

WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT CONNECTICUTWednesday.
Feb - 22 - 1926

Dry Breeze on me.

The long journey from Connecticut to Texas —
from winter to Spring — from snow covered earth
to freshly ploughed black earth lying warm to
the sun — it was all lovely. I lay back
in my seat and drank it to peace. Nothing
like a railway journey to quiet one's mind. —

It was the usual Dorr procedure that I
should discover a Dorr Co man had the
second seat ahead of me — can't for
the life of me think of his name but we had
a pleasant visit as far as (and including)
St. Louis. (He is the man I first met at
the Leads — this will identify him to you).

By the time I reached St. Louis, the enormity
of my empty-handedness dawned fully

on me and I set about to find something to take to a little brown-eyed Paul who was expecting a grass hopper. I went to a pet shop and came out with a three month old yellow love-bird in a cage which made me feel better about facing him. It chirped comfortably at the foot of my berth all night.

Barby, Mayo and Robin were there to meet me with all the warmth of Texas in their smiles - and little Robin even personally carried "his present" Dorney brought him - wondering peering through the hole in the paper to see the real live bird inside. I couldn't have made a better choice - caterpillars were completely forgotten!

The air is balmy and soft and full of bird song. I had forgotten the magic song of the mocker - the cardinals flitting in and out of the lush honeysuckle.

I found your dear letter awaiting me
so settled comfortably into my new surroundings,
with a motherly colored exclaiming all
the while "Saw me, Miss Tenney. you
sure does favor your mammy".

The children look so well it is a
joy to my heart — and they are so
comforting to me. It is a good place to
be. My room was filled with flowers
and little notes of welcome from
friends — also a loaf of home-baked
bread, home made pickles and jelly.
These simple things are hard to beat
for warming the heart. It is a different
world from the scampering population of
my — frantically engaged in some
unknown end. Oh I love my darling

Let us live out our life in the grand
manner and not be provoked about. ?
see you moving mountains to bring that
to pass. Then we ourselves will be
a mountain - a refuge to all who
turn their eyes toward us - or who
seek to pray.

So now I start my cure - first
by touching you — and always by
the knowledge of your love for me and
mine for you. It stands above everything
else — as the most personal blessing. In
others I share - even contribute - but
in ours — I live.

God bless you John —
remembers your sacred honor, your
promise to me to care for your "noble insides".
Only in this knowledge can I rest -
Ever your fond YND.