

Faith, Faith.... how can I begin? What do I say to you.... you whom I know and love and think I understand.?!

Life and things.. action, people, commitment, motion, hope, fear, danger, love...hate...mystery.... all these words go thru my mind when I hear of what you plan to do. How can you not, I ask myself. Yes it is so right, something else says to me. Deeply my heart turns around as I know somewhat more about what you will be entering. What does she need to know that can help her? I am now asking myself. How much, what parts of Faith are like me, so that I can preface her experiences with a few meaningful words? All these are questions which cannot really be answered. Perhaps my initial reaction might be of interest more than anything else. It was this. Kathy wrote it to me in a letter that I just received tonight.. rainy cold night when I walked in the rain and sang..oh sinner man where you gonna run to? I read the words "Faith, leaving Barnard for this year, going south in about a week,,,, write to her, please..." First I thought what, then how,, then why now.. what made her change her previous convictions which were so strong as to almost condemn my actions in the spring in terms of going to Maryland so much. Then I felt, no.. this is no right of me... for what else does man have the most right to but to change.. grow, expand, explore? Then, a rather harsh, but unavoidable thought. Yes, another person to help... so needed.

I know Faith that Harlem, northern work, education to help-more-better-later... have all pulled at you...made your decision more difficult. Yet.. I imagine that you reached a point as I did.. when something inside you just said " I cannot not do it... and if not now, WHEN???????"

God, Man, bless you. May you live now with a heart that may(must be) less heavy really than ever before in your life.

Your fears, anticipations have validity... truly so. It is a hell. I am still jumping when police cars pass me here in these Boston streets. Sometimes I am still there.. watching, waiting, expecting, unknowing the known.

More there is... yet should I now... can I... and then what is it really but to use you as a sounding board for me.

" and when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him, a caution against the stumbling stone, Ay, and he falls for those ahead of him, who though faster and surer of foot, yet removed not the stumbling stone."

" and what is it but fragments of your own self you would discard that you may become free?"

" and since you are a breath in God's sphere, and a leaf in God's forest, you too should rest in reason and move in passion..."

all this to you Faith, for whom I want no more than that you do two things all your life. Act so that you may quietly answer to yourself, I did what I must and knew it was right. And secondly, I moved in truth.

Goodnight Faith,
I shall be here whenever you need me.....

in freedom, respect and faith,

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