

(4.) Gave needn't stay down in the hold all the time - where the smell is bad and everyone is sick from the pitching sea - it is not deserting them to go up on your watch. That is how I feel about Mackinac - you are not deserting your ship to get your bearings spiritually.

Oh darling - I know how it seems to you - you speak of my child's world - and how pleasant it must be to put all cares aside and run away etc. That is not true of me. First of all I have brought all my cares, all your cares and all of our cares here with me. I have the cares of my children and of the world - so I am not without care. I can view them with more of a quiet mind than when I have them too close - and too thick. I can see the Heavens so clearly.

P.S. John - Bushie might love it here next fall - if not now - keep the question open - I feel sure we can help.

Don't.

Your letter this morning leaves another heaviness in my heart. How can I help you? How can any one help another human being? How can two people who love each other help each other? Your letter is full of fear and courage, of faith and doubt - of strength and a tiredness that comes from using more than you have. It is so like other letters I have had in these eleven full years. The same fears, the same courage - the same high heart yet doubting mind. Oh, John darling if you think I do not know these by heart it is

2. moments of great beauty between. If I did not have the history of these years - I would come flying home to my John - thinking that my physical presence could in itself do the trick. But that is not true. Sometimes it is quite the contrary. What I must somehow do is to guard the spiritual tie that binds us - and keep the flow open. I know that I cannot do that - year in and year out - for you are a stronger force than I am in sheer physical stamina. I can't hold my breath as long as you under water - I simply must come up for air.

It is not with me a question of deserting my ship - but a question of getting my direction from the North Star - and the voice of the wind.

3. to think I do not know you.

To-night the house is so still - and the world outside - the moon is hidden in mist - also the valley. Only a whip-poor-will breaks the stillness.

I have the courage and the calm mind to take those problems all out and lay them where I can count them and see them face to face. They are not exactly old friends for I have always been trying to beat them - but their very familiarity makes me unafraid. Long before we were married you were writing me exactly - word for word - the same fears and the same hopes. Somehow we have survived those - and we will survive these. We have had

8 night. Also that we have scrubbed
and cleaned our attic — so it
makes a lovely play-room for
rainy days. Also we have
cleaned the top of the barn which
is a joy to have done.

I have resolved once more
to be true to my voices — to listen
for guidance instead of running like
frightened cattle back into the

burning barn. Our problems seem
very severe — yet my heart rejoices
with the hope that peace is on its
way to the suffering world. Not that

peace will have less problems than
war — or easier ones — but
like our present ones — They are our
lessons to learn. God bless you dearest John

I just talked to you by phone — how useless
these written words — but they are to you from my heart

5.

I smile to myself as I picture how you
picture my care-free days. Not that
it matters — but I wish you might
see how they are. They are filled with
tasks from morning to night — never-ending
and tiring. When night time comes, I ache in
my bones — and so do the girls. It is not
easy — but it is satisfying. I am doing
washing and ironing and scrubbing and
gardening — it is not exactly an
easy job. To-night one little fellow has
an ear-ache or throat — we aren't
sure which — but there seems always
something. Being a mother is not
a care-free easy job in these
days. But here in these things — like
in my dark-room — I know my
work and love it. I do not know
yours — and cannot keep you.

7. I am telling you these things once again.
John dearest for sometimes you forget
and think I am merely deserting you.
I am not deserting you — but only
coming up for air.

Now forgive the long lesson —
One thing — you can skip it if
it is too long. It is a temptation
to talk only of us and the way
I can help you — for it is
in my mind all the time. What
good telling you what I heard
for supper — or what someone
else said.

I will tell you however that we
are having bread & milk and our
own blue-berries for supper. These

b. All I can ever do is to be
a receptacle for all the emptying
of your mind — day after day —
without even a chance to sort the
various things and use the good.
I do not consider any task too menial —
these no more than my dark-room. There
my mind is on the picture I am making —
the hands are busy with their part.

Here my mind is on the picture I am
making also — only this one is
a living picture — is anything more inspiring
or creative than to minister unto and
shape young minds and bodies.

Then there is the utter satisfaction of
being a MA — in time of need. Kay
Hitch's mother must feel the same joy.