

2.

How Justice Nature wields his mighty arm -
with the March wind for a broom to sweep away the
leaves - the sun for a fire and April showers
to mop up his floor. There is ice still under the
leaves around the Great Oak. The arbutus are
not out - nor is my one Hepatica! But green
shoots are showing in all the sunny corners.

It was fun tying faggots - with a branch
of live green on the inside to give a good smell
when they burn. Do you remember in the Black
Forest how each smallest fallen twig is carefully
bundled? Such a clean woods - and
ours so spend-thrift with fire! Well, I made
a start - it was a little as if I had bottled
a few bottles of air - marked "fresh" - to
be opened "in case of smothering" - but
still - it was a step. And it was fun to
be bending over picking up small branches
and neatly packaging them for our fire indoors.

P.S. Give my love to Nancy and tell her I will hold the Good Shaght!



April 2nd.

Dearest:

I thought of you in the solitude of your
sleeping - car last night - flying through the arms
of Pennsylvania and Ohio - and of the delicious
peace and quiet that enfolded the mind when
there is so definitely some one else at the helm.
I wish I might get that same relationship with
Life - and God. Then the noise and confusion
of today would be a quiet lullaby like the
lullaby of the rails - and we would sleep
in peace. I wish I had declared a holiday and gone
along - our little trips away - are often our only
trips alone - or together - I miss them. I don't mind
the jobs to be done - in fact I love them - but I wonder
we don't postpone indefinitely the only job that really

3. Last evening all the old ghosts (bearded ones) danced for my solitary pleasure in the firelight while Mary Ellis was pouring over the agricultural department and while I sat quietly sewing. Monday thought he heard them too but he keeps the solitary silence. If dogs had the power of speech - how many privileges they would miss first!

We may have problems but we have essential truth in our relationship. There is more than many have who have solved their problems. Nothing should ever disturb that deep well-being - but we must drink from it instead of the cocktail bar! Our lounge of nations has but two members and from the perfect functioning of our home starts the hope of the perfect functioning of that larger body. I don't believe the Pargers

4. is possible without the first. The home is the beginning of the nation - and of the world. It is not without its cost either - but what is? And since these worldly goods will do us little good in the next - we may as well get the greatest blessing we can from them in this world for which they are intended.

I have a letter from Win to-day - which may mean I need to go sooner than planned - there is a small rupture starting in her old appendix wound which I don't like the sound of. However I will not anticipate - I will try merely to stand ready - and serve wherever I can.

I am happy that you are having this short holiday - you need to get that perspective on your affairs - and on you and me and our affairs. From a little distance you do not see the muddy roads - but only that the road leads to the mountain. Drink deep of the sweet relaxation of the mind, John, dearest one and look sharp for the smallest blue flowers that grow deepest. Meanwhile I shall assist Mother with her nature and April is cleaning up this beautiful world.