

everything and everyone else —
Then I want to cry in loneliness. I
miss you so my beautiful John —
our beautiful world where dreams
marched ahead. Is there no way
to save this? Or is it gone? Being a
woman ~~for~~ ^{to} look perhaps for a woman's
world. Perhaps it is gone — I don't know —
it's all so quickly gone — or is it just
a promise?

But this hour is not for doubts. This hour
is for hymn singing. Blessed be the Tie
that binds (I finish it always in my own
way) — our hearts in mutual love. —
Surely our hearts are bound — no matter
how twisted our lives get. Better just
to hold fast to the thing that is

Sunday.

PECKETT'S ON-SUGAR-HILL
FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

My Dearest.

This is what would be the Vesper hour —
if that beautiful hour were still kept in
this day. But you and I will share it
now. It seems more than just two weeks
that we have been separated — yet how
clearly I see your face. When I think of
the West Branch, the mill, the farm, the
building, the chickens, pigs, turkeys, cows,
gardeners, office, servants, guests, secretaries,
bills, taxes, notions ect - ect. I get
a dizzy feeling in my tummy. But when
I just see your face away from

along - and not get confused with
the rest. I am trying so hard to think clearly - to act
wisely - and to guide us into a way of understanding
and peace. It is forever first in my heart - the great
adventure does not need to be the great disaster.
We can move forward - onward - each one
of us free. I say we can. But I wonder. That's where I
need more faith. That's where you must give me faith.
It is no good repeating the old promises of the
perfect solution to everything. That I know is important.
But it is far more important (to me anyway)
that you live in peace and harmony with your wife
than that you find the perfect secretary - or
servant. It is something we can't lay at other
people's feet. It is between you and me - and
the more it is shoved away to make room for
everything else - the farther we are from finding
it.

Forgive me. Do I seem to preach? What a horrid
word. I don't mean to. Someone must set our course and
stop our floundering about. Again forgive John dearest.

I still see only your dear face. Sometimes I can't
see it - or feel you near - but tonight you are here.
I miss all our dear grandchildren and the camping
days of freedom - Kidney Pond, Maine - Canada. I miss
the West Branch on those wonderful moments when it was ours.
Ever & Ever - N.