

Well, dear friend,

a post script - to the undated letter - begun many times -

How can I thank you for standing by me? I am coming through my unhappiness - my longing for a home with a garden - a community. Much that has brought me this crisis has to do with the kind of urban life I lead - cut off from trees + grass and breezes and spaces. It is all outer - and over the last years we looked for housing and have met difficulties - discovering that we are not urban, also that we are Eastern and yet live here. That the Press, glorious as it is, wasn't supporting us. Frederick has been putting lots of financial

pressure on me over the last year -
and I arrived at the moment
to move out of the city to our
old chalet - trying to manage
two households + remodelling
and all that - and just really
was exhausted. Out of all
of this is the certainty that we
must leave the city - that Frederick
must admit where we will live
(ie - establish community) so
that I can at least feel settled -
Each year since 1959 I've been
told we might move the following
year.

all this will resolve into
something better. It has been
a negative time for me, who is not
negative - so I have really been
hating myself.

2. but I know that my needs and feelings are real — and I am joyful that I can at last express them — I have had trouble this summer getting them out.

know that I was part of the sizing of photos and getting it on the Press — that the one decision I made on soft stock was over — hidden — and regretted by the boys — Dick + Frederick. But I find the book beautiful and I live with it warm to my heart. It protects me. It is the best of my year.

Sharing pain isn't easy for me. I don't admit it readily. My hurts go too much inside. Thank you for getting it out of me.
Love always, Greta