

to thank you for, again + again. That I deserve such gifts, I don't even question anymore. I simply vow to give in return all I can.

It was a very special evening — our journey was superb. John's pictures will make a perfectly lovely book — He is floating, we are floating — some — how above the morass of hate and fear and stupidity.

I'm sure that your weekend was full of meaning also. We hope that Erica is better. That your spring has blossomed. Our love to all — as ever and always.

Greta

Monday May 18
1970

Dearest Nell,

knowing that I brought my cold home with me and am just now catching up with the abundance of tasks which gathered over our trip — I write with hesitation — hoping that you did not get the cold also. Hoping that fervently — I write with Luxuriant thanks — What a significant moment, a crystal-clear moment to share, chaos in the world around, new spring daring to appear in your valley and out of the meanness of New York we feel gratefully — once — more — into your



haven of love - caring - friendship —
 All that ever kept Frederick from
 realizing his worth, is dropped like a
 heavy yoke from his shoulders. It was
 invisible to all, ^{but us} but it was there and
 since last summer it has gradually
 fallen away until now, he is again
 himself — able to care and show it in
 his own special way. I think he "under-
 stands" where life is really led. The life of
 the spirit. I think I have all the world

FEEDING THE DUCKS

Etching by Mary Cassatt
 American, 1845-1926

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Bequest of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, 1929
 The H. O. Havemeyer Collection