

December 29, 1967

Dearest Nell,

You must feel you have to give us no longer a gift, truly you must! Even if you gave nothing you would still be the same Godmother. As you have sent it, I read - return a great many thanks. It was dear of you and it gave the young banders pleasure. I decided it - to five parts. My share I've not decided what to spend on, but I pretty sure it will be something old, or possibly I'll get a string of sheep bells for the work horses, Jim and Gyp. We take them out almost every other day, now that there is snow on the fields

for the road to run on. It is
so exciting to drive such enormous
and beautiful creatures. You would
have enjoyed seeing Lisa & Elmer
a few days ago. They were driving
across the East Field, Lisa with
the reins and her long blonde
hair blowing in the wind. The
girls cheeks were bright with the
cold and their bright clothes, the
corps coloured horses and the
blue sky made a unforgettable
picture. How I wish you could have
been here to catch it.

I am sure Lilla & Lisa will
spend their spare or took of Lilla
and something in the yarn line
for Lilla weaving.

Elmer is planning a some
sailing boat I believe, but I
don't know for sure.

I am not Bellhays plans I
don't know about. Anyway your

present gave all of us a great
great deal of happiness.

We had such a happy Christmas.
This year we managed to make
almost every present we gave
and it was most satisfactory. You
should see the fine spice chest
Lett and Lisa. It's perfection!

We had the usual decorations
with the Creeche - the oven and
the Advent Wreath over the table
you gave us. Lots of home made
Advent Calendars covered the
wall behind it. We made wreaths
and garlands for the entire
winter kitchen and you can't
imagine how pretty it looks.

Melissa's room was set up for
the Christmas chest with a doll
tree and all their best belongings.

I made Melissa a chip-munk
Pur muff and a tiny patchwork
pillow and, for little Lucy a

Three inch tall Babby. Remember
Babby the Mexican toy doll?.

This year we've been able to
raise everything we need - the
food line, we buy only staples
and grain for the animals. We
raised all our own meat, vegetables
fruit, honey, cider, vinegar
butter, hard cheese and cottage
cheese. Also for our sheep
we got enough wool to make
for a heavy, and handsome
sweater and endless pairs of socks
for both boys and for the women
folk as well. Next year we hope
to have enough to weave.

We have four looms set up
and work on them at every odd
chance. I've gotten my spinning
wheel going too and am very
satisfied with the amount I can

turn out in an evening.

We still Dulcimer, especially Egan, and it is so pleasant to work by fire light and be sung to.

The farm as a farm has never looked finer and it gives us endless delight.

— should see our wicked ram named Billy Buck. He is such a fine and manly beast. He's taken down two barn doors and several pens by running at them and bullying. He's truly a medieval animal even to having an undocked tail which adds greatly to his splendid appearance.

Egan has a tame pig named, Martin. He now weighs

two hundred pounds and still
thinks he's a piglet.

My parrot, Charlie is going
~~strong~~ strong and comes out with
the most startling remarks.
You would really enjoy him.

I also have a very fine
Witch Cat called Salania. She coal
black with brown marked eyes
and highly inclined with the
practices of cat witchery. She rides
on my shoulder constantly
and takes a interest - brooms,
only Besom brooms of course.

I quite startled a young
high school graduate who was
taking a course - Children's Literature
and came to see me as she
was writing a paper on "Writing
for Children". being very careful
she said, not to me would
that were too big for them,
etc etc etc and etc.

Well, she came at dusk during
a snow storm and I had
~~thought~~ she was coming and
was in my old clothes. The
kitchen was lit by one
candle and I was sure to one
used to the modern home
with glowing incandescent my
dark kitchen looked highly
surprising.

Six dogs poured out the
door as I let her in, practically
sweeping her off her feet.

Well, I finally persuaded her to
take tea and she launched forth
in endless questions of.
Did I write with the child in
mind and so forth. As she
finished asking Salonia left to
my shoulder so I turned to
the girl and asked her: Did she

believe - witchcraft? She paled
terribly.

Well, I must stop as
it is getting on towards time
to cook dinner.

Just endless love
→ so many grateful
thanks!

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