

My Dearest -

Thursday - Aug 17th

Well, as far as I can see from here, today will find me at Kitty's or bound for Sask. (You must forget that I am still in Mayfair court - an empty court - it is with Bet working rather dolefully at her embroidery). When this reaches your dear hands I shall not be here - and Bet will I hope not be so doleful. I think she dreads tomorrow and so do I - but tomorrow will be over when this reaches you. It is Thursday - the sea is pounding against your window - waking you to get down and take a swim. - I will probably get my first sea-bath tomorrow, climbing down the path to the warm sands - gathering shells in my little basket to bring to our young Conchologist? (Bessie) - I much prefer shells to fish - that I am sure of! I'm trying to hold fast to all the things I am sure of - and to forget the rest - just "table them" - or better still let the sea-winds blow them away! For

it is only the true things which matter. It
seems easier to separate the true when you
take them quietly in your own lap. The true
ones are so beautiful that I never get tired
looking at them - Touching - Holding -
tenderly cherishing -

Did you sleep well? Did you feel me tucked against
your back? Or did you say "well, now, praise be -
I can read as late as I please - and as early -
which? How foolish we are - how daintily foolish
we are made. Or is it that one does truly grow
into one new being in marriage - is

Johnell stronger than John & Nell -
yes. I know it is true - in union is our strength
and is meant to be. But this Thursday finds
the union very strong indeed - in fact
there is not a weak place that I can

find - strong, strong and beautiful -

Johnell - Johnell Johnell - you can
hardly tell where it joins, can you? Score Today?
Love always - h.