

P.S. Don't the African thing wonderful?

Dear darling.

Did I say once upon a time that Mother's Day was alright for Grandmother - but that I did not require "expressions of love"? I have a feeling that I did. I think that was when all my girls were with me and I had it as unconsciously as the air I breathed.

But now that I know what it is to be separated - and that I am no longer able to pick a moon-beam from the sky and make you believe it contains the answer to your happiness - now that I know the pain of losing - well, I guess I am so different from Mother the world over. I no longer feel different - unless I am more hungry than any.

Your letter is treasured - and wipes away the mist which seems so often to be over the face of our world: always a fog - or wind - or rain - or snow - or hail - or sleet - but how seldom the still, quiet, beauty of mountain clearness. I don't dare to think too much about N.B. or my coming home to Viola in my kitchen and all the rest of the problems. I hoped that perhaps if I got out for a while - and there was less of May too - that perhaps things would clarify -

2. Like muddy water - (if you let it remain undisturbed for a while - it clears of itself) but so far as I can see from the letters it is not clear.

I am too exhausted physically to cope with it - and too far away to feel the need to try. I wish I were younger and had more physical strength than I have. Yet when I remember my age - I wonder what I expect. I don't like to think my back is worn out - but I begin to suspect it is creaky.

However Win is getting on beautifully and so is Peter Michael Ashe! They say he has the most enormous appetite in the University nursery - and is the best baby as well. He is so dear - but so tantalizing the one glimpse I had. I only went over to the Hospital once - and that is all that I will see her until she comes home. The hours are only from 6.30 to 8 p.m. and they are very strict - discouraging visiting - it is limited to two. But since at that time I have young Christopher to feed and put to bed - so I shall not try it again. She has a telephone to-day so I shall content myself with that. Bill goes every night, of course, and I get a first hand account too - which is all I can expect.

It keeps me on my toes to get through all there is to do - while I struggle with shopping and ration books - and all the business