

Dec 27, 1980

Dear Phyllis & Sukhthi

write to you (with such gutturing, you'd think he was getting married)

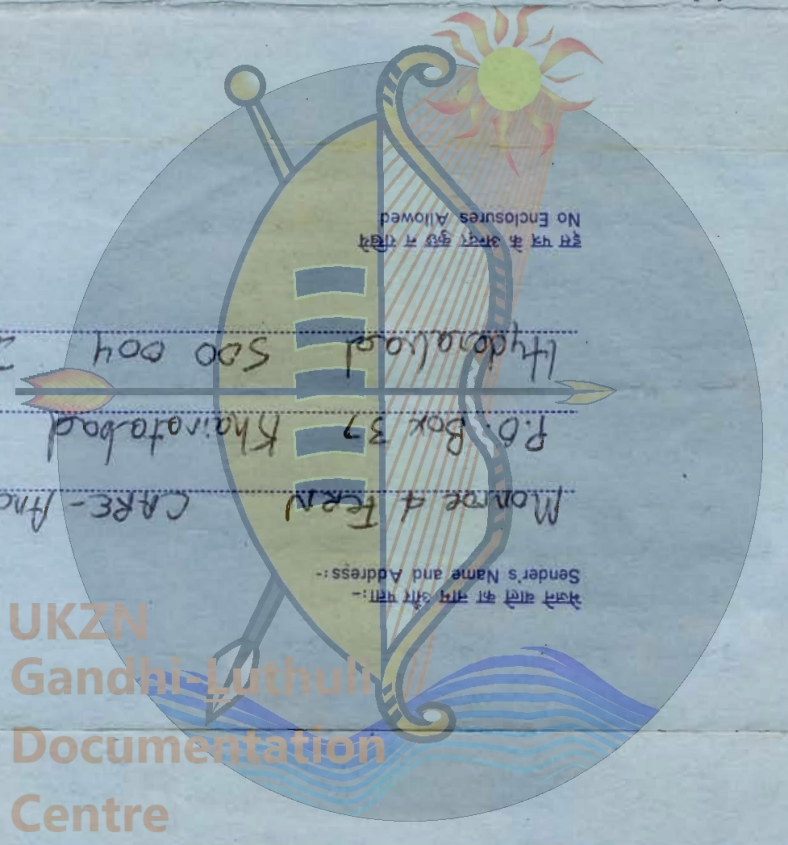
What better place to write to, than this plugh pew, pee-u in the St. John's Catholic Church in Hyderabad where one of our staff is about to tie that knot. - though I doubt they will have quite the knot-ter, second, & give her awayer that we had.* We got your Christmas greeting today (via Germany via that persona non-grata?) and it was moving - especially when we are so far away physically - but know that our thoughts are with you & all those you described - and the painful part is that I know even those thoughts aren't enough - I hope the letters have started coming - the one via our yoga teacher? - and the others. Fern is here now & I feel so much better - having seen the pain of separation which is what South Africa is all about on so many levels, we are not taking our togetherness for granted. I was reading about violence in India today - hundreds killed in police detention, a recent revelation of 51 people in Bihar blinded by the police with bicycle spokes & acid - and there are now demonstrations because those police were suspended. The whole thing has acted as the TV series (Holocaust) in awakening the soul of India to its own self - It is not only the police brutality & the detentions that cause such pain in India. Even now a vivid image remains in my mind of boats bobbing on a sparkling lake - belonging to the Secunderabad club members - while on the lake shores ragged children play in front of crumbling mud huts - Great wealth amidst extreme poverty - like so many other parts of this world but so very blatant here - surrounded by beggars - hands & fingers eaten away by leprosy - I want to avert ^{my} gaze - Is it to deny their humanity or my inhumanity? I cannot feel good not giving, nor giving - for it seems demeaning to both them & me - Somehow sets me above these other human beings. The people

* NOT TO MENTION THAT USHER FROM CLUB 21

here accept^{it} as their (the beggars) karma -- Maybe that is the easiest way to deal with it -- for other answers seem hard to find.

-- On the less serious side, you would be greatly amused by the respect shown to this husband of mine -- "Yes, Mr. Gilmour" "No, Mr. Gilmour" "Coming, Mr. Gilmour!" -- all from these lovely young office assistants of CARE - Soon Ill be calling him "Mr. Gilmour" -- Guess we need Sukkhi here to keep him in line. (only the long overdue respect & deserve!) Bullshit* M. 2/11/11

Thanks for the article about wire-bicycle craftsman -- we're still waiting beans to hang about reminding us further of carrots & all of y'all. Meanwhile let us have regular old letters talk about your school, sukhs & about beans & onions & dog
*That's Fern's response believe it or not! Crap... how Fern



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