

Madrid, 2 April 1965

My beloved brother, Doctor Nadir,

Yesterday morning, my joy was immeasurable. I drank my coffee with a copy of the *A.B.C.* paper, and the Order of Civil Merit Cross bestowed on you by Generalissimo Franco, awarded alongside all the other medals that he gives out every year at the beginning of April to the talented and skilled individuals who have distinguished themselves in service to Spain.

I saw fit to send a newspaper clipping mentioning the award to you, making sure not to delay lest someone else beat me to offering the first congratulations (as happened in the case of dear sister Salma's award.¹)

I need not say or express, of course, how much pride and honor I feel when faced with this high estimation of you on the part of the Spanish government. You know very well that you remain ever in our hearts and thoughts; and that no matter how high the value of an award, it will always pale in comparison to your own value, which remains greater still than all the prizes of gold and silver.

I hope that you and your dear family are as happy and healthy as I should like to imagine, and I pray that God will bring us all together again so that we can renew this lovely bond of ours, that, in its purity and translucence, was finer than silk and more beautiful than the gifts of springtime.

With my eternally enduring love,

Nizar

¹See Letter #4