

Two hours that morning, 12 inches of
snow in Denver and nothing in Santa
Fe - not fair -

We got home to find the dogwood
had obeyed our orders and waited till
Friday to start bursting - it's such a
totally different kind of loveliness
with the world all green and white
and pink with blossom and bits of
the gray limestone rock - breaks to pick
it up - You must come next year -

The boys are all fine - No colds -
& Mama was thrilled to hear the tiny
bits we've been able to tell her so
far - had dinner at Scalby last night
& she was here this afternoon after my
garden club shirt, but both times other
about, so she's coming for supper
Wednesday when the idiot-boy pictures
should be back & get the full treatment.

Mrs. Kenneth N. Gilpin, Jr.

Kentmere

Boyce, Virginia 22620

Sunday
night

Dearest Cousin Laura -

We drank the last Apache-cola
& ate the last oranges & wept the
whole road to Albuquerque - there are
no words to tell you what a cherished
eight days these were in our lives -
history and beauty and love and laughter -
the essence of what a family's far -
& I'm the specially privileged with you
and Kay -

I could burble on indefinitely,
& undoubtedly will in the future, but
for now facts - Good flight from Albuquerque
to Dallas, cloudy & a bit bumpy coming in -
hellish far half an hour going out
of Dallas through the big front
which had dumped 3 inches of rain in

Kay's hat is devastating Clarke Co.
I wore my hat found as a felt today
I had far more questions about it than
the extinct Byrds on the walls.

Again, there's no way - just
THANK YOU from the tops & bottoms
of our hearts.

Much love,
Lucy