

4. The Sweet House. — Well, it won't
be long now — — — — — Much is
here.

Forgive this kind of a letter between
us — my head aches and I feel a
general aching and weakness — not
a good condition for writing — but
I felt you would rather have this
kind than none at all. I do feel
better and think by the time you
get this I will be quite alright —
but I think I go on there not
feeling well yourself and looking
for a letter in vain —

A few days more and I
will come myself to you —
and we will settle into our own dear
nest once more. Thank Shirl for her
letter — My love to Nettie — Mac — Shirl —
and to you my John ^{ever}.

My very own John —

Have felt very "punk" these
past few days but feel definitely better
to-day. What a blessing it was that
this thing did not hit me on the train
or in Tuscon. I am terribly disappointed
however — — — — — not for myself, but
because I know how Nettie feels and
I did want to bring home a real
first hand picture. Well, it can't
be helped. I wrote Linda to-day and
sent her some money to have
pictures made and send them
to Nettie — it was all I
could do. Meanwhile I am grateful
for the loving care I get here —

3. Life reckoning — I am glad she has her check up with Dr. Peters — and glad he advises walking — I have advised it from the first. It will be sweet to walk through the Spring evenings together — feeling the sap rising in us as well as the trees.

The charms of Texas Spring seem tame in comparison with ours — They lack the poetic touch — or is it that is lacking? Perhaps to the Texan home it speaks its own secret — but I doubt if it can be as sweet as our woods at the N.B. — or

2. and am sure I will be alright before Saturday. A week from today I will be home — before that. It will be good. I do miss you and hate to feel that you are needing me. Yes, it was very different last year — I almost was afraid to come back. We have grown into a new and beautiful understanding which is worth more than all the money in the world. We will be able to help Shirl too — because we will open our hearts to Divine guidance — I try to see ahead and cannot — but I am not afraid — I know the way will open. She is such a beautiful young soul, with