

J. in England

Sunday Aug. 20th

My Husband - my very own husband - and very dear one - Four years to-day since we took our bath in the little waterfall and gathered Queen Anne's lace and clover blossoms - since you lighted the marriage fire that will burn as long as the mind of each and the heart of each can reach - that was a great day to have such a long path into life and time - and space - so much of blessings - so much love - so much beauty - so much strength - so much peace - how to celebrate the day? Raise your glass high at 12 noon and wherever I am I will do the same - (I will get a reckoning on the change of time for you - no, you reckon back to 12 o'clock on Seaside - You are better at figures than I) - but

for us there will be no separation — we will
go back to that other morning — Galthwaite
and Clarkie — Dick Malaby — Johnie & his
little wife — the bath of the bridegroom — as
well as the bride — a few movies — the
little Vermont miniskit — the Pi-scence — the
telegrams — the open-fire, the music — the
beautiful strains (together with the happy brook,
the birds songs — the fire — the meeting — the few
words — the eye's meeting — the soul's
meeting — the promise — the great
promise that we have kept just as true as
when we gave it — true, if possible —
all is in our glass to-day as we raise
it — and drink it down. One thing I
hope and pray is that we may celebrate
it without the ocean between us next
year — and forever and ever — Today it
is not I but the wind — to kiss you goodnight.