

July 21
1969

Dearest Nell,

Silence from me has been filled with the caring for Julia who did come down with fever, rash and was diagnosed as having roseola — and coping with visiting in 90° heat and now rain. Somehow not conducive to the thought that I want this letter to have. I rush to add that our visit here has been jovial — farm animals, fresh milk, beans, and raspberries — babies everywhere — (twin girls 9 months old) and a boy for each older girl.

Back to the thoughts I would try to send to you. Thanks are absolutely inadequate to express what I feel about the visit, beautiful and healing, which was our privilege to have. The Cheese House, our emotional home, was ~~a~~ the scene of some very meaningful conversations between Frederick and me — begun by

the open-hearted talks by your hearth.
I think you realize what loneliness
I have felt; my voice in the wilderness;
a bird surrounded by briars - which
look like the most beautiful vines in
the world. In your words, your
extreme caring, your response to the
real person - some of Frederick, you
help him as no one else can - to see
what he can be.

I have seen over these years how
blind my dear Frederick is - blind
to his own voices - to the truth within -
to God. He has enormous self-
contempt (his beauty - easy success)
and self-delusion (tomorrow I'll get
the book done, tomorrow my adviser
will understand, tomorrow, the magazine

3. will be better, etc.) Crisis rules his life because he doesn't understand to follow what is best for him. He lets unpleasant situations fester. Instead of avoiding The Thesis adviser for a different one, he let himself be convinced that "it would work out". He avoids thinking. He is sweetly optimistic - cannot seem to see the basic evil that works through many people. He almost seems to be drawn to the neurotic, unhappy, confused soul - and yet hasn't the self-discipline of a doctor or minister to sufficiently detach himself from that negative power. He softly condones the stupid behavior of many around him because he wants to avoid anything unpleasant - Not realizing all the while the bitter harvest he reaps in those who dearly love him. Sometimes I think that there is a danger in

innocence - in belief in humanity - not in humans.

Deeply, I feel but cannot express to him, that the missing link in Mitch is ~~at~~ his unawareness of the presence of a Godhead, which gives way to a kind of weak embrace of causes - a do-good liberal or radical, a freedom of action which is nothing but mushy quick solutions that have no lasting effect. No intellectual philosophy has taken place of a religious belief - to give him a framework for life. But he is at the same time such an open, honest, beautiful & human being - tolerant and unaware of the very power of the beauty he emanates. Somehow the reality of this whole Rampart's thing has shown him much - Now it remains to see what he does with such knowledge.

Our parting conversation was amazing

5. - more so as I have digested it. I sat that evening, unaware of the harm of Frederick's words to you - So used am I to his brand of self-delusion - and then you saw, what I have seen and never adequately expressed - and the clarity of your vision was like a surgical knife, cutting into the parasite that feeds on the goodness in him. Your love, your caring, touched where my love, so common and daily - can never reach - and the gratitude I feel for your difficult task of openly telling him a truth about himself is more than you will ever know.

Somehow I believe a corner of life has been turned, that we will be stronger and wiser because of all of this. I want so much for Mitch and I often despair that I cannot really help him. I can only love him - and say what

I feel, and wait.

That I love him is absolutely
sure — and I ~~only~~ wish I did not
have to feel so protective — not a role
I enjoy. He is so vulnerable, so
beautiful, so ^{needed} ready to serve the good
of Life. I guess I have a faith-
blinded too — but I have chosen
a life, I am committed to him —
and I will do the best I can to be all
I am capable of being.

You have given me so much — such
an example of strength and love. I
can only say a quiet thank-you — and
again and again —

love always,
Greta