

My dear Don,

July 28th '67

I am now the one with no time
for "pen" - as those on the other side
would say.

Have you read Ruth Montgomery's
last book - A Search for the Truth?

I have gobbled it up with glee -
for her automatic writing experience
was so similar that it gives me
more confidence in my own sanity.

I was never given such exact directions
about my own life and there was no
certain controls - but the lessons
taught were identical. Oh yes,
referred to themselves as "we" in
the same way - and stressed helping
others to find themselves. I am
sure helping you was a directed thing,
for I would find any of it impossible
now.

The memory is no longer
vivid. You will probably find
that hard to understand. I do
myself. I hope you will read
the book, for she describes so

much better than I could.

I have never gone into the spiritualism
bit - for it doesn't draw me.

Reading a medium seems
spooky and unnatural.

North Carolina was wonderful
for me - and about August 8th
we will start for Mexico.

When I get back I will have
a new interest. I will move

into an apartment at the
Diplomatic Center. Remember the
two large buildings at the end of
Seabreeze Bend on the river? This
has been a strangely directed move.

Dr Evans now 89 must move
to a nursing home. His wife
is dead and he has no kin.
We have been friends for many
years. I will take over his apartment
and furniture. Some of it is
pretty dread full, but I will
at least have a basic beginning
and pots and pans. I am helping

him to sort an accumulation of 60 years.
It is ~~slow~~ because I have to listen to many
stories of the past with each drawer and box
me open. I feel so sad for him. I told
him he can always feel free to come to
the apartment and sit with his things
around him any time he wishes - and
keep a drawer of treasures he can't part with.
So I am hoping to help someone deal with
his ghosts of the past - and I am glad I
can understand.

I don't believe I said thanks you for
the picture of Ernest. I do thank
you and it isn't one that is a trouble to
look at. I have had no time to read
or study Italian. I am working a little
on Spanish - But I will get back to the
Italian one of these days.

Your letters give me much pleasure. I
am not a letter savor - but I do save yours
you they bear many readings. I don't feel
I will be much more help to you - for it
all seems to have gone. I hope it won't
mean that you will be gone too. Getting
to know you is rewarding enough for
any strain and stress I may have experienced.
You somehow reveal my faults in many things.
Love to you and Ruth -

Lucy M.
(I am trying to switch my name if
Marianne has become distasteful.)

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