

January 31, 1957

Dear Esther de Cáceres:

This is the first letter I have attempted. I don't know where the words have gone. At one moment I feel the universe so rich and full because of her, and the next moment I am broken with it's emptiness. And there is nothing to do but, as you say, go crying through the streets....and marvel that what is so beautiful can give so much pain.

She loved you very deeply, Esther. So many, many times she talked to me of your perceptiveness, your spirituality and your clear integrity. In speaking of her friends, when we came to your name, she would say...(I can hear her now) "Ahí ella es otra cosa...." She often told me that of all her friends, you would be the friend I would love the most.

In the hospital, the only two people to whom I sent a telegram were you and "maestro Angel" Jacques Maritain. (They were necessarily identical telegrams because those were the only words I could find to say in that terrible time. And the only words that were true.) I had answered one telegram sent by Tomic, and had asked Victoria Kent to telegraph paina. Esther, when I sent the two telegrams, I was not thinking....there was too much anguish to think....but through all the crying and the fogged mind, only these two names came out crystal clear....yours and Maritain's. It was not a thought process, like...."this is what she would want me to do." Rather it was a strong compulsion, as if something in me knew that these were the two telegrams that mattered.

She had a minimum of pain, Esther. She only needed morphine one day....and Demorol (spelling?) was used ~~for~~ three or four days so that she would not suffer. There was no fear on her journey, and she seemed to know every step of the way, guiding me through it with her with such tenderness and love. The outside world seemed to cloud over and dissolve, and her own inner world became very concentrated and clear to her, as if all the different parts had come together. She went right up to the door, Esther, with great courage and serenity. There was sorrow in parting but no fear. Right up until the moment of going into coma she was intent on communicating to me all that she was experiencing and all that she saw and was aware of. The world she moved in then seemed to be as beautiful as her own most beautiful spirit. She said so many times that she was happy to be alone with me. And I know why. There was nothing to shatter or distract her from this most meaningful of all experiences that was unfolding itself inside her. God was bountiful in permitting her to live through that experience, and in not cutting it short in a moment of terror such as the night of her hemorrhage. And He was merciful when He led her behind the door of the coma before the politicians moved in.

[Carta] 1957 jan. 31, [New York] [a] Esther de Cáceres,
[Montevideo] [manuscrito] Doris Dana.

AUTORÍA

Dana, Doris, 1920-2006 Autor secundario: Mistral, Gabriela, 1889-1957 Autor secundario: Cáceres, Esther de, 1903-

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