

Monday morning
Still in bed -
Lustriating

Dearest.

I am only half here - The better
half gone. I la not good! Your voice
over the Telephone sounds breathless
and I long to lay my head against
you and be still. The "outer rim" of
you is like your own machines,
always moving - around -
around - around. I want to
stay close to the least. This
job we have to do must come
from there too - otherwise it
will be less than I dream of -
or you. But how? With faith
and Love - and patience.

I cling for the moment to the
beauty that I find here - so
wonder it draws rare souls

to live — but I'm not sure I
would care to live here. It is too
much — no, I prefer our dear best
Branch with all its problems — or
The Sweet House. It is not detached
from life — our life.

Who knows the secret of our earthly
pilgrimage? "Now God be thanked
that the name of a hill is such music,
that the name of a River can heal
aye — even the name of a River that
runs no more."

Meanwhile I wait patiently
and drink deep of the moment.
I am offered every kind of
beautiful gift for the healing of
the spirit — and feasting of the soul —
except the best of all —

you.

Bless you dearly
be patient — calm
steadfast — always.