

constant struggle against time.
To-day Mr. Fuller was here for
two hours, with the plumes and
the heating man. To them it was
simply ~~another~~ another job - people
are doing the same thing all
the time - but to me it is unique -
wonderful beyond words - and
I think no one in all the world
has experienced such exquisite
and almost painful joy before.
To them it seems simple and
they think within two months time
it will be finished. Think of it Ed,
darling - in two little months
from when they start - then it
will be the dream come true!
It seems incredible.

X
out
rain which to-day is wrapping
us in a mist. Harold is quietly
absorbed in his task of reclaiming
old wood from the sins of paint.
The fire burns on the hearth - the
clock ticks on the shelf. All is
peace. The green shoots are up
in the herb garden - I cut some
tarragon for my salad - the chives
too - and everywhere the time is
coming - the columbine. the lily
and the wister rose. W

But the joy that leaves me
speechless is the thought of its
being complete this summer. I
had never dared to hope that
it would ever be more than the