

May 25

Dearest Nell -

With jubilation I can write that Mitch has passed his oral exam, and we have the yoke cast from our shoulders. Weary of the world we leave tomorrow for several days in the farthest corner of Yosemite - to walk and breathe and rest our minds and hearts. To be close to nature will give us refreshment, of a kind that we have not felt since Anne was born. These few days of simplicity will prepare us for the greater simple joy of our forthcoming visit to you.

We have so much love stored in our selves and our Anne to pour into our days together - we anticipate the deep moment of welcome and the long happy hours. If our presence can lift your sadness, that alone is reason to be with you - but, selfishly, we wait to be nourished by you. How starved we are for your wisdom.

We must relate our plans, such as they are - vague at best. We leave here by train on June 7th to arrive in Erie for a visit with Mitch's family. From there to my family's home in New Jersey. We shall have to take a journey to Florida & back because this spring Mitch's Grandfather died and we must go and do what we can with the house. That trip is not yet planned as preparations are all in the mail (for disposal of property - are there not better words?). But perhaps it is best, for if we come to you after all these visits we will need your peace all the more and we will have more time. We, then, shall hope for July 6th and 10 days thereafter - days that in themselves shall mean a thousand more.

Of a baptism we must speak also - I cannot escape the Grandmother influence and the 24th* has been suggested. If it is difficult to contemplate coming as far as

* June.

3. New Jersey, would New York be better? Somehow to us the ritual doesn't seem as significant when weighted by details - but if you cannot leave later - we shall have our own ritual, and it will be the more beautiful. Have I ever told you who the other godparents are? Mr. Scold, a dear friend, and my Aunt Gretchen, who has no children of her own.

All of this fades when I open my eye upon the bucolic scene of the willow trees and a reflection in the brook of our faces. I see in them a love that defies words.

Our hearts are there already
with you.

Ever & always

Margaretta Hitch
your little Anne.