

June 27, 1961. Anne was
just 5 weeks old.

Dearest Nell,

You know vividly how often my thoughts are involved in yours — as often as I gather Anne into my arms or look at her tiny face against the white of the sheet or feel the fragrant softness of her cheek — Hardly an hour passes that I do not include you in my thoughts.

Another little pair of pictures come to you, this time to show you just how lovely a pair are this father and child — on the day after Anne was born. We are taking all the pictures we can find to keep forever these precious happy days. So complete they are and so unselfconsciously pure and simple.

We hope that before the freedom of summer passes we shall be able to make a trip to the mountains or the sea and sit and walk and breathe deeply in the center of nature. It will be our rebirth — we need to go off quietly to —



gether - The Three of us. How we would that
it were to greet you on your doorstep - but
we shall be patient - and hold that
moment in our hearts until it comes.

Soon the new grandparents come to
visit and be dazzled by this sweet Anne -
We hope that the new relationship will
be enjoyable for them.

You are, at this date, on your way
to Holland. We greet you on foreign shores
and shall be thinking often of your
book and yourselves. Our constant love,
Margaretta & Ruth