

Saturday evening
April 8, 1961

Our own dear Nen,

Only a few minutes before the modest brown box containing its precious cargo arrived at my door, I had been visiting you - gazing into those miraculous pictures we have shared.. gazing and dreaming in great affection. Is it any wonder that the dream of the moment was made complete, that you anticipated, beyond my imagination, my very dream?... that, in the first place, your love and your touch gave me such rare dreams to dream? How well you know my smile and widening

heart, how wonderfully well, as though it were your very own!

Now, our hearts are brimming over with the beauty and love of your gifts — your sacred letter that made us weep softly together with rare joy of ones so loved, and the sweet orals that frame so intimately and securely our double memories.

What words are there from our young and searching hearts that can possibly be adequate to express our boundless depth of gratitude? My freedom and joy in writing this comes from knowing that you know our gratitude before we express it. I have used to many words already when none are really wanted. They spill over the edges of the paper, lacking in sufficient care and humility before the your great simplicity and generosity. Within them is gratitude for all, all that is in the pages and the pictures and all that is beyond them.

I go now to look once more, to read and smile in wonder of such sweet memories and then to put this child to sleep in the warmth of your blessing. Your children, M & M.