

7 Sheffield Terrace  
W. 8

10 . 5 . 79

My very dear Prime Minister,  
(and what a joy it is to be  
able to write that!)

Thank you for  
your wonderfully generous,  
beautiful & moving letter.

It was an honour & a  
privilege to "be there on  
St. Crispin's Day". God  
willing, I will always be there,  
if & when you need me.

The whole country walks

with a lighter step to-day  
because of you. Do you sense  
it? I'm sure you must.

"Bliss was it in that dawn  
to be alive, but to be young  
was very heaven", I admonish  
my shaving mirror &  
simultaneously ignoring both  
advancing years & the French  
Revolution. "And", I add  
defiantly, "to be middle-aged  
is not half bad either."

I never doubted your destiny,  
from the moment at Bluepool  
one when you stilled your  
nerves with a flick of that  
blue feather duster,

save Peter Thomas's desk —  
and Peter Thomas — a  
brisk whisk round and  
brought the house down.

Since then there may  
have been the occasional  
passing cloud, but really  
it's been blue skies all  
the way. (Well, nearly all  
the way, Denis, nearly all  
the way).

My love & deepest loyalty  
to you both, now & always.  
May this be just the first  
faststream of Thatcher  
Governments.

4:

Airley was right.  
"There is work to do."

At least three Parliaments'  
worth, I think, don't you?

God bless you, Margaret.

Ronnie.

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