

November 15, 1961

Our dearest Nen,

These pages have been bare too long now, although I have had them written many times over — first — let me say how very, very sad I am to hear that "Pater" is not well — and we pray for his sure recovery and for every comfort for you both. This is much for you to carry. We wish so strongly that we were there to support you — and protect you. I want to battle this distance of miles and miles and share some hours with you by the fire, seeing Anne fall asleep contentedly in your arms. I wanted to write in this letter that we are coming. I have held my pen hoping to say it. But we are called to see the great-grandfather, who has been excessively patient. He will give us a visit to him at Christmastime. We shall fly to Florida.

Our hearts ache with the desire to fly from south to North before we return west. We have not dared to think on it yet - knowing the pulling it would cause, for in the end, how could we have enough time with you? We would have a christening in New York but time would pull us away before we could really see you -

We shall dare, however, to imagine a trip east to you next summer - a long, slow journey - a restful visit - perhaps even work for Mitch that could let us have more precious days than before. It would be early summer - June we think. Mitch will have passed (we hope) his exams and then we can come. It is like a great puzzle - First Mitch must ^{decide to} take the exams; if he does take them in the Spring - we

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are free to leave, breathing deeply —
if he doesn't, we must work until
Autumn. Our dream is to come, to
live by your side, to refresh our
spirits and to give you your daughter
who is so full of your beauty that
she is already your own.

If we can find enough days at
Christmas time we shall write you
that it will be. Now we find it all
too confusing. I want to come so
much — without all those other people.

Now, my mind clear of all the
little worries, of plans and projects,
I can tell you about sweet Anne.
If I could ^{only} write of my wonder — my
joy, my exultation! Your mother and
child is a new book now, again, above
and beyond its former sacred hold. Now
I am it and we are in complete com-
munication — I feel this each time!

hold my child and see Mitch's face
in hers, her eyes, her brow, and I
shudder with disbelief at the sweetness
of her gestures, the curve of her neck
and the size of her hands and feet.
And when we play together — Then you
are really with us! We romp — she
sits and bounces on my knee — we
clap hands. sing. dance. smile
laugh. It is beyond the joy I once
imagined. The quiet moments are
almost best. We talk together and
our warmth doubles because of her
purring, radiant heat. It is the sun
shining to hold her close.

I send some small pictures now
almost a month old — of Anne and
me, one Sunday in the Garden — And
I herald the first day's work in the
completed darkroom by presenting
you with the rough beginning. Un-
spotted, un-touched, but sent in

humble jubilation. What a joy to be in the darkroom, absorbed in bringing these precious moments back to life - to have the double happiness seems almost too much. Why do so many women starve themselves?

Mitch once said to me, partly in jest, partly in seriousness - that he wished you could be an "institution" - that women would untangle themselves, unburden their shoulders and warm their dry, cold hearts if they could have but an hour at your side - But we know that a true spirit can only communicate when another is open and free to be filled. We count ourselves blessed beyond all we know or shall know to be within your warmth. Our lives had no roots before your nourishment.

Just to write you smooths my
brow. I have recently been too much
Martha, not enough Mary. I want
to shed so many unimportant things,
"nice" people, meaningless words and
activity - I see all those ^{around me}, even the
intelligent ones, looking outside to
jobs and social activity for their
happiness - I find it takes extra strength
to say no and risk not being "nice".
Maybe I have not yet enough freedom.
Maybe I am still so young -

Tonight we will light the candles
and put on the white dress - Bless us.
We wish you could do our seeing
for us. But you shall be here and
the pictures will be made for you.

Our boundless joy wrapped in love
Margaretta