

4. That seems to touch all of me.
Her eyes are a deep, deep blue and
they charm us with their gaiety.
And, Nell, I need not add that she
is a good baby — she is love's child,
your very own. Our's.

She answers your special letter
with a knowing, swift smile and
extends a tiny fist upward in a
stretch that accompanies a trickle
of laughter. She is already thinking
of the day we shall be together
again, under the tree with the
bells in your garden. She is so
very fortunate to have you and
I think she must know it.

My heart says all the things
this letter cannot hold. We are
thinking of you, of "Pater", of "Barefeet"
and wishing well in love.

Your children —
Margaritta Mitch & Anne.

August 30, 1961

Our dear, dear Nell,

Our letters crossed and since
then I hope the way is smoother
for you. How pained I feel to
think that you are not well —
that "Pater" has been ill also.
I feel helpless but send prayers
and more than constant love
so full is the cup that comes to
you. No people mean more to
us in deep love and devotion.
We wish that we could "do" more
than "say" things. But we are
always near in thought and
spirit. Take all we can give
of supporting love to carry
home with you.

Our glimmer of a trip never

3. on another hearth. We are pleased to have found a redwood cottage (tho' we shall only live in part of it) with a quiet, shaded garden and a wood-paneled simple living room & fireplace. We shall make it look like us soon. We are collecting a few old things to paint and polish and in a stern simplicity we'll begin. I rather like the idea. And, well, we finally have found a second-hand enlarger which will meet us in our new house. If I am worthy I shall tell you of us more vividly than ^{my} words do. In the meantime I will send tiny windows that open into our house and ask you to come in.

Anne fills my heart more full of love each day. She talks more sweetly and looks more thoroughly and smiles broadly. Her hands express her mood. They grasp my finger and enclose it with a warmth

2. moved beyond a faint light and it is just as well. Perhaps we can aim for late October (tho' it will be hard for Mitch to leave his studies then) or Christmas. There ~~are~~ a web of pulls to make us come not the least of which is a Baptism. And, when we do come we must present Anne to Mr. Mitchell who wants to see his first great-grandchild so much that he only delicately hints in his letters about a possible visit.

We are at present in the upheaval of moving - just to another street of Berkeley - to 2529 Hillegass St. I think that we will be tucked into our new home by the 10th of September, if all goes well. It is easier to think of leaving here now that curtains are down and our eyes are focused