

MEASE HOSPITAL

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TELEPHONE 8-2041

DUNEDIN, FLORIDA

Saturday morning

My John:-

Letters are a problem. I long to write and pour myself out to you - what a relief! But to write on my knee in mother's room - in snatches like this when she falls asleep for a few moments - but one can never feel alone to hug the letter to your own thoughts first. The nurse, doctor, someone is always in and out - I stay until eleven at night - and by the time I get back to my room - I write until my heart out for I should never get to sleep.

I try not to think. I am working on new plans about Pauline and mother's living after she gets out - I will tell you if they work out. It all seems so unreal to me - like a strange dream - some day I will wake up in my own bed. at home once again. But how good it will be to know I have put things to rights here - my mind at peace. Mother has changed a great deal in these past years and I doubt if ever again she will be able to be without a companion or nurse. But this are two excellent nursing homes here in Dunedin - right on the Bay - where she could live and have every comfort and care far far less than if she stayed in her own home with Pauline & Eleanor. I am looking in to them to find out from Dr. Mease whether it is wise to even broach the subject to mother. I have several things in view for Pauline - which might easily lead to more than mother's job - I am sure of that. Well, one thing at a time.

My best it was good to hear your voice last night - just to know you
are there - holding the fort - what a stronghold! What a stronghold we are to each
other - I never see it more clearly than when I get a perspective on our lives. Whether
we pay dividends or not into Dorr Co. we pay our dividends in Johnell. Our dividends
in strength, health, faith. Power - peace - understanding - what is greater than these?
I walked home with my heart light and a sense of peace reaching from your
voice to me - the stars seemed to say "all is well". I was tempted to write
you then - but it was too tempting - I wanted to fly home to you and to my own
friends. It was no good thinking - yet one is never through.

One week ago this morning I had two golden hours with Stieglitz -
my how many ideas he unpeaked in my mind - I haven't dared to think of
them until I have finished here - but I know where they are.

How I long for a breath of clear, cold, winter air.
The air here feels heavy and soft - with no sparkle - today is really
hot - 85° -

What a way to write a letter. It is as bad as some of yours -
a little of everything but not enough of just us. But that is how my mind
is these days - there is no singing inside - only a kind of
dumb acceptance and gratitude for the good that is - but there
is no soaring of one's spirit - no freedom - nothing. I always think
of Berdina Fitch and how much she has on most old ladies of this age.
Keep your arms around me dearest - keep strong and well and waiting. I shall
fly to your arms - Ever. M.