

My dear Bernard & Margaret,

Its Monday the 19th June, 1978. 6.30pm.

Its a month since you lost your sister. I did not feel equal to saying the usual at times like these. I have put it away from my mind hoping that I wont have to talk about it with you.

All I know is that I cannot share your grief. You will live with so many memories, of growing up together of sharing so much happy & sad, watching her ill through all those many years. But I do wish you can separate the happy memories from the painful ones, and keep in your heart only that which was beautiful. While you must be relieved that her pain has ended, the vacuum in your lives must indeed be great. Did she have Children? What of your brother in law? Be of comfort to them in so doing you will also heal your own pain.

Your parents? To have lost a grown child? Be of comfort to them. My son, overleaf, pardon the poor photocopy calls this the ebb & flow of life. He has had 15years to think about life locked in that cold cell at Robben Island.

He has come to terms with life after losing the best years of his youth 2lyrs at the time of his incarceration, and still admires the simple beauties of life, raindrops on carnations, you too will with time.

Did you get all the cuttings I sent you?

My Danish friends saw my little sister, and they say she is happy & that the children are settling down to life there. I used to send her cuttings, but she says it takes a month to reach her & by that time the news is not news anymore. But she requires them for her programme, you could still use them even if they are late. Please let me know how long it takes & if they are useful.

Though we are in SA because of the mountainous nature of this country, it is freezing here. I cannot tell you how cold it is. The houses are built for Summer when it is frightfully hot. The heaters are on through out the night. Our light bills are trebled. The toilets are freezing & one is discouraged from attending to normal body functions. This is catastrophic for me, with my kidney problems. I must seriously get away to somewhere where it is warm. Perhaps Swaziland which is much warmer, if they will have me.

Suks is a problem, for then I will have to change her school. She has had so many changes of late that I am not sure that I should punish her further. The ebb & flow says my son.

Have you been party to the conference in Germany. The survey shows an analogy between Nelson Mandela & Gatsha Buthelezi. There can no such odious a comparison. The one is a peoples leader chosen by the people the other is a Govt appointee, has the immunity of his appointment. The other was hounded until they changed to the laws to incarcerate him for life.

Nelson had no news media backing him. They had to work spend out of te their pockets to get to the people. Nobody gave Nel a Mercedes Benz. Gatsha has one from the German Govt & another. Nobody flew Nel around even here at home, while the latter is fawned upon by the whole world. Jet setting about, breakfast with Carter & that sort of thing reaches world press. We did not have that. People walked about leafletting.

They did so by night against the curfew laws. Oh my God even the kids at home wont buy that story. The western powers are preparing a Bishop Muzerwa for SA. Yesterday at all the memorial services the colour was the ANC colours. Even Gatsha has taken & used those colours.

I shall account to you in my next letter.

In the meantime, take care,

With all my love,

Phyllis