

November 27, 1962

Dearest Nell,

the Bare Feet has been
born and though I have only
seen notice of its arrival in
the papers I am already inside
looking and pleased at what
I know is there.

How deeply thrilling -
I await the pages with a child's
anticipation of Christmas
morning. Tomorrow Anne &
I shall walk to the bookstore.

Our little prints and pictures
are almost gathered & packed
to send to you. They will be totally
eclipsed by the Bare Feet, I know,
for I already feel filled with the
beauty of the book. Dusty, timeless,
earthly beauty. But I shall give

2.

Them gladly, unafraid, as a child
to her mother. Anyway, they are
already yours.

Last week I heard Margaret
Meade speak on "Creative Intelligence
in Women" - It was interesting and
for me, a remarkably revealing
talk, for from it I gleaned many
significant details of my own
development. The most significant
is this, our friendship; that I have
learned a "pattern" of expression
from a woman - a great woman.
Increasingly I know that I am
extremely fortunate to have learned
from a teacher of Life. It is as
though I knew how beauty was,
but only saw it when I walked
through your doors. No one can
understand ^{this} but us, and Frederick.

How long will you be in
Mexico? We cannot leave here until

early spring. I would so like
to meet there. Could it happen?

Our Love, strong and constant,

Margaretha

little Anne sends her dear hugs and a
little hop - she dances - & a little
hum - she can sing too!