

Jan 24/64

Dear Nell,

After three months of constant illness, first of Margaret (Bronchitis), then of Paula (idem) and at last of myself (migraine), I emerge still dazed, at the surface of normal life again. Three very trying months!

The sky is still dark and the weather dreary: fog, rain, sometimes both, day and night.

But there, close to the house, all over the garden are our true friends, the birds, with their little beating hearts, shivering — and reminding us our duty to help them as a reward for their songs in summer time and their cheerfulness all year long. There are sparrows, tits, robins, blackbirds, thrushes.

At last I could leave the house to nail down cocoa-nuts on to the birch. We have even ^{some} short but charming and spectacular visits of a squirrel. Hunted by Patty and a neighbor's cat, he whirled gracefully about from branch to branch and from tree to tree, leaving at last



his enemies out of breadth at the foot of
a tree, where he suddenly vanished without
leaving a trace. —

Although I feel still 'black' and 'molly'
so many marks of friendship from everywhere help
me to take up the thread again and to believe in life.
First of all there is your good letter, full of merriment,
with gushes of snow, wind, sunshine and the
young voice of Chris — And there are the peaceful hours in
the dark room with music and the smell of wood
and of the dainty though simple Acts of grandma Nell,
and — at night that supreme feeling of being
safely stowed away "in God's hand."

I am sitting at the window in my attic. Before me,
on the table is a map of the world: intersecting hundreds
of parallels and meridians this letter will travel to you
in Connecticut and in Connecticut to Washington which is not
on the map. But nevertheless the letter will reach you per-
haps while Chris is ploughing out the road, and he
and the postman will shout "Ho!" (or the like) while
they meet and the letter will glide into the box; you will
read it by the fireside and the image of three friends —
one crooked — will cross your mind and —

Paula calls me down for dinner and I will finish
this letter ~~for~~ before — So let's come to the earth again.

1. I shall be very glad with the translation
of my article as well as with the article
by Grace Mayer.
2. To-morrow I will write to Gottschamm
(Galvie). They can make use of the blocks of
Photo-Tribune if they like so.
3. Norman Hall will have to wait until I
receive from you the English translation.
4. Monday a letter goes off to my friend
Marinez (Dumet).

Be blessed, dearest Nell,

Yr and Chris

Ever Hermann

and Paula & Hergar

The whole family calls
for a portrait of Chris
Nell and without — Grandma Nell!