

But the night presses close and
I draw you near me and forget
for the moment the pressure of things.

We speak softly together - and
understand what the quiet says.

I even think of winter mornings at the
West Branch with snow falling
on deep snow and the quiet of both
in our hearts. Nothing is as quiet

as Winter in snow - unless it is
old age with peace. It must be

poorly. Youth should be the time for
struggle - but the heart hungers

for peace. Come unto me - all ye
tired and
that are heavy laden - and

I will give you rest.

He walks with me here
and talks - and gives me peace -
oh John I am almost afraid to leave it -
Tell me He is there too with you. N.

Dearest.

These Past days of Summer have
a lingering sweetness in them. I would like
to send you something quiet and clear from
them. What could it be? The repose - the
content - the inner glory - the understanding
with things and life. It is if Nature and
we are one - like the fall-tide is with
the sea - every rivulet flooded. Only
this is of the spirit. I begin to know
what Love is - I say "begin" - what
lies between you and me - and between
us and the world. I do not need to
explain these things to you. You who
may chafe at my absence yet who
are united to me by these "quiet times".
I wish you knew the way my heart works -
how it blossoms when it is in quietude.
We must let the sap flow for the

3.

On the factual side everything is not so
 lovely. I get a statement from my Bank -
 saying that on August 21st I am
 24⁰⁰ in arrears. (I suppose that should
 frighten my voices away - but somehow
 it doesn't.) I don't understand how it
 could happen unless you forgot to put one
 month in. I count on it. Actually I have been
 living on the children unbelievably and
 have not dared even to consider the matter.
 I have not dared to contemplate any of the
 changes I had hoped to make - in my
 room for instance. I see all about me -
 auctions - with the opportunity to get things
 slipping by. I wish when Uncle sends the
 stock - and it is sold - that I may keep
 out a few hundred for here. I really need to
 do certain things. Winter is coming -
 time marches on.

2.

important task of our own being. We
 unfold to new vision - and new
 heights - each one reversing the other one.

All the same I feel your "not-Telephone"
 as a hunger and wonder how
 it is with you. I must bring the mountains
 home to you. I must bring something
 for your "distractions" - for your life
 abounds in them. I hear my ^{own} voices
 again. The ones I thought were
 lost forever. They didn't come at
 Mackinac - They were not obedient
 to Uncle Frank - much as I tried.
 I shall never forget the anguish of the
 confessional - and how deserted I
 was. But they are with me again -
 perhaps not strong enough to save
 the world - but only me - and you.
 God bless you dearest - that is much.