

8. I think of the few little days of my  
life that I spent near Sara and Anna -  
and how vivid and alive and challenging  
she remains - and how Christlike. I am  
sure to Jesus's companions (outside  
of his disciples) he must have  
seemed only "cracked". Such is  
life. The Joan of Arc's - The  
Abraham Lincoln's are all considered  
crazy in their day. Sara's  
eighty-five pounds are freighted  
with the inner grace. I strive for  
more and inspired always by her  
selfless love. God give me grace.  
God bless you, dear John - to my  
lovely cot I go - but sleep comes hard.  
Ever, Thine own

Dearest.

Just a little note before  
going to bed. Like a good-night  
kiss. Yes, we are a strong hold -  
a fortress — and I hope,  
a light. I think we could not  
be any — except that we  
have been through the shipwreck  
ourselves. In reading Sara's letters,  
I was struck, not with  
her helplessness, nor insanity -  
but rather with her great beauty

3.

all, she may realize more on her property, than many more practical, worldly people do on theirs. Being in the minority always makes it easy to be pointed at. But if the finger were pointed at the friend who wrote to you and enclosed Sara's letter - it could easily claim imagination, plus hysteria and helplessness. Nothing surely that will ever be remembered after she is gone.

2.

and faith. Surely as nearly a Saint as any mortal I've ever known. The friend's letter, so full of doubts & fear and hysteria seemed pathetically ironical. Sara is a child of God, if ever there was one. I would have known her better. About Anne I would not presume to judge, knowing so little — she inherits her mother's faith in the Spirit — and I shall not be surprised if after