

Coney Byers May 18 1974

Dear Don,

It is so hard to write a letter now! To be able to sit down for a few minutes and talk to someone quietly! I have quiet and peace, but always - or almost always - with my children around or with an idea in mind, something that has to be done, etc.

I have written to you many mental letters and I hope you have received them all. I wanted to tell you about my life of a 'romantic' woman, to tell you about being a country mother with a husband far away, and about a musician practicing at dawn quietly on the clavichord - my tiny music.

I know you are with me, and I feel many times your spirit in the fields around our house, behind the black - old - barns. I want so much to share with you my happiness, my full self. Now I am sending you some recent pictures. Some words on the back of each of them.

How are you? Your health?

How is Chris?

Send him my love. I remember him so often too. He would love to see this old farm,

I am sure. So would you . . .

From February to April we (all) were in the Sudan - Khartoum. Hot - violent - exciting rough country. In April Mel and the children got the measles and we came "home". As soon as Mel felt well, he went back, and we have stayed here until our "home" there is ready for us to "settle down" for some time. We will keep two homes (and a hotel room in Beirut - Lebanon). Zen will go to school here as well as there, and Mimei will do the same in due time.

I hope to spend most of June here in Coney Isles, but I am never 100% sure. Please send me a word when you receive this letter.

My best wishes to Chris for a great Summer.
And to you our love

Ruby Zen and Mimei