

NELL DORR

30 East 37th St.
New York, 16 N.Y.

December 9, 1954

Dear Claire:

I was so sure that our paths were going to cross last month and I am terribly disappointed that it didn't work out. Excuses are odious and you can be very sure that it was not my fault that it didn't materialize.

Cleveland seems so close--really only over night--and we are one family, you and I, now united by our mutual loneliness. I know what it means to face holidays with a vacant place but every day must be faced and, strangely enough, when we face it, we find the place is not empty after all.

Could you come to visit us any time--you set the time. John would love it as much as I. He is really very fond of you and we would both love to see more of you. He has all sorts of ideas about picture slides and a short talk by yours truly as part of the over-all publicizing of Mother and Child. I am sure he would love to talk to you about it. I will do whatever comes my way and seems right, although I must say it is not the part that nourishes me--that is in my beloved dark room with my music and the deep quiet of a closed door.

The reviews have been very good and, slowly but surely, the little book is finding its way to the hearts of some who are kin. It will never be a best seller, I am sure, but it is to me very heart-warming to feel a growing circle of people who are spiritually united to me by this new bond. It is a very elevating experience and makes one strive more and more to be worthy. How I would love to know of your children and their wives and families. We've missed a lot, Claire, let's see if we can't make up for the years the locusts have eaten.

My blessings to you and yours this Christmas,

N.

(In spite of our great system of bookkeeping, we seem to have lost your home address)