

MERRY CHRISTMAS

1964

The Mitchells

Greta

Frederick

Anne

☛ Kate



At the stubborn Scrimshaw Press
I cut the block; Frederick printed it!

two days before Christmas
1964

Dear dear Ken -

The winter fog encloses our Chalet with its softness and inside the Christmas tree sparkles; the bread was baked last Sunday (the day we printed this card on our press). I now await Mitch's arrival from the airport where he meets his family whom we haven't seen for two years. Our Christmas will be gay and spacious - fun with many hearts. We wish Christen Kate, who is Mitch's mother's namesake,

At the center will be our patient silence - My year has been a crowded one - there is much I need to talk to you about - to bring to your wisdom - to share with you of us, Anne or Kate, both so sweet. Kate is all love and life now so full and still so pure in infancy - I almost weep with poignant joy at the moments as they pass. We are extremely happy. Take and keep our love. Greta

Wherever they are
wherever love is
Let them be . . .

In peace

In beauty

One world, forever
Amen.