

Sunday night.

My dearest -

Outside when I have been all evening 'it is all white and other-worldly and wrapped in magic. Inside where I am writing you is all warm and cheery and bathed in fire-light and lamp light reflected on the red table - a cricket on the hearth and the silent walls that I laboured on so long softly glowing. Upstairs in my white moon-lit room my high bed is waiting, with the blessed faces quite plain - and beautiful. The leaves of the maples outside make shadows on the white walls. all is still and lovely. I never feel alone - but only companioned by sweet spirits and

thoughts. I think of the miracle of 1040 -
To bring it about in the midst of N. Y. is
even more victory than here. Here in this
Other-worldly place, it might happen -
but not survive the everyday life. But
to think it can and does live - Oh John
blessed - it seems the answer to my every prayer.
One always wonders, from such a night, why
we need to live as we do. - it seems
fantastic in the face of God's world - yet
if we must - Then to carry in our secret hearts
a little of God's magic does work a special
miracle.

I would call you to night, if I knew where
you were - just to hear the sound of your voice.
When you come up, you might bring a chicken, a
piece of bacon, some potatoes & tomatoes - if
you will - meat is mine & beer too. Good
night beloved - we drink the health of the Gods.
Ever. A.