Febbruary 25, 1981

Nell, most darling,

Your lovely letter of valentine thanks came today in a most beautiful snow storm. It smote my conscience as I've been moaning to write you for weeks for your kindness in sending the book for my friend Pamela. It was so good of you and gave her such a light at a time of depression for her. How I love you! You are always there. Such a happy surge to the heart when I see an envelope with your dear writing.

The valentine lacked much as I was pressed for time doing two books at once, plus several commissions of various sorts, all on deadlines.

We did have a lovely Valentine tea though, in the Best Parlour. Bethany and Laura came and I made a pink cake and decorated it with the lovely White Rose of China which bloomed for the special day. And of course we used the pink lustre tea set, and I put flowers in my hair.

I'm writing by candle light. We have no power, due to snow. How soothing candlelight is. Bright lights make me uneasy and flourescent lights put me in a panic. Moonlight is the best. Moonlight and a south west wind, ah, there is true romance and magic and faery.

My rowdy parrot is perched atop the gym Seth made him saying "Give me a kiss" Come on, come on!" This is interspersed with "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!" and Wow what a beauty you are"! He's quite a bird. He and the cat touch noses when Puss is in my lap. I fear for her tail however, as I sense Paylor has his eye on it.

wasn't the promise of Spring a treat! Such a rushing of waters and drippings from eaves. My snowDrops came up and bloomed. Now, poor dears, they are buried deep in snow again. The world has become a white world, a breath-taking world of Fey.

We've not ventured forth for two weeks and are wondering if the car will even start. We keep putting off the trip to town — its so much cosier to sit by the fire and paint and sew. And we need nothing.

Poor Pamela, I do hope she is now in better spirits. It must be desolate for her. When next you write give her my good love and tell her she is often in our thoughts.

When Marla was here we took alot of photographs, I believe I told you. One I took is lovely and I'm sending it to you when the reprints are returned. Most of the others I believe I over exposed, as they were washed out looking. Is this right?

I dislike using a light metre, and wont.

I've been so engrossed with Schweitzers writings. Linda and I have embarked on an avid program of reading them. She was able to obtain several in paper back. He is the only person who has ever made religion sound acceptable to me. I love him!

The Spring bit up put Linda and me in a great cleaning spirit. The goat pens were turned out as was the hen house. As a result all our lady Corgis have become enthusiastic members of D.D.A. The letters stand for Dung, Rollers Anonymous! Not even buckets of cold water dampen their ardour, or odor, its really quite trying.

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How I love you.!!!

I kiss you, I send you Joy!

How Joyous Spring is.

Tasha