

Dinner up — 3 December 1961 —

Nell — oh darling Nell — It is weeks since your letter arrived — to me as heartrending as a wack of the ic and yet as heart warming as a leaping flame — even smile I have been carrying in my heart like a gift to look at every so often — and infinitely precious — waiting for a clear space of quiet & quiet is you but the burden of waiting seems now to heavy any longer to bear — so just now I guided you bed in the middle of this night and down to my kitchen to talk to you — So many many things to say — and then — as you say in your letter — It is not a kindness to share any but the sunny hours — still I read those words I pondered how to express how things seem — briefly — Then came the letter about the memory page and with your words, the words I was searching for, that you are trapped in a revolving door — it just this — and yet things are beautiful almost unbearable so — — — Nell — that you love and think of us this is joyful — just before your letter arrived, those few days I had been thinking particularly often of you and when I saw your writing I wanted to cry aloud — I think about 'The Blue Feet' — 'Mother and child' is over a deep strength and solace — This seems not a letter but a mere scrap — perhaps because snatched as it is — but in a sense you know all I could say and also in a sense all my joys are shared with you. Nell, 12/12/61