

4. I was drawn, as I am to all you speak of; Now, with the reality, I am involved. I have a doctor who believes that women should be able to "enjoy" the experience of child-birth; that is, not fear it; who is delighted to have the husband present, if he wishes it, naturally, and who speaks of "natural" child birth as, really, "normal" child birth. We, Mitch and I, are elated to think that we may be together at the birth, sharing the arrival of the child as we do its seed. Already-bearing Mitch's child is my greatest joy, intrinsically bound into the matrix of our love —

For M. birth-day next month I have had several of the precious photographs framed. Hey, it was a deliciously difficult task to choose. I would have been greedy — but I knew that by contemplating a few at a time, each shall carry more meaning and richer memories.

How could memories be richer? Those you gave us are the most sacred of our secret selves — and our cups overflow with gratefulness and love in the stream of thoughts we send you.

Your children —
Margaret and Mitchell

Tuesday January 24, 1961

Our dear, understanding Nell,

You knew that I needed your heart's time, that I was phrasing the question. What a treasure — that even in the wordless messages we communicate! I send them constantly now, as the days fill with thoughtful hours: baking, resting, reading, working in our little garden, these are the daily wordless letters I write; these are the many hours that try to recreate our time together.

With this new year I have entered the plump days, ripening more richly and surely than before. An energy, which had been withheld by fatigue all Autumn, has burst out with joyful notes that sear

3. pulse in me.

Our Christmas and December thoughts were sent with our united love - in greatest measure. - the dish from Spain arrives months after we would have given it. We had planned to come with it weighing down our arms, laded with our first-year memories to stay within the "groves of 'Villa Serena'".

Our excitement mounts with yours as the work on "Bare Feet" progresses toward its culmination. We, too, hope that you don't have to go abroad in May when the baby is to arrive. (We'd like you here, or better still, us there with you in Connecticut.) I cling with glee to the date of the 15th of May, knowing that I shan't rely on punctuality! It matters little when - more important is that all be healthy, calm and beautiful.

I recall^{us} sitting in our places before the fire one cool summer evening last August, talking of child-birth. You spoke then of "Natural child-birth" and

2. to herald spring! With them the tiny early flowers are blooming and the days lighten as I grow more heavy.

Smiles and tears alternate with quickened ease. Anything small, poignant and beautiful, cruel or ugly affects me more deeply than it did before. Never have I felt so part of the wonder of Nature, nor so sensitive to all sides and roles it takes. In exterior things of "modern life" I feel suspended between an intense involvement, when I read about international misunderstanding, peace-movements, the Congo, Laos - and desirable seclusion when I read the sloppy headlines, the cruelties that are not international or even racial, and the superficial games of society and politics. So many times I want to shout - but then I feel the smallest faintest flutter from the womb and I know that it is best when I move in my small, quiet world, my thoughts entering inward, contemplating in peace this miracle of new life that begins to move and