

Here is the ninety first Psalm and
Old One Hundred - the New and the
Old Testament - what has Science
to say for its atomic bomb? This
is to say yes to God-to ones Maker. The
other other is to say No - I have no MAKER.
Responsibility is something The
Scientist shudders, as one being too
pure - but the consequence of his
curiosity is the destruction of the
world. Man's curiosity is a dangerous
thing - however pure his motive

One must put it into words - like taking a secret
spoon full when the plate is passed - against
one's future hunger. When one is no longer
there to help himself.

God bless you darling.
I pass the pen to you. Everything
in

Notes from V.N.D.'s desk -

The mountains and the Sea this way
together make the sum-total of earthly
beauty - the woods are here - the hundred feet
Scottish pine - and ^{the} beeches - the heath -
the moors - the great rocky coast. Sea -
this is no conflict as to which is which -
for all is one - and all is beauty.

The white haired Scotch lady who brought
my porridge and egg, toast and butter and
marmalade and real coffee with cream, has
been with Miss Astley for thirty-eight years.
She is in her Scotch was quite as much a lady
as my Nannie is in her way - there is
a graciousness and a dignity that is common
to both.

Lady Astley has gone to church in her
white wool suit - made with wool, raised,
woven and tailored on the place ~~and~~
never leaving the land where it was born.

It would be - indescribably -
poignantly reminiscent of early
beautiful and tender memory, one
has ever cherished.

One could write any word
of any thing, be said and that simple
word would be poetry - needing no other.
If one lived here one would say nothing
for nothing needs to be said. One
begins to understand meanings -
and see it as naturally as the weather
in sun or in moon - in the mists - the
storms - the wind - all together in
one heather flower - in one Lady -
just here on the North end of this brave
FIFE Island - with the Gulf Stream to carry
its waters - with poetry and Tragedy to
mix in its mother's milk - with History
living rather than dead in its people.

The Heather is no more at home than she.
The seal swims with his head above water
slowly, gently ^{up the Loch} making scarcely a
ripple. The flock of wild ducks
settle - the tide is coming in -
the long tide - the sea washing will
soon be covered - the sound of the
lapping ^{water} as the rocks slowly disappear.
Phyllis on her own heather hill - writing
to her lover - her girl's soul covered with
beauty - here is the great Cathedral
and music of the Spheres - I bless the one
who gave me a cup from this cup - Tell
Harold.

One could turn the eye in any direction
in any weather - or time of day or night
and it would be a picture to keep - to
reminiscent of one's girlhood dreams of how