

2. was just what you like!

I should have gone long ago and saved
us both some bad hours. It gives me a
strange feeling. I know my limitations now.
I definitely cannot run a home in the
care-free spirit that you can. I can't stand
the confusion - and the din in my
brain of it all - yet it is clear that
you love it. To you they are perhaps 'wheels
within wheels' and all exciting -
to me they are jitters. From here it
seems so blessedly John. Pice - and I
can laugh and love you so. But
Oh when I am in it for long and
the wheels are all going - I think

PECKETT'S ON-SUGAR-HILL
FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dennis.

You nice cheery letter was awaiting me
when I returned from an all-day hike
to Copper mine - and Bridal Veil Falls.
I sat down in the late afternoon sunshine
to read it - and found myself laughing
aloud. But came in to know what I
was laughing at. I couldn't have
told her exactly - but somehow from
this distance - and from this detachment
from it all - I suddenly saw what
fun you were having and how
all the people and feathers flying

I shall go mad. I'm just not meant for the
civics - I belong now in a medieval monastery -
now what can we do about it? We're both too "set
in our ways" to ever change. We can always
compromise of course - but then you are giving
up the things you love and even so I am
not achieving anything even remotely like
peace. It really is a problem and now that I am
not too tired or too frightened to look it squarely
in the face I see that it isn't as bad as it seemed
to me. Why do I always imagine that if I pulled
out that you would be unhappy? and isn't it much
better to face it and say that you need freedom
to live your way - and I peace to live mine. If
we grant each other these things - we can save
both our health and happiness. To achieve these
we must pay as always a certain cost. I
must give up trying to make our home into my
ideal. It can't be done - and I only make you
miserable and myself ill. How much happier I
am to read your letters. I see it more clearly than
when I am there with you - yet it doesn't disturb me.
I want your happiness even more than I want

I think of West Branch and wonder
how to bring this fruition of beauty
to it — or it to us? It is all there
if we were but still and simple
enough in our daily living. But am
I foolishly dreaming? I see you with
your red coat and cap — your cheeks
so red and your eyes so blue
coming in with an armful of wood
for our fire. I see the birds feeding
from our crumbs all winter — a cheery
wood pecker, maybe a blue bird
or a pewee visiting our chickadees —
all our friends. I can hear the kettle singing
for our afternoon cup of tea — and the
sunset through the bare trees.

PECKETT'S ON-SUGAR-HILL
FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

So much of the white birch is
downed by the winds that it seems
to be used for fire-wood — a
most delicious extravagance! Everywhere
it smells the air. And some of the
harder woods they tell me will
"burn the night". It must give one
a good feeling to have a wood stack
higher than one's house — the cellar full
of Summer's harvest — and then
winter ahead. There are the "long yellow
days" — turning crimson. The maples
have a special glory unlike anything

It's all there John dearest - and we alone
fail. We know it too which is the road and
hurtful part the cause we love it and want
it and need it. If we didn't - then it wouldn't
hurt so to see the years flying past and the
things we love waiting. waiting for what ? wonder?

Last night I let my mind play with the idea
of my making such a home in our "Sour Meadow"
and living you with its peace and
the beauty of its days. You might go dashing off
to accomplish - or to stir up the dust - but
more and more I could draw you back to
the day for its own self - what a pleasant dream
it made. I thought of you & exploring the
hill in back of us - but always with
the view of the quiet village at our feet
and the eternal hills around us. He
maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me beside the still waters
He restoreth my soul. I long to dwell in the
house of the Lord - with you John - with no one else.
If we fail together - we have failed. I love you so dearest
and need the ministering of your love - and of mine for you -
blessed be the tie - but only we

can
be
at
heart