

Dearest Charles,

It feels as though it has been an age since you last found your way into my thoughts, but you have always had a habit of taking me by surprise and once you capture my attention it is quite impossible to dispel you back into my memories. Recently I was back home again, it was there that you manage to slip into my thoughts, the city feels ancient and tired it has suffered from the great war and the blackness that followed, I too felt my age while wandering its streets. It is strange how the places from your youth revisited add years to you in an instant I yearned for the past and our rose coloured youth. When you are young the future is always brimming, it is all you can dream of and you race along the path to realising it, but now I am nearing its end and my dreams are pure nostalgia, at this age, it is fearsome to look forward so we crane our necks and twist our bodies to look back. John recommends keeping busy, which I have done so with the Association but perhaps I'm not busy enough. He is always doing something which leaves him no opportunity to reminisce or feel lonely, he is like you in that way always busy creating, thinking, though I hope that you find the time to remember me once in a while. The city is steeped in your influence I ran into you constantly during my stay or perhaps I was seeking you out, still, you were quite unavoidable. I took tea at the willow and saw the "dug-outs" you have added to it, I saw you too, as I sat, with your critical eye surveying every detail and disapproving the flowers they had chosen and the change of cutlery. I saw you again by the lighthouse standing proud at its feet and later by a grove of wildflowers nestled in a forgotten copse I didn't recognise, you were crouching by a cluster of bluebells, under a blossoming tree, and it was so beautifully familiar. It was these images that called me to your home, I had been compelled to visit you, only to discover I had just missed you. Time evades us once again. Of course, Margaret was there to welcome me in your stead and we spent a wonderful afternoon basking in memories together. She told me about Suffolk and your misfortunes there, I had no idea the extent of your troubles, this country never did understand your value and it seems to me that art struggles to blossom in these dark times, we are still healing from the recent chaos. She tells me you plan to move to Southern France an excellent choice I'm sure it will be a new era for you, embark upon it with hope. Do you remember when you would liken life to leaves and art to flowers? All are just as transient, we cannot have them forever, and therein lies the beauty of it, I suppose this season of our lives has come to an end but I can only imagine what the next will inspire within you both what you will create in your new home. I have often thought about leaving but whenever I try, I always find myself back

where I started, so I have learned to be happy where I am. See me before you go I should like to give you a proper farewell.

With love,

J. K

