

Victoria, B.C. 20 April, '01

Dear Frances,

I am horrified at myself that it's
so long since I wrote to you — I
don't know what has come over me!
And today, I got your letter with
news of another ball. The beauty
about these balls of yours (if one
can use that word!) is that you
haven't yet broken any bones and
this is remarkable. I gather you are
back now in circulation.

On Easter morning Marion & I rang
our bells with the Presbyterians &
then stayed for the following service
which was a sort of Matins. They
had a delightful little homily given
by the Minister for the children, in
which at a given moment, to

illustrate the Resurrection, he likened
it to a butterfly coming out of its
chrysalis + a helium balloon in
the shape of a butterfly was loosed
off - soaring up to the rafters. I
don't think Presbyterians had such
fun in the Glasgow days when the
Wendell family "~~it~~ sat under Dr.
Strong."

I have a horribler cold, but by the
time you get this it will probably
be under control.

You may not believe this in England,
but here we have had such a
dry year 2000 ~~that~~ we are threatened
with serious water shortages - utterly
unheard of!

Please — no more bawling about.

Lots of love from Sam

How I wish I could write a letter like Gillian
Craig.