

John, dear one.

It was a terrific dust storm to day. You should have seen your wife with her camera at the pueblo and the wind and dust enveloping the Indians and all! It was really exciting - and led pleasantly to the inside of pueblos and laughing and shaking the dust out of our hair. What fun! I held babies on my lap and heard the ceremonial drums and listened to stories that made David Smart fade into the far distance. I forgot how the wind was behaving outside also for inside we were very snug and happy. I even tasted the sweetly hot lunch that came out of the great oven - came back to our empty little room - established a beautiful but solitary order out of the chaos -

attempted to light a fire but wind
+ dust were too much for it - so gave
up and went in the main living
room - To read and feel the coziness
of our retreat - worried about you
flying - wish I had known you were
taking train. By sun-down (if you
could call it that when it was
completely hidden in dust) it began
to snow. It is now 9.30 - the ground
is an inch deep in snow - our
little porch is drifted in deep
drifts. I am snow-bound and it
looks as if it will never stop. It will
bless the dust however and probably
be entirely gone by noon tomorrow.

Thank you dearest for your letter - yes we
are blessed - if only for yesterday - is a
wonderful. Let us have more - Good night beloved
bless be the fire that binds - Bless