

Saturday May 13

Dear Don,

My life has so many faces. I am not certain whether I am inside turning or well outside, existing, seeing only one at a time in sharp focus. There is the nursing home face - the hotel face as a guest and one behind the desk - the social life face - the mother - the grand mother and the Don and Ernest face etc. This one has been for the most important during winter 1967 I already marvel at the time, power and vision of that one. I can almost understand the designs of the Creator in keeping Sidney alive as an anchor for me. In letting where I might have gone without that anchor. So many doors are partly open and in so many directions. But I am strangely happy inside - strangely detached and objective. Even coming down one morning to find the battery stolen from my car - didn't seem too important. I love your letters and the small observations. I can almost imagine myself there, not actually, but as spirit. The things I read now are with sharper observation because of you. So are the far reaching effects of no person or another. You must see Ernest now with different eyes - the sensitive vulnerable soul - building a thicker and deeper shell of protection. It took me so many, many years to gain back my self confidence after that one little letter. Who knows what my retaliation from hurt cracked on him. I can see now how a letter to him from one of my jealous friends - telling him about others I was beginning to date could have made him write the letter. He could have expected me not to want to date others. But now was I to know - and I needed to date others. How was I to know he was really something special - never to be forgotten. But of such things the true values of life are built and the understanding of soul.

Had ~~me~~ been right for each other the
mis'understanding couldn't have happened
or would have been corrected.

Anyway - I thank God for you.
you are one of the unexpected "Gods"
of my life.

Please don't tell anyone out of the
past where I am. you mentioned Sister
getting in touch. I don't believe anyone
will want to - I hope not.
Love

Margie

Harriet had time to study Italian - but
should get back to it soon -



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