

## WELLS

To a new friend,

11am. 6th April '84

Relationships are like a well, that leaks slowly.

I am the well, and as I enter into a relationship, I am filled up. The more time together the deeper the water in my well. And while we have regular (even if short or small) time together, the well remains full. Alternatively, if there is a long break between our sharing time together, the relationship grows shallow and it will take much to refill it - depending on the break in fellowship.

Another (beautiful) problem is; when the well is full, it must be made deeper or lose something. So with the deepening of my relationships, so is my well deepened and always full while that particular friendship or fellowship together remains.

The difficulty comes when that friendship is lost or slowly parts so that the well runs dry. While there may be wells I have that are still full, they will always be compared to the deepest well full or dry.

If I have a well that is dry and cannot be refilled since that friend is no longer available, then I will always compare my other wells with this one well and strive to find another to make deeper - at least to the depth of my past experience.

Until that time and that well is dug, all other wells will seem shallow (even though they are quite deep) in comparison to the past.

How much more difficult for another to know the depths of my wells. Or for others who wish to fill it and find the demands of a well of such depth are just so demanding. There is so much to be poured out.

Digging out a well is slow and I am impatient; and none know the depth it must be but me.

1st Sept.'91.

I have found some wells filled with sweetest nectar. Some are filled with pain. Deep wells, I have learned, have their share of both ... & more. Digging deep wells of late has become a risk I too often avoid, because in today's world friendships are all too short! And for me the hurt of losing friends is just too painful.

Some people would consider me a romantic. (ie. that I live in the past.) It can become a problem; to live on fond memories of friendships past, rather than risk today with the certainty of loss tomorrow. Deep wells are precious. Thanks for ours.

With love, Mark.