

P.S. We send The book from The Gehenna Press which has the reproductions done by The Meridan Gravure.

[The Engineer speaks] The sandbox is pentagonal and sunk into the ground. Surrounded by gravel. Anne persists in ignoring its clever design and seems pleased only with putting dirt in the gravel, gravel in the sand, and sand in her mouth...

Greta has perfectly expressed our feelings. I can only add that the word "Love" is always re-invented and re-invested in your presence...

Mitch

And for Bennie and Harold our fondest wishes...



August 14, 1962.

Dearest Nell,
there are never evenings enough by your warm hearth nor words enough to tell you about our endless careful love for you that wants to be with you now as we were just a month ago.

Even having us must have been hard for you in some way - so soon after John's death. But I trust my heart telling me that we were meant to be there quietly in the background, doing whatever there was to ^{do to} protect you. To be there with Anne. To be near while you baked your bread and

3. of energy and scrubbing and polishing. Then we sat back and sighed with the pleasure of being by our own little windows with little Anne.

Dear little Anne - how much she blossomed under your eyes. She still says "doggie" clearly and tries now to make the little barking sound, going through her animal book and peeping and sniff-sniffing at the right (and sometimes wrong) times. We are ready for a trip to the zoo.

I will write again soon but I wanted to send just simply our love. We are ready always to be called upon if you need us. A little fairy kiss from Anne
a quiet steady love
from
Greta & Mirth

2. ease the day along its path seemed right and reverent. Our spirits were refreshed by your loving generous nature - and our hearts were made glad to have you touch Anne, claiming her as your own. I have never wanted more to be your own daughter that I might have more completely entered into your pain and taken it away. But where there is not blood that ties us, there is spirit and perhaps the bond can be as deep - or as long. Anyway, time is erased. Years count for little. Our friendship seems to have been always there.

We are very content to be home again. A sandbox had to be built, first thing, and then the little garden put in order, some love given to the neglected plants. After that an explosion