

4. gratitude for my immediate
blessings — and all the
contributing ones which have
given me these — it is as good
as a sea voyage, with an
deck chair to gaze out over the ocean —
ship and unadulterated Currency!

I shall finish Lincoln through
the day — munching an apple &
a tangarine for lunch and looking
from my back out over the Indiana
and Ill. nois country which he
sprang from. What a remoteness
there is no need and part
it is the life which is
Timeless —

Lincoln pleases me so — yet I
wonder if I would have evaluated
him at the time. Enough to know I
can feel it now. Keep care of
you dear self & Shiloh. Blessed is
the tie that binds us ever & n.

Monday morning
10.30 am
Aboard the Pennsylvania RR.
Sanitorium

My Blessed John.

We have just passed through
Columbus and are gliding happily
over the snowy fields of my
native state toward Dayton. It seems
flatter than I remember it, but the
farms look thrifty and the
barns are large and well cared
for. I ride like a Queen, with
my two wide windows before
my eyes. What Currency! What
proof of the wideness of God's
mercy — like the wideness of
the sea — and of your love.

I left home feeling my home was
not only a Haven of peace and

3. the smoke from the chimneys of
these separate farms - The
gray cold sky - the wide
fertile fields - there should be
a name for such a gentle way
of life - perhaps Hoosier is
as near as any. It would seem
as if each farm had hundreds
of acres of land to support
it, with only an occasional
copse of trees.

But I would not trade it
for Connecticut or N. H. —
it seems too, too bread & butter!

My little fellow passenger sleeps
at my feet - buried under a
lettuce leaf. all is peace - all
is an overwhelming sense of

2. protection against the storms of life -
but a place of nourishment - and
revitalizing - giving new strength to
my wings - and new vision
we have discovered a new heaven
and a new earth — and
the old ones have passed
away. Oh my dearest John how can
you hold the gratefulness of my
heart for every minute — it over-
flows and spills over everything.

I have just finished my coffee
and toast - in bed - looking
out over the passing scenes -
a field of sheep against the
snow - the windmills turning -
the red barns - the silos - the
corn stalks still stacked in
rows - the woman hanging out
her Monday wash