

WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT CONNECTICUT

My own John.

Friday night
by Pump light
to a whip-poor-will song.

The Life at Beech Hill is so simple
I wonder how I can write about it to the
great man of affairs. All about birds songs
and little boys shouts — about Summer rain
and mountain skies — about morning glories
and white rambler roses — about Pump
light at night around the kitchen table
and stars — and the light in Kerage.
It's even simpler than that — it escapes
even the finest, thinnest words to describe
the wonders. Then when I am in my old
bed at night with my eyes wide open
looking at the sweet face over me and
the white curtains — then I know how
much the man of affairs is a part of
all the wonders of life — in every beautiful

thing in the world - is my own thinking
about everything. I wonder if he really knows -
and how up here more than any place I am
I can separate that wonder from all the
paraphernalia and impediments and
business of organization. [Here is the
simple fact - here is the grace of our
Living Lord and the goodness of
Life - the knowledge, sure and
sweet, that God is - and that
because He is, we are.] I feel your
presence now as a part of the eternal
presence - wherein your little-boy days
are not separate from your grown-up
days. - Only the poetry is real -
affection passes — or will pass.

God bless my beloved - with the dear
bearded face and the eyes like the
sky - keep your dreams safe dear John.
They are the best of life - Ever thine own
H.