

Berlin, 11. Okt. 66.

My dearest Nell; can it be that I have your last - so beautiful - letter, since over a month? Wherever I read it, it seems new. It speaks so straight to my heart - and oh - what strength it gives me. - Yes - it gives me the strength of a lion. But it is you who gives it to me. So much, - that I wonder how I could exist - if at all - without it. - But I never think about it: for I have had that from you - ever since I became myself.

That Peggy Kirsan wrote to you is wonderful. I wrote

her to call you.... and now
am so thrilled: that you
told her to come, and Joe
Curtis also. You will love
her, and she is so worthy of
it. (You know - I don't say
that unless it is so!) And I
feel, as if I am also coming
along. - She has had
such a terrible childhood -
yet - it has made her a greater
person. And she is so considered,
so sensitive, - and has a
delicious sense of humor.
I still have to laugh now
occasionally, remembering
some things. (Besides: she
truly loves music, - our
kind; and: she plays the flute!)
When she was here, she never
asked about details or things, she

1.) just found her way around as if she never knew another place. With Thomas she was as quiet as if she was his sister, so natural. We went several times to East-Berlin, of which she can tell you. --- Well, as it is now, - I could not go any more. Such terrible things happened on the Wall recently. I could not face looking close at a Russian or east German Soldier, which can not be avoided there.

Someday, West Berlin is incredibly beautiful. Perhaps especially because of its isolation, and constant bearing of - how fragile "security" truly is. But the looks of

the streets and old villas and
old trees - lining the Boulevards,
is breathtaking, especially
now - as the leaves fall, -
it is like a dream. Very far
from reality.

Now I remember why I
did not write: - we had
all our illnesses (positively!)
for the next two years.

For almost 6 weeks I was
running a hospital - with
me as nurse, who had a bad
cous myself. . . . But now
we are healthier than ever.

For Thomas the world is
grand. Yesterday he was rolling
in mountains of leaves on the
street. As he saw a group of
children afar, - he sawled like

2.) anything to get to them. And when he got to them - he talked to them as if he knew them all times. That he could not stand on his feet did not concern him. He now not only loves books, - but is not a minute without one. He will not sleep without some next to him, and in the morning he looks at pictures, sitting in bed, - telling long stories to each picture. To paint is loving to him. (This he doesn't have from me....!)

To stand up freely - or to walk freely, is something of a wonder. On Thomas I can see it clearly, where it seems so hard to achieve. This of course does not ~~en~~ discourage

us, but on the contrary. To
work toward the goal of a
wonder — seems to me more
worthwhile than anything.

Like now do Thomas exercises
in the morning, a short time
after Breakfast. Starting with
easy motions for him (till
his little tanade took care
of his breakfast) and then
working on more difficult
movements etc., afterwards
I have to take a bath or
shower. Meanwhile, Thomas
announces to anybody, —
that I will be back any minute,
that I am just in the Buthtub...!
Now. I am going to bed, for I
am already half asleep. And
all I want to tell you — we
love you — love you so deeply.
Always — your Rose, Henry and Thomas.