

3.

also his love I feel which heals
my troubled heart. I asked him how it was
that ^(you + I) we could love each other as we do yet
miss this rich fruit of love. He just smiles
his slow secret smile — not pretending to
know all — or to judge, yet understanding.
He said anyone could understand how differently
geared ^{yours and mine} our minds were — our life training and
inheritance — he laughed when I confessed to the
sad state of my "nerves" and said it was
a natural and inevitable result of the things
which went before. I said, well, why then can they
stop so quickly when I get here? he said,
because for the moment I can relax — not
tense myself for new or unexpected strain —
not beat my head and mind with the old
and unsolved — the fear and insecurity
for the children — or for my own

as yours - on the world's way of life.

I have been frustrated - and perhaps always
will be, with trying to see the pattern of our
days ahead. It might have been different if
we had put our own machinery in order
to handle the Train, instead of expecting
and breaking and repairing and doing everything
else but. It might have been different if I had
the quality of mind which Eleanor Roosevelt
has - (and I have not) or if you had the quality
of a Howard Doughty (which you have not).

In my own way I have great strength - but not in
yours. I have gone through much trouble and
not been found wanting. It was the confusion of
the Boom days in Florida - that made, unnatural
imbalance of values, which unnerved me for
the first time in my whole life. The lust for
money - the loss of the spirit - I still tremble to
think of it. I will go back to Robbins' work - and
forget the world's way for a little while longer.

God put his arms around and comfort us both - Ever
n.