



Sunday, May 9

My darling,

Let's just hope I won't have any callers for a couple of hours. It was not too bad so far, but it's only 1:00 p.m. I am sitting beside our Unicorn, Bonso of course at my feet dreaming of our walk in the woods this morning, fresh and sweet smelling. (Oh yes, there's a knock at the door.)

It's alright, it was a mistake. I have good letters from Mother. She is well again and sounds like her strong self. Also a letter from Mario, full of music, work and love, and he tells me he is behaving well. That's good. I have been very worried about you, knowing how Mother can live through the emotions of those she loves for 300 yrs. And Mario of course will love problems, and of course he will fall in love, and of course he would seem to come to an end at times but you can't and must not suffer it all for him because he has to grow up and cannot without pain. How many times do we have to die inside of us to be reborn again and see a new light. And how few have a young understanding Mother who will help us beat those dark torments. I never had until you came into my life. (Thank you, God.)

Burr came this week, handing me your beautiful gifts. The beautiful fly red leg I needed one badly, still used the 1895 one I bought in New York some 8 years ago) the stockings

about a priest discarding his coat. I was much disappointed in
it. This subject has been bitten over and over again, and when Paul
had to say was nothing new, and not very startling. Then, the Grosvenor
had it again, that Paul had been an ordained priest --
I like them both so much and missed them terribly after
they left Valle. I am sure if he does live in New York
he is bound to call on you one day.

My precious darling, I better mail this now, or else it
might take another week because I am never satisfied
with what I write. I feel less worried about you at the moment.
Bless Mario also for his letter (The concert sounds just delightful).
Anyway, if Mario (I love him) does not behave and keep his
head together, I'll board the next plane to spank him.
Forgive me please for the long stretches of silence, but
my thoughts are always filled with you. Bless you, bless you
and bless our Mario T.