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Hyntle Place,  
Hintlesham,  
Ipswich.

November 24th. 1943

My dear Harold,

I hope to be able to send you a copy of the second volume of my 'Retrospect' as a Christmas present, and when at length it arrives, (if it does not illuminate the fishes of the Atlantic on the way), I will beg you to invest it with the richest binding of affectionate good will to, you and yours.

I think that we may reasonably hope that, before the next year has run through half its course, the infinitely welcome message to 'Cease Fire' will sound over the wasted lands of Europe, and then we shall have to address ourselves to the fearful task of Reconstruction.

I am very well in health, but the



failure of my eyesight hampers me woefully in ~~reading~~ reading and writing. The exercise of my ministry is now reduced to occasional Celebrations of the Holy Communion in the parish church here. I am told that, when the cataract which is blinding me has reached the due measure of development, it may be removed by an operation, and <sup>that</sup> thereby I may recover a substantial amount of vision. Meanwhile, I find dictation less wearing to the eyes than handwriting, and I am able to avail myself of Miss Booker's skill and kindness in dealing with much of my correspondence. You will, therefore, understand and excuse my addressing you by typescript.

May GOD'S Blesssing be on you and your family in the New Year, leading you all forward in the way of His Service, wherein alone can any of us find 'perfect ~~ness~~



freedom'! I shall always be glad to hear from you, and perhaps in the future I may have the happiness of seeing you and yours.

Always your affectionate uncle,

A. Hensley Stenson  
Bishop

This house was glorious to look at a few weeks ago, when the Creepers had vested it in an Imperial mantle of crimson. Now it has assumed the bleakness of the winter, & already white frosts have covered the garden with its unwelcome shroud.

Harold G. Stenson Esq.