

John Howard Griffin

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October 31, 1967

Beloved Nell,

While the children (except Gregory) are out this cold night trick-or-treating; and Piedy is presiding over the gift table at the front door for the neighborhood children, I wanted to send you a little note to thank you for your tremendous letter today. Yes, Piedy and I may come up that way in January for the Nabokov premier with the N.Y. Philharmonic and get down to spend a day at least with you. I have not mentioned any of this to her as yet, for fear she might be too disappointed if it did not work out, but I am hoping and hoping.

Gregory is ill and in pain. I know of nothing more heart-breaking than seeing a child suffer. I was up with him all of last night and spent most of this day at his bedside. It is not serious, some rash (shingles) on his back and leg, and some swollen glands as a result. He is on a good medication for it, but will have to be down for a couple of days more. Now the pain is considerably less and he is enjoying it, and I am enjoying him. My studio is next to his bedroom, so we are practically in the same room insofar as the feeling of companionship goes. What a marvelous son he is.

This must be brief again. I am dead on my feet and only write to people who do not expect much during this time of tremendous contentment, activity and tension.

But at least it lets you know how much we love you, share in your joys and in your life and think about you.

John

