

My very darling -

Fourth of July evening - The sun has just set, the new moon and evening stars are low in the western sky. The mountains look dark and mysterious against the after glow. It is a beautiful way to end a day. My thoughts turn to you as a homing bird, only I can't find you - the best thing is to stay with my thoughts on this sky, knowing you will find me.

I had your first two letters to-day; it is good to make the contact. I have felt helpless about how to reach you - having no address. I shall send this to Robert - he is the best bet that it will reach you in your travels.

One week ago to-day that you left - what a terrible day. I dread the parting, and the strain and confusion. No doubt you have heard (or you will) that on our way to Westport - on 125th St, near the Parkway - Robert

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hit a man, knocking him under the car.

To spare you any suspense let me first tell you that he proved to be only bruised and by the grace of God only escaped serious injury. But for us at the time we had no way of knowing this - he seemed unable to move at all and I feared it was the worst. Immediately we were surrounded with police cars and crowds of people and it was something of a nightmare. Robert at first was completely unnerved and I realized that I had to keep my head and also pray. They lifted him into the front seat between Robert & myself and all the way to the Hospital I prayed as never in my life before. The police sirens were blowing like mad and made a frightening sound. But after what seemed an interminable wait in the operating room, the Doctor said there were no bones broken and no serious injury - finally, finally we got through the night-mare, out of the Hospital, into the

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steaming Boat of Harlem, with the same police car ahead of us, this time escorting into the police station, to fill out all the endless report.

I don't remember the rest, except that I know we did get home finally - creeping home like weary animals. Robert stayed the night with his Redding friends - and I collapsed into bed. I am only now beginning to feel well again. There was so much to attend to the next few days - everything crowded in on me - it was Too Too much.

As I look out at these quiet hills, I promise myself that I will not ever forget - or stray so far from this horizon, West Branch, with all its memories of Tender Love Lines - is still an all-consuming problem child. I come to this old house, with its over-grown oaks, its quiet

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sleep and find more peace than I have known.
 I have no one to help me - even my Pearl of
 great price finds mountains and solitudes
 and primitive living too much for her. If she
 did not so desperately need the money I
 would have shipped her right home - or to N.Y.
 As it was, she spent her first three nights at
 Bets and I stayed alone in the Sweet House.
 How comforting it is to me no one can ever know -
 for once I can still my mind down to its own
 quiet rhythm. It is beyond words to describe the
 utter peace, the inner voice.

The days are filled with toil -
 and the reward is the sense of accomplishment
 of a simple task - and a weariness of body
 without the mind weariness. I wish with all
 my heart that you loved it here as I do and
 that we might live a part of our days here
 in this dwelling. My woman's heart is at
 home and longs to find her man here beside
 her. What an all-wise Creator who made

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man and woman. How difficult
 life would be without each other - even in
 the labors, woman is so handicapped
 alone. However little by little I will shape it
 more and more to my hand — and heart.

Monday is asleep under the Table -
 the Lamp burns with a warm glow over
 the red table-cloth at the great kitchen table.
 Pearl is quietly rocking in a shadowy
 corner - she will not go up to bed until
 I do! Oh me.

You are perhaps deep in Germany - you and
 Bern - I am quietly to myself at the thought of
 the things you will be up to - and the tales you
 will have to tell around the camp-fire in
 August. How I will love to hear everything! Bless
 you - the two of you - wherever you go my love
 sits on your shoulder - and yours is here in
 my heart. Good-night Dearcot - good night.