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Telephone -031 -213744

Thursday 13th February, 1997.

My Dear Mother Josephine,

Your note of the 31st January reached me today. Considering the problems you're enduring presently - the police holding the country to ransom I am glad that it arrived at all. I think of all my friends in Lesotho and wish peace will be restored soon.

I am hoping the same luck prevails and this letter reaches you.

Yesterday the Cuban ambassador was here and while I made tea he paged through my photo albums and found you - yes I called you my favourite film stars. He thought you were from a recent film with nuns. Do you see how I get into trouble? When I told him of your work in Masite, Fr John (any news) the school and the wonderful work you do despite the abject poverty around you, he looked at me in awe.

He also told about Castro's visit to the pope. But what we did not hear was the visit of the Chief Rabi of Israel and the Israeli newspapers were forced to publish his glowing account. There are 5 mosques; Budhists and Hindus have their temples. My American friends have introduced me to the work of Rev Lucius Walker Jr. They have broken the embargo and have taken supplies medical and otherwise. Fought the customs in court and fasted for almost 90 days to get vital help to Cuba. Their next project is the children of Cuba. We find them daily around us, wonderful people whose sense of justice and integrity are shining examples to all.

"..thou canst not pluck a flower without the trembling of a star" Oh yes that is beautiful. Closer this morning, what with the previous night's storm, I plucked a rose that was drying and was sprayed with the droplets and returned with wet feet.

I'm not sure with whom I sent the sweets etc - could be Liz and Peter Jackson who brought you their jumble, or Elizabeth Everret. Spend the M20.00 note please - it's yours. The Venda basket flyers was to accompany a large 'tray' done by these beautiful women in Zimbabwe, which is still in my wardrobe and waiting someone coming from your parts. If Judy Gay had come to visit me as promised, it would have been with you by now. There is also a packet of stuff in my wardrobe marked Masite which awaits someone from Maseru.

How are all the girls- Julian, is she behaving - give her a big hug. Give my love to all. Phyllis

Ben L Walker



P.O. Box 7192.
Masem 100.
Lesotho.

6 April 1997

My dear Phyllis.

A very big THANK YOU for sending the Constitutions.
I'd been wondering how we could get a copy

I went to Masem yesterday to the "Noricing" of
Lebohany Tsemets from Masem as a SSM Norice. Michael
was there, & in good form. Today I set off for Kwabzimela
in Zululand for a Conference for delegates from all the
Southern African Religious Communities. Then on the 18th I
go to Kimberley for 2 weeks to see Sister Camille & Sister
Agnes. So I'm scribbling this in haste, but it brings much
love to you. We've got that splendid tray you gave us
in Chapel for Easter.

Take care My love & prayers.

Josephine S.P.S.

P.O. Box 7192

Maseru 100

Lesotho

31 January 1997

My dear Phyllis,

Thank you for 2 letters; and thank you for sending the moving story of "Bob" and its sad ending. Yet all the love and compassion you showered on him was not wasted, it all added to the love and compassion in the world. I'm sure our love (and our anger, jealousy, resentment etc!) do affect others far more than we know. The ancient ^{pagan} world knew this. They spoke of every city or inhabited place having an "angel" or "spirit" hovering over it which influenced that place but was also influenced by the inner state of the inhabitants. And now scientists today are discovering how much what we do, say, think, affects other people & the whole world. As a poet (forget who)

said, "All things linked are, - thou canst not pluck a flower, without
trembling of a star." So all your love and caring for so many many
people doesn't stop at the individuals, its vibes go out and out.

Thank you very much for the photos - film stars !!! - and
the precious one of you at the graves - their lives were not wasted -
they still witness to truth & justice. But the pain is there always.

I'm puzzled by an envelope with my name on it - I think
it came by hand with those sweets - yes & thank you for them,
a real treat for us - the envelope contained M20 note, and
some interesting small leaflets (all the same) about Venda basket-
making. I can decide what to do with the money of it is really
for me; but please what did you want me to do with the leaflets?
They've already given me an idea of what we could do with orange &
cabbage bags, (other than use them as shades in the ^{veg.} garden) - but did
you want me to give them to someone - or what?

Much love to you, & my prayers

Josephine SPB

SPB PRIORITY
P.O. Box 7192,
Mason 100.
Lesotho.
9-3-1997.

My dear Phyllis,

Your friend Michael
phoned & then came out straight
away with all the things you sent.
Thank you very much indeed. That
beautiful tray! What a wonderful work of
art! I'm going to put it in front of the
Altar in Chapel for our celebrations on
Moshoeshe's Day this week, for our
friends to enjoy. We usually put
flowers there, but we don't usually have
flowers in Chapel in Lent anyway. I think
Moshoeshe will approve! We'll enjoy
the jar of sweets too - a nice mid-Lent
break. I haven't completely
decided just to do about the books



yet; but the Hoop School want lots, Study releases

P.S. me, because these youngsters should know
their history, and that others have suffered.
Sister Juliana will thank you for the information
about Cuba, and so do I. I'm delighted that
the ambassador liked our photo!

You asked for news of John. We haven't
heard from him lately. When he writes, he
writes pages! Being Bishop of that bit of
Zambia is a very tough job. Last thing I
heard was that he was collecting money to
buy motorbikes for his priests as they needed
transport & couldn't afford cars. I believe
he still gets pain from all those broken ribs.

And what about you? I get anxious
about you, even though you say you are
fine. Please take care. We love you.
Take life a bit gently if you can!

Some comfort is already coming out.
Much love to you, & prayers, Josephine 8/11/80

When we start to hear "mother" I don't go any more & where could I go? Hard to hear.