Please address
35 South St.
Park Lane
London W.

A. 42

Embley
Romsey
Feb 3/74

Dear M. Mohl & Madame Mohl,

Mrs. Bracebridge died on Saturday morning at ¼ past 5. She had taken no notice since Thursday at noon When she tried to say something & failed. She had been taken ill on the Sunday before with difficulty of swallowing

I tried to tell her of my dear Father's death: I mean, I sent her a letter by a friend. Now I have no one to tell of her death:

She was more than Mother to me: and oh that I could not be a daughter to her in her last sad days.

What should I have been

without her?. And what would many have been without her? To one living with her as I did once, she was unlike any other human being: as unlike as a picture of a sunny scene is to the real light & warmth of sunshine: or as this February lamp we call our sun is to her own sun of living light in Greece. It is my last parting with my past from all that is not pain: but to her it is all joy.

Hers <u>was</u> "faith": real sympathy with God.

And <u>her</u> rising again: but she would not have me say this:

so I can only think of that Saturday

morning: after the suffering
darkness of her last sad
months: as of the first
time I saw: with her:
after a bad voyage:
this is but a pale likeness of
her rising again: the "better
world" will be the better
for her: & heaven, I am sure,
the happier when she is in it.
the Sun sprung out of Eastern seas:
not with the chill damps of
an English dawn: but
rejoicing like Apollo to run
his course.
Hers was "another dawn than ours".
But she is in her grave (& ours)
and oh the difference to me.
In thought I always lived
with her in the days of her sorrows.
I try to live with her now in the
thought

in the days of her joys.

I told her what you (M. Mohl) said to me once about her husband: that delighted her.

Other people live together to make each other worse: she lived with all to make them better:

and she was not like a chastened Christian saint: no more like that than Apollo.

but she had qualities which no Greek God ever had: real humility: Excepting my dear Father, I never knew any so really humble. And with hers, the most active heart & mind, & buoyant soul that could well be conceived: was it not the more remarkable?

Dr. Livingstone's death is confirmed: as you perhaps know. How sad - not because he died out there - but because he died ere he finished What he had set before him to do. He was a Missionary after your own heart: we have no such many now-a-days.

We are in the midst of the Dissolution: I can't say I care about it much: these men have played their game to ill: the Cabinet makes no secret that of the probability that they will have to resign as soon as (or before) the new Parliament meets. Sir Harry Verney & his son are both fighting good battles. Sir H.V. has lost his seat 8/2/74 The Bengal famine is even worse than was expected.

I came down here & be with
my poor Mother. [I must go
back to London in 2 or 3 weeks.]
For me the place "all withered when
my Father died".
She wandered (much & painfully) -
not mere memory = wanderings -
when I first came.
But now sometimes when we speak
of him there comes a flash
of divine happiness over her
sensible old face:
it is worth living to me to see.
At first I thought her more
altered than I could have supposed
possible: Not between what she
was in <u>afternoons</u> 3 months ago:
& what she is now: for when up
& walking about she has long been
confused in memory:
but between the mornings when
I sat by her in her bed & she used
to show more mental & spiritual insight

than ever she did in all her life
~~last year & now~~:
on Saturday it was terrible:
I thought: oh I am too late: the
mind is gone:

But Sunday morning: I was by her
bed as soon as she spoke: she knew
me at once: & began at once to speak
of our loss. Then I said all that is so
true about him: and when we
repeated: To day shalt thou be with
me in Paradise: a sort of divine
rapture gleamed in her: it is
enough & have lived for to have seen it she
continually asks: When shall I go
after him? - She feels the loss
the more, not the less, because
it is like a fresh shock, a new
blow to her every morning.

To me it is different from what
it is to any one else: I live in the
same rooms I did: not his: & I keep

expecting now as then to hear his voice & his step coming in & the rooms below.

Dear M. Mohl: You have never sent me your Theodicée remarks: I care for them more than ever now: ever yours

F. Nightingale.