

4. a stillness all about me. It is as easy to
write you as it is to think - easier, for
one loves to lay one's thoughts over a beloved -
and tuck them around the shoulders
and make a baby of them -
~~Now~~ When I lay me down to sleep -
Guardian angels round me keep -

Good night John my dearest - my
heart turns to you with perfect faith in
any future that holds us both - and that
will forever will hold us - now and ever
yours -

Write for Ship - who is apart of water.

Sunday night

Dearest -

It is purely a matter of arithmetic
yet there are contributing factors even in
arithmetic. I have put off working out my
completed schedule - hoping against hope
that one day a Telegram would arrive
saying, "Meet me in Tampico" -
or wherever and signed "John".

But alas, and alas, No. So
yesterday the vice Agent in Wapakachic and
I went into a boat with the Southern
Pacific; and this is the answer.

① Leave WAX.	Saturday	- The eighth 11:30
② Arrive Tucson	Sunday	- " " 2 P.M.
③ Leave " "	Wed.	- " 12 th -
④ Arrive N.Y.	Saturday	- " 15 th -

Shots about 27 days in all - not
Too Bad for you - and more
wonderful for me than I can say. Two
weeks in a year of a grand son's life
is a little while - but a wonderful
time. The little baby days are gone - and
the little boy days have come. I seem to

3.

into these eyes

Look and look and look - knowing it
must last me a long time - knowing that
it will always be just beyond me in
Time and forever reaching for it - for
what? Is it God we are forever seeking?

Is it His face we see at the moment we
are most conscious of love and living.

It is a sweetness almost too much to bear -
as if in our deep look into a small face
one could look into life itself - I think it
is the only way we can.

It is not in one face - but the
one look is in all beloved faces
it must be God - what else? I see it

in your dear eyes - the same eternal
little boy - and not a day older. We
must take care or we shall discover
this fountain of youth which men
have been seeking since time began.

And what a pity to spill its precious
waters in an Atomic age! Better to
guard its secret - until men turn
back to the Spirit - to God.

This is being written in bed, with

2.

remember them from another, little boy some time -
in the beginning of time - or perhaps in music.

Richard - yes, it was music - and then
I will find him again when I leave here next
Saturday or week. What we feel becomes a part
of us. -

But dearest how I thank you for
the gift of these two wonderful weeks -
for the music that passes through me
and through and through and through.

At first it is a melody all by itself -
an utterly sweet song (first sung - first time
heard.) Then, little by little, it becomes
a part of the great Symphony - the
harmonies and counter-point ~~of~~
life making it richer and more beautiful
than ~~any~~. But ~~still~~ one needs little
moments of silence and space for the
new melody to raise its thin flute
song into one's heart - to become
a part of all. ~~Take~~ it's

I look into four-year-old, deep, brown,
laughing eyes and wonder about yesterday, today
and to-morrow. Which is the real moment?
Or have we - the spirit - anything to do
with time?