



CLEWISTON INN

COMFORT AND HOSPITALITY IN THE EVERGLADES

Clewiston
FLORIDA

My very dearest -

St. Valentine's night - and a full moon over the Glades - stillness like a great velvet curtain over all the earth - for one golden moment, the curtain parted and your voice, like the voice of God, spoke beautiful words in my private ear. Miracle of miracles! Oh blessed - these past weeks have revolved one utterly - our nights and days together away from all the complications of life - sailing along in our own world. The echoes of it will never die - and to night I am alone with them at last.

It is my first night with a room to myself - the West Coast is quite as crowded as the East coast - albeit with quite a different people. The tempo here is slow and elderly in a way - yet graciously so. I found it very restful altho' I can't quite bring

2. myself to the park bench attitude of St. Petersburg. It always seems a bit empty to see people just sitting. Why can't they do as they do in Paris - have little tables - where one can have his afternoon tea - or morning coffee in the sun - ^{best of all - by making something} or play checkers ¹ - ~~but something~~ -

However people must love it as it is - for everything is full - every place we went it was the same story - not a room left. The prices were very high too. I was greatly surprised. Where do all these people come from who can sit on park benches all winter long and pay these prices?

We usually were glad to get one room for mother. Monday and I - so to night seems like luxury. Monday thinks so too! (what a satisfactory animal he is) - he is creating a sensation on the West Coast - among all the horse shoe pitchers and the kindly oldsters. But he remains unspoiled and true.

I think I will pay over here one day and rest. It is not exactly restful to go as we have been - and talky talk talk. I think so often of papa and how delightful he was always - even when so very ill - mother is so well in many ways - and gallant



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yet leaves me unprotected against such irritating changes - and such new demands. It leaves me utterly exhausted - and gives her a new lease on life - Strange, isn't it?

There is no such thing as age however - it is only the effect it has - but if the effect is beautiful - then the years are added grace.

However I am married to the youngest - and most beautiful of all earthly creatures -

Oh John Blessed how I have loved these ^{our} days and nights away from the world - to treasure in my heart for all time. How they have healed me - spirit and all - and how they ~~re-echo~~ in my heart - let's do it again! I don't think it has made any difference to the world - but Oh the difference to me!

Goodnight dearest one. Best is the lie that binds our hearts - Ever. 2.