

Dearest Nell,

Each afternoon when June is tucked in bed for her nap, I take your book in hand and enter it's unique world. Your eye as always is so sensitive to beauty your words so direct and real.

There are certain pages, particularly of faces and quiet moments, when I pause for a long time, marveling at the intimacy you have achieved. The camera is there - but forgotten, so true and unselfconscious is the moment. The Bare Feet, your child, is a child of love - that within the wide compass of that love we are nourished is our great and deep privilege.

A day does not pass that we

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do not speak of you. And holding
the camera or in the darkroom you
are there more than ever. Because
of you I begin to see. I feel an
inner gratitude that I can never
fully express.

With all love and a sweet
hate from Anne.

Margaret

Berkeley
December 8, 1962