

I believe we are growing -
and that out of our troubles
will grow a house to fit us.
Leaving out the West Branch, I
would say we are in the clear -
but the West Branch is still in
the dark for me, and I think for
you as well. It has been so
long the scene of combat for
us - each trying to mould it into
his dream — my feeling for
it to-day is tender — but too
tender for comfort. I think I have
always been jealous of the River -
now it is the farm. Oh me.
Bless you, my John - help me settle in
here - it fits my needs well. Ever &c.

Semi-Thirsty am.

Dearest -

I have had my second
cup of Tea before the fire - all
is quiet and peace. I hear the
fresh wind in the trees and around
the corners of the old house -
yesterday finally - after a fussy
fussy day - the rain came -
and each blade of grass pipped
its thirsty throat. Today might
do anything - smile or weep
or simply have a tantrum.
But we have had a night of rain!

Soon the house will be
full of workmen — each

3. When you come, the present comes with you - and the future - it is impossible to think of anytime when you are not here, ordering the universe around. The great Door! Bless you my darling - what a little mouse I feel in comparison. Forgive me, for wanting to make snug my little house - I love the world better when I can retire to my sanctuary. As Toyahbee calls it - "challenge and response" - and how to fit it to-gather. I need substitutes for response -

2. day the picture progresses - or is it a pic? I don't know whether it is to satisfy one sense or the other - but if I succeed, it will do both!

What a pair we are. Sometime when we are both gone, tales will be told of the doings of Nell & Pat. and what delightful stories they will make - Life with Father will be dull in comparison. When I slay over in the Sweet House - separate from you a little ways - I get this timeless perspective and come to myself over my Tea -