

4. Like roses - and what a coloration those blue eyes can lavish on his Downey! I can never understand the women who look upon children as the "least" careers - Lord, it is the greatest. If I were ever left destitute, I would get me a job in a children's home, where I could lavish my love on young hungry hearts.

But I am far from destitute, and I lavish my love on one great Boy, who is worth a whole home of children. God bless you dearest - I wish I could send you some more of the # 7 Throat gargle, but would be afraid to mail it - Take good care of yourself and all will be well. You are made of sturdy stuff!

Yes, I know how you mean, the difference in attitude between the N.Y. and London Office. You have too much of a dose of N.Y. - I am glad for you to refresh your faith with the English quality. God keeps you safe & well and in his love ever yours.

Wed. Jan 2. '46.

John Darling.

Your letter of the 27th arrived here the morning after New Year's Day - may have been delivered yesterday were it not New Year's Day. I just came back from mailing some air-mail letters to you, but just for the record I will answer and mail this one immediately. When I think of our ice-bound roads, our over-crowded trains etc - it seems incredible the speed with which we reach each other. It has been a record year of all time this far for snow and ice before Christmas - the boys surely got the White Christmas they have been dreaming of. And as for congestion and housing, it is unbelievable.

I am going to have Ennis here as you suggested very soon and get a full report to send you - also make Olaus ahead. He is a hopeful omen for the New Year! God bless you dearest for your kind thoughts. Yes, love does make a difference. Yet strangely enough, the love was always there - even when it was its most difficult. I used to think that

3. Can give you joy! I only wish I need not be interrupted but could just work on it night and day. Christmas is hardly the ideal time to work in peace. I think I shall do one of two systems: either I will divide Xmas into 12 parts, and do so much each month — or I shall simply skip it entirely and do as Melinda does, disappears into Vermont retreat for those weeks, without even bothering to write a card. I know my conscience would be too painful to live with if I did this! One must share in order to have happiness — but I must say the details of our present day world are destructive to peace. However at the present moment, all is shut out except me and thee! The day is so shining bright, so snowy, dazingly, crystal bright — and cold. and delicious! Christy is out of doors, with his sled — playing with Michael. His cold is completely gone — and his cheeks are

2. The foot was what made it so painful. It was like a live nerve in a tooth — once the nerve is dead, it does not send fire through you when you touch it. So it must be with the heart. No, our foot never died — but it was exposed to every kind of thrust, and sometimes excruciatingly painful. Some miracle has happened and protected it. in answer to B74 our prayers.

Yes, I see nothing but good and fair — for even the difficult things are good when we share. Even this separation does not separate us! And the very thought of building a house together used to frighten me — for I always felt it was only another excuse to hurt me — (I blush to say it, but it is true). Now? can hardly wait! Instead of terror, it holds the absolute joy of creating together — and what a house it will be — the beams of cedar — and the rafters of fir!

And oh dearest, if you knew the joy I am still having making your Xmas gift — the utter joy, knowing that I