

My Dearest:

Your letter ^{9. PM.} 3-4-46, reaches me this morning 3-6-46 — 9 am. — so it is warm and fresh from your hand. Yes, dear. I realize the mistake of "putting a Paw on yourself" — and also God's power to "change". I have good reasons never to forget — and the longing which drives me away, ^{from home} is the longing only to go "up into the mountain and pray." To get quiet with God. This has been my salvation long before I ever heard of MRA — it is not new to me, nor to them. But sometimes, the change must be in others too — for others can "put a Paw on you", they can be so strong and swift in their current

2. That you are swept along, and can't
hear the music of your own song. In some
ways you know me deeply — in others I think
not at all. You speak of security, and say
"since we have been together my real security has
been so great that any other thought was foolish" —
and then ~~you~~ you go on to speak as though
my security could be reckoned at so much
per annum! John, John — how pitt you
understand this woman who bears your name,
your problems, and your love! How many ways
one may starve more surely than by too pitt
food. I need less than most to nourish me,
I need less of the world's goods — and more
of the spirit. A good crust of bread,
home baked, and a good cup of tea, home
brewed, with peace of mind, and a song, is
not to be reckoned in terms of dollars. The
thing you value and the thing I value are
I believe one and the same thing —

2.

but (and here is the vital difference) you spend the better part of your days in pursuing the material security — and you look to me to furnish the spiritual security. I know you will challenge this, yet I believe it would stand — this is my part in the partnership.

I do not expect security against "sickness, fire, Tornado, storm at sea, or auto crashing" — but I must have security against other and more frequent and terrifying disasters. The thing which you must say over and over to yourself: if you would understand me, is that my fear is not financial worry — or fear of these other natural causes. I could anticipate a life of Berolina Fitches, with a gasden and a radio and camera without any terror. I could anticipate a life of Kitty Lynn, or Howard Doughty, or you and I floating away from the world. These look like Heaven — compared with the so called

4. security of trying to reconcile continually the
endless and major juggling of people, power
and positions. If we once but knew where
we were and not be forever straining - forever
buffeting waves. Do not say that you sympathize
with me for you have had attacks of financial
worry "God knows" - for God knows that I am
not suffering from that. In that I have no cause,
but each of us have our own dragon to kill.
Perhaps it is the surest way to drive us toward our
God. I know my need has made me seek him
on knotted knees. I see where we break His
laws - where we seek other gods - and all
humbly I acknowledge this fear - to know that
in spite of the roaring atoms, in spite of governments,
and wars, and science and production and industry
and trade - that my true life is hid with
Him. It is in the screaming and clashing of
the wheels of this life that we lose the music
of the spheres. I look into your smile and the tenderness
of your eyes. Does more security than in all the
plans - how I love this picture which tells me this:
God keeps us. 2.