

4
I live post to
corner canal
40th & the canal
1200 ft 3 strands bank wire
1-15 that
320 m. p.
20th election

I want to be disturbed and am
so without end" (I wonder if?
this is not true of people to-day?

From this quiet spot, it seems we have
allowed our lives to become so
hopelessly cluttered, stimulated and
disturbed that only Divine guidance
and a determined right about face
can help. There is an essential being

in each of us which is more
than a "decoy" - it is real! Let's
get down to that and see where
it leads us. It leads us to-gether and
it will keep us to-gether. Nothing else
will.

I often think how blind people are -
like the man who said "Is this the
mighty ocean? - Is this all?"

God bless you, dearest - God grant
that I may be led to say some word which may
touch the real you - and lift your spirit into the

eyes
that with me
you will share
God grant you will share that with me
glorious day

any very dear one.

To-day I have been at Tasha's
while she went to the Hospital - it
is like a miracle to see all they have
accomplished in these difficult times,
and under these difficult circumstances.
The house has already great charm
and beauty - They were to have
started the Kitchen on Monday (Tom
and a 75 year young carpenter).
It takes courage to do it the way
they have - and now it will
take even more because Tom will
be laid up for several months. But
their single purpose stands them in
good stead. Tasha goes to Boston in
September - taking an apt. for a
month - getting a room for the
children eat - eat. Nobody's life is
simple I suppose - if we see behind
the curtain.

I have just talked with
you - and then with Alice

3.

... and so we too
can close at evening like the anemones
shutting into themselves depth of a
day, and something bigger, open
again at morning. To do this is not
afforded us: but this it is we must
do: learn to close over what is infinite."

(That thought I love - and take home to
myself.) Then he goes on to say: "I
am like the anemone I once saw in a garden in
Rome, which had opened so far during the
day that it could no longer close at
night! It was dreadful to see it, wide
open, how it still absolved into its frankly
torn open calyx - - - and would not
could not - ~~be done~~ ^{close}. Too am turned
so helplessly outward, hence too distraught
by everything, refusing nothing, my senses
overflowing to every disturbance -
... and since everything
once adjusted to stimulation wants
to be stimulated, so at bottom

2.

Marion about Mackinac -
I am happy to revive the hope of
going there - I must admit
it seemed pretty hopeless however.
If you can get over-night accommodations
from D.Y. and want me to come
down and go from there with you -
just let me know the dates and I
will be there. I'm sure it would give
us both an inspiration for our problems -
and for just living. Please try, dearest -
even if you have to take your head
down to men with you - Let's just say
we're going. Do you think dette would
like to go?

I love to write you at night - you
seem so very close. I was reading
last night from the German poet Rilke.
(in his letters) and was struck by this
thought of his which seemed so
true of me in this last month especially: