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My darling Nell,

If I were a hundred times more articulate than I am, I could not begin to express to you the feelings that are in my heart. I can see you in my mind -- your beautiful colorful home with that wonderful aroma of baking bread, burning wood and you ever present perfume. I feel very close to you, Nell dear, and that, of course, keeps me from ever being lonely. This is very true, but, of course, I must say that even with that wonderful feeling there is also the intense desire to be physically near you, to hear your silvery language and to look upon your face, which is not only beautiful in form, but radiates goodness, caring, good humor and peace in your heart. You are so generous with your thoughts and hopes and beneficent desires for everyone that you radiate this goodness which pervades any one who is near you.

I know that I am better in so many ways because of getting to know you better and better and therefore getting to love you more and more.

It is fun to think of what your Christmas will be with the little candelight on the table and a fire going in the hearth and beautiful music from without and within pervading the air.

I shall have my little sister Ellen with me on Christmas day. She insists that she wants to come down and spend the day with me. This Christmas will

be even more wonderful than any other because it will be more quiet and more meaningful because of reflections and refractions.

I know that I am getting stronger each day and I hope it won't be too long before I can get up -- open your wide front door and call out, "Nell, I'm here." God has been good to me not only in the wonderful things he has showered upon me in the past, but in the present-- to have me taken care of by such wonderful doctors and nurses and in permitting me to be in my cherished home. The only thing is that I am talking to you on paper, just as I talk to you when we are together.

May the Lord bless you and guard you, may He leave his mark on you and bring peace to you.

Much, much love

Alice