January the eighth,
One thousand nine
hundred and eighty

I cherish the
prossed geraniums.

Nell most dear,

Thankyou, thankyou for the lovely letter fr— yourself which was awaiting Linda, Cricket and me upon our return fro— a long journey to visit one of our favourite people in Pleasant Valley, New York. It is a three and a half hour trip each way but the pleasure of seeing our "St. Francis" at the end was well worth it. A delightful person, quite crazy. He lives in a house filled with birds dogs, cats, goats, plants, baskets, crocks and his seven year old daughter Erin — a child fro— ye other worlds — if ever I saw one.

The three of us spent our time there antiquing in remote places for old bird cages. We found three beauties in an old mill, quite an enchanted spot and I — certain ogton visited by Rip Van W. Naturally I had to have the— so they were loaded into our truck along with the Christmas dump load which we hadn't taken time

to leave off before starting out.

Then one can't have an exquisite cage without birds — so I traded books for seven rainbow hued Budgies and two finches. Your letter at the end of so happy a day was the coppin touch of sheer delight.

The news that you will truly be coming to Corgi Cottage this summer rejoices my soul! Oh, oh, oh, OH !!! How lovely !!! I went straight down to the pit, early this morning, and snipped and clipped and told the Fuchsias they were all to be in full blossom for the week of [illegible] summer — they will be too.

The enclosed photographs are but poor things to be sending you, but they at least prove that East of the Sun and West of the Moon are quite real. You just show them to any unbelievers and they will at least be shaken.

Your good health is the BEST news of all.

How I love you!! I shower you with kisses which if you will but stand by your window at night will come sliding down the moonbeams that rest upon