

Dear ones

Oh the secret joy of sending my thoughts
to you - knowing that we share the same wonder,
the same obligations, the same vision - that
we walk toward the light, however we stumble.

I loved this poem of our little friend Martha
Bacon, in the Sat. Review of Lit. - I
wrote her to say so. I thought you might enjoy
these editorials from the C.S. Monitor. Have
I failed you darling - because I have not kept
you in touch with Don Co. the Market etc -
that is so far from my present concern - and
I am never fit to understand these complexities

But I have not failed you in the daily
love I have laid at your feet - nor are
my arms capable of opening wider than
they are open to receive you when you
come. I do not cry for your returning like
a spoiled child - for I glory in your
work well-fulfilled and the peace

that is earned. I can wait until it is
our time. Do not worry about me for
I shall return to the peace of the
W.B. - my dark room & finish my
Christmas gift to my dearest husband.

Monday - and Christy are willing
subjects and only Love awaits me.
I have done the hard part of Christmas -
now I shall reap its peace.

I pray it reaches you I the
dearest - and stays with you
wherever you go - Keep the secret
Torch - for it does unlock
magic doors -

God Love and
Keep you — and bring you
safely home — Eve

- Mine

W.