

17 January 1960
- Madrid -

Dear, dear Nell,

Our days fly past now that the long, aching, adjusting months are behind. Being surrounded by everything new and strange is continually tiring. Letters went unwritten and if I finally put pen to paper, the results were somehow not me. But the weights have lifted. It is as if the sea washed them away while we were along the coast letting sea breezes send us tranquility. It was a wonderfully quiet time.

Returning to Madrid has made it familiar, our city, and even the trolley-bus is more pleasant. We seem to belong now to the Throb of the city and the family. Our reunion with them was so warmly pleasant, as if we are now finally and for all a part of Their world and, and They of ours. Now with eagerness, I look forward to the coming months for they promise to fulfill the experience of the year with rewards

for a slow but patient Autumn. What comes slowly is always so deeply satisfying. My thoughts recall the opening words about creating and loving that you wrote in Mother and child. How often I turn to the book, its pages and pictures as to a friend - as to you - for advice and peace and.. because I like being there.

Our Christmas journey through the south was little short of perfect; we had supreme luck in pleasant surroundings, warm sun and refreshing breezes. Nearly every day we took the mid-day meal out of doors. We had to pinch ourselves to be sure we were us! In the aura of perfectness our thoughts turned continually to another perfectness "Buen Retiro" and we relived our tranquil bliss in new surroundings, anticipating our Return to our heart's home in "the valley", now so completely engraved in our memory. It shall always be our first and happiest mutual memory as it is our first home.

3.

Somehow we shall always be able to carry "Buen Retiro" with us, as we do our precious candle - and love of our fairy godmother...

Enclosed, reluctantly, are the cherished pictures. All are loved for all recall with such grace the moments we had together, the quietness, the peace. But as in all things, there are favorites of one kind or another though it became impossible to make decisions! The attempts at selection can be found in red lightly inscribed on the back of each and is only an attempt! There is not one we do not love to look at. Those marked in words are two favorites of favorites of us together.. but I found it too difficult to decide among those of me alone, each has its subtle difference in mood. Whatever you do shall please us. Having had them here to be our memories was in itself a great warm happiness.

We Think very often of "Bare Feet"
and its progress, knowing that the task
it brings is its joy and wishing we
were near enough to watch it grow.

Our love to John V.N. and a special
greeting to the Gishes for the New Year.
We shall write soon again, sending now
and always our Thoughts and our
hearts.

Your little ones -

Margaretta and Mitchie K.

P.S. Another tiny loving memory is enclosed -
We wish we were! Xoxo