Sunday night,

Nell, dearest friend,

my thoughts can not leave you. Now, after having had my arms around you I can write. The nights before - I was awake with you, Nell, but I tore letter after letter, I could not write. Silence between us - is no silence. Silence is filled with nearness.

You long to find an answer to the unanswerable pain. You search to know where this part, this beloved part of yourself, your child, has gone. Hay be it is true that only Kitten knows when she assures you that "Mommy is allright" The child still lives with the insight we grown ups loose in our falling and getting up - stumbling and falling and getting up again, in the process of becoming adult. My dearest friend: Bett is in peace. The turmoil, the pain, the agonies of loosing - are ours. She, whom we love is now in Peace. All love, finally, results in peace - and we walk towards it, all of us, together.

Nell, my heart is in a wave of grief, with you,
so close, so close —

Erica.