

Dearest Nell,

January 14, 1961

It is so good to be home, us together here and a word of greeting for you — I have so much to tell you, so many words and thoughts of all kinds to send you. They can not fit here but they come from our hearts to comfort you and pray with you. You are not alone.

I am always with you and Anne is there. Today has been especially yours for at last we are settled at home (we have only been home a week or so) and I have been in the dark-room — I cannot decide ^{picture} which to choose, Anne is so beautiful in all of them — I am blinded by my love. They shall come on wings to you. Meanwhile I have to send only these little polaroid ones from autumn which I had set aside and lost for a while.



The clock tells me that it ^{is}
 is far too late - My fatigue is
 joyous, rewarding. Do you see
 how much you have given me? It
 is endless - my gratitude is
 beyond expression. I am struck
 suddenly, this evening by all
 you are, Nell; how unique a
 person, how exquisite
 a woman, how noble
 a spirit. I have not
 waited to sort my thoughts - I send them

Love -
 bound in devoted