

partly through the deep woods where
the moss is thick and then through
a sunny field all wild and
overgrown until at last you come to
a most beautiful spot (it is off the
trail) overlooking a whole valley
and range of mountains.

Here I make myself at home
for the day. I always have a book,
my camera and lunch. I take off
my shoes and stockings for
the grass is soft and springy.

If the sun is hot I take a daily
sun bath. I make friends with a
squirrel or watch the birds at
close range. You'd be surprised how
intimate you get with them if you
sit quietly in one place for hours.

I lose all track of time -

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

Dear one -

The old saying "a thing of beauty is a
joy forever" applies to these days. They are
sufficient unto themselves as perfect things
I should be. I give myself to them completely
losing all track of time. We have our
breakfast in our room - and then I take
my lunch every day and am out of
doors ~~every~~ ^{all} day. Sometimes Bet is
with me part of the day but it does
not mean to her what it means to
me and I love to be alone. To-day

I went to my most favorite place -
it is the steepest trail of all and
almost no chance of ever meeting
another human being. It goes

When the sun gets so low that it gets cold
I reluctantly start down. The crickets sing
me to sleep sometimes - and I wake to
find two squirrels eating my apple. I
bunch for the sheer joy of living. The moment
is so cut off from other moments - is so
complete in itself, and so perfect. I feel
all quiet inside. I haven't felt quiet inside
for so long I can't remember - my mind
was vibrating with so many wires pulling
this way and that. But now when I needed
it so very much - I find peace. I don't
know what it is I feel - it's like finding God. Is
it only myself? I don't know or care - I
don't even think - you will call it "escape" but
I call it "finding". One cannot escape the confusion of
the world but oh how blessed when he can
find his own quiet soul and look the day calmly
in the face. I feel alive and content. The day - the
season - the earth - sun - moon - all is
familiar. I have been here other years - other days.
Only I am new - always new - always
to-morrow. The new day to meet the newness
in me. Or is it the oldness? How we do rush about
and busy ourselves with inventing new problems
when all the time we are missing the great adventures.

Forgive me John - this is written at night and when I am
saturated with the warmth of the earth and its blessedness.
I won't to share them with you my beloved of 24.