

John my dearest -

I see the rest of our trip more
clearly after our talk last night. Suddenly
it all fell into place - I know it is best
and yet at the time, there was the old fear
saying, "Do I dare?" I should have known -
should have trusted to your understanding
which is the safest place of all for me
to work from. I knew you had your heart
set on fishing a North Carolina stream -
I could see it happily, under a different
moon. I would lose nothing better and that's the
hard part - I wanted it as much
as you. Then I see the little car, loaded
to the brims, with equipment overflowing
the back seat & trunk - there is no

space for fishing Tackle - etc - and three
 in the front seat with road map et al
 is again a repetition of this Summer, which
 was exhausting. So far we have proven that we
 can work efficiently and to the glory of God and
 the Don Co and I want to continue to prove it.
 Forgive me darling - we will have our private
 jaunts just you & I, with the whole open road
 before us. Forgive me also for being afraid -
 I know you understand and should not doubt.

Our plan thus crystallizes something
 like this. Erica shoots the three plants in Texas
 and drives to New Orleans, where I will meet
 her Sunday morning. From there we will take
 the beautiful straight road to Tallahassee,
 and down to Lake Paul. Also any other
 shooting, if it is in the books. When we
 finish there we head back north - doing
 the Cumberland plant on the way home.

we can do the Pennsylvania plant also if it seems best that way. It is a relief to have these decisions and to move from one to the next with the surety of progress.

It is the indecisions and revisions which disturb the universe so for me. Now my mornings, afternoons and evenings will march on a plan — and I can measure out time and strength and joy for the work of my hands and heart. It is for the time being the most important task of all — to go and do this — just this "The Dorr Company Around the World." Between you and I — it is not the Dorr Co. — but only your Company — you. It is you around the world — your work — your children — your reward. It must not be lightly undertaken — it is more than they know — more than just pictures of installations — Don Thickens etc — it is "Dorr's dreams come true" — Blessing the world.

There is still the Black Hills to do — but it can be a unit of its own. The rest is almost ours. There will be the excitement of making it into a picture — of taking from this dream and that — from this colour to that — from this problem to its answer — from gold to sewage — with sugar in between. God has put his blessing over every shot — this is just for your dear ears — do not expect Committees to understand. It is enough if they allow.

Now I am deliberately taking "time out" — from one job, for another. It is early Spring — Hyacinths in bloom — the old beginnings — the word spoken — God's hand touching everywhere and stirring time as if it were merely the water in our bath. How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him who cometh to bring us good tidings. God bless you my John — I think always of the line of Watts' — "Every night at sun-down — for your dear sake, my Boy". It is all for your sake — to bring you honour and the goodness you have sown — bless my John — Always. Ch.