

2.

as I see it Life is like this most of the time. It looks to us very foolish - yet I am sure it is not half so foolish (or wasteful) as we are with the precious things of this world such as Time, and beauty and health and Love. We do not keep our Lamps filled with oil - we mean to — always mean to — next year - sometimes - "when I get everything fixed - when I get ready." —

~~Another anniversary of our marriage has~~

slipped through the four-fingers like that.

And then year when we are busy getting ready to "make our living". When we are ready - I wonder if we will have the stuff to make it as good as that we have wasted.

Health, I pray will not be gone -

Love - but these are not to be taken for granted at any time. I walked over to them empty

J. M. Dear.

Sometimes Life is like this - painting scribbling on crustled stationary! Not that any one plans it like this - or wants it this way - but that's how it is. I've hunted the house for a pen that works but there are only quills and gold tipped - and fancy, lovely things to hold in one's hand and wonder about but not for writing letters. Also lovely old Heinrich's ink-wells that would pay off one's income tax for a year - but somehow no one has been rash enough to fill them with ink. So forgive the incongruity if you care for

3. Home on The Hill - The one I love so - and looked out
across the quiet pastures - over the woods, the Village -
To the mountains and the evening sky. I thought of mine
years ago - and of the ^{reino} years between - but not ahead.

/// I have come to that place where Life is, if it is anywhere -
and Love & beauty. All my life I have been looking forward -
and I am not quite ready to look back wards (not entirely anyway)
so now I stand at the glorious side (of Life) with the full
current pouring through me. I invited you there beside me and
somehow when you called from your very gay and happy party
I felt alone. But that's how I feel and there is no good pretending. I felt
again like the mother and you the small boy who wants to
have "the gang" around. It's a lonely feeling to be a mother. I don't
think a man ever understands - I don't mean it to be scolding but
only that you are too young - or too busy - to know all the
sad and beautiful thoughts that do be wandering alone in a
woman's heart.

The thought of rushing home for a Buffet Supper at The Books
seemed more foolish than staying on the quiet Hill - or than the
country auction Kathryn is planning for the same day. This will be
far more colorful and fun - with nice Mr. Patch and his oxen here to
auctioneer the sale - and all of New Hampshire that can get to
Beech-Hill here to see & buy. The treasures are being dusted off and gotten
ready for a new adventure after hanging so long in the barn. A pack - what
you say? - well, she can turn her stock into cash (and make 100% on her
investment) and have a good time doing it any time she wants - so that is
more than business of hers. I feel too good to bid - but I have a guess who will not feel so.

(6) I'm afraid it's the kind of a letter that you will pigeonhole into your pocket for your sisters —

The air is crisp & cool, like Sept - the nights fairly cold. It is a great relief.

Did I tell you I had a letter from B. and she wants to come for a visit in the last part of Sept - she says "I need you mummy" — what a familiar, old cry it occurs in my ears — and how good to know that one can help simply by being. I wish I felt that I could help you the same way — altho' I never would

(11)

and that any time she needs or wants to sell any of them she has a market that is not listed at Wall St. and that is not subject to O.P.A. And what life-long happiness such sales give — each treasure in a way a living thing because of the art and the love in which it is conceived.

Dearest — another day has slipped quietly past and this letter is still not in the envelope which will carry it through the million other letters to your desk & hand.

(4)

wish dependence on anyone — especially on you
who are a rock of ages. But we are interdependent
each on the other. I love to feel your strength and
your faith and love — I love to give you back
in good measure. I love to ease your Troubled
heart — your problem children — your tangled
skeins — I love to help you — and I try. I need your
help — and I know you try. we need each other —
and we love each other in spite of all our differences in
temperament and self. That alone is enough to make
us see life differently. I suppose that can't be helped — can it?

But just came in to say that the news just
came over the radio that Paris has surrendered to
the French underground — or to the Allies —
anyway the hated enemy is gone! What news — This
tragedy draws to its end — and however many problems
will arise out of it, we will bear with grateful heart
that this is over. But I fear for the political fumbling
afterwards — each party seeking to discredit the other in
the eyes of the public — and both doing a discredit to us in the
eyes of the world. You must read the Wilson Peace book — and help
save us from a similar fate after this — God bless you darling — always
strong man of mine heart.