

Door

INTRODUCTION TO MOTHER AND CHILD by Nell Door

The story is from everlasting to everlasting, yet when it happens to you, that your new-born child is laid for the first time in your arms, it is the whole miracle of creation. Your heart cries out (as did Mary's)--"My soul doth magnify the Lord!" You know that you are as near to touching the divine mystery as one may come in this life.

Here are pictures of my children, my children's children and my god-children. These are our rooms, our houses and our lands in the states of Connecticut and New Hampshire where we live. We begin with the marriage of my daughter, Betty and cover a period of the last years. I am here in their midst). I have given no thought to sequence; each day is a day--each picture a picture, each chosen for itself.

This is not the whole story of Mother and Child. Indeed it could not be. These days belong with the universal memories of childhood. There are still, white days that belong to ourselves alone, when we are humbled under the mighty hand of God.

The making of this book has given me an inner peace. Nothing has seemed of more worth that I could do. Beyond this I think I know almost thing. "Ibi non intrat intellectus, sed affectus." (Love alone has entry to the secrets of God.)

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