

2. But it is not so. They are still two persons worshipping
at their own fires. In each of us ^{is} a God. In each of
us a force moving us in the direction we must take.
We cannot desert our own voices without helping the
God in us. These are Sunday thoughts - not
sermons John. Dearest - just thoughts about
us and the direction our joint lives must take
so us to allow each of us to be true to our
voices. The road ahead should not be allowed to be
continually ploughed up and changed. We need to
look ahead with confidence and not be continually looking
at a road map and changing our direction and
our goal. I wonder how best we can do this.

You who make most plans for living of
any one I have ever known - have not put in
operation the thing we must do. Not that I ever want
you feel chained to any plan but only that it frees
you to observe with joy the events as we pass.

PINELANDS
CENTRE HARBOR
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Dearest.

Sunday morning and all is well! I have talked
with you but it is not enough. I miss you here. Your coat
hangs so emptily over the chair in my room - very dejected
that you are not in him. Scarcely I am jealous of the
hugzy who draws you away from me or even one
holiday. I think she promises more than she gives.

But even from one's best beloved one must learn
that we walk alone in this world - that we enter and
depart also a lonely path. We learn in time humility and
a selflessness which is sustained and nourished without
help of persons however we love them. But I don't think
we want to learn this - we want to cling to the old
dream of every girl's heart (I can't say about boy's hearts)
that two people who love are one -

3.

One has time to think long thoughts when he looks at mountains and quiet lakes - and wind makes a song in the pines that helps. From such a point - our way of living seems highly restrictions - and wasteful - and sad. But it is as useless to protest as to beat one's wings against a cage. One must learn to find an escape into a freer and better way - even if it is only in the mind. But what chance has the mind in the talky-talky world in which we live // A mind needs room to live // We are so busily repeating what someone else says - or what the newspapers or radio says - and they in turn can only repeat what someone else says, - What an excuse for living! What a mess it makes of our faith and resources. Better if someone just said "Boo"! very loud and exploded all our jangling - giving a command for silence and forgetfulness - and then to waken to a new day where there would be no radios but only the wind to tell us its direction // where we would look at the stars with more wonder - and the earth with more love // where the song of a man and a woman might harmonize as it is meant to do instead of play against each other - blotting out the harmony of both.

I am sad when I see women deserting their altars - wearing men's clothes - swearing men's oaths, drinking, smoking - competing and being competed with - using and being used by men. They have lost their high estate. I am sad, too, when I see men consumed by their own ego of the cleverness of themselves and of their worshipping the false god of success. Where is our teaching of Christ? That only as we lose our life shall we find it? Oh my beautiful John how can one reconcile the daily exhausting of one's life in rushing for the 7.20 in the morning - and back to the 6.03 in the evening. The best of the day - every day - every day every year every year - - and most of the long wakeful hours of the night. It is only a divine miracle if there is anything left for the spirit - But there is! God bless the dearest - it is that that love - in.