

504 S. Madison St.  
Albany, Ga.

December 1, 1962

BON JOUR!

We have sneaked through the rough places and filed down gullies from Nashville to the bush country. Old "dirty Daugherty" was waiting for her own to swallow.

Did I tell you that we had a station wagon and another means of locomotion? I fear to call it a car as an honest person. It is really an alcoholic; it reminds me of the girls and sunshine. That Buick is a real drunkard -- takes oil of all kinds for chasers.

It's about three o'clock in the morning and pouring down tons of shining water. Betsy, Faith, and Janet are "Moo Mooing" away and the fellows "Chico" and Jack in Terrell, John and Larry in Lee. Only me and the night are together, on honeymoon from the mean world, the mad world. And all the while it rains on, water, water, against the curb -- swish--swash--down -- a jet plane thunders by, then still again, except for the water; nothing can stop the water! It always finds the level.

We are like the water, I guess, no shape, no rigid form, always changing, modifying our positions. We can become the dirt farmer, or the "guy" on the street or the college professor or student or the minister or junkman or the lonely man and of course we are really all of these and more. We are the gentle people of troubled truth, or paradoxical imperatives with a moral ground. "Barabbas" makes the point: in the story by Per Lagerhuist he had smelled smoke on a street and heard shouts of running people, "Fire! fire!" Then suddenly he heard shouts some distance away: "It's the Christians! It's the Christians!" Then he got it, "Yes, it's the Christians who are setting fire to Rome! Who are setting fire to the whole world!"

Yes, "Snickers" are also destroying evil, but with the cool flow of Love's clean, refreshing water. Water is so harmless but can rust iron and cut through tons of earth. One little eternal dripping can rip through strong concrete and wear down the highest mountain. We are the waters of Southwest Georgia.

We miss you!