

The Studio

June 13

My dear -

The blessed flowers came this morning. O why, why are you so good to me? You just mustn't spoil me like this. It's really bad for me, and I want you to save yourself for what may come in the future, not expend all the force of your love now. Save it. This sounds stupid to you now, but believe me, dear, I am older than you in that, if in nothing else, and some day you will see as I do, and have futile regrets.

Now, enough of preaching.

Did you get rested last night? Did you sleep? I hope your "residence" in Rochester is well out of town, as ours

was, so you can get into gardens & fields.

It was wonderful to work with the  
flowers this morning. I have been making  
a pencil drawing of a magic tree of  
the Iris. Shall try another tomorrow.

They are extremely difficult to draw.

I can't write a real letter now,  
because it's 4.30 & I'm due back  
home at 5 to play folk-songs to  
Mr Wright.

Let me hear in your letter from  
Colorado Springs that you are getting  
really rested.

Love from you

Orendie

Greetings to your mother