

Tuesday 2nd November, 1982.

P.O. Box 402,
Maseru 100,
LESOTHO :

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Dear Mr Landau,

On Saturday I had a letter from Nicholas P..... (Greek) damn their ruddy names, saying he was extremely anxious about his appeal. He told at length how you had assisted.

Then on Monday morning, its raining cats & dogs here, I get this call from Nic. Hey Phyl its Nicholas. I knew the news was good and it was. He has been awarded refugee status. Thank you for your help. We Nic & I are deeply in your debt.

Thank you.

Here in Lesotho the drought has broken only last week folks here were buying water at 50 cents a bucket. Then the nation went into prayer... that does not sound good? We were under royal injunction to pray for rain & we did, or at least some of us did. Lo & behold the rains have come. Last night my clerk reported that the wall of a mud hut had collapsed with the rain. I wish the Gods would do something about Apartheid. We have prayed much about that & nothing happens.

My daughter Sukhthi.. well I wish I could tell you is enjoying her studies. She gripes about everything. All my children seem to be lonely & miserable & I am here trying to keep them busy & less emotional. Some task. Hope you are in good health & that the English Winter is kinder this year than it was last.

Sincerely,

Phyllis Raidoo

The invitation still stands. Summer is beautiful here as you know so well.

