Sunday morning.

NELL KOONS · 400 EAST 59TH STREET · NEW YORK

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

Dearest -

You will receive ~~~~ morning letters after this!

The past two letters were written long into last, sleepless nights - and destroyed in the morning.

This is like living through one great long "Christmas eve" as a child. First, it is the wonder and meaning of the night - the eminence of the morning that shall follow - the beauty - the holiness of star of Bethlehem - the smell of goodies

in the kitchen — the shining of the Christmas tree - the stockings hung over the fire-place — the tissue paper - and ribbon and holly wreathes - the good-will of all men — and the peace that passeth understanding. IT is too much for sleeping!

You are on the wire - men — that goes calmly through the night - following the star — I look at you with a new wonder! (and I'm not exactly proud of my childishness — but you will forgive me if I do not).

We will leave — early Wednesday for N.C. and

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I tell myself not to pack any unfinished business ~~to~~ with me. I have hired Counsellor to work with Jensen this next week — in cataloging and packing here and sorting things into shape. I hate leaving it for the children to think about after I am gone — and think they (C.V.J.) will do it much more satisfactorily. I have lists - lists lists - for each child - for apt - for studio - pictures - negatives - ect. ect - and one list. very important simply N. Y.

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I shall finish up what I can — leave much for Consuello & Jensen — take a flying leap for N.C. - stop at Garrison Forest and also at Warrenton en route — then find the highest hill and fling me down on summer grasses to sleep and rest!. Otherwise, I shall be like a little candle that has burned all the night.

I called Mr. Schenck this morning but he had received no letter at all - which left me in a rather delicate position at my end of the phone — he being a bit