

Dry run Blessed one. It's such a wet world
up here - such a grey and green and
crimson and gold wetness - with a
quiet all day and all night and
forever and ever kind of a rain. It
was exactly like this when I arrived
yesterday and it has not let up a
moment. I went out in it for
several hours yesterday - explored
down the stream below the dam -
gathered scarlet berries and had
a beautiful glowing time. How unreal
world situations seem when you
are in the rainy woods - how
happy and innocent life becomes. I
came home to a great fire in the

fire - place - tea and fresh baked
bread - a pink woolie nightie - a
kitten - a small innocent man-
child - crawling in and out of one's
lap with little arms tight around
my neck - all so deeply satisfying.
I wish you were here - but you are really.
it's only the "somebody's got to earn the
living" part of you that is not! This
is the "somebody's got to live" part of you
that is here with me before the fire -
listening to the rain on the roof!

Kitten is better than when I left
her - I feel very encouraged about
her - in spite of this last

episode - she got panicky over
the world condition and that upset
her whole metabolism. I know that I can
help her - it is one of the sweetest
thoughts to know that you yourself
can help someone you love. not in
anything you prescribe. not in
medicine you give - or food or care
but just you - just to touch. to
be near - its a miracle. We are
apt to forget that ~~the~~ miracles can
happen because we look for facts and
figures - this is good for me as it
is for a writer. But I hate leaving

you John darling - I think I need
you in that same way - just to
be near you - to touch you - convinces
me more than words - more than
all the facts in all the books of
1040 - or W.B. or the whole world.
They are the world and that is where I
get the strength and quiet and knowing
to give to Kit - it is a passing along
from you to me and from me to Kit, who
needs also to pass along and does!

Life is a flowing - a great river - Time and
the River - a good title - only time is not
important - one second holds it all -

I wish I could ease the strain for you John darling.
I wish we could live more and more in the simple

Life - But how is it possible with
yours so complex - the whole world
so complex. I must somehow manage
to keep a quiet peace where you
can come to - where we can be
together. we do - don't we?

Now the mail is going and
this must go to you without half
or even a little part of what is
in my heart. But there is such an
out-pouring of love and gratitude
and thankfulness to you that

your whole office would be
flooded if I could pour out all -
it is better so — and you do
know what is not written.

Take it all easily - it will
not help either you - or me - or
the Don Co - or the world in
general if you are tired out —

but it helps us all when you
are happy and on top. Bless you.

John darling - I wish your voice
hadn't sounded so bothered this
morning. I hate to have such quiet
peace and you outside - Come in and stay
close - h.