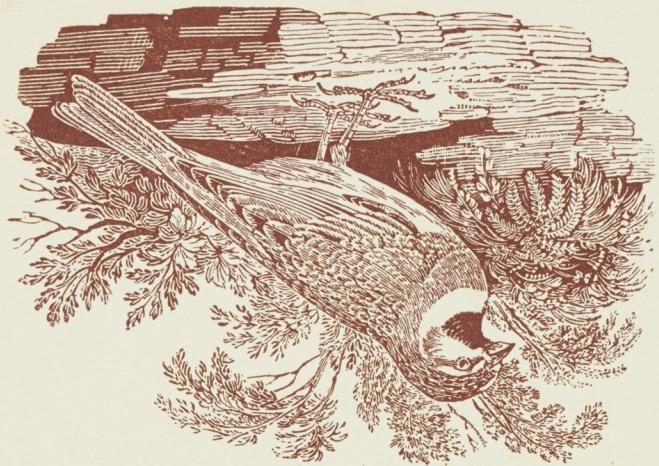


Dearest Nell, January 14, 1961

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 <sup>picture</sup> 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 awhile.



The clock tells me that it  
is far too late - My fatigue is  
~~your~~ 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 -  
Cirl Bunting, from the original woodblock  
by Thomas Bewick, done for his "History of  
British Birds," Newcastle, 1797-1804  
The Free Library of Philadelphia

person, how exquisite  
a woman, how noble  
a spirit. I have not  
waited to sort my thoughts - I send them

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