

The cherry blossoms are already at the peak of their fragile beauty. The lightness of these early spring days is overwhelming - the sun, like a cure for me.

We have ^{had} since the year began, great sadness in the deaths of two dear friends, both young. You, only you, can understand my awkward silence.

Would that summer could bring us to you - As yet we know of no change in plans - we may well be here next year.

With special love -
Greta.



THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL
Sculpture in glazed terracotta by Andrea della Robbia.
From the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Dick Fund, 1960

Dear Madrina Nell.

Our Anne of six months ago resembled more the child of early spring than late summer. She has never been more sweet and loving. Her world is a great discovery. All is wonder and joy and real, from the smallest water bug held in her cupped hands, to the great starmy night - just a picture to her. I wish you could see her with Kate. So carefree, but still somewhat impatient; so helpful, but also respectful. Kate is so much into Anne's world now, but they blend in the best way.

