

the fourteenth of May 1961.

Our own dear Nen,

The bread is baked; the floor swept; the old wicker rocker has a new gleam of white and a soft pillow - the basket too - All the outward signs are ready. I am ready.

But just, I said, I must write to Nen. I must tell her again how beautiful is her heart. I must spend this quiet Sunday afternoon with our child's book, letter and our memories. Tomorrow the experience of giving new life could come, but today, with the heavy weight of love still held tight within, I want to share such a precious time with you.

In these heaviest of days I feel more sumptuously happy than ever before; the child now almost separated from me is, in its ripeness, completely mine. It is, as you wrote so eloquently and simply in Mother and child, time to give my gift to the world, and in this moment between two worlds comes a strong satisfaction.

My days have simplified themselves because of the child. It is glorious! How

2. easy it becomes to say "no" to well-meaning friends. Our little world glows with vitality emanating from the child. Hence the glow in my cheeks, the steady calm of these singing hours.

With such serenity comes a great and deep security such as I've never known except in my love for Mitch. Because of our happiness we are grateful to be approaching the miracle of birth with full health and a steady rhythm of new life to offer.

We are not so absorbed in our creation that we do not ask of yours. We know Bare Feet is magnificent. We hope you are satisfied with it. When do you leave for Europe and for how long will you be gone? Our letters must reach you! How we wish that we could welcome you home and with babe and book in arms together celebrate our creations.

Distance has difficulty. We miss the ease of nearness to you and the meadow. But when we do come, as it has been in the past, the moments will be longer in their

3. significance. For now, as long as I
look within I see you; I see us together
in the photographs — we share far more
than an afternoon. One day soon we shall
be together on the soft meadow making
long shadows on the grass — How we shall
laugh and sing! For now, love comes to
you with laughter on wings as soon with
the world's joyously proclaiming a birth.

Your children —

Margaretta & Mitch