

Private Mail Bag,
Weymouth, Essex

S. 9.
10/3/44

Dear Mr. Keble

What a continued pleasure
you give me! The Tennis is most sweet to
me, its very phrasing, its depth, always - especially
my heart. & today there comes the "Foggy"
Portrait. A Christmas Card, was of the
pudding & Turkey & orange & nut. I have
my time to write these few words - as I must
take up my mailbag shortly or it will be too
heavy next week!

Heat drought & drier winds, tent bearing & tent
mending on sticks & all sorts of things happening
but heart & head are up! The head is built
to the Tower dome - where steadily my heart
goes on.

And I must maintain by own little
familiar way, duties, etc etc. & never slack
- that would spell despair for me. I have
my little blue wren family my only living
companions. & if you see my blue wren "dabbies"
walking through my tent - while I am seated
writing - you would glory in the sight too -
Thank you again & again for ministering
to my greatest needs which is all spiritual,
God bless my home & friends.

Yours Daisy M. Keble
Lain reading The three Tenors & Shufflers

There was a sense of a wind & drier winds. I was hanging on &
the ridge pole (which is a lean rail) - but the tent is built.