

4 and passiveness - and the will to dominate.

Poor Kathryn suffers in her lonely home, with her birds flown to their own nest. She would destroy it if she could, just to have them back. She has done everything humanly possible to prevent them leaving but leave they surely have. I could no more refuse to help them than I could refuse to pull my child out of the fire - so I am guilty in her eyes. But while my mother heart aches for John, in his love and protection for Bet, still it aches for Kathryn too in her emptiness and her lonely struggle with Fate. Someday I will tell you more about it - it will make a fantastic tale to tell some long winter's evening before a fire.

But it is Summer now - sweet sweet Summer - with its light feet dancing and its young heart gay. I feel none of its cares - not even shame that I am not spinning. I beg a little from John's garden, and Tasha's - and have more than enough without taking any from them. Next time I leave Pearl at home, or N. Y. She is not meant for lonely mountains - but she will not leave me. Only Monday points his nose to the wind and loves it with me. At last I have an address to mail you letters - but my thoughts have always flown straight to you, my beloved John.

WESTPORT 2-4264

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WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT CONNECTICUT

Dearest:

It is early morning on the mountains - I have finished my breakfast coffee - and only Monday and I to survey the fair, fair face of the day. I wonder where you are. When man makes pilgrimages into the space of the spirit and can fly across it to the beloved arms, then will I kneel and marvel at the wonder. But this machine that thunders so, that smells so, and that is so vulnerable in the sight of Heaven - no, I will never kneel to its tricks - but only grateful when they work, and bring you back to me.

My hay is all cut and is drying in the sun - the smell is something fine and sweet, especially when mixed with air from the mountains. My white rambler roses are blooming over the stone wall nearest the barn - almost fairy like for beauty against the old weathered boards. The crickets sing as though it were August and they feared a frost. and last night late (it must have been almost ten o'clock) I went out to put the shining Buick farther in the great barn, so that I could properly close its doors against a sudden wind. And

3. reading. Took my candle, and lighted myself up to bed. I now sleep in my high old canopy bed with baby Jesus and his mother watching over me all night - it gives me a strangely happy sleep.

To-day Teddy, Tador, Polly (and their 3) also Polly's mother & father are spending the day at Tasha's - and I am going over for the day. They are leaving 2 children with Tasha while the rest are going to Maine for 2 wks fishing. I will find out where later.

Tasha and Tom have been a great help - also Bet and John - in getting things done here. They are my family, a great sense of loving care. I love John, dear John, who has such a German for a mother. She reminds me of my German grandmother that my mother and I lived in mortal terror of as long as she lived. I still remember the rustle of her many black tuffon petticoats as she walked down the hall past my closed door. Yet now that I am wiser (I hope) I know only how lonely and unhappy the one is who brings such unhappiness to those she loves. Jealousy is a green-eyed monster -

2. There was a little cheery noise close beside me on the seat - I turned on the light and found a frightened bat, about the size of a mouse - and am happy to relate that it did not frighten me but made me laugh at its small helpless little face. I picked it up (with my skirt, I must confess) and laid it gently in the sweet hay - and closed the great doors - and walked barefoot in the moon-light (remembering a night in ~~Wales~~) and sat long on the veranda (with a shawl to keep me warm) and rocked gently with the breeze - and watched the two beacons - one from K. isage and one from the Ragged Mts some 40 miles away - and watched the young moon set and the stars keep watch over the mountains. It is hard to go to bed for the peace - and the beauty of the night. In side the camp sheds such a warm glow over the red kitchen-table cloth. I have opened the kitchen hearth - and have a small fire burning, just for the small moths - I don't know what time it was when I finally left my