

It is the first letter which has
written itself. It is late at night - even
Mayo is asleep. But this is letter
than sleep - this is being alive [I was
reaching for a word - there is none -
only God - that word which always
escapes us - yet is the Word.]

God has blessed me. My
prayers are answered. Your prayers
for me are answered - I will be
strong again and well - and
bring gifts. Oh dearest, this is
the letter I have wanted to write
but failed - just failed. There
is no pretending - the busy, hurried
side of me gets me far off my course -
I get lost. I know Kay and Hunters
prayers have helped too - I feel
them - I go run away to the garden
behind the Moon - and come back
and make folk rub their eyes in wonder.
Good night? Let's rest husband
over.

John my darling
tonight for the first time in
a long while. my spirit soars above
the walky-talky-busy person you are.
By sheer stretching ^{and} it is free - suddenly,
simply - looking down. I see the baby for the
first time - her heart-shaped face with
its secret smile, her round dark head -
a little Lady worn to go with the robin.
I see her without the dread of parting
from her - or the fear of her coming -
I will always see her. This was so
frightening - I knew but could not
achieve. The beauty is like the champagne
of the spirit - intoxicating, sweet -
rare. I feel both weak and strong -
both young and old. Surely this
is God's face as nearly as we see
it.

Barby, Baby and nurse come

3. re-assuring. - If we stand hand in hand - and hold fast to God's hand - we will not get caught up in the whirlpools of things going around and pulling you with them. I know we can - yet when I see you going round and round and round - I must either let go of your hand or go with you. It makes me sick - dizzy - lost - I never could stand things going round. To-night I feel the tide with us, carrying us forward.

I wonder what you are doing this moment - the temptation is to pick up the telephone - yet what could you say that is more reassuring and more sweet than this tide we are riding. Where, I can't see. But that doesn't matter - I am no longer sea sick.

2.

Home to-morrow. Everything is swept into one grand excitement. Everyone is moved into someone else's room - I don't know how one small body when can cause such a commotion. I am in the library. I will sleep on the Day bed. The nurse and baby will be in my room - ect - ect.

Every drawer had to be emptied into some other drawer to make room for the new little wardrobe. It is all very exciting.

Your letter mailed Wed.

9.30 p. m. D. Y. reached me Friday morning on the 11.30 delivery. I imagine from Dallas to Maxabackie takes as long as half way across the continent. Your letter was calm and personal - as if you held my hand - very