

June 3

Dear Grand father,

As I write this, Bella is twelve days over due with your first(?) great-grandchild. It's a little nerve-wracking, when you've been preparing for the due-date; and then the due date comes and goes and nothing happens. You start to worry, even though the due-date doesn't really mean much, it's a guess and even if it were accurate, the length of pregnancy varies any way. Bella has dropped, the baby's head has engaged, and she's beginning to dilate, but she hasn't really experienced any contractions yet.

The grand parents-to-be call often. Dad seems worried we've not going to tell him when it happens, and has post-poned his vacation until it does happen.

We have a new (since February) apartment, with a room for the baby, and a room for my studio. Everyone says that having

a child changes your life, and I'm sure it does, but I'm certainly looking forward to it. It makes me happy to think about it, and it's something I've wanted for quite a while. It has been a surprise to me how pleased the child's paternal grandparents have been. I know Dad would be pleased, but Mom has ^{been} too, in ways which surprised me. Bella's mother has taken the expected interest, but her father seems unconcerned.

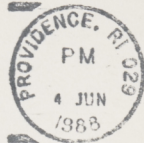
Of course, we haven't been sleeping very well, because Bella has been uncomfortable, but for a while I was having intense pangs of mortality at night. I guess thinking about the beginning of life leads to thinking of the end. Or perhaps I'm a little morbid.

Dad tells me Francis Straus passed away. It must be very hard on Nancy. I know that they depended on each other. I hope she is able to get to the Island this summer.

I hope that things are well
in Santa Fe, and that you are
able to work. I'll let you
know when you are a great
grandfather, which should be ^{very} soon.
Remember me to Aline.

Love,
E.F.

Porter
18 Wood St.
Providence RI 02909



Eliot Porter
Route 4 Box 33
Santa Fe NM
87501