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in the hands of others because of my moving home but this visit ought to be enough.

Being home has been such a welcome change and such a new beginning. Mother and I are very much involved in wedding plans — a lighthearted and warmhearted time for us all. There are not many more days left now, which makes everything easier and makes light the hardest task.

This year has been a deep and furrowed one, with a richer substance than I've ever known before. What has happened has been significant — only because of a new sight and an opening world of love. I have never felt so much that "my cup overfloweth."

I can almost see your Bare Feet.

This must be a double spring for you, one in the earth and one in the darkroom! With love and gratitude,

Margaretta



Easter Day
1959

Dear Mrs. Dorr,

I have read and reread your wise and wonderful letters and write you in the renewed faith and strength your words have given me.

In the last few weeks I have been in the busy process of moving home, a process that upsets all thoughtful correspondence. In those few weeks last spent in Boston just a week ago — so much transpired that gives me such a wave of thankfulness that I hardly know where to begin.

On the great goodness of your support I set myself aright and spent the last weeks in the lab teaching an experimental course in helping people to use the camera for their own expression. It was the result of a request from Mrs. Land to have me set up a company

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shared, which is all I ever wanted from the start.

The opening of the little exhibit will be on April 22nd, a Wednesday afternoon from 4-6 and you and Mr. Dorr shall be invited, the invitation bursting with sunlight and gratitude. If the trip is too hard, being in the mid-week, I shall certainly understand but whether or not you are there, the exhibit is yours and if exhibitions are dedicated as books are, the walls are in your name as the pages would have been.

If there is anyone whom you would like to have come, let me know and it can be arranged.

I will write you of further details as they occur. I am going to be in Boston this Thursday until Monday working at the lab and planning the details, mounting and framing. I have had to leave much

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course in The Art of Photography - I took 25 people of all backgrounds and experiences and spent three weeks with them individually and in a "class". It was of tremendous worth to me for I think I helped them to see the enjoyment of seeing with a camera as I found it on Beacon Hill. In the course of this "experiment" Mr. Land and Mr. Whitehill of the Boston Athenaeum got together at Mr. Whitehill's request and suggested that the photographs be put on exhibit in the Athenaeum this spring. This came as only a wish could come from nowhere, from such kindness that I am overwhelmed. It is the perfect home for the pictures because the Athenaeum is on Beacon Hill itself and those who know and love the Hill will be able to share my little adventure of discovering it. I'm in awe of the pattern of life as it has come. That the strength from your letter should put me back together with new purpose and that the pictures will not gather dust. They will be