

February 19, 1971

Beloved Nell,

Forgive me if I repeat things. I have had to have some more work done on the face and mouth and they sedated me very heavily yesterday, so I am without much memory at the moment. But plenty of memory to tell you that we celebrated the evening before by having that marvelous smoked Pork Loin you sent. It was the best thing we ever tasted, and we are so grateful to you for sending it. Gad, I am going to order some of that for our larder.

I was out all yesterday, asleep most of the time after the little surgery, but today I am off sedation and feel pretty well, good enough to work and that is all that matters right now.

My beautiful sister from Houston is coming for a week's visit with my parents and so everything is festive in all our households. She is such a marvelous and lovely lady we relish her visits, and all the old south hospitality really comes to the fore as my dad and I vie to outdo ourselves in preparing roasts, roasting ~~hens~~ hens and ducks, making breads and mayonnaïses and fresh butter. We take turns having the whole family: one night here, the next night at my dad's, the next night at my other sister's. The last time Jacquelyn was here was for my surgery, and I was too ill to be aware of much. So we are really celebrating this time.

All for the moment, dear Nell. We think of you all the time and you are included in all we do, in spirit at least. Best love to you again and thanks again for the marvelous meat you sent.

Love,

John