

Jobs, my blessed one :-

I have good news to report
for so far; ^{my} gains in strength each
day and I do believe that she will be
better than for years past. That is worth the
heart-aching - it matters not once it is over. I
begin to breathe deeply once again but still have a
hard time to sleep. A hospital is such a haunted
place. Four new babies have come since we
have been here - and I go down to the
nursery and press my face against the
glass to watch them have their bath - and
then watch hungrily while they are carried in to
their young mothers. Each one reminds
me of my own blessed grand babies and
makes the hospital seem not so strange. It is
not a bad hospital as they go - more
like the Jersey one in Watahachee. Everyone
comes to call on you when they visit their
own. They bring flowers and fruit and
kindly chatter. Of course ^{my} loves it!

2. I will tell you some tall tales when I
get home of her exploits extraordinary -
she will surely make history in the life
of this hospital. I have to smile to myself -
to keep from crying. Somehow that dear bandaged
head and that empty face just break my
heart - and just when I think I can't
bear it. she does some perfectly exasperating or
ridiculous or unpredictable thing and I have
to laugh in spite of myself. One thing comforts
me - and that is that she does not feel sorry
for herself - not meanly. Already she
fancies herself stepping forth with a new
Greta Garbo eye and of course the relief from
the old fear is very great. She should be free
from pain too.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day and
if all goes well we will leave at 12 noon
by the Doctor's car for St. Petersburg.

3. In a way I shall be so grateful to be out of the Hospital - yet I shall have all the care of her - plus cooking, + house keeping - and also I shall have to dress - the wound also - which is the hardest part of all. Oh well - one day at a time - I seem to get the courage as I need it.

I shall think of you all my blessings with Bet there too having your Thanksgiving dinner. with Robin having his first wish-bone to wish on - Oh how I shall think of you! And nice Laura there with her gentle ways. the bright cheery living-room. the new crib. the flowers. the good smells and tastes - and you & May together still. we have much to give thanks for this day.

My heart is too full for words. somehow when you get a perspective from home you see how infinitely dear it is - and how unimportant are the little problems. And there is a peace that comes when you have done a hard job and proven that you can take it. Tomorrow of course I am the same. The moon and the stars - and if there

1 Heavens sometimes tremble she does not see it. Such faith and courage I think I never saw - and mixed with such comical and exasperating notions - what a character she would make to screen.

Thanks for your sweet letter Bob's darling - we have had none for 2 days - I suppose they are awaiting us at St. Petersburg - but I surely miss them.

It seems strange to think we have an apartment on 57th St. N. Y. C. ! But the nice part is that you can come down and bring Robin this winter - and Mayo can come for supper - it seems like heaven. Also Bet will have a home in N. Y. instead of a room - so I am thrilled for those altho I shall miss my beautiful West Branch - my open fires - my nice kitchen - my flannel petticoats and all the rest. Well, one can't have everything can they?

Much Love Bob's darling - much more than I can tell you to your dear dear self - and to your other self - and to your new offspring - how I love my pictures of him: now that I am away they are doubly precious - keep well and happy - cherish every blessed day - and keep my Place. Posh.