

4. The whip-poor-will and the crickets
are the only sounds I hear - except
the wind - yet I still cover my head
with my pillow and take these quiet
sounds with me. The days are all
that I had dreamed they could be -
full of deep satisfaction and sense
of well-being that I have never known
in all my life. as if the mist had
lifted —

Dear Tom & Jacob are more than making
up for Christmas - and Bet and John
spoil me terribly - they are so dear. the
little grand-daughter laughs and talks
the language of Peter Pan - and
seems sure that I understand. I
think I do.

All the unfortunate K. Palmer
selfishness seems sad and pitiful -
for she is missing the best life has to
give. It gives me the chance to mean more
to Bet & John than I ever could if they did
not need my extra loving. She cannot hurt
them as she hurts herself - someday I
will tell you all - but such people are hard
on the ending of our letter - for give me John
dearest - she does not belong

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Dear Pond one.

How clearly I see you in all
your goodness and kindness and love and
tenderness this full-moon night. All things
fade away before the fact of night and
the eternal things, of which we are somehow
a part.

I loved your letter to-day in its searching,
longing, hungry cry for one beautiful word -
of which the Dorn Company and J.V.N.D. was
a real and vital part. I know your cry as
my own - and you will understand and
forgive me for the same yearning. It is not
enough to be pushed around by inconsequential
one must move forward along their own
path - one must speak - one must care
about great and eternal verities. Nothing
else satisfies. I am thankful and proud
that the man whose name I hear, the man
whose heart I cherish, is such a man.
One can forgive him everything for that.

Keep this place for me
for our arms around and
heads on shoulders. Arms around
heads on shoulders. Too. Ever. or

3. beautiful satisfaction of the voice saying
Well done, thou good and faithful servant.
It is good. good. good. My hands
are calloused and my heart is at peace.
I lay me down in my old bed and
dream sweet dreams. For the time being
the problems of apto ect - the things I
cannot help - simply do not exist.
They are not on my mind - I wrestle with
nothing - I simply sleep! I see
you and Burr sleeping peacefully
over near the North Star - I could
almost call out your name - it seems
that near. We have no cares - its
wonderful - we're free! Oh John Oh
John Oh John - free to be what we
are - what we love. I love what
you are - and you love what I
am - and we move swiftly forward
because we believe in each other and
in the path we trod.

2. We are so closely bound when we are
most widely separated. I think you see
your life and mine, and its relative and
actual values more clearly, than when you
come from the Dorr Company with its
small and large problems, to our dear
West Branch, with its blessings - but also
its shortcomings. The shortcomings are those
which I cannot change, and which keep
me from the freedom to love it as I
could. From here it holds the tenderest
place in my heart, where all our
memories crowd. Bless us John darling -
with our large vision of the one world,
the one beautiful, beautiful world -
pray for the vision to begin nearest
us - and from there to encompass all
mankind. It can - and will.

I have proof every day that your
wife is one who thrives on mountains -
also on tasks. Which are not too
many, or too impossible for her to
carry out. Each night comes the