the Gemeindestunde and given to the care of the Gemeind--the Church visible and invisible, without limits of time or space, but One through the ages.

He is a darling--not pretty! but full of character. A real little boy full of vitality. You ask how he is. One of our young mothers, Marianne, has been caring for him, and he is as well as he can be.

Günther's father, mother and brother have come to see us today, so we are having a wonderful time with parents! (Günther is our very long, thin ex-theological student). His father is a teacher, and at supper tonight he told us about his work. He was himself unconscious of frustration but even as he spoke I saw Lochend, and the old hopelessness seemed to grip me. Education--what crimes are committed in thy name! That is every bit as true as the original word--Liberty. The horror of the time when I knew my work was wrong--and knew no alternative! But, thank God, that is over--and education, true education (not only of children) is one of the gifts and trusts of the Gemeinde.

And the joy of working among children! It comes and comes, each time as a fresh wonder that God should let me do this work after all the horror of "education"--mass-produced under capitalism. Forgiveness is indeed a reality. I had so often shuddered at what Christ said about putting stumbling-blocks in the way of his little ones, knowing that my whole work was that. It could be nothing else, for

under such conditions it was impossible to live love, and to sin against love is terrible. Reality, Mothie. What that word means in its essence means more and more to me. One can well see what Christ meant when he said he who would worship God must worship Him in spirit and in Truth. Reality is Truth and it is one of the fruits of the Spirit--in fact it is the essence of the Spirit itself, even as the taste of salt is its vital element. So much in this world is sham, hoax, camouflage, and we do not know it. In this transient welter, what an incredible joy to know what is genuine, what can never pass away.

But there, dear, I am trying to express what leaves words far behind--God grant my stumbling utterance gives no false impression.

I have thought of something else I would be very grateful if you could bring:

VII. My St. Andrew's Ambulance Book. It was in my little book-case, covered, I think, with a purplish paper cover.

VIII. My Cub-training notebook--for the games. Agnes will know what I mean.

IX. A Woolworth's iodine pen.

X. A ruler.

I hope I think of nothing more!

Now, darling, I shall stop. Life is wonderful. The step I took a year ago, blindly and fearfully, inspite of an imperative urge that came from a power not my own, is something to thank God for all my life.

My love to Maur--and especially to the little nevoy born on Whitsunday--also to Granny, Agnes and Good old Crabbe.

My love, sweet Moth--Kitty.

P.S. Many, many thanks for the wool. Gertrud is delighted with it.

14.7.35

Instructions for the proposed visit from Mary Anderson, Agnes and me.

Visit of Doris Lester and 3 English girls.

Almbruderhof, Silum

14.VII.35

Darling Little Moth,

If all goes as we hope this should be the last letter I write before seeing you and Agnes. Thanks so much, darling, for your great, great love. In truth it is "pressed down and running over." When I went to Hans with my passport renewal application and the 1 pound note, his first question on seeing the pound note was, "von deiner lieber Mutter?" That is what you mean to us--not just my mother, and that would be a lot, but my dear mother. Darling, I never for a moment dreamt of your sending more after all you have already done. Sweet little Jolly Moth, you are the one and only "Jolly Moth" and a mother in ten million. Oh Mothie! just think of seeing you again!!!

This is really only a little note of welcome. "Our doors and our hearts are open", little Moth. Indeed I gather the whole Gemeinschaft wants to give you a special invitation.

As to the Typewriter and books, I have heard they are in Buchs (pronounced BOOKS) and will come here sometime this week. Thank you more than I can say for all the trouble and expence you have gone to. I do not think you should have had duty to pay, dear--it was all personal property, being removed from one country to another. Mr. Laird's seal, for which many thanks, is purely to convince the little officials at this end. I think all should go well, but if you have time (not otherwise) it would be great if you could find my Children's Encyclopedia receipt among my papers in the drawing room. It would prove to the said little officials that the books really are already mine. I know it was there, and do not remember destroying it.

As to Nunkey. It was great to get news of him. I can't say how much I am looking forward to his letter telling about Hill.

If it is possible to bring a small loofa with you, I would be very grateful--on the other hand, I can quite well live without it, so it doesn't matter, if you have no room. What would be tipping, though--a treat unheard of since the arrival of Glad, Arnold, Freda and me, except that Glad's mother once sent some in a letter!--would be if you and Bag. could bring 1 lb each of tea. Each person is allowed to bring so much, duty free. Apart from the great treat it would be to us, you would be able to drink it yourselves. Swiss tea, which is also a great treat, is very dear and very, very weak, so you see we do not often deal in tea--and Malz Kaffee, made from roasted oats, takes some time to tolerate, let alone enjoy. I am fortunate, I quite like it now, though many never reach this stage!

I am terribly amused at Mrs Hogg thinking this a phase! You will be able to judge of that yourself soon. As for loving parents first, Mothie--God knows I love you, but God Himself, alone, can come first.

Mrs Heard's advice about a rug is good. You have no idea how cold night-travel can be. And high-heeled shoes would be useless here. As for clothes, you need very little--something very cool, if it is like today, and your costume, if it is otherwise. Needless to say, you do not change for dinner!!!! The same holds for Agnes, but as she, we hope, will be here longer, a change of underclothing would be necessary, and perhaps a couple of cotton frocks. Most of us trot about without stockings and many without shoes--so not much is needed in that line!

The "tramp-preacher" boy is English. However, he won't be coming here, but going to the Rhön.

Darling, little James' short life was a blessing. Of course, do not lessen, for us, what you give to "those in any way afflicted, man or beast". That can be taken as the purpose of our life. We are not here for ourselves, we are living like this that God might break in: that the power and love manifest in Jesus may be manifest in us--that we may indeed be the Body of Christ, the physical manifestation of the Spirit that was in Him. Love is the expression of the Faith that is the gift of God--the Faith that "bets one's life", as Donald Hankey put it, and from this same source comes joy and freedom and peace. So you see, darling, in helping the suffering you are at one with us.

How wonderful to have seen "As You Like it" acted in the open! That is how it should be. How I love that play--there is so much timeless and eternal truth expressed in words that themselves live, in it. One of my golden treasures is the memory of seeing it acted at Stratford-on-Avon, with Maur.

Good old "Falacy-bird" as the Crabbe irreverently calls Mr. Fallas. He has cared for my teeth so well that I have had no toothache since coming here. How nice that he should ask for me.

Now about your arrival. Sweet Moth. I felt like letting fly a bit of expressive "Deutch" at Agnes and Mary Anderson on hearing the route they are taking you! But, darling, let them sight-see Paris (in so far as that is possible!) and you sleep. If you are only to be here a week, I want you to be able to enjoy and appreciate it. As to arriving in Buch's at 6 P.M. I shall see Fritz and Herman before sending this off, so as to be able to tell you definitely. Poor little Blitz! But for the long journey, it would have been possible to have him here. Dear little Beast--but who knows it may be good for him, as it was for Pluto, to be in the Vet. Coll.

How is Ronnie? Do you often see his "Pa" and "Ma". Please give them my love when you do. They are dears, both.

Will Mary be hiking with Agnes or is Agnes going alone? I have never heard from Mary that she actually is coming.

Mon. 16th: Now about your arrival. Yes, there is a bus to Vaduz at 6:20. It leaves from just outside Buchs station, so is bound to wait for the train if it should be late. Should you for any reason, miss it, there is another at 7. Then one changes at Vaduz. But it is best to say at Buchs that you are going to Triesenberg, and they will put you off at the most advantageous spot for the next bus, which comes about 15 minutes later. It usually only goes to Triesenberg, but when 3 people want to go to the Tunnel, Herman says he is sure it will go so far. It should be at the Tunnel at 8:15 P.M. Herman says it should be possible for someone to go to Buchs to meet you. I would not be much use as I have only once been there, and that was the day of my arrival. It would be very nice if he could go for he knows some English.

Of course I would be at the Tunnel to meet you--or if the bus does not go so far, Herman can phone from Triesenberg and I would go to meet you. The Tunnel is half an hour's walk from Silum. The Herman in question is Herman Arnold (though they are both that!) i.e. the cousin of Eberhard Heinrich, and not the brother. The brother--to his disgust is usually called Hans Herman for reasons of identification. The name is equivalent to "Hardi"--a childhood's name resurrected.

Both Hermans are 19, I think, but Herman Arnold is a little the elder.

It is fun with our two Hermans and two Herberts. We had also two Susis, but one is at the Rhön, and I am hoping against hope "my" Susi won't be away too when you come. And we have also two Gerhards, and four Hanss--distinguished as Hans (Zumpe), Hanseman, Hannes, and Hannes Vetter. It will be rare when you actually know all the people I write about. Not counting Trudi (now at the Rhön) there are 3 Gertruds, all known as Gertrud.

I have just been trying to teach 6 Sassenachs from London who is who. They are very, very English, most of them--Doris Lester, 4 factory girls, and a children's nurse. The excitable English "Miaou-miaouing", as we used as kids to call it, is refreshing and great fun. They only arrived last night so we do not know them very well yet, but I met Doris Lester at Saffron Walden.

Now, darling. I am only yarning and talking bunkum. It is great for us to have our six visitors: there is so much we can learn from them. Doris Lester's work in London owes it inspiration to the same Spirit of Love on whom our life here depends utterly.

So for you, Agnes and Mary--darling, I cannot say how much we are looking forward to your arrival. Eberhard (Papa), on his return from Britain, told the Bruderschaft that nowhere since leaving here did they meet with such love as you gave them, Mothie.

Our love and a thousand welcomes!
Ever your Kitty

3.VIII.35

Kit moves down the hill to Moni's hut, which she will share with Liesel.
Ruth's birthday and reminiscences after early days of the Bruderhof.

Almbruderhof, Silum
3.VIII.35

Darling Mothie,

Just a little line to reach you at Maur's. Agnes came up and had dinner with us yesterday, and then had Malz Kaffee with me before setting off. I was so glad to see by your P.C. to her that you had reached Bucks safely. I was thinking of you in the early hours of yesterday morning.

Herman told me he had a letter yesterday from his mother in which she asks especially about you and me. She knew what a lot your visit meant to me. Thank you, darling, more than words can say for coming all that way, in such discomfort, to see me.

After saying good-bye, I went with Agnes and we had a gorgie tuck-in of coffee, bread, butter and jam. Then she came part of the way up with me. When it was getting dark I fell in with Willi Fischer and Heinz Bolk who were working in a far-away field, so I had their company home. Then shortly afterwards we met Joseph on his way down to meet me.

Yesterday Susi and Monica Elizabeth left and a new guest came. It is strange without them and Eberhard and Emmi, and tomorrow Hans Hermann will also be gone.

Last night was great. It was Ruth's birthday, and as we all sat preparing beans for pickling, Ruth, Sofie, Hanseman, Eberhard Heinrich, etc, all told stories of their childhood in the very beginning of what became the Bruderhof. It was a mixture of terrible want, and an amazing enjoyment of life. Erna stays with us till Monday. She is a delightful girl.

A few minutes ago Herman brought me a P.C. from Agnes. I thought it ripping of her to think of me. She is staying at Buchs till Monday and seems to be enjoying the Youth Hostel.

Yesterday I flitted--Joseph carrying my belongings in your green sack from one Hutte to the other. I am now in a lovely room with Liesel, in what was Moni's Hutte--upstairs. It is so nice that you can now picture it all.

I remembered after you left that I had forgotten to ask you to remember me to Mrs. Currie (James' mother). Will you please do so if you see her?

I have been thinking of you as I waxed my corridor and stairs--Thinking you would now be back in England, and I can realise the relief of no more translations! I remember how it was when I came

back from my holiday in Germany in 1930. I hope, darling, the journey was not desperately wearing. The more I think of it, the more I realise the love that undertook it for me.

Give Maur. my love, and the three nevoys. I can just hear you and Maur yarning, sitting in her comfortable lounge or dining-room--is it a relief to be away from benches and wooden chairs?

Now I have the floor of another room to wax. It is occupied at the moment but in five minutes should be free.

Do please give old Crabbe a very special greeting from me. It is just this week-end a year ago, we three went off on our tour of the Highlands. I shall be so much interested to get all your news--the journey, Maur, Matthew, the nevoys, Crabbe, Blitz (when you get back to Edinburgh).

With love, Mothie--Kitty.

11.VIII.35.

1. Herman's tea party
2. Answer to Alick's letter
3. Children's Fahrt and Bobi's instruction
4. No of teachers-6.
6. Werner's "Flick Mutter."

Almbruderhof. Silum
11.VIII.35

Darling little Moth.

You will be once more at home, I expect, when this arrives. How is little Pluto? No, of course, I mean Blitz. I am so keen to hear all your news of Maur.

It is positively basting here. This morning I was in charge of the children, and we went to the hollow, as when you were here, but it was almost too hot to do anything but sit and sweat! We did try to play games, but soon gave it up.

Yesterday we had a wonderful tea. Herman's mother sent all his belongings, including a lot of furniture; and with it all she included a special cake, something like shortbread, peculiar to Swabia. So Herman had a party. There were ten of us at it--Moni and Georg, Hans and Emmi-Margaret, Eberhard Heinrich, Gerd and Liesel and Herman himself and me. We talked, ate the cake and drank coffee--real coffee, not Malz! It was rare!!!! We had it in the house Eberhard H. Edith, Liesel and I share, and as we had Edith's door open, she was able to take part in it, too.

It is very, very nice sharing a room with Liesel. It is usually pitch black when we go down to bed, so Herman or Gerd always comes with us.

Agnes has twice send me a P.C. since she left. I think it great of her, and am looking forward to her return visit. She seems to be enjoying herself very much, though had only got the length of St. Anton when she wrote last.

13.8.35 Your ripping letter arrived last night, enclosing Crabbe's. Nunkey dear, thank you so much for writing. It was positively great to hear from you for your letters really bring you with them. It must have been great sailing round the Solent. I can just picture you flinging yourself into all the weirdest postures to prevent the little boat capsizing--yachting, I gather, is no joke! I am very sorry you and Knowles will be so far apart, but it is fine that, so far, you have managed to see something of each other, and to have a good old time together.

We would indeed have been thrilled if you could have come with Bag and Moth to visit us, but perhaps it will be even better if you can come alone sometime. We have jams of young men of your age as Mother will have told you, so there would be no fear of feeling out of it, and it would be a joy unspeakable for me to see you again. Agnes says we are not so bad as she thought! In fact she has come here from Triesenberg twice when there was no earthly need to do so, just to visit us! I have a couple of letters for her which must wait till her Austrian hike is over, as I have no address.

Thank you for telling me about Maur. It seems a wonderful house, her new one. What you say about the McFaddens brings back my childhood--yours, too, I expect. Quite a lot of time was spent dodging people, or "wee jobs" or what-not!!!

From your letter, I am not led to suppose that "prolonged knitting has sapped your brain!" I found it a bit of the old Crabbe that we first discovered in Killin with Mr. Inglis, and it was refreshing like a drink of cold water. Talking of water, it is coming down in sheets just now. We fairly do have interesting weather here.

As for your spot, Nunk, it is familiar but that is all I can say. I have been limiting myself almost entirely to German books to get a decent grasp of the language, and I think it is my good old brain that has been sapped. Never mind, the gist of the spot I find very much to my liking! Please continue to watch my "future progress with interest"! However, this was a letter to the Moth, when you went and intruded, old son.

It was great to hear from you, Mothie, and thanks so much for the tea. Never in my life have I been so much invited by families--Fritz and Sekunda had me to tea, Kurt and Marianne, and Willi and Lotte have tried twice but I was already "bagged." So you see I am having a festive time. Tomorrow, Mothie, is the anniversary of the day when we were both given such a wonderful calm that make it possible for us to bear the separation. It was a year ago tomorrow that I left Edin' and two days later I arrived here with Freda. I shall keep your tea, and Kurt, Marianne and I shall celebrate the anniversary of my arrival!

Brian does indeed sound a sweet little soul. As Maur said in a letter, a child is really the bringer of a little bit of Heaven.

Today our eldest children set off with Annemarie for a three-day "Fahrt"--something like a hike, but not rising to Youth Hostels, etc--sleeping in peasants barns, etc.

It is a festive close to their holidays. They left early this morning. I was not there, as I have breakfast in my Hutte with Liesel and Eberhard H., but when I arrived here at the big house, I was told by two people that Bobby had left them particular instructions to give me a greeting from him. Isn't he a rare youngster? He was most disappointed not to have asked you to visit his mother--it seems she lives within 10 minutes of the Gare de Lyon.

It was very nice that you saw Mrs. Geoffrey Gillespie. What is her latest news of Geoff?

How great that you should meet Nunkey at Maur's! As I have written part of your letter to him, I hope he is with you when this arrives.

Yes, it was sweet of Herman's mother to think of us. Ever so many people have been asking for you--I really can't remember all the greetings--I would probably finish the letter with a string of names!

Did you see the Bridgwaters when in B'ham? We all thank you very much for Mr. Gilbert McMaster's account. From what source did it originate?--Joan Mary Fry? If you have already any other accounts of us or letters about us, we would be very grateful indeed to see them. I would copy them and return them to you.

I am very, very sorry not to have gone with you to see the babies. I wanted to very much, but Mary and Agnes said they had been, and I thought you had been too. I know, darling, we would have been made welcome. I have proved only too often that a feeling of aloofness, etc. is really in me, and that I read it into others. The six teachers are Lena, Marianne, Anne Marie, Gretel, Ruth and me. (I have actually forgotten Georg!!!) Lena, Marianne and Georg + I are in the school proper, and the others with the Kindergarten children, aged 2-6, or with the older ones for outings, etc. Ruth is Arno's wife, and like him is vitality personified! Fritz son's name is Mattias Michael--it sounds much nicer in German than English!

Poor Miss Michie! I am so very sorry to hear about her sister. Do please remember me to her.

Thank you, dear, for both the stamps. Do please remember me to Cousin Gracie and her family and also Alan Fraser.

By the way, dear, you left a pair of stockings behind you. I shall give them to Agnes when she comes. I would have darned them but the exact shade is necessary when living in a town--motley does us! By the way, I have been asked to be Werner's "flick-mutter"--i.e. do all his patching and darning for him; it is also possible that I will be given Willi Fischer into the bargain. So I shall have enough to do at meals!!

Now I shall end, Mothie.

With love to Granny and Dunbun when you write: Maur and Co: good old Nunkey Crabbe: Blitz and yourself.

Ever your

Kitty

18.VIII.35

Requests for articles
The Muir's visit

Almbruderhof, Silum.
18.8.35

Darling Mothie,

Thank you so very much for your rare fat letter, plus tea. I shall give Bag' both hers, when she arrives, which should be in about a week's time.

Yes, the 14th was when I left Edin', and here Lini, Herman, Gerd and I celebrated it by having tea together. Then Kurt, Marianne and I celebrated the 16th--my arrival here--in their little house: the one at the bottom of the steep little path down from the big house. It was great--not as regards the edible part, but as regards the ripping festive feel.

We have had some interesting as well as tragic visits this week. The desperate need of the world has been made very clear to us--but of that I cannot well speak.

School begins tomorrow. Unfortunately, the children's "Fahrt" lasted only one day, owing to torrential rain, but we hope to have it in Autumn, which is usually a dream, as regards weather, here.

About the shoes. I am wearing another pair, but we hope to be able to get the others mended. Anyway, dear, there is no cause for you to worry. Thank you, darling, for your proposal to knit me stockings. That will be an undertaking! I think tan would be better, but there is really no preference, as black is also very servicable. You ask me to let you know of any little things that would be useful. There are some, but do not think I expect you to rush off and get them. It is just a case of including them, should you or Elizabeth or someone be sending something anyway.

(a) A little end for a pencil. I don't know what it is called, but the thing to put over the point when the pencil is in a pocket.

(b) A few sheets of Blotting paper

(c) Boot and shoe laces

(d) A couple of Woolworth's nailbrushes. (Indispensible for the feet when one goes about barefoot).

(e) Another typewriter eraser. Invaluable! I have halved mine with Herman, and both halves are in pretty constant demand!!

(f) A few potted meat glasses. They would make very welcome vases.

(g) Now for a big demand, and knowing how very much you have already spent on us, don't hurry over it. I should like my entire set of Dickens and other books, including any children's school books. Any Scott, for example, that belonged to me, etc. In fact everything will be received gratefully in the book line--except Victorian goody-goody books of the "Peep of Day" order, if I remember right. To my horror, I saw we already possess "The wide-wide world"! However, perhaps they, too, have a role to play.

(h) Now for a more reasonable request. Will you please send us some old bill. e.g. one of Patersons? Now that we are beginning to get orders for our handicrafts from Britain, I should like a model account to copy. You see we have only francs and rapins and the bills are quite ununderstandable as regards many details, to non-German-speaking people.

I fancy I can quite easily add to the list, but do not wish to make myself a public nuisance. I fancy I am only too much one already!! Oh yes! (So much English everyone knows here! It is a popular exclamation!)

Wool-grey, black and fawn (any old remains only, I mean) for mending socks. My two W.F.'s keep me busy, but it is a real joy to "flick" for them, and they fortunately are pretty orderly laddies. When I came first I "flicked" for (or did for, if you like!) Christian, but now that he is married, Sophie,

of course, does so. Then I darned the children's things with Liesel. Then came a time when my work was changed, and I had only myself to look after, in the mending line. Then last week, Moni asked me to take Werner over, and when I asked Martha for his wash, she said she could not distinguish his things from Willi's owing to their both having the same initials, so the simplest solution was to adopt both, and leave them to fight it out themselves over the mended things! This has worked very well so far.

Darling, I think it wonderful of you to say you will regard it as a privilege to supply my wants. Only, dear, please do not burden yourself. You know how openly we speak to each other, here? Just say to me, "You are asking too much!" I shall quite understand, and no feelings will be hurt!

I am sure the socks that are too long for Matthew and Alick will fit someone here. We deal in all sizes, don't we?

My little gold watch has been again at the mending and now goes, though not too reliably. However, I am very grateful it goes at all.

I am so very glad little Blitz's period of captivity is over. Dear little beastie. I send him my love and leave you to think out a way of conveying it to his little feline brain!

It is indeed nice of the Aunts to have been so kind. Will you please give them my love?

Yes, I know Lewis Wilkie quite well. She is a D. Phil, I think--I had always thought she was a medical doctor. I am so glad you are going to go to the Aux. Meetings. That is where I learned the meaning of fellowship--which when traced to its root, results in communal life. There are many, many delightful people in it, and I am very grateful that they still count me a member, though I send no sub; and send me "The Student Movement" monthly. I do hope you meet Mr. and Mrs. McKelvie. Mrs McKelvie has meant a lot to me, and I should love you to know her. I know you would be friends.

You say you cannot picture Willi and Lotte. Lotte works in the washhouse with Martha and Ulrika and Joseph, and Willi is our tailor, when he is not sent out with our goods and message.

Gretel is the sweet girl, whom you always identified by her little black velvet coat. She is Alfred's wife and Jakob's mother.

Arno works in the office with Hans and Herman, and his wife Ruth is with the babies.

Sweet little Moth, I thank you so much for your letter. It is sweet of you to include tea as you do--only don't feel called on to do so every time! It is great if it comes once in a while, as a treat.

This is Sunday, and I am thinking of good old Crabbe and you. I cannot say what a treat it was to get his letter. I shall try to write you every week, Mothie, but should a few more days pass, don't think there is any cause for worry.

This is Eberhard H's birthday, and it has been a very joyous day. Liesel and I had breakfast with Edith and him; and all the community, nearly, came and sang outside the house for Edith and him.

Now the supper bell has rung. Perhaps I can add more later. By the way, I have found the lost sock.

Wed, 21st. Sorry, dear, to be so late in sending this. A letter arrived from the Muirs, which I answered "eck dum" [immediately], with directions as to how to come from Partenkirchen and asking them to phone from Shaan. However, no phone call came. And we had booked rooms in Sücca, as we were utterly crowded out having 18 guests!!! However without getting my letter, they quite independently went to Sücca themselves, and there Eberhard and I visited them late on Mon. night. I called for them on Tues morning, and they spent the day with us. Though it was only one day, it was a real, living experience--a true contact, and we are very, very glad they managed to visit us. Mrs. Muir said that since, in Calcutta, she read of us (without knowing I was here) she had meant to visit us, and that it was the cause of their continental holiday. They mean to keep up with us, in letters, and Dr. Muir said he hoped it would be possible to visit us again.

Now I must end. It was a great day! Love to the old Crabbe and yourself.

Ever your,

Kitty

P.S. Mrs. Muir's last words were, "Give Mother my love".

Almbruderhof, Silum
9.9.35.

Dearest little Baglink,

How great of you to write to me. Our letters seem to have crossed.

It was very nice that your greeting to Gabriel came before he left. He told me repeatedly to be sure to tell you he was asking for you and that he sent his love. Probably he did not know that the latter was not just said on a week's acquaintance! However, as he said it, I pass it on. Then Herman sends his greetings. His ankle is nearly better--he just walks with a slight list. Gerhard was very pleased to be remembered, and sends a "besondere Gruss" or special greeting and the message that he is making more angels than ever.

Your generosity in the matter of stamps was fully appreciated. Rudi came like a bolt on hearing about them!

Today has been a great day of flitting--including me. The great joy is that Edith was brought in a camp bed up to the big house.

A swarm of "Junggazelle" (that is not spelt right: it means batchelors!!!) flit into our Hutte so Liesel and I are also out. For a couple of nights Gerd slept where Liesel did during your visit. Now I am alone in the little room Mary Anderson had when she first came here. I am terribly proud of it, having manufactured all the "furniture" today myself. Herbert asked me for my little case as he goes out tomorrow to another canton, so when all was in rare order I had to turn it out, and hunt high and low for a wooden box to hold my things. But his gratitude was worth it!

Eventually I got one--a ripping one, but too high to get under my bed, but I have piled it on another, and have a rare series of 3 shelves which I cover with the Paisley shawl. It looks tipping, and I'm abominably proud of my room. It looks great! I have another box nicely covered, to hold boots, etc,

and eventually I got a basin and jug from Alfred, (poor soul, I think half the community was flitting and he had to arrange all the transport, etc. and hunt out paraphernalia, etc), so the box also serves as wash-handstand. Alfred said he thought I would be there for 4 weeks, but could not promise it.

As you know, I had a great time with Liesel. She is now with Gertrud Löffler. She was very pleased you should ask for her, and told me to let her have the next letter I wrote you, that she might add a P.S.

Yesterday I was in the Greenhouse for the first time since it was finished, and honestly, Agnes, I could not believe my eyes. It is great--I have never seen anything to beat it even in Botanic Gardens. August and Willi were there, and they took me round and explained every detail.

We had a letter today from the girl with the beautiful flaxen hair who visited us during Moth's visit;-your 1st one, and it looks as if she is coming to stay. That would be wonderful.

Last week I made breakfast, so was up about 4.45 every morning. It was glorious walking up from the Brunnen Hutte before the dawn--and the joy of really getting the day's work into the day! I am quite sorry I haven't it this week.

I am so glad you had that hour of the old Crabbe--though it was only an hour or so.

You should just hear the jovial din! As I write, Joseph, Erna and some others are at Abendabwash, and they are singing not only with gusto, but really musically. It almost lures me from my letter to join in Abwash!!! Perhaps there is an ulterior motive in it!

How great of Muriel to ask for me. Do please remember me to her.

Gertrud and August have asked me to tea tomorrow. They just live across the landing from me, and I saw little Martin Clemens today--a sweet little fair-haired boy.

Tues. Have just come from having tea with Gertrud. I told her how you had asked for her in your letter and she was awfully pleased you should have thought of her--particularly as you had no real opportunity to get to know her--and sends you her greetings & Mothie her thanks for the pale blue wool you matched for her just before coming here.

Thank little Mothie for returning Llewellyn's letter so promptly. I have typed a real hefty reply. It took literally hours, but I think is worth it. It is marvelous that a practical stranger should show such understanding when a life-long friend, like Gladdie, for example, is utterly mystified.

Do thank little Moth. for the bootlaces. Also for Granny's letter, which I read with intense interest.

I was very much interested to hear about our comrades of the ripping Lake District holiday Moth and I had two years ago.

Please tell her she has spotted the medical student first go. We got an awfully nice letter from him a little while ago. I am sure she will enjoy meeting him when he is back in Edin'. He is 5th year Surgeons Hall. Yes, I got the ink erazor safely. Many, many thanks! Only today Irmgard, not knowing I had one in reserve, said that her birthday-wish is to have one, and her birthday is in a day or two! The

bills also came safely & Herman & I shall set to to make a model one for our English clientèle. Which reminds me, would you care to have a list of the names of the flowers we have as designs for Bookmarks? I was typing them the other day having translated them into French & English, and can easily include an English copy. By the way, we are having a Dutchman visitor tomorrow and another Frenchman--a young man of 23. He speaks no German, so I had to translate Georg's letters to him into French & his to us into German. I am as proud as Punch that he could understand my French, though Georg's sentences were jamm-full of subjunctives!

Talking of Punch--if it is still to the fore, I should love to see it. And incidentally I have a humble petition!! Could you please send me a few skeins of white embroidery cotton--coarse stuff to mend frays and tears in shirts, etc. I have been a solid week at a shirt of Willi's & have used up the supply I got from Moni, and all Anna-Marie's as well! Also I would be very grateful for a "K.H." Woolworth's name tape and a "W.F." for my two "flicksons."

S'long Baglink, & many thanks for writing.

Love Kit

[Note from Liesel] Also I will say to you my greeting. Many thanks for your thinking to me. It would be nice, when you come again to us. Now farewell. With love. Liesel

P.S. Much, much love to Mothie.

P.P.S. My winter boots are tan. I notice in an old letter Mothie asks & I forgot to answer.

[Letter of 29-9-35 seems to be missing. The envelope is empty.
Any letters written in the rest of September are also missing.]

29.9.35

"Life like a Bridge which one must cross but not build upon."

Daddy [?] Alice [?]

8.X.35

Mrs. Greenan. "This life pre-supposes a pretty thorough-going personal revolution"
Dictionaries & other necessities.

Almbruderhof
Silum
8.10.35

Darling Mothie,

Thank you, dear for your letter, the paper and Punch. I have not had time to read Punch yet, but have read carefully all you have marked in the paper.

Poor Cathreen! I shall gladly write to her. Fancy I have never sent her a line since coming here! And think how often I used to cut through to Dumfermline to visit her.

I am so very glad Uncle Jas, poor dear, looks really happy. I do not think I have ever seen him look so. And I am glad our new aunt seems so nice. What, by the way, is her name?

Poor Mrs. Greenan. I do so feel for her. It is terrible to think of thousands eating their hearts out looking for jobs, and here there is so much to do there is no possible thought of unemployment--but this life pre-supposes a pretty thoroughgoing personal revolution. Will you please remember me to her?

About the little tablecloth. I do not for a single moment believe it is any more a product of sweated labour than any other article. It is only that I saw the boys at work in the factory--and, alas! "what the eye sees not, the heart grieves not."

I have not had time to write a third time to Llewellyn, but the two letters he sent us were pretty thoughtful, and I do not think it impossible that he should pay us a visit sometime.

No, dear, for nearly a fortnight I have not been with Anne Marie, but have slept in a rare little camp bed in the room where I work with Lena and Marianne. Soon, however, I shall be once more on the move, and then I shall be with Ursel--a girl of 13, who has been put into my special care as she is far too much developed for her age, and I have to try to help her to become a happy, lighthearted child.

I was interested to hear that you hope soon to invite Frank Haine & Rikki Brown to tea. They are both nice boys, from what I have seen of them.

Erna is here at the moment. It is great to see her again. Edith is still weak, but very much better, and is now able to walk. We are one and all in splendid health. The rare fresh vegetables are showing their effect--there is not a single suppurating sore or case of illness.

Re sanitation. Perhaps it might be possible, should you be sending anything anyway, to include some cheap disinfectant like J's fluid. (It is got in solid form, isn't it?) We use Lysol, but it is very dear, as you know, and I don't think the other is known here. Of course, I would only mean a little in a paper.

About nightdresses--a couple of warm ones would be an ideal Christmas present, and I could give my pyjamas to one of the boys--perhaps Daniel. I think they would be too wee for Wolfgang or Rudi, they have shrunk considerably. It is an utterly false conception to think pyjamas are warmer than nightdresses. I find the contrary true. We have already had a good fall of snow. Fortunately, however it did not lie long.

I am heart and soul in a wonderful work just now--and all my Abwashes except Saturday nights have been given to others to let me get time for it. I am translating a little pamphlet on "The Children's Community and its Education" into English. Eberhard (Papa) wrote it, and that is enough to say it is real tough stuff, but wonderful. It is the answer my Education Group for so long sought in vain--for we were not ready to pay the price of real education.

You ask when I shall wear the wonderful stockings you sent. Probably about January, when the really perishing cold begins. No, dear, my combies do not need mending.

Hans Herman and Heini are here for a few days holiday. It is great to see them again. I am coaching Hans Herman an hour per diem in English. My work now is almost all teaching and translating, though I have still my corridor. Rudi now helps me with it, as I have not time to sweep, wash, wax, polish, etc, myself on Saturdays.

Bobi is the same sweet youngster--though lazy to the nth degree. However, when his German is not decently learnt, I simply tell him I have no time to waste and carry on with my translating of Georg's correspondence, etc. Then during one lesson Georg came in twice with letters he wanted translated into French, "eck dum" [immediately]. So I think it has dawned on Boby that his lesson is rather a privilege than a grievance--particularly as there will be still less time for it when the children arrive from Paris. He is really bright, and in spite of his laziness, has made amazing progress in German: so if he really puts his mind to it, he should soon require no German lessons.

11.45 p.m. I have Kinderwache, so have seized the chance to write to Cathreen. I do not think there is anything in the letter to upset her: on the contrary, in her position, I fancy I would find it exhilarating.

How is good old Bag? I should so love a line from her. Would you please ask her to send me Mac's address? She said that he would be interested to hear of us, and I should like to have the address ready when the opportunity comes to write. Languages are wonderful things, Mothie. Hard at it translating the "Kindergemeinde" I am often absolutely stuck for a word--the word in the dictionary is cold or inadequate or often just not there. Then the idea came to me to hunt for the words in the French-German Dictionary, and on several occasions it was a far more vital help than direct German-English. Talking of dictionaries--when the time suits, I would be so grateful if you would, among my other books, send a French English:Eng. French dictionary and a pure English one. If you would rather not part with those you have, I am sure it would be possible to pick them up second hand in George IV Bridge. Then also I should so love to have my song books--Centuries of Song: Clarendon song Books (all in the Music Stool, I think) and a disreputable old Carol Book in my cupboard in the drawing room. With all of these

there is no immediate hurry: it is just that I should like to have them ultimately--as well as any old school books that are hanging around, when my books are sent.

It is nearly midnight and I am sitting waiting for the Bruderschaft in process to finish, to relieve me of Kinderwache. Herman is Nachtwächter and Gerd is hard at it preserving vegetables in the kitchen. So to keep us going I used your present of tea to make us a nice warming drink. On my table--now the biggest of the 3 in the "Greenroom"--is one of your potted meat glasses, filled with Autumn Crocuses.

I have just received a P.C. from Békir from Paris. He is a dear boy, and I am thrilled that he is coming here with the three new youngsters.

Now, darling, I must stop. Did I tell you that another Englishman has joined us, at the Rhön?

Give Crabbe my love, when you write, dear.

Darling little Moth, take things a bit easier. You have had a pretty straining time. Please remember me to the Michis. Do you ever see Miss Small? I should like to send her a copy of the "Kindergemeinde" when it is translated.

My love to old Baglink and yourself--not forgetting Blitz.

Your

Kathleen

17.X.35

Kathleen's "Fahrt"

Crate of new clothes from Canada

Almbruderhof. Silum

15.10.35

My dearest Agnes,

Very, very many thanks for your ripping letter, the stamps and the cigs. The latter I have discretely given to those who seemed to me to need a little relaxation most.

By the way, will you please give me Mac's proper name and address? I have written to him, and then saw to my sorrow, that the letter could not go addressed "Mac, Scotland!"

Now I want to tell you about last Sunday. Moni told me that Erna, Liesel, Willi, Werner, Hans Herman, Joseph and I could have the day free for a "Fahrt"--you remember Herman, Monica and some others had one when you were here? Well, though the pantry was pretty low, Alfred was a dear. To begin with he said he could give us no guzzles--only bread--and went off to the Swiss House where he lives. It was late on Saturday night and Jop, Willi, Werner and Hans Herman went in a body, and carried him by the arms and legs down to the big house, and deposited him in the pantry!!! However, being there, he showed himself a brick and stumped up three little triangles of cheese and some butter, and even some pears. Then highly elated the seven of us went to bed determined to leave Silum at 5 next morning.

Well, we got up at 4.15, and set to, to make some breakfast. During the night Herbert had come home from the "Aussendung" and had somehow got wind of our Fahrt--and there he was for breakfast! On Saturday, too, Békir had come from Paris with a young Roumanian boy of about 12 (A real young tough, but great). They had travelled third and poor Békir had spent the night in the corridor to let the child have a chance to sleep. However, there was Békir too at 4.30 a.m. on Sunday morning.

Well the nine of us set to to make breakfast, and eventually the water actually did boil. However it was 5.30 before we set off for our Fahrt. It was a grey, misty morning, but we had waited two months for this outing, and it needed more than mist to damp our spirits. We set off to the Fürstensteig and saw the dawn--also pale grey--but it all toned in magnificently with the grey rocks! Herbert told us tales of the people he had come across in the five weeks he was outside--including a rummy Englishman with hair as long as Gertrud Loeffler's. Then when we were past the Fürstensteig and well on the way to the Drei Schwestern, Békir and Herbert went back to be in time for the Gemeinde Stunde at 10, and we carried on.

On a magnificent peak the seven of us had a good guzzle--there was not much butter or cheese, but we believed "present utility to be better than future utility" (shades of Pol. Econ. and good old Prof. Nick!) and fairly tucked in, using both at once. Then "gut gesterkt" as Hans puts it, we carried on our way. I cannot tell you how wonderful it was, never have I seen such rocks! Have you been over die Drei Schwestern? We saw Feldkirk, your old haunt quite near, and in spite of the mist saw Lake Constance and a bit of Germany. The rocks were such as I had never seen. I tried to imagine the cataclysmic earthquake that had given them birth, but the imagination was too weak--it sank back overwhelmed. All this time it had been raining in doses. Now we came to the ladder heading up the Drei Schwestern--the first one. Here Erna and Werner waited as they are both subject to giddiness, and the five of us went on. Finding it much, much longer than we thought, and seeing in the distance Erna and Werner, despairing of our return, attempt to follow, Hans Herman went back, after having agreed with us where we would all meet. Then for nearly an hour we were divided and the four of us--Joseph, Willi, Liesel and I did the climb of our lives. I have never felt so fit. For days my work was purely of the secretarial order, or nearly so, and I was exhilarated with the glorious fresh air and the marvelous scenery. Liesel said, at times, she felt terrified. That I can well understand--but to my amazement I didn't--I never felt so fit and in my element. I had to laugh at the memory of how I was tired going over the Pentlands with you and Molly!!! Physically truly I am another being. Well, when in the end the climb was over and we came out (literally through a stone arch of the Stonehenge order, but gigantic and not made by men) at the other side, we saw a notice which read, "Only for those quite free from giddiness"--so the four of us felt as if we had jolly well been presented with a certificate of fitness.

Here we met Erna, Werner and Hans Herman who had made a détour, but had arrived long before us. It was now raining cats & dogs, so we wondered what to do. Then in the distance we saw a house & headed for it. It was a hotel, and we asked if we could make some tea and eat at a little table that filled up the little veranda before the front door. So there we sat and sang, and when the rain stopped danced a bit to get up our heat. There, to, we finished what remained of our butter and cheese, and had only bread left. Here we heard a young man and a boy of 17 or 18 talking English, so I went and spoke to them. The boy was English. I think the other was a tutor, a German. They were very nice. Then off we set, to a good old tune, through the mist.

I forgot to tell you how we roared at Joseph. He had a pair of binoculars, and would crouch for minutes on end, à la Luncroft, watching chamois. We saw thirty of them in all. Then we came to an Alm hut--where the cows of the peasants are milked during the weeks they are high up the mountain.

Here Willi and I did a bit of amateur cobbling, as Erna was on the point of losing a heel. It was pretty crude, but stuck on till our return.

Eventually we came to a place where cheese is made, and as we had a little chink given us by Hans we hoped to buy some to eek out our dry bread--and have a good blow out. Alas! the place was utterly deserted. And our appetites were only whetted by the sight of the churns, etc!! However we decided to make a fire--french leave, in the kitchen, so I gathered sticks and Willi, brave soul, went off to hunt for water. This was no joke for the water in these parts has a partiality for not running. However, eventually he got some, and meanwhile Hans Herman had a rare fire going, and I set to to make toast. So we had a rare meal of tea and toast with song by way of "raylish," and landed back 10 minutes before Abendbrot. I begged a little hot water from the kitchen, and had a jolly old bath--of our order, not yours!--before supper. Then after supper we danced. What a day!!!!!!

Rudi sends you the enclosed stamps and thanks you very much for yours.

Poor little Bag--your assistant sounds somewhat pins and needly: you would need to be of the sluggish or pincushiony temper to keep her always smoothed down--but that would not just fit the kids. A tough proposition in fact.

Thank you, dear, so much for your offer to buy vests. It is absolutely sweet of you. However, my vests can hang on for a while longer, and if you really can spare the cash--a few sets of knitting needles(of the stocking order) and a little brightly coloured wool would come in wonderfully useful: and also another Typewriter rubber (for Marianne). Also a reel of white and one of black cotton.

I am thrilled to hear you are learning German! So when you honour us next with your presence you shall have no need of an interpreter. Give Eva my "salaams and namoshcars [greetings]." How is she?

Gerhard is flourishing--and I gather the little angels are too. I only see him at meals, as he works in the Brünnen Hutte (where you lived with Liesel & me).

I am still living in the "Green-room." How Alfred manages to store us all is a wonder. We have 9 men staying with us--French, Poles, Austrians, Germans--who have come to help us to cut & store wood for the winter. Alfred really is a gem--overwhelmed with work, yet the very soul of decency.

Now, dear, auf wiedersehen! May I just reiterate a humble request for Mac's name and address?

By the way, I have finished my translation of the "Children's Community & its Education." Would you be interested to have a copy when it is duplicated?

My love, Baglink, and many many thanks for the letter.

Ever your, Kit.

Almbruderhof, Silum
17.10.35

Darling little Moth,

Thanks so much, dear, for your letter and for all those W.F. initials. I can't tell you how ripping I think it is of you to have gone to such an amazing amount of trouble for them.

Today a crate, that had been months on the way, arrived from Canada. You should have just seen us--clothes sent from one of the Hutterian Communities. We were absolutely thrilled. And how we laughed! I think our clothes absolutely "it," but I'll not deny that that impression grows, and the first one is a bit of a shock! But the sight of the clothes made us realise the marvel and young, joyous, colourful spirit of our life even more vividly than before. In spite of our love for black--there is emphatically nothing puritan about our outlook. And, in spite of our embroidery, nothing Victorian!!!

Have you met Mrs. McKelvie at any of the Auxiliary Meetings you have attended? I should so like you to meet her.

You ask how we take certain predictions in Daniel and Ezekiel. We never take isolated passages. For example, a text is never taken and preached from. An entire book is studied but in its historical setting, and in its whole context. The spirit that spoke through the prophets is the one spirit in whom we live. These things that before were quite obscure are now understandable--but that comes from the life and cannot be conveyed by words alone.

I do not wonder, dear, that you found us incomprehensible. I, with the imperative, irresistible urge to come, yet felt quite at a loss for long--one thing only remained: my whole being knew this way was right, and that whatever I thought or felt, it remained right. Then came the unique joy of understanding. Truly we have a goodly heritage!

Yes, dear, an old gym dress would be very useful to make children's clothes.

Now, I shall stop as I have sent little Bag a screed. My hat! but Sunday was wonderful!

I have discovered that my P.C. missed the post so will probably arrive with this. Tough luck! However. I hope you were not too worried--there was no need.

With love--Your Kitty

Almbruderhof
18.10.35

Dearest Mothie

So sorry so many days have passed since my last letter. This is only a P.C. to assure you that there is no need to worry.

A letter will follow in a day or two--it is already begun, but there has been no opportunity to finish it.

Thank you so much, dear, for the initials. It was great of you to go to such tremendous trouble to get them. Do tell me all the news you have of Nunkie, and please thank Agnes very, very much for her delightful letter and its contents. I shall answer it at the first opportunity.

How is Blitz? He came very vividly into my mind last night and Ronnie Hall with him. How by the way is Ronnie? Do please remember me to Mr. & Mrs. Hall.

What is the news from Maur and Granny? It is long since I have written to either. Please give them my love when you write next--Alick too.

Meantime, heaps of love to Baglink and yourself.

Kit

26.X.35

Békir's return with 2 new boys.
Cat and kittens for the children.
Chanko and Constantin ages 11.

Almbruderhof, Silum
26.10.35

My darling Mothie,

I am in luxury--three letters in a week, and each a greater joy and surprise than the last.

I must see to it this time that I don't forget to include the stamps from Rudi.

By the way, I wrote to Mr. Lansbury and got a very nice little reply from his secretary. He is another who has found it impossible to be honestly consistent in living Christianity in a state based on an unchristian foundation.

Darling Mothie, you ask if there is anything personal you can send me. The thing that seems most useful to me is several yards of Oxford shirting (grey or blue, not white). I should like to make two petticoats, and I know from experience that that wears well. I got some years ago, in Turnbull and Wilsons and I know it was very durable. So if you could get about 6 yds, it would make a princely present. I would be very grateful if it would first be washed, that it may not be dutiable. How sweet of you to go collecting my books. I am looking forward tremendously to their arrival in driblets or however is least of a big "goalmal" [fuss, commotion] for you.

The disreputable carol book is as thin as an exercise book and grey-purple, I think. I know it is folded in two! It was among my D.P.s and varsity papers, etc, but I may have destroyed it.

I shall be so much interested to hear of Mary Muir's visit, when it materialises.

About school books--any kind, readers, histories, Geographies, sum books, etc. etc.

Yes, I must find time to tell you of Békir and the new boys--but I shall leave it at the moment. Yes, the Englishman at the Rhön is Bruce Sumner, a boy of 19 who wanted to be a Tramp Preacher. Charlie, by the way, has returned.

I was terribly tickled to hear Hermitage School were still discussing me, and rather touched by Mr. Aitken's championship of my action. I barely know him--we used sometimes to go in the train

together and then we would exchange a few words. But he changed his train at Waverley, so we were only a 6 minute journey together!!!

Do remember me to Mrs. McCulloch when you see her. How nice to hear of good old "Bullie," and of old Nunk tenderly enquiring if the lid of Ullie's pot were found!!!

Two days ago Rudi found a cat (or rather middle-aged kitten) nearly frozen in the snow. He took it to the nearest Hutte, made a fire, and unfroze it. Then brought it here. It is a darling--pure black and very thin. How different from Ullie--our little beast gets one meal a day, and that a drink. It lives on mice--which abound in tens of dozens. A peasant also gave the children two newly-born kittens, and they are thriving. They can now play together and Walla regards them with a nursing mother's pride!

I am so glad to know you have met Mrs. McKelvie. But ten years hence!!! One day is enough for us. One thing, dear, is certain--there can be no other life for me. Be my life short or long it is given utterly and without conditions to God, and He has brought me here. Where He will take us next I do not know, but of one thing I am certain--it will still be Community life.

I am terribly sorry to hear of poor Nan Reith. I must try to find time to write her.

Do try to hear Donald Grant, if it is at all possible. If you see him to speak to, do remember me kindly to him. How I should love to be present--all three titles are of vital interest to us here.

Yes, dear, I have bed socks. My bottle is not to the fore, as I have not seen it since I lent it to a visitor in March, I think. But I shall not need one, as I think I shall be in the big house for the winter and that is a very different story from a Hutte.

Yes, I should love to read Chris' letter, if Maur would send it.

Now for your third letter--I am so glad you enjoyed hearing about the "Fahrt." It is indeed a day I shall not easily forget. Give my love to old Crabbe when you write, dear. Both he and Agnes would have loved that Fahrt. It reminded me a little of being with him at the northernmost extremity of Unst--only of course, the rocks were on a much more gigantic scale.

What operation is poor Ronnie expecting? I did not know of it?

How very interesting that Mr. Glynn Jones should call. I was just thinking of him the other day, for he had written some months ago asking how to get to Liechtenstein. It would be very nice if he visited us. Llewellyn too.

About the blue calf leather shoes. No, I have not the same feeling!!!! It would be great if you sent them when sending something anyway. I do not need them as Liesel has made me Schlitzer shoes, but they would be welcomed by another.

How great that you saw David Copperfield. I do so love the book. It is certainly one of the books of the world worth reading. I say that, realising how short life is, and how much rare material there is to read.

Now about the boys. It is great to have Békir. I am so sorry you did not see him, for some of his traits are very reminiscent of old Crabbe. He is now 17 and a great tall, thin young man, with dark hair and brown eyes. I have only two lessons a week with him--Maths.

Then there is Chanko (short for Alexander), son of a Russian mother and an Austrian father. He is nobility on his father's side. After the war they went to Paris, and as the father could get no work, he went to search for it in other lands. They have not heard from him for 5 years, and do not know if he is still alive. The mother tries to support her Grandmother and her son and daughter. Chanko clearly shows the lack of a father. One of his first acts here, was to sledge where he was told not to, and to break his arm. I had the task of breaking the news, as gently as I could, in French, to his mother. However, all is now going well, and I think the experience was very valuable for him. He is 11 1/2, as is also Constantin--another boy from Paris. He also comes from sad circumstances. How different they are from our children! One feels the artificiality and distrust at once. However, it is wonderful to watch the effect on them of a life of consistent love. Most of my time now is divided between school and French and English correspondence. My school consists of two German lessons daily, two English ones and sometimes Békir's Maths. I no longer teach my little Bobby. His German is now good enough to make explanations in French unnecessary as he has his lessons with Lena. However, he still shows me his affection in giving me all manner of presents and has promised to translate for me a story he is writing in Russian for his mother! It is a wonderful joy to us to see how strong and loyally Bobby stands on the side of the Kindergemeinde when necessary, against the two new boys. They are fine kids, and no worse than Bobby was when he came, but Bobby's loyalty is a real joy to us.

Now, darling, in five minutes I have a lesson with Chanko and Constantin, so I shall close.

My darling little Moth, I think often of you and Baglink and Crabbe. So tell me about yourself, darling. Do you take a lie down often enough?

My love to Nunkey, Maur, and Granny when you write.

Ever your, Kitty

P.s. When I can snatch a few minutes I add a few lines to a letter I am writing Hilda Denholm Young. Have you seen anything of her, since she visited us at Christmas, two years ago?

What a scrappy letter!!! That is due to trying conscientiously to answer all the questions in your 3 letters!

For a week we have had constant snow. All last night it rained, a positive deluge--yet the snow is not yet washed away. However it will go, and Summer will return, if last year is any criterion.

4.11.35

"Kindergemeinde" ready

The Masons and Freda go to England

Georg and Fritz take their lives into their hands and go to the German Bruderhof.

Almbruderhof, Silum

4.11.35

My sweetest little Moth,

What a joy your last letter was to me--one could sense your love in it, and it made me very, very happy.

I have been thinking such a lot of you this weekend, and hoping you are not having a terribly lonely time all alone. My little Moth--the way of a mother is not easy--but what a privilege to suffer as a Mother alone can.

How nice that Maur should always be asking for me. Do give her my love.

I was most interested that you had gone to a Friends' Meeting. The Friends are indeed good friends of ours. You ask how the greenhouse is doing. Splendidly. You don't think, darling, we would accept money for something in which we did not believe and for which we were not prepared to give the last ounce of energy?

Do tell me all about Donald Grant, dear. I am so much interested. I shall soon be sending the Auxiliary, or rather one or two members interested in Education "The Children's Community of the Almbruderhof."

Now, Mothie, a surprise! Do you know Gladys, Arnold and Freda are in England, sent out on the Aussendung by the Gemeinde. I am, oh! so happy about it. That is the answer to those who say help those at home first. The life must come first, and then the way opens to carry the Good News to those at home. They have been there a week, and we expect will be there another fortnight. I have been thinking hard of them, for their's is a desperately hard task, that calls for an absolutely self-forgetting courage, but as Freda wrote me yesterday "It certainly is a lack of faith to think for a moment that to remove mountains is impossible." Who knows, sweet Moth, you may wake up one morning to hear of a Bruderhof in Britain. It is in God's hands, and if it is to work out His will all difficulties will be overcome; on the other hand, if it is not His will, its collapse is neither here nor there.

Mothie, here is another answer to those who do not understand our life. Two of our brothers have gone back to Germany--ready if necessary, for martyrdom. The Rhön so desperately needs men and it is so vital, in the awful conditions of Germany today, that the witness to Peace and Love should continue to exist there, that, as we have so often said, nothing matters, as long as God's will is done. Every man and woman declared his and her readiness to go. Then it was clear to us all who alone had the special talents and abilities so badly wanted in the Rhön, and, on the spot, it was decided they should go; which they did, in the power of the Spirit of Love, not only fearlessly, but with a radiant joy. Such a life! "Greater love hath no man--" and they are laying down all, for the very people in Germany who think them traitors. But one can gladly die, when one has lived--and that is not a matter of years. God grant that they need not die--but far better die for the living of God's will than to live to a ripe old age for one's own will.

Now, Darling, I shall stop. Give the Aunts my love. We are indeed living in great days and it becomes clearer and clearer "that they had no continuing city, but they sought a city that had foundations, whose builder and maker is God," and that one must be prepared for all things.

The result of Georg and Fritz's departure is that I have very much more to do. Georg & I used to do the French correspondence between us i.e. he wrote it and I translated it into French and the answers

into German. Now that is all in my hands as well as the Eng. correspondence. Then in school I have to take over his Geometry class. That is a joy--though, alas! it is only "practical Geometry"--but I must re-learn all the mathematical terminology in German. Then my little Paris toughs--they do keep me going! I have had to keep Schanko by me while doing office work, as I cannot trust him out of my sight. With them I learn how to do Arith. in French!!!

In spite of all, however, the "Kindergemeinde" is now ready. I have sent 50 copies to Freda today, saying if there were any over at the end of their mission to England to let you have them. I shall tell you a little about them, dear. You know how for a year and a half I struggled through with my Education Group whose subject was "Is it possible to work out Christian Principles of Living in a school?" And how in the end, I disbanded the group, and set to to live love in my classroom, and not just talk about it, and how the result of that was my giving up my post to come here. It was terrible in school--as if all one held dear were theoretical only and could not stand the test of practical realisation. The more I tried to put the wonderful ideals I found in educational books into practice, the greater grew the disproportion between ideal and actuality. Then here I met the "Kindergemeinde." No wonder, it was as if a new world opened as I read it. Here was everything dear to me, found in Educational works, (of which I had read so many, I never wished to see another), but over and above, a quality that made it impossible to compare any other book on Education I had even read with this little paper. And here was the answer our Education Group had sought for so long! Yes, one could work out Christian Principles of living in a school--but only if the school were a life. As I read, it became clear to me--"How many parents must leave their children in boarding schools and go to the other end of the earth, and they know nothing of this school, that is not a school, but Life and Reality!" And with this came the conviction that, however little time I had, I must translate the "Kindergemeinde." It was written by Eberhard Papa, so I knew would be no baby's play, but the power was given, and it is now finished. The very making of it is the work of the Kindergemeinde--for I translated and typed, and Rudi did most of the duplicating; Gerd (a product of the same Kindergemeinde) doing what Rudi had to leave undone.

I feel convinced that if Mrs. Muir had known of our school 10 years ago, that she would have sent her children there--and I am sure there are many who would be glad to hear of it now. If in the next fortnight no copies come from Freda, I shall send you 10 or a dozen, in case you know of any missionaries with young children. I thought of sending Miss Welsh one. If she were interested enough she might put it in St George's Coll. Magazine. I thought also of Miss Small and Mrs Campbell, as well as my teacher friends.

Sweet Moth, it is indeed good to be alive.

Tues. Tomorrow, dear, Agnes will be back and you won't be lonely. How is Blitzzy? Cats now abound here, I know of two others as well as our three!

I had such a nice letter from Margaret Swann and I wrote one to Hilda Denholm Young. Also I had a 3rd from Llewellyn Thomas, who says he will visit us at the first opportunity--even if we are snowed up in the heart of winter.

Now, darling, Wolf and Co. are awaiting an English lesson, so no more just now.

Later. It was so nice to hear of Mrs Halliday and everyone. Should you see her, do please tell her that I congratulate Jean with all my heart and send her my love. You ask about my little gold watch--yes, it is in my keeping, and going!

Do, please, give Maur. and Bag my love--and heaps to Old Crabbe when you have an address to write to. It was so nice to hear of the Halls. I am so glad Ronnie's operation is over. What is Miss Vacher's news from Rajshahi? Strange, but India is often in my thoughts. The night before I knew of the Aussendung of Glad, Arnold and Winifred to England, I dreamt I was sent by the Gemeinde to India!!!! I had exactly a halfpenny and a 3d bit, but that did not in the least upset me!!!!!!

I am so glad Cathreen enjoyed my letter. I wrote it during Kinderwache one night.

Darling the last lines in your letter made me unutterably glad. Thank you, dear, "for your prayers for God's blessing on our (or rather His) Community." If it were ours it would not be worth having.

My love, a hundred-fold, little Moth,

Your,
Kitty

10.XI.35

Etienne Bach

Adelaide's address. Write Mr. Cammell, 12 Ann Str.

Elizabeth, David, Miss Small, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs Morison, Harriet.

[Maybe these are just Mrs. Hamilton's personal notes. They do not seem to refer to the letter from Kathleen.]

Almbruderhof. Silum

10.11.35

My Darling Little Mothie,

Today week is your birthday and I want to begin today to send you my love and to wish you a very, very happy day. A new decade, sweet little Moth! And may it be a time of quiet, deep, and ever-fresh-springing joy, for the presence of joy, even in the deepest suffering, is one of the fruits of the Spirit of God, and with this joy is a peace unshakable, for it is founded on a rock, and this foundation is Love--God Himself. This wish carries all else with it, Mothie. I cannot give you a material birthday present, dear. For even if I did make something, I could only express our life, or it would be a lie, and an expression of this simple life would be a white elephant in city life. But with my whole heart I wish you, as I wish for ourselves, the constant life-giving presence of the strong Spirit of God.

Thank you so much for going to such pains to tell me of Donald Grant's meeting. I am so glad both you and Mrs Hogg enjoyed yourselves. How nice of Ella to have introduced you. I was most interested to hear that Etienne Bach was present. His Knights of Peace have proved very good friends of ours, both in giving real encouragement and in giving material support.

The attitude you quote is very rational and simple and sensible "-- we must be ready to defend ourselves if attacked." But why do its upholders call themselves "Christians?" They are welcome to stand by their attitude--as I say, it is rational--but why when Christ's life and teaching say "Do not resist an injury: meet the injurer actively with love, whatever happens" do they so misuse and bring discredit on his name? If only people were honestly Christian or Pagan, it would be so much better for the world than such self-deceit.

Mothie, I would so like you, if it is possible, to include some mathematical instruments in your next parcel. Geometry is almost a farce without a compass, or a protractor or a set-square !!!! The children are awfully bad at it, but I have discovered the beginning of a real interest and I want to do all in my power to encourage it. So I would be so grateful if you could send 2 or more of the following (I think there were some old ones lying in the ground-floor of the diningroom cupboard!) :-

1. Compass
2. 45% Set Square
3. 60% Set Square
4. Protractor
5. Ruler

Also if Agnes is ever near Thins'--a few 2d Varsity Note Books with narrow lines. These alone would make a palacial birthday present.

You ask about the Auxiliary. "Joining at Head-quarters" is not primarily a question of money, but of Faith. One is a member when one reads the Aim and Basis, with their implications, and is prepared to live them. Each H.Q.member is sent "The Student Movement" monthly, whether they can pay or not. (I still get it.) This costs the Aux., as far as I remember, 4\6d per member, but as some are unemployed, etc, if one can give more one is asked to give what one can. I used to give 1 pound, but that is no guide for you, for what you give is a question for each individual. I would advise you to ask Edith for the Aim and Basis: then to think out carefully just what it entails--it is so easy to say glibly, "I believe all that", and let it slip off one, without affecting the life. I think, dear, you would find yourself very much at home in it--just as I revelled, in my student days, in its mother--the S.C.M.

Wed. 13th. Nov.

Thank you, darling, for getting a typewriter eraser. I do not remember asking you for a typewriter ribbon. Susi, actually, has my little machine as she has such a lot of trotting about to do and it is so convenient to carry. Herman and I share an aged bone-shaker of Friedels'. It is of a continental make so I do not know how I could have asked for a ribbon for it.

How nice that David should write to you. I shall be so much interested to hear all about his visit when he goes to see you. I must send him a translation of the Kindergemeinde, or perhaps the original German--the difficulty about the latter is that it has to be read through the experience of our life. I have by no means translated literally for I knew when the word in the dictionary did not express what it meant in the context of our life. So I have paraphrased quite a bit.

I am so very, very glad to hear of Alick's little pencil scrawl. Seventeen miles into the desert!!!! Real old hermits--yet no one accuses them of being out of the world. Give him my love when you write.

How great to hear about Adelaide. Will you please give me her address? I shall try to write to her.

No, dear, I no longer sleep in the "greenroom". But when I did, I can assure you the window was always open. I no longer work there, but in a room in the nearest "Hutte". I sleep with Lini in the top story of the big house.

You ask about my pupils--real little touches, and my work is pretty handicapped by having to have Chanko pretty constantly with me. However when his arm is quite healed it should be possible to let him sit in school with the other children. He is a baron's son, and, I assure you, very much the little lord,

regarding all as his goods and chattles--terribly egotistic, but that, poor kid, is the fault of a very bad upbringing. He had his twelfth birthday 2 days ago, and we all did our best to make it a really great time for him. He has his moments of real loveableness, fortunately. The other boy, Constantine, is not the artificial little man-of-the-world Chanko is, but a much more natural child, but a bit of a handfull all the same. My office work has been steadily piling up in the last fortnight owing to having so little time for it, but the opportunity will come at the right time. Yes, I teach in German, French and English! Yesterday Wolf, Rudi, Gertrud and I started a bit of the History of English Literature. Of course, it must be pretty superficial. I told them about the Canterbury Tales, and read extracts from the Prologue. We agreed unanimously that Chaucer's Squire was a perfect picture of Werner--but then Werner is like a symbolic picture of Youth, and so belongs to all ages. Then I have Arithmetic with Békir--that we do in French, as the main thing is that he understands the processes. Then I teach my boys from Paris German, and Arithmetic (but in German) and Wolf, Rudi and Co Geometry-- in German where I can, in English where I cannot! I have had to postpone my other English classes till after Christmas owing to giving three lessons a day to Chanko, Constantin and Békir i.e. The first two get 2: Békir 1.

I shall be so much interested to hear of your visit to the Cammells. About their letters--perhaps they don't know that for months Edith's life was in the balance, and Hardi's correspondance was inevitably much in arrears. I have tried to overtake some of it, as I now have the English Correspondance, but I have not yet come across their letters. No, dear, you did not mention it before.

Now I shall draw this rambling screed to a close. I have written Miss Welsh a few lines enclosing "The Kindergemeinde" and asking her, if she thought it would be of interest to the past and present students of St. George's, to include it in the College Magazine. I am positive some would be interested, but how great a proportion I do not know. I am looking forward so much to getting all the news in your next letter. Give little Bag my love, and tell her that Erich and Gerhart told me to tell her they were asking for her. So was Gertrud Loeffler (with the long plaits) and Lena. They all send a "Gruss." Hardi also sends one. He told me he was swotting something about Gaelic literature and was awfully thrilled with it.

Now, dear, with all my heart I wish you the Best for your birthday. I shall be thinking a lot of you on the 17th.

Ever your
Kitty

P.S. Love to Maur, Crabbie, Granny. If you see Mr. or Mrs. Halliday, do please remember me to them. Also Mr. Griffin. Has the Communist ever turned up again? Please remember me to Mrs. Greenan.

Almbruderhof, the 14th of Nov.1935

Dear Mrs Hamilton

My best wishes and gratulation to your birthday. I hope, you will have a happy and jolly day! We had also many birthdays in the last time, and everyone was a fine day. In the community there are many birthdays, but if one thinks, they are not so nice, because they are so many, one is very wrong: every birthday is a special festival and an extra joy. We have the habit, that always the "birthday-child" tells something of his life at dinner or supper, and that is always very interesting. There are also many birthdays, where two or even three people have their birthday, and when they tell their stories, it is interesting, how different their lives were, before they came to the community, and how much the same they are now. I wish, you could stay for at least one year with the community, and I am sure, you would enjoy this life very much. For nearly everybody, who stayed a longer time in the community, could not go away, so moved was he. Or, at least, he came back after a short time and stayed then. __

We had a very good harvest this year, and we are very thankful for this, because it is very difficult, to have enough food for so many big and little men. We have so many vegetables, that we have not enough rooms to store them up. Much cabbage and potatoes lies in the empty byres of the little huts, you saw here. --

With Kathleen we have now every day except Saturday one lesson. We have English lessons (just now we talk about Chaucer) and Geometrie, which she seems to like very much. Now I will end.

Many kind greetings to you and to Agnes from
Wolfgang.

Rhönbruderhof
Dec 1935 Germany
and Jan' 1936

Bruderhof
Post Neuhof
Kreis Fulda
Deutschland
18.12.35

Darling Mothie,

Are you surprised to see the address? I was needed, so here I am. Last night Joseph took me on a sledge to Triesenberg, where we got a bus to Buchs and travelled all night to here.

On the way to Triesenberg we met Werner, plus a goat! So Joseph returned with goat and I continued the sledge-run with Werner! This is life!!! I do not think there will be time to write more this week. Regarding your letters, "ca' canny" [be cautious, (as writing to Hitler Germany)] little Moth.

My love, darling, to Bag and Nunk & Maur & you--Kit

Bruderhof
Post Neuhof
Kreis Fulda
Hessen Nassau

Deutschland

Darling Moth,

A little line. There has been no chance to send you one sooner. I hope, dear, it did not come as a shock to you that I am no longer at Silum. But we have always known in theory that we must be ready for all things, and this was only the realisation of what we already knew. To me it is a wonderful joy to be here. Many whom you met are here too, and there are no less than 12 "Englanders"!

Your letter with the 2 pounds was sent on here, and we thank you from our hearts for them. God has, with power, given us the gift of Faith, and we rejoice to be used by Him.

Poor Maur! I am so glad to hear that the operation is over, and that it has been successful. I must thank you and her for the parcel which went to Silum. I expect sometime I shall get the nightdresses, that is, if they were labelled specially for me: otherwise they are probably already given as Christmas presents there.

Would you, like a darling, send a P.C. to Mary Anderson thanking her for her parcel. There is now no "Englander" in Silum. Also, I am no longer in charge of the French and English Correspondance, so it may be a while before her parcel is acknowledged. This is not as we wish: but due to the inorganic cleft--that in both places we are desperately short-handed. We do so appreciate the love behind gifts of money and parcels: both love to us individually and love to that for which we live. Would you, too, dear, thank Aunt Meta for her letter and beautiful scarf. I simply do not know when I shall come to writing. I have now been here a week and it has been impossible to get to bed before 12, 1 or 2 or even later. But what a life! It is indeed good to have been born.

Do not be worried if letters are pretty rare. I shall tell you in my next one of my work.

It is glorious here. True, no majestic Alps--but the little hills and woods have a wonderful beauty of their own. In fact beauty is all around, and the horizon is wide.

Will you please thank the Aunts for their letter, and for their kind present, which is as yet in Silum. It was good of everyone so to think of me. And do please thank Granny for her card. Poor dear! You are getting enough to do!

Please give my love to Maur, Granny, Old Crabbe, good little Baglink, the Aunts, Michies, Strahans in fact, all. I have not time to give all names.

This is only a hasty scribble, but it brings my love, dear, and my deepest good wishes for the New Year.

Your Kitty

P.S. I have not your letter by me, but remember you wished to hear more of Papa. The occasion of his death was his leg. It had never healed properly since it broke two years ago, and after a ghastly operation in which, owing to his heart, he could not get chloroform, etc., it had to be amputated--but not once only. The Doctors did 5 operations to try to save his life.

Post Neuhof,
Kreis Fulda,
 Deutschland
 14.1.36

My Darling Moth,

Your Wedding Day! I have been with you in thought and wishing you every happiness, and though the gong has rung I am scribbling a few words. I shall get up early tomorrow to write you more. Meantime, my love, dear.

Wed. morning. I don't know why it is but I never can find your letters at the moment when I have the opportunity to answer them, so I must have a go at it from memory. No, I have actually got it and Granny's.

My darling little Moth, you ask why I am so busy. That is a question that can only be answered from inside Community life, and so there is not much hope of ever being able to explain it to those not in it. How good of Miss Anderson to have sent such a parcel. No, it did not arrive before we left Silum, but Edna, who is also here, and now does the correspondence, will write and thank her. How great of her to have sent the geometrical instruments. What a joy Geometry will be now. I think Bals, a young Swiss master who became a novice with Hermann Arnold, will be teaching it now.

Békir is with us here, and it is an inspiration to see him with his beloved horses, especially the two foals, Siluma and Rhön, as it is also to see old Charlie with the cows. The byre is a dream, and Charlie has a constant stream of people coming up to admire his handiwork.

How very nice to have seen "Wee" Willie once more. As for Ronnie--how great it is to get news of him. Do please remember me to his pa and ma.

We are having rare cold weather--our famous mud is like a plowed field, but the ridges fortunately are hard. Oh Moth, the joy of simple life on a farm, of closeness to Nature in all her moods--the sunrise in the morning, gleaming through the stems of a wood!

Send Maur and Matthew my love, will you, dear? Poor Maur! She has been through a trying time: fortunately the operation is over. I hope the voyage braces her up thoroughly.

There goes the gong! Just before I end--you ask if a teaspoonful of tea is impossible--No!!! In fact, if you should ever feel inclined to pay the postage, it is possible to send 1/4 lb. duty free! That would give several rare blow-outs to tea-lovers, English and not English.

Now, darling, I do hope yesterday was a really happy day for you, and that you knew I was thinking of you.

Love to Bag and yourself, not forgetting Nunk and Granny in your next letters-
 Ever your

Kit

P.S. I enclose a little note to the Aunts, and will try to have one for Granny next time.

Germany 1936 April

Post NeuhoF
Kreis Fulda
Deutschland
23.IV.36

Darling Little Mothie,

Very many thanks for your letter and Nunkey's enclosure. It was great of him to write. He seems to be in great spirits. I was so glad to get news, however little, of both Maur and Agnes. I expect the latter is home by now--give her my love, please. I would be so grateful if she should ever feel inclined to write me about her holiday. Did it come up to her expectations?

Yes, Mothie, Easter is a wonderful time. It is the answer to world-need. How its significance has been intensified for me during the last three years! Yet the Absolute is the same, yesterday, today and for ever, it is just we who do not realise it. And you were alone, poor little Mothie!

I was interested that you met Malcolm, but would be even more so to hear of Gavin. He was so much on fire, and determined to come that Thursday evening, and then did not (which can be understood) and sent no word. (which is difficult to understand i.e. it is difficult to understand if his interest was really genuine, and I believe it was).

About the 18 year-old boy, Mothie--I shall translate that bit of your letter for the Bruderschaft. By the way, did you see him yourself, or just the mother?

I must thank you, darling, for always sending a stamp-coupon. It is most thoughtful, as now that we have so many English, the problem of postage is very much more acute than before. The pity is that I must sometimes send such a very short letter--it seems such a waste.

Did Arnold answer you, or how did you get your news? We never write directly, but an occasional word comes via the Alm. It is eagerly devoured, but one cannot "ca' cannily" [be cautious] enough. Well, well does one understand a lot of the life of the early Christians--that just seemed wild imagery once. The Book of Revelation, for example. When one is living it, one realises its power.

We have had a real set-back with Florrie, but courage! Love conquers all things. I have just written a long and forceful letter to her mother, who has been undermining Florrie's trust in us, and at the same time been writing the slushiest, "sob-stuffiest" letters to her that make the kid long for home. And knowing the mother is only after emotional satisfaction of her own selfish desires, and that in that "home" love is unknown we are feeling pretty bad about it. Florrie doesn't see through the mother, and we want to do nothing to spoil her belief that her mother loves her: on the other side, the result of these letters is that the position is clear--either the mother is lying and deceiving Florrie, or we are. And what child would trust others before a mother? So there at the moment we are. However, as I said, "Courage"! I have written the letter, but will show it to the Bruderschaft in case I have put things too strongly--living with Florrie, I assure you I feel it pretty forcibly.

We are reading at dinner now a most wonderful account of life in community through the ages--and it is, oh so clear what was lacking to give them the stamina not only to continue to exist but to grow. I translate, so will stop now to get a little time to read it before-hand, for as there are many technical and philosophical terms, I must be sure I really understand what it is all about.

Monday Morning 26th Well sweet Moth, yesterday was a day and a half--invited by Fritz and Secunda to breakfast to translate for Stanley, followed by Bruderschaft and a meeting with our guests. The latter,

of course, had to be translated. That was followed by dinner, during which I translated. Then came a short interval that Marcus and I spent playing a game with Florrie, then tea--invited by Georg and Moni to translate for Stanley. Then I had a lovely little stroll over the Kuppel--a little hill on our ground, and I gathered flowers and twigs for the Bruderschaftszimmer (which is part of my daily house-cleaning). I got a lovely bunch of Rowan twigs, hawthorne and Hazel--I cannot tell you how lovely they look. Then came supper, during which I translated: about half an hour's dancing, then a very long meeting with our guests, which had also to be translated. Oh, I forgot--my special Sunday duty was caring for Julia, an invalid--so that was done, as it were, between times! The wonder of the life never fades, because the life itself is daily new. It is living, in this world, in a Power that is not of this world. It is this Power that makes us One.

About the boy, Mothie. I have spoken about him, and I think the best thing would be if you would ask Mrs Graham to get directly into touch with us here, if she is considering the possibility of sending her son here. Do you happen to know her address?

I can just imagine how lovely the lilac bush in the garden is looking just now. I am looking out of the library window just now at a Cherry tree--but we must be far behind England--it is in bud: but not yet in blossom. Last week was like winter: in some places nearly 2 feet of snow, and simply bitterly cold, but yesterday not a trace of it was to be seen, and as I said I was out gathering wild flowers on the Kuppel. Are the Chestnut-trees in flower yet? How I love the candlesticks!

I had such a nice letter from Edna from Silum. In it she says that an unknown man who heard us speak somewhere, in London, I think, has written saying he wants to go to visit there in summer. She says, "He writes a topping letter--fed up with commerce, the organised Church and so on, and says how thankful he is that he has heard of a life of love and brotherhood, and a group of people who actually take the Sermon on the Mount seriously". There is no doubt there is in many places a real longing to get away from artificiality and the shallow, and only too often sordid, round to clarity and reality: to that which unifies life and gives it meaning. Well do I remember the horror of the years when I was trying to live my faith, and found that my life, my job, etc. etc. made it impossible: that either one or the other had to go, for one cannot serve God and Mammon.

Well, darling, I shall draw to a close. Do please give my love to Maur, and to each of the three little nevoys in person, and tell Donnie to hurry up with learning to write, for I am wanting a letter from him and promise to answer it when it comes! Also my love to Granny and Aunt Sarah--and of course, selbstverstandlich, Baglink and the venerable uncle Crabbe, and a real good dose to yourself.

Ever your
Kathleen

P.S. Darling, would it be possible once to send me a little boracic powder instead of tea? I am sorry I left that that you gave me in the Tramp Preachers' in London. Another time a few Menthol crystals would be very welcome.

Oh! and most important of all--will you please send me my Moffat? So sorry to have to trouble you so.

Kreis Fulda
Hessen-Nassau
4.VI.36

My Darling Moth,

I am thinking it is high, high time I started putting pen to paper again. My thumb is now doing simply tip-toply, and I can go without a bandage. The nail looks rather an ugly sight, but will soon come off, and meantime I have no pain at all. Things here have been humming. I think I told you about our two English Franciscans? One of them wrote me a letter today in which he encloses a long and very interesting cutting about the Christa Seva Sanga in India. It will be translated at supper tonight. I expect you know about it--or perhaps no, as it started just after the Bruderhof, in 1922. I think Hardi is not wrong in feeling that one of these days there must be an "Aussendung" to India.

Another letter that reached me today told of a possible group of 20 Oxford students and schoolboys who want to help us in the work here during August, and a third told of a poultry farmer who was here for some weeks while I was still in Silum, and who writes that his thoughts give him no peace, and he feels he just must come back--and will we have him?

Into the bargain the hay harvest has begun, and our laddies are up at 3 A.M. So you see things are humming.

Whitsunday was the most wonderful day--a real Pentecost--and something to be utterly, utterly grateful for. From beginning to end it was glorious.

Herman's mother is here on a visit just now. Did you know that he and Liesel are engaged? No, of course you couldn't, for Herman being on his way to Mr Mason, I could not very well give you the information at the time it happened. Liesel is here, and more like a fairytale princess than ever. Herman's letters which come via Silum, are eagerly expected by us all, as they are really our sole source of information.

Mothie, darling, I must remind you to ca' just as canny [be cautious] as you can. My hair nearly stood on end as a result of two letters--one of yours and one of Elizabeth Goldsmiths'. But then I know that in the atmosphere of being respectable Edinburgh citizens, some things are not only hard to believe but even hard to imagine.

Today, to my joy, is "Frauen Stunde" and I shall be able to get a little mending done. As a result of pretty constant translating, I can get next to nothing done at meals. And as some of our English are such rottenly inarticulate speakers, I have to try quite often to translate what they say into German (As Markus and Hans Meier, who know English best, can't understand) as well as my usual German-English translation.

Friday 5th. I have just read your last letter again. It was great to get news of everybody--but how very sad about the poor Dodds. Poor little Stanley! I knew Mr Dodd for years by sight before I got really to know him. I used to go in the train with him. Poor man. Life is an enigma. People hold their breath at someone giving up a safe job, etc. and all the time Death is round the corner--a far greater adventure--and yet it is something they simply shut their eyes to. If they looked things in the face, they would see that their so-called "securities" are cobwebs, and to be utterly and unconditionally in the hand of God is the one thing on which one can bank--though that does not mean one will always be safe and comfortable.

Have you seen anything of Mrs Reid or Mary? Do tell me if there is any better news of poor Mary's baby. And how is our Maur? I have been thinking of sweet little Brian. It is just about his birthday, I think. As far as I remember he was born on Whitsunday last year--a glorious day to be born on. Do please send them all my love.

Today is a regular deluging day. We are glad for the tatties, which for a fortnight have been crying out for rain, but are sorry for the hay. Things are going quickly. All the blossom (and it was glorious!) has gone from the cherry and apple trees, and fair sized green cherries are thick over the trees. Here blackthorn abounds, so we should have sloes in plenty in Autumn.

I have just received two letters from Konstantin and Chanko. Do you remember my two tough little charges and Bobby's successors? They were written in quite respectable German, and show an amazing difference in the kids themselves. In fact Hans says Bobby and the two others are a tremendous joy to all at Silum, and that they impart a real fresh, lively and naturally boyish, cheeky element to the Kindergemeinde--for the successors of Wolf and Co. (who certainly are not lacking in that!) have a tendency to be rather too obedient and helpful, and we want our children to be real natural children.

How is our respected Bug-a-boo? Give her my love and also old Crabbe. Tell Bag that if she feels generous, and if it doesn't cost much (I have no idea what it costs) I should love one or two of the kind of nibs she prints posters, etc. with. I am learning to print German character for the catalogueing of the Library and would be thrilled to bits to have the real implements. Of course, tell her, its like my cheek asking her, and not to do it, unless (with a mighty effort!!!) she can get some pleasure out of the doing thereof. Or like the meenister's wife, would she do it as an act of mercy!!!?

Talking of ministers--how great that you saw Mr Philip, and what a pity it was for so short a time. Do please remember me to the Halls, Renwicks, Curries, Stachans, Michies, the little lady over the way whose name I have forgotten, and Miss Rennie. And, of course, to the Hoggs. By the way, I wrote to Mrs Graham of Dunfermline, but have not heard since.

Will stop now, sweet Moth!
Ever your
Kitty.

P.S. I have cause to thank you, little Moth, for your wonderful present to me, when I see other poor souls suffering, as I did, from toothache.

P.S. I suppose this will just cross your letter. It would! But I don't want to keep you waiting any longer for an answer. Now that Assembly week is over, Mothie, take a good rest. I am sure you need it. This morning I plucked blue Lupins for the Bruderschaftzimmer, and they reminded me of you and of No.9.

1936, June 13

My Darling Mothie,

Bruderhof
13.VI.36

Darling, you don't know how bad I felt to hear how much you had paid to send us that 1/2 lb of tea, duty free. Sweet little Moth! I would never have asked you if I had known you were going to do all that. It arrived yesterday--some five days after the ground sheet--for which very, very many thanks. I really don't know what the authorities were up to charging you so much. When a 1/4 lb tea is sent, we have to pay 90 Pfs (about 1/6 [one shilling and sixpence] at the present rate of exchange) and that we gladly do, as in Germany tea, even very inferior tea, costs anything from 12 to 16 marks per lb (i.e. 1 pound--1 pound 5 shillings !!!!) so is of course prohibitive, and you have no idea what an English tea twice a week does for our English mitarbeiters, i.e. people who come to work with us for 6 months! You have no earthly idea what a roll food plays in the life of our English. One just could not have believed it. We are so grateful--beyond words, to God that we can sit down to a meal at all, for that fact alone is a miracle; yet, without exaggeration, the main thought of a number of our Mitarbeiter is food--good bourgeois meals that they had eaten, and irony of ironies! memories of good bourgeois meals refused!!!

So, dear, you see how very grateful we are for the tea--though we realize how much it cost you. Should you ever feel inclined to try again, just pay the price of 1/4lb and the postage and not a penny more.

Poor Granny! Have you heard any more from Aunt Sarah? I have been thinking a lot of them both, and a very great deal of Maureen and family--especially Lawrence. I should so love to get news of them, so will you, please, tell me any Maur writes?

I was most interested to get news of Mrs Muir and Miss Somerville. I remember the hollowness of my last General Assembly--hollowness and outward solemnity and formality--Do you remember how I shocked the Macaskels--I was so burning with the mockery of the thing that I could do nothing else than speak of it. Of course I could see sincere individuals, and there was no casting of any slur on them. But the Church is more than a collection of sincere individuals, even if all are sincere. The Church is the miracle of Pentecost--and the result is life and fire and a complete unity. How did you find the Assembly?

How nice that both Edna and Susi should have written to you. I am so happy that you should know more of us than just me. We have just had a really wonderful visit from Herman's mother. She said, at first she felt sad that Herman was not here, but later she was glad, for she was no longer seeing the life through family ties, but as it really was, and the result is that she is nearer us, and incidentally nearer Herman than ever in her life before. When she left she said there was really nothing dividing us--only outward things--and we have the feeling she will be back sometime, perhaps before long. Marcus' mother was here at the same time and her visit was just as memorable. She hardly said a word, but the few she did say were living. We had been reading the works of Blumhardt, Father and Son, and to our amazed delight she told us that she had known the younger Blumhardt, some 30 years ago. He has meant a lot to us. He sees so clearly--and yet, though he saw it all, and tried to live it, Bruderschaft was not given to him. All the more reason why we should be grateful that God has given it to us--for he, in all sincerity sought it, and did not find it.

Should you be writing ever to Mrs Morison, Shetland, do please give her my love. I have been thinking of her. How are the boys? Do you see anything of them?

It was nice to hear of Alan Fraser. Do remember me to the Clarks and him when you write next. It usually just happens that your letter arrives after I have sent mine off, so though you have to wait a day longer, I think I shall keep this back till I see if your new one comes.

Wed. Alas! little Moth, you have waited several days, so I am simply sending this off today.

The world here--nature--is heavenly. Blue, cloudless skies, green fields and woods, red roofs of the few houses, and here red is right--it fits into "the universal fitness of things", as the philosopher Hume used to express it.

We are having a real old time with Florrie's Ma. Having written saying she sees she was only thinking of herself and not of Florrie when she said she wanted her back, she now writes that she has changed her mind again. Florrie gets no chance to settle down with her mother's letters, and for some time now has been very unhappy. For weeks I could not get her to write a word to her mother (after she had written regularly weekly). The reason, as she has told me, was because she was so angry that her mother had decided she should stop that she determined to make her uneasy to get her to write saying she must come home. One cannot keep anyone against their will, and when they are closed to the life. Florrie for some time has hardened herself to trample on that which is lovely, so naturally she cannot appreciate it. On the other hand, I somehow think it is a last struggle, before giving in--and that is always the most desperate. For some time past I have thought of Faust, and that the powers of good and evil are struggling for Florrie. I do everything in my power for her--our little Bag was never treated as intimately, as a sister, by me as Florrie is--yet I know she dislikes me. In fact she was honest enough the other day to tell me that at times she hates me. It is like this--she is lazy and untidy and cheeky, and when she does something wrong, owing to the language the people who are with her cannot tell her, so they all come to me and say, "Tell Florrie" The result is that I always seem to be at her, poor kid. I do my level best to show my appreciation of anything at all nice that she does, to make up, but I have so much on me, apart from Florrie, that during the day I do not see as much of her as I would wish. Unfortunately, our English mitarbeiters have, on occasion, made things all the harder for me. They, of course, are neither members nor novices, and see things only from the outside.

Well, little Moth, I am getting a considerable amount of teaching. Several times a week, during dinner I teach the whole community English (a slow, cumbrous job as one may imagine!!!): twice a week, I teach our English German: then I have my pupil, Békir, again. It is possible that Edna may come back here, as we really need another British Bruderschafter--alas! at Silum, too, there is far more work to do than people to do it.

I have always meant to ask who did the original sketch of the Bruderhof (or rather a small portion of it), but have never remembered. It was one of us, I think, perhaps Georg, who designed the buildings.

I am sitting looking out of the Library, and realising why the Greeks thought of Heaven as the Elysian Fields. A cherry tree is outside, then meadows full of flowers (but not for long now--our laddies are up at 3 a.m. every day cutting hay). The horizon is wooded, and birds are singing. To return to the Library--it is terribly neglected, poor dear, but meantime I am working (when I get the chance!) in Theology. Can you imagine me looking in a learned and furrowed way at a hefty tome in German, and trying to decide if it is "Dogmatik", "Symbolik", "Ethik", "Apologetik" or "Polemik"?? When quite stuck, I scrounge round till I dig up Hannes Boller and ask him, and when he is stuck he writes to a parson friend who has a fine library--so eventually the cataloguing proceeds!!

Now, dear, I must end. I am busy, but overflowing with life and "joie-de-vivre" [joy of living, vitality]. My love to Bag and the old Crabbe and to the "Vun and Only" Jolly Moth.

Kit

P.S. Darling little Moth, I had this letter finished and closed and was on the point of giving it into the office, when the Post arrived with yours. What a delightful letter it is, too! I am so glad you went to the Aux. Retreat, and also that you took active part--faith and action hang together. It was a joy to hear what little you told of it.

I shall make a point in my next letter of telling you of the "Christa Seva Sanga." It is very, very interesting.

Poor Mary Reid! How heart-breakingly tragic. We have just had word from our friend, Mr. Mason, and all the families have decided to adopt another child. Willi wrote a letter telling of a young couple who just could not afford to give their baby adequate food. They sought high and low for a home for it, and no one would take it, and finally in despair, they left it in a station waiting room. And then the society that brought about this heartless state, put the parents in prison for cruelty! At any rate, it became clear that such must not happen in a country in which there is a Bruderhof, and our most recent news was that they were already on the way looking for such parents as want a real home for their children.

How nice of the Aux. to have remembered me. Do please remember me to them all when you next meet.

If when you have read McMurray's Creative Society you think the context permits you to send it here, I would love to have it. Failing that, I am sure the Masons would appreciate it.

I am so very glad to hear of Nan Reith. I always meant to write her to tell her how sorry Edna & I were not to have managed to visit her again.

Hope little Bag's hayfever is over. Love -

Kitty.

P.S. How interesting about James Parkes. Perhaps some day you may meet him. He certainly is a colourful figure.

P.S. We have just heard that an article has appeared on us in the April no. of "The Student Movement". We have not seen it, but should you care to read it, the secretarial offices of the S.C.M. are Annandale, Golders Green, London, N.W.11. [The article on page 202 of this volume is probably the one Kathleen refers to here.]

P.P.S. The P.C. was done by Elsa von Hollander, Emi's sister--Hardi's aunt, who died in 1932, I think. I think I told you how much she means to us newer members. We feel as though we knew her.

P.P.S. Our latest announcement of an intending visitor, comes from Southern Ireland. He means to come early in July. Now for the nth time. I must really end! Love--K.

1.7.36

Have you time for study.
 Were those two Franciscans going back to India
 Yrs. spent here not lost.
 Hike to Franciscan Monastery.

Bruderhof
 1.VII.36

My darling Mothie.

How perfectly wonderful of you to send that 1 pound to help some of us with toothache. There are many I would like to help, but have asked Hans to use it, i.e. Hans Meier. I thought of it like this. He is in charge of the common purse, and knowing all the demands upon it, I knew he would not think of using anything for his own personal benefit, unless something came earmarked for that alone. I know he has suffered a lot from toothache, so told him of your sending the money, and asked him to regard it as earmarked for his teeth. He asks me to send you his deep thanks, and indeed, little Moth, it is a lovely thing you have done. The Bruderschaft was very much touched that you should send an open gift like that, to be used for those who need it, and not just for your own daughter.

As usual, Mothie, when I sit down to write to you, I have not your letter by me. I shall get it before I finish. I remember you ask about Liesel and her mother-in-law-to-be, our "Tante Kate". (Herman being the Arnold's cousin, we make their aunt our common property!) Yes, Tante Kate thoroughly appreciates Liesel, and Liesel Tante Kate. I was away for a day and a half on a "Fahrt", of which more anon, and came back to find a lovely floorcloth in my room labelled, "Für Kathleen". Tante Kate had sent it to me to help me in my housework--(3 landings, stairs and Bruderschaftsroom). She had seen me trying to dry them after scrubbing with what might have been a collection of ribbons! Wasn't it sweet of her? It is a real fine durable floor-cloth. I must write to thank her.

Then yesterday our Canadian studying the Hutterians left. It turns out he is a minister. He is a real Canadian--thrilled with our farming. He helped with the hay, and said if he could possibly manage it he would love to be back for the threshing. He may manage later, when he has a better mastery of German, to come back, and study our old books on the spot. Then Jean Stodart, from Edinr. [Edinburgh], was here. She is now an S.C.M.sec. She was only a few hours on the Bruderhof, and then mostly only with me, but she says she is very keen to keep up with us.

Now for the hike! It came like a bolt out of the blue. On Friday, it was announced that 5 girls were going on "Fahrt" on Saturday, and these five turned out to be Waltraut, Louise, Erna, Hilda and me (though I am 5 years older than Waltraut, the eldest; and 11 years older than Erna!). Of these I think Erna is the only one you know. It had been planned by these as a kind of "waker-up" to our somewhat unenterprising boys--Marcus, Migg and Békir. (They talk now steadily of the one they will make!). Well, we scrubbed like Billyo on Saturday morning, to have our weekly clean finished by dinnertime, and then at 2.30 we set off. We had not gone far when Waltraut (who is used to this) said that we would find we would have a much easier time with the peasants if we had a violin or guitar, so I ran back, as I was carrying least, and got a guitar. Thus we set off, literally like Goldsmith, to play and sing in return for a nights' lodging! The weather was glorious. There had been a thunderstorm and torrential rain about an hour before we left, and now the air was clear and the sun shining.

We walked and walked and walked, over places where I had never been before--miles and miles of country like the Pentlands, only with higher hills and wider valleys between them, and the whole, practically, thickly wooded. On the way we found heaps of Blaeberreries (we are going to gather some for jam tomorrow) and wild strawberries, almost as big as raspberries--I had never seen such big wild ones

in my life. Then it began to get dark, and down in a valley we saw a village. Louise suddenly said she was not at all prepossessed by the village, and had a strong inclination to try a house high up on the hill. Tired as we were, we set off on a steep climb, for we all felt her attraction for this house. As we drew near we began to sing a song of the comrades of the road, the real down and out tramps, but those who never let their courage go under. It is a song we love. Then we saw the mother of the house gathering wood, and asked her if it would be possible for us to sleep in their barn at night. She was rather surprised, and brought her husband, and after asking us some questions, they brought us in, let us make tea (some of yours) and eat our bread, and as we had very little they handed us a loaf and told us to use all we wanted. Meantime the father got straw ready for us, and the mother fetched five pillows. It was a delightful family, a real family--Father, Mother, three sons and a daughter between about 17 or 18 and 25 years in age.

One could sense a genuine faith and a real reverence in the house. They are strong Roman Catholics. So when we had had our meal--and we needed it!--we sang them our most lovely "Marian Lieder" for we sensed they would be understood in their depth and beauty, and they certainly were. Hardly a word was uttered, but one can read expressions. Then we went to bed, and had a remarkably good night in the straw. The entire family went off to church next morning, except the mother. We were awfully taken with them. They kept their clothes in a common cupboard, possessed one mirror and all seemed to use one comb! The whole place was a perfect model of cleanliness.

About 9 A.M. we continued. Our goal was a Franciscan monastery. And what a distance it was! I found going barefoot was not such an economy, for my feet had grown so that my boots were about unbearable. Periodically I would take them off and go barefoot, and then, for example, when we came to a patch of pure thistle or nettle, I would painfully put them on again. I landed home with seven blisters, but all are now doing well. But to return--the country was wonderful. Louise made me a garland of cornflowers and the others wore other flowers. As we went we were thrilled at the thought of seeing the followers of St Francis, who like us, sought Lady Poverty. When eventually we got there--I can hardly write it, the place was like a bear-garden. Hundreds and hundreds of wild and uncontrolled visitors, many (women, too) drunk: the air filled with yells and cries and ribald remarks. We had wanted to speak to the monks, but decided simply to ask for some water for tea, and get away to a wood, away as far as we could from the pandemonium. Waltraut and Hilde went to the kitchen of the monastery. It was like a hotel--clatter, clatter, clatter of plates, and a monk at the hatch so busy serving out beer and pocketing money that he had no time for a word to one of the visitors. When Waltraut asked one of the lay brothers for water, he pointed to a tap. I can tell you we felt roused when we thought of St Francis!

Well, we got away as fast as we could. We felt we had seen two sides of Catholicism--and the reverent, genuine and sincere was found in a simple peasant, and not in those [whose] whole life work was a profession of their faith.

By this time we were really tired and hungry. It was evening and we had a long, long way before us. Then we remembered our "hermit". I think I told you before of him--a man who loves solitude, who takes photos of old trees and sends Nature articles to papers, etc. He can enjoy company for a limited while, and then unceremoniously bundles people out! Well he was great to us, and refreshed and with sticking plaster on our blisters we set off, he accompanying us a good part of the way. To begin with there was a lovely moon, then it became pitch dark, and we had to feel to find the path through the woods. The only light came from numerous little fireflies. But at last we got home--some 3 hours after leaving the hermits', and found a nice supper awaiting us, though all were in bed except Marcus, who was nightwatchman and Hasso, our Alsatian watch-dog.

Thursday 2nd. To my amazement, I find our hike has occupied nearly 5 pages! However I have now your letter by me, enclosing Maur's and aunt Isabel's. Now for your questions. No, David is not a mitarbeiter but a novice. There are only 9 English here at the moment as a number have gone to Silum.

I was so much interested to hear of the Morison family. It was a nice time old Nunk and I had together with them. So you went with Burgag's children and fond mammas' to Seton Sands. That was nice of you, dear. I think it great that you can share her work as you do--it was not possible in Lochend.

Could it really have been Willie Tyndale you heard on Youth Night? If it was he, it was not "Wullie", and if it was Wullie it was not W. Tyndale. Wullie (a great favourite of mine) is Willie McColm, but both were S.C.M. secs.

You ask about Else von Hollander. She was a burning and a shining light, and her influence is still living. Some of our deepest and most wonderful Sonnenlieder were composed by her, and they are such a living expression of our life, that we know her as we do not thousands whom we can see.

About our health. We are utterly with you, dear, "If God gives you the means of preserving it, do not run needless risks". Only for the Cause, God's Cause, must we be ready to risk life and limb, and for nothing else. We do not deliberately neglect health--anything but, but it is not the all-important be-all and end-all of life.

How nice Crabbe has a pup. Do give him my love.

The thumb is doing first rate--though is very ugly.

Now, sweet Moth, I shall stop. Poor Granny and Aunt Sarah! Do, please, remember me very, very especially to them and give them my love. And Baglink--is she finished with her "loopy" sister, that she does not deign to send a line? I should so love to hear from her.

Love to Maur, and heaps and heaps to yourself--

Your Kitty.

P.S. Do try to make a point of lying down every day, dear, I am sorry sometimes to think that you should write when I sense you are tired.

Was the lilac good this year? Have you many apples?

P.S. For 3 days I have not been able to change my division, as I can find my comb nowhere. I was not conscious of taking it from my room, but a good thorough hunt has failed to discover it. Would it be possible to send a little pocket one in a letter? I would be so grateful.

30.8.36.
The Seekers
From Germany

Bruderhof. Post Neuhof
30.8.36.

My Darling Mother,

I cannot tell you how glad I was to get your letter, and I have read it very many times--at any moment when I had half a moment free, out it came from my pocket. I felt before it came that a letter would come from you that day although I did not know if mine had reached you or not. How lovely that you and Nunkey and Mary should have gone to dear old Killin! How many delightful holidays have we spent there! I think particularly of a glorious week-end old Crabbe and I had together. Crabbie and I really have been about quite a lot in each other's company--Ireland, Shetland, etc. And how I thrilled, Mothie, to know that when the diblets have recuperated a bit you think you may go either to Shetland or come to see me. I do not for a moment wish to dissuade you from the former, but how I hope you will choose the latter!! I have been thinking such a lot of you recently, dear. Especially since Nunkey's engagement, and even more so today, when Nunk and Mary are either away or just about to go. I want you to know, little Moth, that you need never feel lonely. We regard you as a friend of our life--one who has very often helped us, one who recognises that the call to live brotherhood is of God, and one who, like us, wishes to put God first. Thus, Mothie darling, our hearts and our doors are open, should you wish to come and stay for a time with us. This does not imply that as a matter of course you would stay, for a direct call from God is necessary for this life, but it does mean that if little Bag and Nunkey are away from you, that you can find yourself in a real home life. You are a relation of a member of the Bruderschaft, so the restrictions put by the Govt. on visitors, etc. do not apply. It would be so lovely if you could come for a couple of months, not as a visitor, but as a sharer of our life together and our work--also if you could come without strong distracting influences, like Mary and our little Bag--but especially Mary (Anderson), for she, poor soul, is so terribly torn within herself. One thing I know, sweet little Moth--it would not be like that awful time in Silum--awful for you and awful for me. Here there are compeers of yours, also there are far more possibilities and variety in work: also your daughter has learnt a little sense, I hope!, and does not take for granted that because she heard the call so clearly, that you will do the same. Your way may never be community, Mothie, but I do so want you to experience our life, and not just as a summer visitor. Since your visit I have got a much deeper understanding of the life myself--and one is always learning, for the life is organic and dynamic and never stationary, so one can never say they know it through and through. A far-reaching world outlook and a wide sympathy and understanding for the working of God in others is an essential part of our life, and where that is lacking it is the fault of the human beings concerned who have put themselves in the way of the free Spirit of Love and Truth in whom alone we are one. And just because we are human we do do this sometimes, but having seen our sin we at once acknowledge it and hasten to ask God's forgiveness and that of those we have wronged, that He might once more work freely through us, and so make us one. Thus, darling, should you come we would welcome all you would say to us that comes from a desire that God should be glorified--for it is for that we live. I do not quite know why I should write like this to you, Mother, for from your letter I did not get the impression of your coming soon, or even that you were coming definitely at all, but I somehow feel the urge to write. Also, darling, I feel the urge to write the very strong feeling of warning I feel about the Seekers. Darling, there is something dark and sinister about the movement--all the more so that they use the words of Light. That which is of the Spirit is pure and clear--there is no need for tampering with more than doubtful spirit doctors. I felt a positive shuddering within me as I looked at the magazines you sent and a desire to flee from the influences there at work to the clear Spirit of Love and Light. One can point to cures--yes, but was it ever Christ's desire to heal the body just for the sake of healing? Think of the millions he did not cure. His demand is for something much more radical. The putting of the physical needs of man first was one of the temptations of the evil one that came to him in the desert. Cures do happen, thank God!, little Moth, but we only ask God to cure the body when we know that the sole desire of the person affected is that his whole life, physical, mental, and spiritual, is to be used as a vessel for God to work through. It can be that one is nearer to God and can serve His purpose better when not well--Paul had his "thorn in the flesh", and whatever it was, it had its purpose. Do not mistake me, dear, illness of itself is not good;

it arises from evil, but illness of the body is not of itself so important as illness of the soul and spirit, and one can judge only by the whole, if the power at work is good. The first time we went to see the Seekers, there was so much that was good (Remember Evil can literally disguise itself as an angel of light--) that I crushed within in me one moment of deadly horror I had when Mr Morison showed us round. The next time we visited them I felt this power strongly at work--it was in Mr Morrison--and for a moment I knew terror, but then the whole was so covered with what is good, that it was only when I found the unanimous opinion of the Bruderschaft was what I had myself instinctively felt, that I realized clearly that one cannot mix good and evil. That which is of God is crystal clear through and through. I could not write of this before, Mothie, for I felt the time had not come, but now I must write, and with my whole being, darling, warn you. Remember what Christ said about people doing all manner of things using his name, even casting out demons (And, Moth, that is no figurative language, but reality) and yet the answer is, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." Do not for a moment think we are against the Morrisons as people--our attitude to all men is brotherhood and love--but we are to the death against the sinister power that is at work in the Seekers--and one cannot play with pitch without getting tarred. Mothie, this is not hysterical as it may sound. It is cold and in dead earnest. That which is of God is of God through and through, and there are powers at work there that are not of God. Thus it is that we just could not send an account of the Bruderhof to their magazine. Good and Evil are at different poles, little Moth, light and darkness; unity, harmony, peace and discord, war, chaos--they cannot be mixed, one cannot serve two masters. And the horror is that in the loveless system everything is seen neither as light or darkness, black or white, but grey--as though there is no good and no evil. But the Spirit of God is like a sharp sword that cuts through the confusion and uncertainty and distinguishes the spirits as good and evil. From our life, little Moth, we realise that what was written to the little groups of Brothers by Paul, Peter, etc. was no metaphorical language, but absolutely realistic fact. I am writing in deadly urgency, little Moth, for I have realised how desperately strong the powers of Evil are. This is seen in the fact that the fight with them cost Christ his life. He gave his all, fighting with the power of Love alone, Love that is not soft and sentimental but like a flame of fire and a sharp sword, a love that knew no compromise with Evil, and only so was He able to break Satan's power. But though it is proved that Christ alone is the conqueror and that in the end the forces of Evil cannot stand before him, it is not yet so, in deed, on the Earth. It will be one day--that is positive and clear--when God's reign of Love is realised on Earth and His will done here as in Heaven--but as yet it is not so, and those of us who see clearly the nightmare powers of evil at work, whether grossly, as in Spain for instance, or subtly and cunningly, give ourselves wholly to the power of Love, knowing that it will imply suffering, being maligned, perhaps even killed, as Christ said, by those who believe that in so doing they are doing God a service, but knowing also that unless a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it can bear no fruit and confident that in this way alone can the forces of Hell be conquered and Christ's reign of Peace and Justice and Brotherhood and Love be realised. Good and Evil are irreconcilable, Mother, and they will come to a final clash--Armageddon, if you like--and in this fight we are on no secure "island of the blessed", far from the horror of it all, but in it, right in the midst of it. It is a spiritual fight not just a fight between men, though the spiritual powers of Good and Evil express themselves through men, even as they do through Nature and the material world in general, and in this fight we are there that Good, and Good alone, may break in through us into the world. We are desperately conscious, even within ourselves, of the forces of Evil. Evil is spiritual and not confined to such things as space. We are fighting it here; we are in the world, very, very much in it, but we choose to fight it with God's weapons alone, knowing that no others will prevail. And where a victory is won, it, too, is not limited to space. Where the Power of God breaks in unimpeded and the powers of darkness flee, the victory is not felt only there: it is something that affects the whole world and even universe--just as the rays of the sun break in through a cloud and give light, not only to the little hole made, but to the whole landscape. This is the answer to those who accuse us of fleeing from the fight in the world. It is for love of God and love of the brothers we are fighting; we have found that in a system based on something that is not love we

could not do this, we felt frustrated at every turn by active compromise, yet we knew that the power of Love alone could help the world, so we came to where the Spirit of Love had led men to live together as brothers knowing that the place did not matter: the decisive thing was that, in this world, love and brotherhood was lived in reality--a little, faint picture of what will be on earth one day when the kingdoms of the world have become Christ's Kingdom--and we knew that the light from this would shine out like the light on the candlestick, lighting the whole house.

I feel, darling, that I am meant to write all this. It is nothing new, but I felt the time had not come to say it all. I was so wanting to write to you, and there was no time. Then I knew that if it were right to write, if it were from God, the time would be given, and that I wanted to do God's will alone. Then, for the first time for months, we have had an utterly free afternoon today, and I feel it is meant.

Edna thanks you very much for your loving congratulations. It really is wonderful about her and Charlie. I cannot express how wonderful. I wonder if I ever told you that George and Gertie are novices now? That is also a miracle. You ask about Reconciliation and John Horsch's "Hutterian Brethren". I am positive they would be welcomed by Arnold if you sent them to him. We have both here. There is so much to tell you, darling. Do you remember the two little toughs I told you about at the Alm--Chanko and Konstantin? They have gone home to Paris for holidays, and Konstantin is returning, plus a brother. That is a terrific joy to us, as are the letters Bobi and they have written. I am so very sorry to hear about Donnie being sent to a boarding school. What you say is right, dear--the war is responsible--or rather the powers at work that result in war--for all the disharmony and strain in poor Maur. and Matthew's life. God grant that they find the Peace that exists in Him alone. It was this disharmony, (which is not only in their life), that made me despair of my teaching work--the children were torn between conflicting influences of home and school, and not even two influences--often several in school, and at least two at home. How could they realise truth when those who cared for them were themselves disunited? That is why the children are an integral part of our life and they live within the whole--the Unity of the Spirit. Their home and school, their whole childhood is lived in the clear light of Love. Then they are sent out to see and know conditions as they are, and their innocent eyes see them, as we, who saw distorted by different rival claims to our loyalty, could not. They see, as though in a clear mirror, things as they really are, and we saw as though in a mirror that had cracks all over distorting the Truth. Then they can choose--as all must--whether they will serve God or mammon.

Do please give Mr and Mrs Hall my love and sincerest congratulations to Ronnie and best wishes for his happiness. I have been thinking of poor Mrs Dodd and her husband and boys. I pray that God's love may surround them and His power uphold them, and His peace possess them, and that they may feel themselves drawn nearer to Him.

Oh, Mother darling, may we be kept true. We do not trust ourselves and our power to resist Evil in its cunning. We are human, and Christ knew what is in human nature. It is the Power from on High alone who can hold us, and keep us in our fealty. In the clear light of God's Spirit of love one sees evil as never before in the mixture of good and evil, and in terror for the horror of it all one finds a deep comfort in the words, "The Lord is thy keeper". That is bed-rock. Christ is a sure foundation in which we can trust. The old psalms are wonderful. Just look at, "Cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning; for in Thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk: for I lift up my soul unto Thee...Teach me to do Thy Will; for Thou art my God: Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness".

Now the gong is ringing for supper, and I must end. I have told you little, dear, of all there is to tell. But if you are alone, perhaps you can think over all I have written, in your heart.

I am as brown as a berry--as Chaucer put it. I have only done about 10 minutes library work this week, and poor old Theology has come to a stop. However I have been working almost all over--outside in the garden with hay and gathering beans, breaking them sitting outside in the sun, or cooking in the kitchen. It is a great life, and how lovely nature here is!

Now, darling, I send you my love from my heart, and will you, please give my love to Maureen, Agnes, Alick (and ask him to pass it on to Mary--I got a lovely letter from Mrs Muir telling me about her) and Granny.

Ever your Kathleen.

Germany 1936 Sept.
The Seekers.

Bruderhof, 16.9.36.

My Darling Mothie,

I am so sorry for being long this week in writing. You have, too, dear, and I have been thinking a lot of you, and hoping you have not too much on your hands. I expect, though, before I have my letter finished and ready to send, yours will have arrived.

Mothie, darling, what a time we are living in! I read the sermon on the mount as in Luke in Moffat's Translation this morning and it gave great courage. It is as though Christ were actually saying it to us here--and the wonder of it. Especially Luke VI, 22,23. Everyone must die sometime, and we are indeed happy and have cause to rejoice if our death is used by God as a witness to Truth and as a glorifying of His Name. With the mustering of the powers of Evil comes the assurance, "Lo! I am with you always", and the unique joy of the Spirit. What Jesus said to his first disciples, he says to us, and all that was once only words to me, that follows what he says about the destruction of Jerusalem, is living up-to-date fact. My heart aches for the world, Mothie. Oh the coldness and heartless cruelty of men--in the grip of the power of Evil. And if my human heart feels it so, God must feel heartbroken that those whom He made in His own image, i.e. to live in His very essence--Love, should so treat each other. But that His power and love may flow through us to the world in need; the world that crucifies Christ in its blindness, today, in its treatment of his brothers; that His Kingdom may come here on earth--for that, in the courage given from above, we are ready to take anything upon us. The wonder of having a share in His work of Redemption, Mothie! The joy of giving our little mortal life for His Cause. The Cause goes on. Nothing can kill it, for its very nature is Love and is imperishable, but the joy of having a share in His Cause--! We have been reading lately a letter from Andreas Ehrenpreis, a Hutterian of the 17th Century and also some letters to Polycarp in the early 2nd Cent. No wonder we know ourselves brothers, for all that they held precious in life (and their own life was not one) we live for too, and in Christ we are one, just as we are with our brothers whom we actually live with today.

I wonder if this sounds ununderstandable? Mother darling, it is fact, and we are living in the midst of it.

Thurs evening. In the meantime your letter has come as I hoped, dear, and I see you have been very, very busy. Thank you, darling, for the tea and for the sprig of Bog-myrtle. It was a sweet thought to send it.

Moth, I read over the beginning of this letter and wondered if I should send it or not. When one pictures life in Edin', what I write sounds so incredible. But I have decided to leave it, as it is cold fact. And it is in this realisation that I beg you, darling, in regard to the Seekers, not to consider theoretically if it is bad or good, but to act. When one's hand is burnt, one does not stop to discuss the qualities of fire, but instantaneously acts, and withdraws the hand. When one literally follows Christ, "sells all and gives to the poor" and humbly goes the way of love, with its inevitable cross, one's eyes have indeed something like scales falling from them, as is said of Paul. You see what I write of the horror of evil is not only known by us all here, but you will find the same is known by Chris, as you yourself say. Does this not make one think? By evil, Mothie, we do not mean men--men may be possessed of evil, its tools, but the evil itself is something terrible, and knowing what it has cost Christ and is still costing him, we just daren't tempt God by playing with it. Of course, what you say is right--God's Spirit can keep us even in the midst of temptation and sin, but we must will that with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and when we do that, we shall utterly desert the one master to serve the other. It is not our main concern that we should be kept from being corrupted in the midst of temptation. Our concern is love for our brothers, for all in the world, and we know the only way to help them is to be utterly, utterly on the side of Good, that God's power and love might have free, unimpeded course through us into the world, in its need. God will share His place with none. You cannot mix good with evil. How clearly one realises the meaning of God being a jealous God! He will have all or nothing. What do you think it was that led to the crucifixion of Christ and the martyrdom of the early disciples? Christ would not bow down and worship evil, if only for a moment: and when the emperor declared he was a god, it was the Christians alone who refused to bow to him. The other religions and philosophies had many gods. What did one more matter? The Christians alone, knowing God's claim to be absolute, refused to share with anything else what belonged to God alone, and they alone were persecuted to the death.

Friday. Darling little Moth, this is an interrupted letter. This is Friday and I feel that if it is not finished today there will be no opportunity tomorrow--knowing what Saturdays are with us--and you have already been waiting more than a week.

We are having a tremendously busy time with the harvest and my work has a delightful unexpected variety about it. I might be one day gathering beans all day. They are called Busch beans and grow on little plants not more than 10 inches or a foot high. Or they are regular "Jack and the beanstalk" beans that grow far above my head. Or I might be for part of a day digging potatoes, or doing all manner of things. One day I was all day working getting in the barley. Into the bargain my work on Art in the library has again been interrupted, so that at the moment I am working simultaneously (or trying to!) in 4 different sections in the Library! The Art particularly thrills me. I could write pages on it, and the wonderful new vista it has opened,--especially contemporary German art, or at least 20th Century.

Thanks for telling me all about Adelaide. What a nice girl she is! I am so sorry I have never managed to answer a letter she wrote me 2 years ago. And so little Greta is married! By the way why do you write Nunkey's Mary in inverted commas? Is that not what she is called?

Poor little Moth, I see it has been a strain having Maur and the boys, while Agnes is at work.

I have just re-read your letter, dear, and want to add a word to what you say about "possession". It is all a question of by what one is possessed. We are not our own, but out and out possessed by Christ. But as to the reality of possession by the powers of evil, we have seen with our own eyes, and know that Christ alone can drive them out.

Yes, that was a wonderful letter Florrie wrote. Unfortunately since then her attitude has been weak and wavering. You say "surely God's Spirit is working in her heart and what He has begun, He will finish"--Yes, if she lets Him. Love will not force itself on anyone: one's own will must be active. F's attitude is the weak wishy-washy one of saying it must be God's will that she goes back because her mother is making such a goalmal [fuss commotion]. She does not recognise that it is not God, but her own previous lying letters, that are responsible for the difficulties that have arisen. That is so often the way. How often is so-called subjection to the will of God, a cowardly way out of facing reality and seeing oneself debased! Our will is free, Mothie and--to come back to the Seekers--we cannot expect God to keep us free from evil, unless our whole will is directed against it.

Now, darling, I shall draw to a close. Mother, do not think this is meant argumentatively--anything but, for in such subjects, theoretical argument is utterly futile, dangerous and beside the point. It is no desire to prove we are right at your or anyone else's expense. We and our views don't count. If we were not there, good would remain good, and evil, evil. And because good and evil are irreconcilable, and knowing, ourselves, the hopeless torn position of "a house divided against itself" we have given ourselves utterly to the God of Love, and the effect of being utterly possessed by Him is Unity and Harmony--the Unity of the Spirit. It is a love, a love that cannot rest, that drives me to write to you, dear. Do believe this, darling.

With my love
Kathleen.

P.S. Do please thank Maur with all my heart for the Short-hand Bk. I have had little time to swot as yet, but the book is really wonderful. Love to Bag, Nunk and Mary, Maur and Granny, Kit.

21.X.35 [36]

Devoutly glad "to have brought 'disquiet' into my life."
great letter

Bruderhof
21.10.36

My Darling Little Mothie,

How near your last letter brought you, darling! And how I shall treasure your cape. I have handed Hans Meier the money with your express "huckum" [order, command], so your mind may be at ease on that score, dear. And thank you, Mothie. Take a real good hug from me by proxy, little moth!

23.X.36. How good of you, dear, to send me those notes of Daddy's. I know it means a lot for you to do so. I must take the first opportunity of reading them quietly and thoughtfully over. I am sorry that since your letter came two days ago there has not been an opportunity. But it will come, never fear.

About little Nunkey's loss. I am sorry about it, but doesn't it just reveal the truth of "lay not up for yourself treasure on earth!" I remember realising that clearly once. One of the Aunts, I think it was, sent me some woollen vests. I had all I needed at the time so put them away. When I came to get them the mice had left more hole than vest--and all that time, and much longer, someone else could have been having the use of them, if I had only thought of it. So blind and short-sighted are we!

My sweet little Moth--do you think I am cruel to say how glad, how devoutly glad, I am "to have joined a movement that has brought such disquiet into" your "life." Why? Because there is nothing

more soul-killing than to be at ease--as the old prophet put it, "Woe to those who are at ease in Zion." It is like morphia--deadening to one's sensibilities, and while one has this false comfort and security, one is conscious of no vital, dynamic, life-or-death yearning for God.

It is when, literally, one is at the last gasp and at one's wit's end, that one realises the reality of dependance on God. Banks may fail, revolutions sweep our cut-and-dried conceptions away in havoc; it is God alone who never fails. He suffers, yes; but when our little systems have their day and cease to be, God remains, the same yesterday, today and for ever; and when one is driven to utter reliance on Him, because humanly speaking, life is hopeless, then one has the security of the man whose house is builded on a Rock. It is like Gideon and his 300--the greater the odds, and the more clear the human impossibility, the greater glory and honour to God. And as one of the apostles said, Count it a blessing to suffer for the sake of Truth and Love, for it is a proof that you are His disciples, and all the old prophets, the men of God, who were true to the Spirit of Truth, suffered also. Why, Mothie, your beloved Bacon said, "Prosperity is the blessing of the old Testament; Adversity that of the New." And we are truly in a goodly company with those throughout the ages who bore a faithful witness to the Truth that God is Love. And, Mothie, need I say we would infinitely rather be with them, whatever it costs, than in ease and comfort in a world torn by fear and hatred and injustice! It is because we know this to be the one way to help the world that we go it. The evil in the world is spiritual, and the only way to combat it is to give free play to the Spirit of love and light and healing; and to do that means going the way Jesus did--and what could one ask more?

I am sorry, dear, you had to make excuses about Mr White Anderson's Bible Class, for if it is something one knows is worth while, everything else should go overboard. That I fancy is the reason there are so many vacancies in the mission field--the churchgoer does not really believe vitally in the worthwhileness of it all, or he just could not rest, he would have to go.

25.X.36. Well, darling, I did not get on so far with my letter as I had hoped. I wanted to write at the very first opportunity as I felt a certain anxiety about me in your letter. There is no doubt about it, our life is tense, but if God be for us, who can be against us? And for the joy, the joy that exceeds words, of being with Him, we count all else loss, and gladly take anything upon us; and we know that we are in His hand, and that He will let nothing befall us till the right moment when His Name can best be glorified. In other words, all men must die sometime, but blessed are those whose death is that of the grain of corn, which brings forth much fruit.

It is interesting that you should say that we are people set apart, like a light on a bushel. (though I don't quite see how a light on a bushel, as you write, is set apart) In the first place you are right. From the beginning, right through History, God's call was, "Come ye out from among them," but that was a preliminary to sending his prophets and servants, enriched with His power and strength and courage, back into the midst of men, to bear witness to God, though that meant stoning, etc, at the hands of the very people, for love of whom they were living. It (i.e. this life) is frankly not of the world--if it were, the world would recognise its own--but it is emphatically in the world--that is the wonder of it. And it is for men, and for love of men, that it is there--that they might be led to see their high calling as sons of the Most High, and to live together in Peace and brotherhood. It is to give them a little picture, however imperfect, of God's will for the whole universe--love, peace, harmony--which one day, after the powers of evil are overcome, will be realised all over the earth.

As for the light--Christ did not say, "Put your candle in the corner, or hid[e] it under a bushel," but "put it on a candlestick that it may give light to all who are in the house." That is our answer to the "you in your small corner" theory--"Why burn alone, a needy little flame? Bring the torches together!

For he who feels a fire glowing within him, is led by its light to his brothers!" And the result of being true to the Light from God which is given us, is "fellowship one with another." This is not a quoting of texts, Mothie. Anything but--we loathe using pious phrases. It is our life, filled with the glow of the burning Love to God and our brothers; and one realises what Christ meant when he said "The words which I speak unto you are Spirit and Truth."

Christ's will was, and is, to unite. Think how he wept over Jerusalem! What did he want? To gather men like chickens under the wings of the mother hen, but men did not want it. Think of his desire--one fold, and one shepherd. Think of his prayer, "That they all might be one"--so much one, that they are one living organism. His body, animated by his Spirit of Love. He said, "I am the way," and what matters is not the Bruderhof: it is not the social work, slum reform, etc, etc, etc, but His Way. Modern life is so complicated and torn, so distracting and disintegrating. Whereas the Way is simple, light and straight, and it unifies the whole of life.

You say, "Surely you are not working in the fields now?" We are working there with every ounce of energy, for the potatoes must be got in. They are the main food both for ourselves and those who come to us. You must remember, we cannot just go to a shop and buy a few tons of them! They are late this year owing to the terribly long rainy period we had earlier in the year, but every effort is being made to save all we can before the hard frosts come. This week I have not been in the potato fields but in the kitchen. So you see I have a wonderful variety of work. The women have not been able to help with potatoes much this week, as we have far too few women to do all the most necessary work--just as we have far too few men. But though life is a fight, a very hard fight, for our very existence, what joy there is in it all!! It is positive. Emphatically so! And we have recently had the amazing joy of two little new lives being entrusted to us--a son to Fritz and Sekunda, and a daughter to Leo and Trautel. Also we have had grand encouraging and inspiring news from Edna and her friends so one feels what a joy and privilege it is just to live. About sleep. I sleep like a top, little Moth, and I am quite warm in bed. I never, in all the six weeks Edna and I were in Britain, slept once as I do after a day lasting from 5a.m. to 10, 11 p.m. or later, hard at work, physical, mental or spiritual, here or in Silum. Yes, we are very grateful to be able to say that we have enough to eat. One realises clearly Christ's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." One just wonders what people think who pray it, knowing the pantry is already full!

I am so sorry to hear of Aunt Meta's illness. Please give her my love and tell her I wish her a speedy recovery. My love, also, to Mary.

How nice to have seen Miss Cameron again. I did so like listening to her racy accounts of her little nephews!

Thank you so much for sending the prospectuses to Eric Lambert. He is an awfully nice boy who was here for barely two days, but has been to visit Edna, as we have since heard.

Sorry, dear, it was impossible to let you know by return the cost of the cape stuff. For two reasons 1. We had first to write away for samples, which have not yet come. 2. Even if we knew, the week has been hectically busy. However, I shall let you know, when I know.

As for the "Forgetmenots". Yes, I read them every day and love them. I am struck with the number from Isaiah. I am still revelling in the latter, and constantly discovering new light on what was before just beautiful. So glad about what you say regarding taking to heart, "I will lead the blind by a way they knew not. I will lead them in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before

them and crooked things straight." That is exactly the experience we have, individually, and it is the constant experience of our life in fellowship. Oh, Mothie, we are so conscious of our blindness, and of the pitch darkness of the world. That is why we give ourselves to be used to make a breach in this thick darkness that the light may stream through. For the Light is there. If only it could be seen! May Christ open the eyes of the blind that they may see, and that their whole body may be filled with light!

I am writing looking at the vast beech woods in all their autumn splendour, dotted here and there with the dark green of firs, and in the garden the cherry trees are red and gold. The world is indeed lovely. In spite of cold and rain and mud, how glorious it is to feel the clean earth in one's fingers, and to gather the potatoes, rejoicing every time ones fingers meet a healthy, well grown one. Life is so natural and simple. Poor little Florrie! She has her pictures, etc. She can get her experience at second hand on the films, but no film I have ever seen can beat the exciting reality of our life. The pity is that I can tell you nothing of it. However, little Moth, when we meet next, there will be plenty to talk about.

By the way, I nearly forgot. Walltraut v. Dzingel, a great friend of mine, asked me to send you her love. Poor girl, her father has just died, and her family have pretty well severed all connection with her because of this life. She is of a patrician family, and left all and wandered penniless over 7 or 8 countries of Europe to try to find some solution for world need. She was at Eisenach with Willi Fischer and Werner--and now she is over our pigs, and our sty is the admiration of all around! Those who don't like us, are only too glad to get our pigs!!! Talk of romance!--what Walltraut has not experienced is barely worth recording, and she is just 26. She saw me get a letter from you, and asked if I had good news. Then she said it was wonderful of you to write so often, and sent you her love.

Much, much love to Bag, Nunkey, Maur, and yourself
Your Kathleen.

Monday morning. Just a few words to add, dear. O Mothie, there is a wonderful, clear, refreshing and invigorating Power at work here, and what can only be described as wonders take place. Materially viewed, one can understand people seeing no further into our life than our celebrated mud--but what a life it is! We simply glory in it.

I want to thank you again for the money, Mothie. It is really wonderful of you to care for me like this, and the cape, when I have it, will be a constant reminder of you. And thanks for "God's Candlelights." Charlie is reading it at present. Today is his birthday, and the poor soul is missing Edna, especially as it is by no means clear that it will be possible for them to meet as soon as we had hoped. But both are simply great about it, as of course the "Sache" comes before anything else.

My love, and heaps of it, Mothie. Ever your Kathleen

P.S. Remember me kindly to the Strahans and Mr Michie, will you? Also the Halls, Mrs Rennick, Mrs Currie and sweet little Miss Rennie, if you see her.

Birthday letter
with best explanation
of the life they lead.
and Daddy's poem.
18th Nov.1936

Rhonbruderhof

13.X1.36.

My Darling Mothie,

It is your Birthday Letter I am writing, so it must be the nicest letter I can make it! I have been thinking such a lot, Mothie, as a result of reading Isaiah and of the fact that Advent and Christmas are drawing near (such a wonderful time in our life!) of the time when Christ really shall reign on earth, and when the Kingdom of Heaven will be realised. This is the great goal of our life. Our life is like a little sign-post in the deadly confusion, in all the relative values of this world, pointing to that which is Absolute. It is only a picture, and an imperfect one, of the Coming Kingdom of God, but it is lived, here and now, in the Power of the Coming Kingdom, and says to those in despair about Peace and real justice and Love ever being realised, "There is a way out of all this division and distraction and hatred and fear among men--God is Love, and it is His will that men should live in love, and what is more, if they are ready to risk all--economic security, worldly fame, yes, life and limb, for Him and His will, the Power to do so is given them, even in the world as it is today". Thus it is, little Moth, I have taken Daddy's poem to express all this--and have even attempted, from memory of the beasties, to illustrate it!! From my heart, Mothie, I wish you all that is good.

Thank you so much for your letter, inclosing Gladdie's. I have written to her. Dear little Gladdie--such a mixture of real childlikeness and inbibed conservatism! But there is love in her letter, and that is indeed something positive.

I am looking forward so much to hearing all about Alick and Mary's visit, and little Bag--in fact, all the news you can jam in.

A great joy to me is that the other day I got a pair of wooden shoes. I call them my seven league boots. Even wearing my slitzers, there is at least two inches to spare when I am in them! But what a boon it is to have them. When one has to go from one house to another through our celebrated mud, one can hardly say what a difference it makes--and how I have longed for them, but as I possess boots, I thought it was too much to expect a pair!

Yes, Walltraut, is a dear. And now, quite independant of her, I have another greeting to send you. A few days ago, Liesel was in bed with a bad throat and I had the nursing of her. I loved it. She asked me to be sure to send you her love, as I had told her your birthday was near.

This is my second letter to you, Mothie, but I have decided not to send the other. I have realised how impossible it is to understand our apocalyptical talk. It has arisen from the fact that we are in the same position as the early Christians, and it has come organically. We can understand now, through experience, what was before obscure and mystifying talk. Now it is living reality. But then I tend to forget that to you and others it is what it used to be for me, and so gives a false impression or merely mystifies. It is something that cannot be understood through reasoning: it is simply experienced in the heart.

Darling Mothie, we honour all who do not let their faith end in words. Hence, with our whole heart we respect George McLeod and others who really do live in the slums. Where one sees any way of helping others, and honestly follows it--all honour. It is the smug complacency of those who live in comfort while slums exist, and believe they love their neighbour as themselves--it is that that is unbearable. As we see it, Mothie, there are two tasks. The system is evil and cold and heartless and there are many many victims to it in slums and asylums, prisons and elsewhere. To mitigate their unfair, sometimes sub-human, lot is something good and necessary. But do what it can it cannot do away with

injustice and lovelessness, for their root lies much deeper. But all honour to those who do this very necessary work of trying to alleviate suffering. We have many friends, Quakers, Salvation Army workers and others doing this, and they own that do all they can it is not enough--it is bandaging up an ulcerating sore. The other task is the living, today, of the new world order: living, through the Power given from above, a life of brotherhood--a life open to all, man woman and child, who is open to the Spirit of Good. It also is only a drop in the bucket. There are very very few among the many who are called to give up all and follow Christ, who take him at his word. It is small, but it is vital, for its very life is the Power from the other world. The fact of its size, however, is not of primary importance: What is, is that in this world a breach, an inlet, has been made, through which the Spirit of God, Love, can flow, and through this help the whole world--for where there is a positive victory of Good over Evil it has its effects not only all over this little earth, but the entire universe: it is of cosmic significance. And it is this creative power of Love, that, enduring all things, builds up the City of God on earth. But you see, Mothie, as all men are not ready for this alternative, as many do not want it, the other task also exists. When men will not live in love, they must live under the law. They must obey a state whose task is not to love one's enemies, but to defend the innocent and punish the guilty. They must be willing to judge and condemn other men--"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth". They must be ready to be soldiers policemen, etc, for law can only be maintained by force. Meantime the need for alleviation of misery goes on, for the law cannot change the heart, and men still seek their own and their family's gain at other's cost. As I said, Mothie, we reverence those who see their task here and do it: for us, we are ambassadors of another Realm, and we live according to its law of Love, for we believe that so alone can one love all in the world in a positive, creative way, as opposed to trying to patch an old garment with new stuff.

Which brings me to my cape--! We got beautiful samples sent from Berlin, and I have chosen a beautiful Bavarian Loden, and we have written for it. Marie advised me to choose a really good cloth, saying it was better to put the cost of the lining into the stuff, and saying she would manage to get a living out of what she has. So I have done so. You wanted to know the price. You sent 50/- i.e. 30 RM. I have chosen stuff costing 14 RM per metre, and two metres are necessary. Then the postage has to be paid--it is not like with us. So you see it covers it nicely.

Mothie, I am writing a list of things any of which I, and we in general, would love to have. Whether it is possible to send them, or any of them, or not, I don't know--regarding duties, I mean. For myself I should love a box of Terra Chrome crayons. I think costing about 1/-. A crochet needle for wool, and a pair of scissors, fairly big ones. And it would be great if you could match this little bit of wool. It was a ball round a piece of cardboard. I have written to Elizabeth asking her, if it is possible to send us some wool now, to do so through Edna, who we believe will soon be coming over--this month I think--and it is an opportunity to get it in. We in Britain, with all our sheep, have no idea what it is for the poor in other countries. We are planning, and as far as we can, beginning Christmas presents for the children. For them especially and for the men, working out in the cold, we would love to get some wool. And, Mothie, a pencil and note-book are never amiss.

Our life is full of the unexpected. It looks as though, instead of Charlie and Edna's wedding being in England, it will be here. What about our Crabbe? He told me it was planned for April, and that there was some prospect of visiting me on the honeymoon. Wouldn't I love that!!!

There is so much I would love to tell you, Mothie, but I am debarred from doing so. Because I can tell you little of outward events, I try to tell you my thoughts. Even if these seem somewhat unintelligible to you, nothing can stop my sending you my love, and that I do with my whole heart. I do hope this letter arrives on your birthday, and I hope it is a really happy day for you. I come to you with

no present, little Moth. In all literalness, I can say, "Silver and Gold have I none". But my whole being wishes you Joy and Peace.

Your,
Kitty

The wolf, forsaking lust of blood,
Shall dwell beside the lamb:
The kid repose on leopard's breast,
Secure as by its dam.

The calf shall frisk with lion's cub,
The fatling frolic safe:
A little child their shepherd be,
Without e'er fear or scathe.

The bear shall pasture with the cow,
Their young together sleep:
The lion, all his fury spent,
Eat straw like ox or sheep.

To Mother, in joyful anticipation of this day, that one day will be, and with the wish that on your Birthday and in the days to come you may experience a fore-taste of its Peace and have your heart refreshed and your courage renewed through the life-giving power of its Joy!

With love, Ever your, Kathleen.

Cotswold Bruderhof.
Ashton Fields.
Ashton Keynes.
Wilts.
22.4.37.

Darling Moth,

At last I can send you a line. I have no idea when I last wrote, for the events that have since taken place have been so overwhelming that all else is driven out of mind. Mothie darling, the Rhonbruderhof is no more and three of our brothers are in prison in Germany. They wanted to scatter us and break us up, to drive the men to obey the State rather than God, to send the women to their nearest relatives, to get the foreigners out of Germany, to get the children to be brought up in the Hitler Jugend, in short, to root out a life of love and brotherhood, which recognises God as King in the whole of life, and the State as recognised by God or rather, allowed by God, because men having turned from God need law and force to prevent chaos. That is to say we recognise and honour the State in so far as it fulfils its purpose--the protection of good and the punishment of evil--but we must obey God first, and our attitude to all men must be love alone. It was as though they couldn't do bad enough to us and yet again and again they were powerless. In Germany they wanted to scatter us--with all our children except one boy in bed with fever--and they have not succeeded. They got 3 by treachery but all the others are together in Holland (now a few are in Silum), and we shall not rest till our brothers also are free. One thing we know--through the awful journey with the sick children (14 of them, aged 3 weeks to 5 years) watched as we were all the way, deep in our hearts was Peace and the confidence that God would keep us and our brothers true to Him whatever happens.

Yesterday Stanley and I arrived from Holland, for we are needed here to do all we can to help. We need money--a terrific amount--to get our brothers and sisters to England, to build here that we may have room for them, to buy land to be able to feed them: in short, we stand firm in the faith that God will do great things. This life is of Him alone, and we know that he can prepare the hearts of people to do what they can to help. As one of our songs says, "They can break up the form: they can never break Love".

My work will be being sent out for this work. I am to be here today to get a little rest after all the strain, then I am going out. It is not yet certain if I go with Annemarie or with Georg, but I shall be with one or the other.

This tremendous experience made us realise much that was once only story e.g. How in the Old Testament, Balaam wanted to curse the children of Israel and just couldn't: how the Egyptians wanted to keep the Israelites and yet just had to send them out--anything to get rid of them. There is nothing stronger than God. We know he will be with our brothers when brought up for trial. That not they shall speak, but He through them. That whatever happens will be to His glory and for His Kingdom.

Mothie, forgive me that I cannot write more--only indicate what happened. With my whole heart give Alick and Mary my love, and tell them I ask God's blessing on their wedding. Perhaps sometime I may have the joy of seeing them, and you, too, here.

My love to Maureen and her family and to Agnes. Darling, I hope you have not suffered by my being unable to write. God is good, and He alone is ultimate. Everything else passes away, but Love is bedrock, and His Kingdom cannot be overcome.

My love,

Kathleen.

9.7.37.

Cotswold Bruderhof.

Cotswold Bruderhof,
Ashton Keynes,
Wilts.
9.7.37.

My Darling Mothie,

I do hope you are well, dear. It seems so long since I last heard from you.

Agnes will just be about getting her holidays if she has not already got them. I shall be so much interested to hear all about her Swiss hike. What is the last news of Mary and Alick? I hope Mary is getting on well and is back at home. And Maureen! --I must try to send her a line for Donnie's birthday. Fancy Donnie eight! It does make me feel superannuated. It will be 9 years tomorrow since my "Grad"!

Well, Mothie dear, it is a week and a half since you heard from me, and so much has happened since then that one feels stunned. The great and overwhelming event is the arrival of Hans, Hannes and Karl--how one hardly dare to think, but safe and sound though white and physically exhausted. It is, in literal fact, a case of God alone to whom honour is due. He has opened the prison

doors, and only those who know Nazi Germany from the inside, as we do, realise what that means. The very day, in whose night the three got over the frontier, poor Niemüller was arrested.

I have been thinking a lot of those in prison for conscience sake. I believe working for their freeing will now become part of our work--"I was in prison, and ye visited me".

Oh Mothie, if you only knew all that is going on here! One can barely believe one's eyes! A Bruderhof coming into being! Every day there is something new built or dug or in some way transformed. We are now 126 souls, including the largest number of Bruderschafters that have ever been together on one Bruderhof. And the building that has to be done--!!--Our school, Printing shop, publishing house, dining room, kitchen--to mention the first of many that come into mind.

Regarding our school, Mothie, we are hoping to have it greatly extended and in good working order by October and, as we want to learn the very best that England and Scotland can offer I am writing to all kinds of schools to ask them to let us have their prospectus as we are particularly interested in the curricula of different schools. I should like particularly Watsons, George Sq, St Trinian's, Canaan School (Is that right? I mean where Dorothy Gordon Thompson was at school. It is run on the Dalton Plan and interests me very much). I have written to Fettes and Loretto and Boroughmuir and St Leonard's. Would it be giving you a lot of trouble, Mothie, to ask you to try to get the prospectuses for me for the others? You see term must be almost at an end. At least the schools I have written to haven't answered yet. Of course, our school can never be a slavish imitating of others. It arises from the life itself, but there is a lot we can learn from others, and that we gladly do, for in practically everything one can find something positive. I am trying also to get in touch with A.S.Neale's school, though I don't know the address, The Forest School in the New Forest, The Friend's Sch., Saffron Walden, and the Grammar School, Lerwick. These I have not yet written to.

Well, Mothie, Charlie and Edna, Werner and Erna are back from their respective honeymoons, and we had a hilarious time listening to their adventures. Erna is not the girl you think(--She has not joined our life). Erna was one of the children who grew up in the Children's Community, like Liesel.

Now, Mothie, I shall end. There is such a lot facing us that for two weeks we were practically never in bed till 2. I do so wish I could give an impression of the wonder of seeing a village grow, every stone of which breathes love to all men--but some day you must visit us. In a world ruled by self-interest and force, to live a life without rights or privileges, a life ruled by the Spirit of Love--what a call! And one open to all who have ears to hear. For the call is one--to love God with one's whole being and one's neighbour--every soul on earth--as oneself--it is just that the hearts that hear the call begin, like the guests at the great feast, with one accord to make excuse. And, of course, some never hear the call at all, as their hearts are full of other things, and so, when regarded relatively, one can say they have no call, but, absolutely, the call is there: it is they who are not ready.

With my whole heart, I send you my love, Mothie. I do hope you are quite well.

Ever your,
Kathleen.

P.S. You ask somewhere who our new English Bruderschafters are:-

- 1&2) Cyril and Bessie Harries
- 3) Brian Trapnell
- 4) Sydney Hindley

- 5) Tom Paul
 - 6&7) George and Gerty Vigar
-

15.7.37.

Cotswold Bruderhof.

15.7.37.

My Darling Mothie.

You are alone, and I want you to know that as far as my thoughts and my love are concerned you are not alone. I am very, very sorry the visit to Auntie Georgie has not come off. Darling Mothie, I do not at all like the thought of you staying there while Agnes is having a high old time in Switzerland. It is this being alone that is making you miss me. I know with my whole being, dear, that for you, too, it is the best that I am here, although I understand that when regarded from a human standpoint it is hard to recognise this. But the fact remains.

Mothie, I am most touched at your wanting to knit me stockings. At present I am going barefoot, and the winters here are not cold, so it really is not necessary, as I have several pairs of stockings. My combies, too, can stand another winter.

Darling, you have more than happy memories to look back upon. That for which we are living is a glorious future. When it will come we do not know; we know the way will be one of suffering and persecution and horror (not only for us) upon the earth, but that the end is the coming of the Kingdom of God--also upon this earth, which will, indeed be a new earth. This is our conviction--the faith we share with those who through all the ages have dared to live love to God and their brothers, whatever happens. And in all this horror-- this killing in Spain, the crushing by brute force of a life of love in Germany, the comfortable indifference to the need and injustice in the world, and the polite hypocrisy common in England--(all evidencies of the one spirit of evil who was a liar and murderer from the beginning)--in all this it is our glorious privilege to live, a life that is a foretaste--though an imperfect one--of the life that will be when God alone shall reign and all men serve each other in love. It is our desire that in our life Christ alone should speak; and that the glory is His alone for all that has been done is clear to all who recognise how weak and helpless we are to do anything--in fact we often put ourselves in His way and fail Him, like Peter, but just as God never left the children of Israel though they failed Him so often, and just as Christ never deserted the disciples who so often let him down, even so God, alone, has kept us. The marvel is to experience the reality, tangible reality, of Christ's words. "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me". People of all kinds are drawn irresistibly when Christ is given free expression.

And Mothie, it is something to realise that we are not our own. That Christ so loved men that he gave his all, his life, for them--including us--and we can do no other than to give ours, whether in living or dying, for them, too. Thus, in reality, there is no moment that we can call our own, any more than a slave had who was the property of his master. And we are slaves, utter bond servants (and the bonds can be as real as those that chained Paul to his guard), willing and joyful slaves of Christ. We are more, we desire to be his Body, the living organism of which he is the head and through which his Spirit expresses itself, and expresses itself so fully that everything, down to the least detail of mundane and material life, is animated and transformed. This is no quoting of New Testament phrases, but it is a living experience of the Spirit that inspired the writing of these phrases originally, and through it a new and deep insight into the reality behind the words.

If you were growing more dependant on me, Mothie, than you ever knew, think what a blessing it is I am away. We are dependant utterly and alone on God. I am a weak and broken prop to lean upon! And God is strong and eternal.

You ask several questions: Regarding Hans Meier. Well, you see Hitler could feel pretty sure of himself in imprisoning him, for it was not likely that Switzerland would do anything to help one of their

number who had been imprisoned twice in Switzerland for refusing to do military service! Yet God freed him!

You ask about room for our people. We have had to rent an adjoining farmhouse, and even at that it is not too easy, but, as you know, miracles still happen.

Last night 3 students came here, all from Edin', and all came independantly, having no conception that the others were coming. One is Janet Kemp Smith, Prof Kemp Smith's daughter, the other two are men, one German. They are all members of the Cosmopolitan Club who heard Georg and Charlie speak.

Fri. I shall dash this off as I want you to get it by tomorrow. We have just laid the foundation of one of the new children's houses. It was an experience. All of us struck the foundation stone three blows with a hammer, and said what was stirring us at the moment--not only us, but any guests present who wanted. Among them were our Dutch boy, Jan's, father and mother. The father said, "Happy are the parents and happy are the children who will be educated here!", and the mother said, "It is my wish that my children and my children's children should be educated here!"

About James, Mothie. It is clear his short stay on earth fulfilled a task of love, and what more can any of us do! And love's influence is never lost--some 28 years later you helped our little Martha Maria, because the suffering of little James had filled your heart with compassion.

I am so very glad about Mary. May God's blessing be on their life together and keep Alick and her. Please give them both my love.

I do not fancy Georg and Charlie visited the Curries. Their time in Glasgow was short, and they have only told us of Students and Quakers there. I am so sorry about Uncle Hamilton's health.

Of course, Mothie, we must have times when we are alone with God--that we, so far from denying, urge, but the marvel is that communion with God leads to community with each other. In fact, in German the same word is used for both, "Gemeinschaft".

The two divines are away, but one is seriously considering if he has a call to this life. I was interested to hear you were reading George Elliot. I do not know her works well, but apart from Silas Marner which in its simplicity expresses an eternal truth, I had a feeling that I wanted to get away from what I read, as from something unhealthy. That may be quite unjust, but certainly a horrible effect was left on me--a kind of hopeless scepticism--by the Mill on the Floss.

The little child born is Manfred and Rosel's. No, Heini and Annemarie have none.

Mothie, I would be awfully grateful if you would look in the bookshelf in the diningroom where my books were, and see if there are six little paper backed books (blue, I think) on English taught on the Dalton Plan--at any rate, Dalton Plan is on them. I would be most grateful if I could have them.

I do hope, darling, your neck is better. We have been having basting weather, apart from yesterday with a terrific storm & torrential rain.

Yes, Freda is in Liechtenstein.

Now, sweet Moth, my love, and don't look back but forward--"The best is yet to be!".
Ever your Kitty.

Cotswold Bruderhof,
Ashton Keynes'
Wilts.
12.8.37.

My Darling Mothie,

I am sorry not to have managed to answer your letter before. If a letter comes before Midday on Monday I have the opportunity to answer it at once during "Kinderwache"--that is if the children really sleep--but if it comes later it must simply wait till I have Kinderwache again.

When this arrives you will be at Mrs Muirs. Do please give both Dr and Mrs Muir our warmest greetings. Should it be possible at all it would be a real joy to see them here.

As for yourself, Mothie--it will be wonderful to see you, dear. I have tried to find the best connections from London to here, and what I would advise you to do is to get the 1.18 train from Paddington to Swindon. It arrives at 3.9. Then you would have to walk--or I believe there is also a bus--to the Town Hall. If you walk round the latter you will see a nice little tea shop in one of the streets and you can have a leisurely cup of tea. About 100 yards from the shop is the place where you get the Cheltenham bus. It leaves the Town Hall, Swindon at 4.15 and reaches Ashton Keynes at 4.57. Ask to be put out at the Pike House. That is a bit past Ashton Keynes. In case, for some unexpected reason, I do not manage to meet you there, you go up the road, which joins the main road at the Pike House, till you come to a red cottage (a double one) on the right side of the road. When you pass it you will find a road on your right. Follow it-- and you are in the Bruderhof. Of course, if it can be managed at all, I shall try to meet you. Would you please let us know the day as soon as possible? There are so many guests here that the village is about as full as we are ourselves. But as they change pretty constantly, it should be possible to get a place for you if we can say when.

Regarding all the above--I believe it is right but it would be good to ask at an Enquiry Office. But don't come by a train that means 3 or 4 hours wait at Swindon. The one I mentioned is really the best connection.

I am so glad, dear, that you are having a rest. How nice of Mrs Gillespie to send her love.

I am sorry to hear of Blitz, and hope he is now back. Does he often go off for days on end?

I had such a nice note from Maur. telling me of David's birth. It would be so wonderful to see her and the boys some time. One never knows--more impossible things have taken place.

Yes, darling Mothie, Germany is very, very much in our hearts and thoughts, and we rejoice with our whole hearts at the stand that it has been given to Niemuller to make. May God stand by him and give him courage and peace. It is a cause of great joy to us, this change that has taken place in him. Four years ago Hans Boller and Hans Meyer visited him, but could get no common footing at all even on the question of Peace. He said he was ready at any time to take over the command of a submarine again. Now, to our joy, he has had the courage to say that he has recognised that the spirit in National

Socialism has nothing to do with the Spirit of God, and in reading what was published (previously written by him) in the News Chronicle a few days ago, one recognises the working of the same Spirit that has led us to this life. We are doing all we can to try to interest Friends in his release. We realise that with God, nothing is impossible, as we have experienced in just such a position.

We have had a remarkable number of German visitors recently. Isn't it ironical? We were driven from Germany as unwanted--and Nazis visit us here! Of course, not only Nazis. We have had quite a number of German Jews.

Darling Moth, you write, "Christ has overcome the world and all its evil and His cause is bound to prevail." It is this faith--not a dogmatic faith, but a living conviction--that makes us give our all to this life, that something of the victory in which we believe with our whole being, may be seen with the eyes, and touched and handled and lived even now. We know this cannot be done without struggle, but we know that the source of war and hate and nationalism and capitalism etc, is the very same as the evil which we sense in ourselves and against which we fight as one man--namely, self. So, even as a candle uses up its very being in giving light, we wish only that God's light may shine and that everything of us might be consumed. The world so badly needs the light.

Now, dear, as I hope to be seeing you soon I shall not write more but hope to get speaking directly.

With my love to Dr & Mrs Muir and yourself
Ever your Kathleen

P.S. My love to Maureen, Agnes, Alick, Mary, Granny and Aunt Sarah, when you write.

Cotswold Bruderhof.
14.X.37.

Darling Moth,

This is the third letter I have begun to you this week. The first was actually finished, but I was foolish enough to leave it in the Kindergarten after midday "Kinderwache", and when I went back for it, I found all that the children had left of it. The second was in an old exercise book and still remains unfinished, but as I have now a few minutes I shall take the opportunity to try to get this sent off.

The main thing to tell you is to say what a joy Alick and Mary's visit was to me; and, I think they would realise, not to me alone. The visit was very, very short--less than half as long as your short one--and quite a bit of that time was taken up looking for Bruce, who had disappeared. However, it ended happily, for at the last moment, literally, we found him. Alick is still the same genuine old Uncle Crabbe, not one hair different, and Mary is a dear. She was not a bit strange to me. I felt, as I did before setting eyes on her, that their marriage is right, and a gift from God. They mean to come back some other time. I cannot say how I loved seeing them.

Thank you, darling Moth, for your trunk with all its contents. We are so very grateful to you. The sheet and Coverlet, especially, will be very, very useful, as will the trunk itself. We are still living very much camp fashion and such a trunk is a real boon. I am so glad, too, to get the books and all the other things which you so thoughtfully put in. The clock very especially thrills me. And the apples!--

Günther, Kees (Jan's brother) and I were working together in the library when I unpacked, so we had a glorious guzzle together. I do hope you haven't sent us the entire crop, but have some for yourself and little Bag.

Thurs night. Well, darling Moth, here I am at evening "Kinderwache." Please excuse my using your lovely drawing paper for letters. We--that is one of my classes--are making a lovely history book of it. I have hunted out all the material I could get about Ancient Egypt and they have done wonderful copies of pictures--some of them several thousand years old--showing old hieroglyphics, embalming, the pyramids, etc., and have written accounts of the religion of ancient Egypt, the caste system, etc. Really their work is great and I am thrilled that they are so keen on it. The class in question consists of Konstantin, (French by naturalisation: Russian by birth), Hans Uli (Swiss): Roland (German) and Clare (English)! and I teach them in German! I have a younger class--6 boys and a girl--for Arith, and also an older one of children of 13 and 14. I am very happy with them.

How are the Michies, Mothie? Also the Grahams? How awfully nice of Tibby Cameron to have sent me her love. Should you see her or Muriel or Dorothy Sinclair, do give them mine. Do you ever see Mrs Hogg? How is Cathreen? Has she really given up the Women's Institute? How is Roy?

You know Mothie I have Kinderwache tonight and I read to the youngsters before they fall asleep. For many weeks I have brought Peter Pan to read, and can you believe it?--he has been utterly ousted by Joseph! When I mothered Karl's children when Irmgard was away, I began the story with Ulu. Since then he has given me no peace to hear what came next, and now Joseph has won over Christoph--the great champion of Peter Pan!! Really those old Bible Stories are marvellous, and the depth of spiritual truth in them is seen to be inexhaustible.

I shall stop now, darling. Thank you with my whole heart for the love you have shown us.

Please give little Bag, Granny, Maur, Nunk, Mary, Auntie Georgie (should you be writing), Mrs Campbell and Freda my love.

With heaps to yourself,

Your, Kathleen

P.S. Thank you so much for the lovely shampoo. It was a joy to use it!

Cotswold Bruderhof
23.XI.37

My darling Mothie,

I did not manage to write to you yesterday as only 3 of my 21 children slept during Kinderwache, but I want to send you a little line now.

I fancy this note will cross one of yours, for I have been expecting one for the last few days. What did you do on your birthday, dear? Are you by any chance at Maureen's at present? I remember Agnes mentioning something about your going there.

Here it is very cold and wet and muddy, but in spite of discomfort there is a pulsing, radiant happiness, pervading the whole place.

I am practically all day with the children again, and it is quite an exacting business as we have now 3 new boys--of 8-12 years of age, who are lively enough in themselves, let alone the fact that they speak no English and very little German. However, there are always our own children--and the more one sees of others, the more one appreciates those who have grown up in the children's community.

This is only a tiny note, Mothie, before I go to bed. We have not many guests at the moment--they are all helpers who have been here for some time. At breakfast in the mornings we are reading Dicken's "Christmas Carol" in German and English. From my childhood's memory of it, I never knew it was so wonderful. Do read it, Mothie. The deep truth underlying it will strike you.

There is a wonderful feel that Christmas is coming. Just think--the 28th, my birthday, is the first of Advent! I could wish my birthday on no more wonderful day.

That reminds me that I have at last asked about stuff for a dress. The amount necessary is 4 yds as a minimum. The colour cornflower blue. I will enclose a little bit of linen if I can find a scrap I had. Failing that, it would be fine if you could get a good washing cotton. (The dress would be washed at a minimum every 2 wks: in summer every wk). Thank you, darling, for wanting to give me such a lovely present.

I think I'll try to finish this tomorrow, and say 'goodnight' now.

26th. Sorry darling, not to have got this off. In the meantime your lovely long and welcome letter arrived answering all I ask about your birthday. I am so glad it was a happy day. I was thinking a lot of you, darling, and your lovely forgetmenot text. That little book dates to my 9th Birthday and is almost in shreds! Perhaps you could send me a little music mending paper in a letter, to repair it? It is a living link with the sincere, childish religion of 20 years ago, when without the consciousness of God's living presence as Father, I could not have stood Saints. (Later, of course, I even loved Saints: but for long I felt it a prison).

There is nothing more wonderful than the trust of a child, who, without fear, dares all in the consciousness that no power is stronger than God. It is my prayer ever to be true to this--for the call to this life is the call to true childlikeness, for when God is recognised as father, his children are brothers and sisters.

I did so love your letter, dear. My love and blessings are with you, Moth.

Ever your,
Kathleen.

P.S. Have just had a parcel of men's clothing fr. Mrs Muir.

P.S. If it were possible to send a bundle of ordinary Raffia it would be a gt joy to the children & me. Agnes knows best how it can be got.

My Darling Mothie,

I feel overwhelmed by all you have done. If I had known you were sending those ripping books I would not have asked for the dress material. Do not feel in any way bound to get it, darling. With all my heart, thank you, dear. Maureen, the dear, also sent me a parcel.

Oh Mothie darling, I am so sorry to hear all about your neck and the Leeks drastic treatment. No, I feel certain Tommy's would be very different. But in any case, I am thinking of you and hoping the pain may be eased.

You ask if you know Wilhelm and Lini. Yes, I think you know both. Wilhelm was Willi Fischer before Willi Klüver came from the Rhönbruderhof, so he was called Wilhelm for the sake of distinction. He was my "Flickson" at the Almbruderhof--or at least one of them. Lini's mother was at the Alm, along with you, and made a dress for me in the sewing room. They are a delightful young pair.

Now I must try to tell you a little about my birthday. As it was the first of Advent we had a most wonderful time. The whole community except the smaller children assembled outside the dining room at 8.30 A.M. Then, singing a glorious Advent song, we filed in. The dining room was beautifully and simply decorated with pine twigs on the walls and down the centres of the tables, which now form an U-shape, and on the twigs were small red candles. From the ceiling hung 2 pine wreaths, each bearing 4 red candles, one of which on each wreath, was lit. (The others will be on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sundays of Advent) We all stood at our places and Hardi read from Isaiah and other prophets' prophecies of the coming of the Messiah. Then we sang lovely songs. After one telling about the light and warmth of God's Truth and Love and how this light is to shine before men, Mama rose, picked up a small red candle and lit it at the large one on the Advent wreath, saying that the song was an old one of the Sannerz days (before the Rhönbruderhof was) and that it was her desire that we should always be true to that expressed in it, and that God would make good all that is lacking in us, that His light might shine. Then Hardi got up and lit a candle for all the poor and suffering and downtrodden in the whole world, for Christ's reign of love and justice can alone free them from their misery. Then one after another, as one felt moved, guests, novices and bruderschafers lit candles. Some were for those suffering for Truth in Germany, that God might give them courage and clarity; some for the little groups in Sweden and Holland and England trying to live Christ's teaching that we might all be brought together; some for individuals in need. One guest lit one for the rich and cold exploiters of their fellow men, with the desire that they might see the light of Christ and repent. All this took place during breakfast, which was a real meal of fellowship in honour of the little child born two thousand years ago, who is the same Christ whose Spirit unites the Gemeinde, and the same who will one day rule in this coming Kingdom.

When I awoke in the morning, Lena had my birthday table ready with my presents and lit by a red candle and even as she did it, voices were heard outside singing two glorious Advent songs that simply make the heart leap.

By the way, I told Christoph about the picture, and he is simply thrilled. I only hope he won't be disappointed. He says over and over again, "I know just what it must be like." The original was the only thing I saw in St Pauls that did not give the impression of a whited sepulchre.

My darling Moth, it is time for lights out, so I'll stop. With my thanks and love and prayers, darling.

Ever your,
Kathleen.

P.S. Very much love to Agnes, and do please thank Maur as I don't quite know when I shall have the chance.

P.P.S. Thanks for sending on Gladdie's wool & for your 5/-

Cotswold Bruderhof.
Ashton Keynes.
Wilts.
14.6.38.

My Darling Mothie,

Thank you with all my heart for the lovely fruit and sweets you sent with Maureen and Matthew. We did have a fine time with them! The grapes we gave to Arno who is ill, and Emi, our Housemother, told us to have a good time with the rest ourselves. I am asked to thank you from the whole roomful of us. By the way, Susi got your parcel a week ago and was simply delighted. She will be writing herself when she has the opportunity. It was sweet of you, Mothie! By the way I almost forgot to mention the chocolate. We really had a marvelous time with it all.

It was a joy to see Maureen, Matthew and Lawrence--though it was for such a tiny visit. I just got showing them round and then they left.

By the way, we got the darlinest little English boy a week ago. He is coming as a boarder to our school. He is aged 8 and is called Roger. I had the children after dinner today so had the opportunity to get to know him a little. The whole lot went bathing and swimming in our gravel pit--just as they were doing when Matthew and Maur were here.

I remembered you especially to Winifred, Maur. She was sorry not to have seen you.

After Maur left I went for a walk with Marjorie and Cecilia, two new members of the Bruderschaft. We found some beautiful wild irises, and I gave Edith a bunch for her birthday. I have "Kinderwache" tonight and I have just come from reading Hannes and Georges "The Pilgrim's Progress" in German. They have got to the place where he hears of the lions in the way, and I remember my own childhood and Granny reading us the story!

Maur will have told you of our new novices from Birmingham. Indeed in the last few weeks we have had no less than seven. There is work, work, work to be done, and as soon as it is possible we must begin to build. Our bakehouse is about half-finished. It will be grand when we can use our own rye instead of paying for bread.

That was good news, Mothie--that you hope to spend a week with us. You will be very, very welcome.

We have a number of Dutch visiting us. Among them was one who is librarian of the Peace Palace in the Hague. He told us at first hand of the work of the Court of Arbitration and Court of International Justice. He is a very well known Mennonite who helped us in Holland a year ago. It was nice to meet him under other circumstances. As he spoke one saw the hopelessness of man-made peace and justice. The sad thing is that men don't see it. If they did there would be some hope, for they would be driven from their own futile efforts to faith in God.

There is a most glorious sunset--and just outside the nightingale is singing with "full-throated ease." This morning Walter called me to see honey-dew on our lime-trees. Doesn't that sound entrancing? It recalled Christabel or someone who "on honey-dew had fed and drunk the milk of Paradise." At any rate our bees were hard at it.

We have had a tremendous lot of really seeking visitors for Whitsun week. At least three are facing the challenge to give up their jobs, etc. and live in brotherhood. By no means an easy thing, as all of us know.

Have you heard anything of Bag--? By the way, do ask Maur. and Matthew to give Alick and Mary my love. It will be fine to see them.

Now, darling Mothie, I shall stop. I can only repeat what a joy it will be to see you. Should the second Plough be out when you come, it might be possible for me to work together with you. That would be fine!

Much, much love to Donnie, Lawrence, Brian and David, Maur, Matthew and yourself.

Ever your,
Kathleen

Cotswold Bruderhof
16.8.38.

My Darling Mothie,

Today four years ago Winifred and I landed in Silum. Both of us have had our thoughts full of that time, and we cannot express our gratitude to God for the marvel of having brought us both to this life. I remember thinking of Abraham on the way and feeling I understood what he had experienced: I had not seen the life and did not really know what was in store for me, but I knew God was calling me out, and knew the strength to obey was not of me but was given me.

Much, much has happened in these four years and God has held us through it all in spite of our weakness.

We have a wonderful piece of news--the birth of three babies within four days, and all little girls! First came Erna and Werner's, then Luise and Bruce's, and yesterday evening Annemarie and Heini's, and I have just been reading that whosoever receives a little child in the name of Christ receives Christ, really Christ himself.

Thank you so much for your long and welcome letter, Moth. Maur will be with you now, as well as the boys. Do give them my love. It will be a joy to both you and them to be together.

I have just today finished the booklet "The Individual and World Need" of which the article in the Plough is about a third. It is indeed a courageous statement of truth.

Do remember me very kindly to Mr Michie should you see him, will you. It was always a pleasure to have his company to the train in those dreadful days of compromise and struggle against it, at Lochend.

The Scottish S.C.M. Secretaries were Jean Tweedie-Stoddart and Lewis Davidson--I hope I have the latter right. At the moment we have a most delightful woman with her three daughters as guest. She and her husband were missionaries of the Methodist Church in Rome, and she was left a widow last September. The daughters are the youngest of 6 children, the youngest being 15. Cecilia's mother is

also here, an Eng. Presbyterian Missionary from China, who says she once met Daddy in Liverpool many years ago.

Yes, the P.C. is outside the kitchen. By the way I was working there last week owing to Erna being out of it, and Waltraut being in B'ham at the Bruderhof House. It was great but, alas, impracticable as the Publishing House was always calling me away to read proofs, etc, at impossible times for the kitchen work, which in its turn held the entire publishing up. So I am no longer there.

The Birmingham novices are getting on well and are full of beans and so are "Mit" and "Ohne". The Mother, aunt and sister of the latter were also here some time ago. Alick twice exchanged a few words with me today on his own.

Yes, the pen is behaving well, and is invaluable for my work.

What the titled laddie meant, Moth, was that in mitigating the present evils e.g. capitalists trying to improve working conditions, etc, the urge behind this was not love to God or their fellows (or they could not hang on to their capital) but their own gain and advantage: for to let matters come to a head and cause a revolution would not help them. At the same time it just stopped things being made impossible for those who were underdogs, and so made those among them who were out simply to hold their own bodies and souls together forget the demands of real justice. The same is true of "good works" which bolster up the present unjust relationships between men. We do not deny the relative good they do, for the need is so great that any little mitigation has its place as long as the present order is there. But the call of God to love your neighbour as yourself simply cuts away the foundation of the present order and builds one where there will be no need of mitigation, for the relationships of which the order is formed are those of love already. What we seek is a radical help. We know that the Spirit of God is at work in such mitigations--they are not all caused by a conscious desire to maintain the status quo--but the Spirit of Love forces itself on none, and while men devote themselves to patch up the wounds in an order that is itself selfish, the Spirit of Love can only be given very conditional play.

Bruce and I are translating a powerful article for the next Plough on "The God, Mammon". The present order is definitely under the control of greed, lying, murder and impurity (the attributes of Mammon, according to Christ) and to patch it up, with whatever good intention, is to do the impossible--to reconcile the service of God with that of Mammon. The living, bubbling Spirit of love cannot be contained in the limits of an order based on self: the new wine needs new wineskins. The marvellous thing is that if the Spirit of love is given free play it moulds its own form, and the body which it animates must give expression to what is in the mind of the Spirit.

I shall stop now, darling, as it is late. I forgot to tell you that we have now white Kopftuchs with black spots for summer--like our sisters in the American Bruderhofs. We wore them for the first time on Sunday.

My love, sweet Moth.

Ever your

Kathleen.

P.S. Love to Agnes.

P.S. I am reading and enjoying thoroughly "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis. Should you have an extra copy in English (I am reading it in German) I should love to have it.

Love.

Kathleen.



[This article is probably the one Kathleen refers to in the postscript of her letter of June 13, 1936, on page 167.]

A COMMUNITY OF CHILDREN

At Silum, in Liechtenstein, an interesting experiment in Communism is being carried out--Communism very different from the modern Russian variety, though it has much in it that recalls Tolstoy. The Silum Community has only been in existence since March, but it is the outcome of an experiment that has been going on in Germany ever since the war. It is, in fact, the daughter community of the Rhön Bruderhof, founded in 1920 by Dr. Eberhard Arnold and some friends, who, like him, wanted to put their Socialist beliefs into practice without waiting for the world to reform itself.

The Silum Community has been founded for the sake of the children, as the Hitler regime, though allowing the Rhön Bruderhof to continue because of the splendid agricultural work they are doing (they have a model farm), would not permit the settlers to carry on their school because of the effect of their pacifist views on the young. In this school they had not only their own children, but a number of orphans and foundlings committed to their care, and these are now in Liechtenstein, with a nucleus of grown-ups.

The home they have found is delightful--a group of chalets on a shelf of the Alps 5,000 feet above the sea, overlooking the valley of the Rhine, which though here so near its mountain source makes already a fine show of itself as a wide and winding river.

And what of the life? It has many points of great interest. You might say that it is like a boarding-school: it is in some ways. The children have lessons in the morning; they do their sums and write their compositions and learn their history and languages and science. But by some sort of magic all the artificiality of boarding-school life has disappeared. The children are here with their parents or, if they are strays, with some special grown-up in whose care they are put. They are boys and girls together, and their teachers are men and women--that queer abnormal thing the segregation of the sexes is something they do not know. Then the whole texture of life is different. In our boarding-schools everything is done for the children. Meals appear of their own accord; they only have to be eaten. Try as they may there is not much they can do for anyone else. Life is concentrated on themselves. Is not this a highly artificial mode of life, peculiar to our own times and to a limited class of society? In the Middle Ages the boy went through his training as page and squire, and an important part of his education was service to others. Children in peasant communities from time immemorial have begun "earning their living" at four. One sees babies in Serbia running lustily after goats and little girls of six solemnly spinning in the fields while they mind their father's sheep. Why should we deprive our children of the interest attached to real tasks performed, not just for themselves, but for the common weal?

At Silum, where there are no servants and everybody, even the guests--and these come in large numbers,--takes a hand in the work, the children find all sorts of things to do. Wolfgang and Rudi feel themselves men, so they help Heini with the cows or help to haul wood or saw the great fir-tree that is to keep them warm in the winter. Sometimes Fritz lets them take a hand in the turning shop to help to make the new shelves and benches that are needed for their schoolroom or they whitewash the kitchen with Gerhard. Ursel is only 12, but she can be usually found in the crèche with the babies or playing with the toddlers in the field. Even washing up, peeling potatoes, and shelling peas are not so bad when done together and with grown-ups who tell stories, perhaps, or start some folk-song.

Singing is, indeed, a great feature of the community. They have a song-book of their own, printed in their own press. Here are many old-world folk-hymns long forgotten, but collected again in recent years by enthusiasts of the Youth Movement. The settlers find in the singing of these hymns the natural expression of their religious fervour, and they often begin to sing one in the middle of a meal in a spontaneous and unself-conscious way that is charming to witness. I was with them on Assumption Day and was much moved by the mediaeval Maria-songs they sang for the occasion.

They go back to the New Testament for their creed and mode of life and do not trouble about the dogmas of the churches. This explains their dislike of puritanism and all sorts of modern theories. Why should we be vegetarian, they say, when Christ ate the Paschal lamb, or tetotallers when He turned even water into wine, or why should we not dance if we have joy in our hearts? Like the Early Christians and the friars, they think that personal possessions make man unkind and greedy, full of hates and wars, and so they live without them, but they are neither ascetic nor fanatical. They want the best for their members, and send them into the "world" when necessary to be educated at the university or to study crafts. Life is simpler for them certainly. Free from worries about the future, their young people marry when they fall in love, and childless women adopt orphans and bring them up as their own.

This brings me to a point so far overlooked--the orphans of the community. For them the system is really admirable. They are as much part of the life as anyone else, their interests as much taken to heart, and for the children of the original settlers, all of them "intellectuals" and of the middle class, it is an excellent thing to be in contact with those who belong to less favoured strata of society. It prevents their growing up with that class feeling that even Nazis nowadays talk of destroying.

FRANCESCA M. WILSON.
