

April 12, 1953

Well, darlingest,

Thankyou → Thankyou
for all you did! You simply
made Sil's trip for him, →
I know he will remember it
always. Without you it would
have been so different →
not anywhere near so ~~great~~.

You will be surprised to
hear that we just couldn't
wait any longer, but left
Reading at a quarter to two
→ drove home! Oh how
good it was to see all those
dear faces again! And to smell
the smell of Red House → to
see the dear objects all around.
I will never be deeply of you

mass of purple → all the
old plants are reappearing in new
green; how vigorous they look.

The shells → the candy →
Bethany's little nook were all
greatly appreciated.

The rain is dripping again
outside but it is so peaceful.

We all love you →
think you, → look forward to
the happy time in May when
Sweet Home will be filled with
the sound of your step.

L.

love for Sweet Home, and it makes
me ache, I am absent from it.

As we used to have, the doves
have moved into a cardboard house
I made for Bethany, that she
had hanging on the wall. I can
quite guess how sweet they look
— it as they peer out the window!

Yesterday Bethany → I came in
for the kitchen → found the
cooling their toes in the gold fish
bowl!! You never saw a sweetie
sight, or a funnier. The fish had
fled in terror beneath a shell.

How quickly one slips into old
clothes and old habits again, and
how comfortable they are. The geraniums
→ the furniture → even the
dumb looked nicer, and the sound
of the miller was sweeter — as
for the children → to → I
just don't see how they get so
lovable, especially L.

My sweet scented violets are a