

New York, August 12th 57.

My dearest Nell -
my Friend.

I hold your good-good letter; and always the knowledge that we walk our Path. What greater Blessing could there be than this that we can not ever lose sight of each other. Our roads are so very close - on those same thin heights.

Thus I see you; as you go through the rays of glorious colors — but

also through all shades
of black, grays and blues.
The complete scale is all
shades of color that we
can see —: and then all
those that we can not see
because our eyes are
limited.

Again and again we walk
through all the rays of the
scale. I love you beyond
any limit, because you
avoid no ray that is
painfull to go through.

Oh Well - it is so great -
I feel your spirit so
closed to mine and how
much strength I receive is

beyond measure. I always
feel your love around
me as a serious still
light. It is. And what
truly is, never ceases
to exist.

Let me hold your hand
through the blue, green
water and the silent
moon. And the Watlily
will tell you what I can
not say to you in words.

Always - Rose.