Nell darling,

The fire is singing gaily to itself, stories of the beautiful forest, of the little wild feet of fairy people and the winds tales. The lamplight makes a warm glow on the red cloth which is answered by a hundred little lights on the china dishes and the cooking jars and the brass kettles. The garden's last bouquet is on the table, a mass of colour and sweet scents. There is a big yellow bowl of bright dried apples too. And the room smells of wood smoke and warmed Rosemary, for all day Bellamy and I have been bringing in the plants for the winter. The

windows are full of geraniums, with the Rosemary in the place of honour in her big red pot that sits in the "Bull Eight Bowl". The crickets are very quiet tonight, they feel the first frost.

These last two nights there has been a bright yellow moon, the Harvest Moon! How beautiful she is! She makes me think of you! She makes me long for you that you also might be here to feel her magic light. Part of you is here though I know. A sacred part, standing in the beautiful field quite unbounded, with moonlight and mist; and fairy rings about your feet.

I ache for the part of you that isn't here and long to comfort. I feel so helpless. I admire you so, more all the time. I stand in perfect wonder before your strength.

I am thinking now that you will be here soon, within another

moon. Remember how the Christmas moon shone through the window on Tom Tom's cradle and our dancing. And the truck dance! What fun it all was.

Bethany and I are turning our minds to Christmas cake making - already!! We are collecting raisins and cherries and almonds. And one of these days we will fold up the red table cloth and spread out all our store of goodies and make ten pounds of Christmas cakes. Tom Tom will be under the table picking up the crumbs, Bethany and Seth will be sticky to their elbows, and a delicious smell will be about. Would that you could be here too.

The coughs seem about gone, at last, though Tom Tom was quite miserable a few days back, but now he is better and as full of mischief as ever.

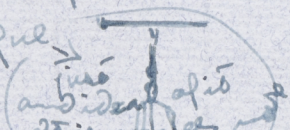
The puppet family grows bit by bit, a piece of leg of an evening, an arm while waiting for the kettle to boil.

The drawings are having a slight rest as I just mailed off a batch and am waiting to here how they are received. So I am gardening to my hearts content. Such a bloom of Canterbury Bells and Fox Gloves we will have if they but stand the cold of winter. I will nurse them carefully and tuck them in a warm hay bed.

Yesterday I planted peony roots, pure white ones and dark red ones. Do you remember Ma Ma and her peony roots?

You have no idea how I love the gray blue dress you gave me!!!! It is perfect. One of those especially magic ones! Thankyou and thankyou!

And to tell you about the attic we went to see. We found some finds but not clothes. We got the most delightful little red candle stand, so graceful



Then the nicest old one Washstand that ever you did see. Also a graceful four legged stand of bed side table of maple I think.



A set of 5 ladder back chairs which we only bought to get the other three pieces. We sold them.

After that we saw a house that you must see! I can't describe it properly, it just has that magic feeling. And such furniture!!!!!! Of course they will sell none. But oh, but oh, but Oh!! Only you know that naughty feeling of covetousness. Oh dear, what fun. I must stop, it is late. But I do love you so and think of you in all my moments of special happiness.

We all send love, just endless.

X.