

Wednesday - Mid-night.

Dear.

Another day of waiting - Win so heavy and slow moving now - I find it hard to wait for my child's delivery. But it must come soon now. Christopher is broken out a bit for measles but the temperature is down and he is really fine. We had a tornado here last evening and I was sure that would bring the new child. But the world shook in vain for "he did not choose to come".

Thank you for the special delivery - so glad you are well. and Pat. those are most important - glad of your assurances from Halstead about Goldthwaite - and I will be anxious to hear his verdict about Mary. What a family we have! I feel exactly like the old woman who lived in the shoe - and now we are to take on a new one. It gives one a queer feeling. - If one could organize our days into any kind of pattern it would be easier to get in a small way - but how? I already have it under control here and wonder why it can't happen at home. I'm thankful that nurse is not coming - she is too much. Too, Too, Too much! Let us not bring more alien ones in - but profit from experience -

"Yesterday returneth not -

Perchance to-morrow cometh not:

There is to-day: misse it not."

Your better comforteth me - and I am hopeful -

or am I only over-joyed? From here I
only see the John of my dreaming, perchance,
and not the John who seeks to tie together the
four corners of the earth in a dream first - while
I pray for a little house - out of the winds and
the rain's way. Anyway - wherever the place -
in all my dreams it is you and I together - and
"ever so peaceful" - ever so dear. Johnell -

It is still blowing a gale - the house is
all asleep except me. I feel so awake I could
speak to the night - everything is alive and
has meaning for me. Almost I hear my unborn
child stirring in his mother's womb -
how full of over-tones and under-tones
life is - the melody sometimes obscure.

So you are staying on at 125! I
smile to myself - because there is no
one for me to smile to. I am happy if
you are - it is too much to see
where the path leads - if you will always
hold my hand - perhaps that is all
that matters? Good night, my dear one -
Take care of our nest - until I return. I
am busy every minute - but always
waiting for the bells to ring out the good news
that a child is home.

Bless you dear John - one of the
great losses - is that we have no child of our own.
I Bless yours then as my own. Wm. 2.