

Dearest. How good to hear your voice.
How good to span space from this
Hospital room so white and sterilized,
to my warm cheery West Branch with
its open fireplace - the doves cooing,
and Nannie in the Kitchen - to Bet,
and you - and all of the pleasantest
things this world has to offer - to
say nothing of Monday! I am Thankful
for Mary Cillis every day of my life -
it is good to know she is on hand
with her strength and her capable ^{hands}
and vital and willing heart - she
is a Blessing. I do hope Bet is
well - funny how natural it is for a
mother to worry. But not my mother!
She surely is a brick. Did I tell
you that she went through the whole
thing under a local anesthetic and
talked to him the entire time!

2.

He told me to-day that she made a case history for him and that he had never seen such nerve in a woman before. She was perfectly conscious and demanded to know "how things were coming?" - "is it out yet?" "What do you find?" "Is it as bad as you thought?" "How much longer?" "Am I being a good girl?" There are some of the questions the Doctor and nurse laughingly told me to-day - the Doctor said "I just wish there could have been a class of students to watch and to applaud".

But I was scared enough for us both. I don't know when anything ever hurt me more.

She is doing beautifully - and is so happy that one cannot help but be too.

She has no pain to-day and I am content that I can be right here taking care of her.

The operating room is just across the Hall and the sound proofing is not of the best so one hears all the (to me) depressing Hospital sounds - and the patients in other rooms - but mother is blissfully unconscious of everything. She has an end room and only sunshine and bird-songs. I wish I weren't such a hyper-sensitive person - but no one can say I am not trying to beat it. It is not fun.

I will walk down to the village to-night and mail this - it is good to get out and smell air again. But I would far rather have cold winter than this warm one - it is good to think of coming home to snow.

I hope the sittings are progressing nicely - just think what a surprise for me! I can't wait. It is so exciting and wonderful to think we shall have a painting of my beautiful John (but nothing as beautiful as he is.) I hope you are not pressed about things - when one is in a Hospital one realizes more than ever that "crime does not pay". By crime I mean crime against one's own body. I am enclosing a clipping from the Reader's Digest for you to read. Of course all people know better than they do - but they can do if they will! It is foolishness of a child's mentality that says always "well I've got to get a few things cleaned up first" - They can be cleaned up quicker and better by taking one thing at a time - and first of all health.

(5.)

Just think we have an apartment
Too! I can't get used to ^{on top.} thinking it.
I do love that little roof-tree! What a
comfort to think that Bet and Mary
can get it fixable and that I don't have
that job ahead of me -

But the West Branch is where
my heart is. Just think we will have
snow over it soon - I can't wait. Once
I turn my face toward home and you -
I think I shall want to fly. But oh,
the joy of sewing, when you know you
are needed - to-day I feel the blessing
of it - yesterday it was a kind
of terror.

I have put mummy to sleep
and now I will walk in the moon light
to the village. There is a little Bay on one
side and orange groves on the other. Like so many
places we have been - good-night John. Bless the little one.