

Copy of Diary 1980

This really follows on from the end of the letter to Bernard Levin, the last section of which tells the story of the previous days :-

Wanda tells me the way to Lymington from Bristol – Bath / Warminster / Salisbury. The sun is hot that day and I am crying tears of happiness because God had brought me home some 800 miles, through the French train strike and Paris, all the way to be at Mary Rose's side when her soul ascended into heaven. And he had shown me at that final gate at Frenchay Hospital that men often have clouded, faithless and unloving personalities.

So me and Morris trundle off through Bristol, through that beautiful city of Bath to Warminster. Nature called in Warminster i.e. j'ai du piser un coup & I found a little cafe on the High Street – there was a nice old lady behind the counter and a poacher too ; then a country yokel came in and came up to the bar where I was. On glancing down at his jacket pocket I said to him, " Do you realise that you are carrying exactly the same things in your pocket as I am ? ". We were too ... one of those digital clock/calculators re-covered in cloth material, the same silver felt tip pen, Silk Cut, matches etc. He works on Lord Bath's estate & has a beautiful silver cross too which I lack at the moment but my body is my cross. Well, yet again, Morris wont start so he helps me give her the customary push and we're off again ... " See you on the Judgement Day ", I shout to the farm-worker.

Morris then sets me off on the road to Salisbury, all along the chalk escarpment, past the White Horse, past stone age settlements, tumuli etc.. Salisbury Cathedral (I still

haven't been inside) was looking miraculous as we climbed the hill heading out to Southampton. Across Salisbury Plain, with those rather worrying signs saying – BEWARE TANKS CROSSING – I prefer cows myself! Then via Cadnam to Beaulieu where most of the Chichester family were clearing out a copse at a ruined cottage on the river & having a bit of a picnic . I help for 3 hours or so, cutting, stacking, burning etc. And by no means do I tell everyone there about my week's mission as it could easily upset people. God tells me what to say and when to say it.

So at about 6p.m. I return towards London, stopping off to see Sir John Chichester who was looking after the house and taking the incessant clichéd telephone calls. Well. they're not all clichéd but many are. Sir John understands & even Susannah, their 10 year old whippet, she knows. I give 2 hitchhikers a ride from Brockenhurst to Chandler's Ford and the Morris reaches London in good shape in time for supper chez nous at Altenburg Gardens.

Then I go to bed, mission accomplished – & sleep like one of those logs !