

WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT CONNECTICUTThursday
28th

My very dear one.

your beautiful Letters, written so legibly and leisurely and lovingly, make the day perfect. I hope your "Dentals", improve - no worry about the trouble and hope it is well by this time.

Texas is a state of mind - large, broad and peaceable. One can stretch his mind and body comfortably in any direction - The horizon is limitless - and at night the stars hang low enough to touch. Spring is here - not just coming. One never fully tastes the miracle of Spring, except when it comes to his own back yard - but I am reserving that wonder for us to share - meanwhile I share with Barby & Mayo in theirs. The sunshine is warm and sweet and full of song. It is like coming into a quiet harbor after a stormy voyage. I know that it is only a little harbor - not my own - but it is a good place for repairs and for resting my sea-legs. There is no news to

2. Tell you - and you must expect none -
I am keying my whole outlook to tune with
Robbie, seeing only the delight in the moment and
the promise of the next. It brings the bird songs
right in to my being, instead of by ear only. I
eat and sleep both - and try to forget that
there is anything wonderful about it. All of
God's smallest creatures tuck their heads under
their wing and sleep — and wake
and sing and break some kind of bread.

I found among Barb's pictures one of the
early ones I made of you - in the Japanese kimono -
looking straight into my eyes and making the
most beautiful promises in the world. I want to cry
when I first look - but the more and deeper I
look the more I realize have come true. I never
realized before how this one photograph has caught
and held so much of that which united us
in the beginning, and will until the end. God bless
my beloved John - and bring me home to him
with a Texas Blue-bonnet for his buttonhole.

Mayo is a real physician and has
great understanding as well as knowledge. It is