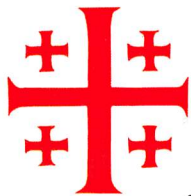


Oct. 13, 2018
Miracle of the Sun



Dear Zita,

Thank you very much for your gifts
that you gave to me upon my departure.

All three were very much appreciated. I especially
love the artwork on the card you wrote. I had never
seen this piece before. It took me a bit to realize
what it was and then to see J.R.R.T. in the corner.

There is something charming and delightful about the
image. There is also an air of mystery and adventure

which call to my heart. If I get some time I will have to write about it or something.

Thank you Yto for your friendship, you are a delightful person yourself and I have enjoyed very much getting to know you better. But the mystery remains and so I hope does the friendship.

Well, you know me enough to know how much I can ramble on (that's why I have to confine myself to cards) so it is best that I end here for now ~~and~~ before I say something foolish. On the other hand I think I need a little foolishness in my life right now.

NS 9 1966 THE PRINTERY HOUSE - Conception, MO 64433
Pax,
Walter

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11-5-2018

Dear Zita,

I am at the kitchen table drinking my tea with lemon and honey. I was going to get some ginger to add to the mix, but I thought it was too expensive so I passed it up. Maybe next time I have a cold...

Your letter was the perfect lunch companion with my bowl of Chili and cup of tea. My whole person was warm. This first day of work was not without its own stress, but it was made

light and put into perspective through
your words. This position will try me
in many ways; many good ways. It will
also bring many blessings and occasions
for growth and formation. All of
which I know nothing about. I am
sure (I know) you can relate this
this with regard to your life to
Ben. You are right about not always
knowing what the future will hold.
Just looking around town, around the
country, around the world, in the Church!
It cannot all be accounted for by any
one of us. And yet the One who
does allow us to participate in
His wonder for a time.

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When I write this I think of you. Zita. You continue to unfold before my eyes as a marvel. There is an ordinariness about you that attracts me, draws me - but it is what I don't know or understand which holds me there.

I am under no illusions. In time and I can never know you as fully as I desire to. You are a mystery - a beauty being revealed, but not entirely. As long as we both shall live I cannot take this from you - nor do I want to. Then again, I want all of you and I can't let any of you slip away.

Honestly, I wonder at what has taken place between the two of us. Sometimes I think "yes, this is as it should be". Other times I think it is miraculous we are, ^{where} ~~here~~ we are.

I prayed we would be friends. That's all I asked Him for. And I have been given more.

Yeta, I will probably never fully know the pain of loneliness as you have known it and I shouldn't act as though I do. I did suffer through my own times and I would never desire it for anyone else. Thank you for your compassion towards me. For your advice and motherliness - all of which I love.

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In the end if this is
what has come of waiting and
yellow hour, then I agree with
you. It was worth every bit. You
said not long ago that you couldn't
see this as mere coincidence -

You must be right. How do the
two of us end up in the same
place as we did without being
brought together. No, I am not
a conspirator. If you are then I am
the biggest fool there is, but I
don't regret it. Conspirator or not
my heart is finding peace in you.

If you are also a writer of
long letters then we have got
another thing in common. (I so

enjoy finding commonalities between us)

It is so good to talk with you, but I am glad for writing as well. It helps pass the yellow hours and it is something I can pour into.

I am going to take your advice and get to bed a little early. Know that I miss your presence very much and I am looking forward to seeing you in a couple weeks. You have my thoughts and prayers.

With much love and longing,
Walter

Nov. 15 2016
St. Albert - Regns

My dear Z,

I hope you will pardon my hand-
writing and the paper I am using,
I am in a laboration and all I have
is my journal and my lap to right
on.

I am here in front of Bear Lake
and I wanted to bring you with me
in some way. I want you here -
and in a way you are. As Love
itself is here before me you
remain not far away at all. For
but you rarely linger too far
from this wandering mind these
days of late.

I delight at the thought of you at times, and other times I mourn the loss of your presence. I feel the same about the Blessed Sacrament - THE PRESENCE

this super abundant bread, so obviously fragile and weak sustains the world and my very being and I long for its love!

When by Grace and free will I am returned, in as much as possible, to communion I feel whole, I am whole - made so by love itself.

Today in the reflection of St. Albert he speaks of the power of love.

In fact it was fit perfect with what you wrote to me concerning Aristotle, heaviness and being lifted up and, eventually,

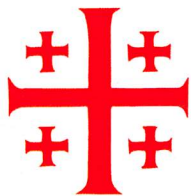
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out of oneself. I would like to share
the entirety of the writing with you
at some point, but for now I will
transcribe only this part:

"The power of love alone is able to lift
up the soul from earth to the heights of
heaven, nor is it possible to ascend to
eternal beatitude except on the wings
of love and desire

Love is the life of the soul, its nuptial
garment, its perfection"

Like, when I am separated from
you, there is absence and longing
in my soul and my body speaks
this longing to me. You are
becoming part of the eternal
yearning of my very being. Your
physical presence and touch,



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Immaculate
Conception, 2018

Zita,

Your honesty delights my heart and
allows me the freedom to become more who
I ought to be. Authenticity cannot be forced
or coerced, only invited and allowed.

I just got off the phone with you as
you are driving up to visit me today. I think
it is strange or odd that two people

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would spend their only free time in an otherwise busy week traveling 3 hrs. to see each other, only to travel 3 more hrs. back home. Yet, there is something there, something here which cannot quite be grasped. My frustration comes in trying grasp the un-graspable. It is not just you as a person, but the thing which exists between us that is real yet un-touchable.