

it - we are tied together by wonderful bonds - perhaps the most wonderful of all human ties - and so terrible too.

It is not a simple matter to break these bonds. I see in Win a "half-person" - trying awkwardly to stand on her one leg - trying to think with half a mind - trying to feel with her half-heart. Her job is a difficult one even when Bill was here to help. I can't help but feel that it is no way to raise a family. There is no room to grow - no room to move without stepping off the pavement. No room to play, to dig in the earth, to swing in trees, to walk in the beautiful fields. My heart aches for little boys who never have such things. Perhaps out of this sacrifice will come a new and better way for them.

I think of our little lambs in the fold with their mamas -

Dear.

Another peaceful - and tremulous.
day draws to a close. Christopher is sure when he wakes up in the morning, Pater will be here! He talks about "Pater" as if you and he were old buddies - only you were something like his little boy too. You die in the water and you might hit your head on a stone! Pater, better be careful! But Pater is quite a wonderful person - and (P. is Pater) he thinks you will last for centuries!

I think so too. I somehow can't think of a world without him. It is a wonderful world with him beside me - especially when he is not straining at the leash. If only I could take it like Christopher - but it is not possible no matter how I wish it. We are two adult beings and as such we ask certain privileges and pay certain penalties - it cannot be otherwise. Besides which you are man and I am wo-man - which makes us a world apart. But in spite of

and how wonderful they would look to little boys who live in city streets. I don't see how they ever grow up to be healthy minded with no deeper roots.

To night is a gentle rain over all the suburban gardens - Forsythia is in full bloom here - and daffodils and jonquils. Last night was a golden moon. I thought of the West Branch. I think of the West Branch to night too with the gentle rain touching each hidden flower - waiting to be born.

Oh John dear - I feel the rain too - and the seasons as they pour over us. I wish we could get closer to them and be nourished by them. They are the keys of the Kingdom.

Now I have no news to night. It would be sweet and easy to ramble on to the quiet accompaniment of the rain - but would you listen?

Win is writing his Bill. He has already been made a C.P.O. - Commanding Officer of something or other - in charge of 130 men. Which is gratifying if one must be in this horrible game of war. By the way - I have a hunch it may be over even before I can be home - it seems unbelievable that it can go on and on this way. It will not endear the Nazis to the German people I should think - thinking of their own skins first. I hoped we could be together when that glorious news comes - I have my reservation for Saturday the seventh. But it is a good job I am doing here - whether you believe or not. But do believe me. God keep you John dear - help you to see True.