

you to know how much
Thoughts of you and
re-readings of Mother
& Child and your
most wonderful letters
have been a part of
these last waiting
days. I am now so very
large and ripe with
new life — sleepy and
hazy as a heavily
fragrant summer day.
These are the hours
when the child seems
more mine, an extension
of me than before or
after. These hours belong

Dearest Nen,
It is February The
6th and I am quietly
in the rocking chair
by the window watching
the gusts of wind toss
the branches of our
tall redwood trees —
Anne is asleep — Frederick
is at home reading a
manuscript of a professor.
Soon I shall go and lie
down for my rest.
Meanwhile, I wanted

to our silent communication
and friendship.

We shall let you hear
when our news can be
sung!

Our love in great
measure.

Greta

MOTHERHOOD
Drypoint and aquatint by Mary Cassatt
American, 1855-1926
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

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