

From: Jim Mendl, 1 Wetherby Place, London SW7 4NN
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Ans.
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Dear Mike,

Heleen and I were so sad to read in the press of Bill's death. Had he been ill for long? What happened?

I first remember meeting him at Waterloo station (I think it was) with my mother in a rather grand hired limousine with chauffeur. "Does it belong to you?" he asked. I had to confess it didn't. But before I can just ^{remember} his parents' (19 visit to England, as ^{much-liked} friends of my grandfather, who shared the same initials as your father-in-law: RE. Then, in the Trinity Term of 1950, Bill visited me at Oxford, and I gave him the "Mendl" tour. I ^{remember} very much enjoyed his company. As we crossed the famous meadows, going in the opposite direction, was a girl I was very much smitten with - from Cambridge - with another name! Bill showed me to go and win her! I was far too young; but she - and ^{her} husband - are still great friends. Some years later in Paris, 1957-8, another important girl friend, from Denmark, was introduced to him - she was destined to become a theatre critic, but alas, as she often predicted she would, she committed suicide, long after our relationship, but not our friendship, had ended -

I also remember him preaching in St Mary Abbotts, Kensington, where he was last surviving Grandchild of Queen Victoria. He was liable to seven years imprisonment for what he had said on his entrenchment as a bishop...
She liked him very much, noticed a glint in his eye (!) - we took him 'out to a somewhat Bohemian restaurant in Chelsea full of students, which I think he rather enjoyed... Her time was tomorrow about Andrew going up to Univ (where I am to go for a Gaudy this weekend) - I am sorry I hardly know him. Does he ^{still} come to England? By the way, he was a "most potent, grave and reverent sear" by comparison with the younger man I think knew. He, too, liked him very much... So, you see, I feel I know his quite well at one stage, and that he crossed my path at some quite important moments in my life: I am sorry I didn't know him better, ^{especially in recent years} and I am very sorry - to myself - that he is gone.
For from of course the loss with the indescribable, but at least you with the support not only by your faith, but also by your family, and the countless friends who loved and admired both him and you. Helen and I join in sending you all our sympathies and love. My mother (who will be 94 on Sunday) would, I am sure, wish to join us in saying this, but, alas, she has not shown any sign of recognizing us in the last two years - she is, thank God, beautifully cared for by nuns, in a nursing home in Sussex.
With love from
Jim & Helen