

From: A.D. Dirkzwager djatirot@me.com
Subject: My quip on 17th of august: "Due to a lack of interest tomorrow has been cancelled."
Date: 22 August 2022 at 16:55
To: Stuart Cook jwstuartcook@gmail.com



Dear Stuart & Ursula,
Thank you for congratulating me on completing my 82nd lap around the sun.

Happy Birthday



It was my wish not to keep a 'jour'. I wanted the day to pass unnoticed like a day like other days, hoping you'd forget you've grown older again. After all, the course of the days at our age is coming to an end. However, the longer we live, the more life experience we gain. Hence the sadder and wiser moods as we enter the new year. It will be a great gift, if I can keep my interest and wonder until the last day of my life. Vera no longer stores new memories; pretty sad, after all you are what you remember.

Another topic:

A 12-year-old Indonesian boy sings a song that causes the entire official gallery, dressed in traditional costume, to get up from their chairs and swing along with the song during the official ceremony celebrating the 77th anniversary of their country's independence in the presence of the president. An interesting peaceful happening, if you ask me.

From: Hamonangan Nasoetion

Subject: Watch "WOW !! PRESIDEN DAN PARA MENTERI HINGGA KAPOLRI DIBUAT

To: Oom Aad <djatirot@me.com>

<https://youtu.be/f8lj3J6Qixler>

Inspired by the drawing on your birthday card, I wrote a reflection on whether or not alcohol is available in Heaven,

I hope all is well with both of you in the old farm house at Hambledon and that you can enjoy the extraordinary hot weather of this summer. Love from both of us, Ver and Adriaan

Adam, 22/08/2022

Dear Stuart & Ursula,
the artist has named his
doodle „der Schnapsengel“
(booze-angel).

With the drawing he
visualizes his thought/wish
that spirituals are available
in Heaven. The lyrics of
a Dutch Carnival song from
the sixties claim just the
opposite: „In Heaven they



don't serve beer, so I prefer to drink it here.”

Thesis - antithesis which must lead to a synthesis.

The synthesis is taking a bottle gin/jenever to Heaven
as grave gift.

The Egyptians, that is to say the old ones, also wanted
to continue their Earthly life in their „after life“ and
were of the opinion that there were no good things
for sale.

With certainty bordering on certainty, I am of the
opinion that there is ~~nothing~~ necessary to be had there
either. This is confirmed by the observation of the
American poetess Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

„A letter is a joy of Earth. It is denied the Gods“