

9 April 1965

Dearest Nell,

I write from a beautiful wild
rain storm that is in its second day.
How I have gloried in it for it
has given me the emptiness I needed
to send you my heart and its
strivings.

The last month or so I have
worked so hard and am doing
so much that you must see. You
will see it all as soon as the
final prints are made. I have
been working on improving my
print-making. I have been making
close-ups in nature - putting my
nose right into the bed of nasturtiums
and it has given me such great
satisfaction. I knew all along I
had to return to the simple earth
and the little flowers! I have
been making pictures and
struggling to relearn all I know,
forgetting and learning all over.
The results have been in a few pictures
but those few are REAL to me.

That is what I had to tell you

that I have found the path again and am walking steadily along, looking up with a lifted heart. For so long I couldn't seem to function as I know I can. It was such a painful time and I felt that I just had to find the way. Now I am better — and I want you to be better too. Are you over the awful crump? Please be well.

The children are beautiful. The world of US is supremely happy. Anne plays "house" and "pretend" and is learning each minute and teaching the rest of the time! Kate struggles endearingly to walk. She is a jolly, chuckling child who seems to be all love and simplicity.

Fredrick comes to grips with his thesis more all the time and together we have grown philosophical about it. But "success" is so outward an object. Our success is an inward goal. With or without the thesis.

This is brief but time approaches

2. The end of naps and the beginning
of supper preparations. I am
learning to be patient! I will
write again.

Will you be in Connecticut
this summer?

Lore - much, much love,

Joeta.