

My dear Don and Ruth -

Friday - 9-15

How nice to have your letter when I returned⁶⁷ from the fabulous Mexico trip. So many things were packed into two weeks, but the big thing about it was how happy I felt inside. Everything pleased me mightily - and I went around talking Spanish to children - police - taxi men guides - I bargained with men selling things on the street, for the sheer joy of talking. I lost my panic and didn't care whether I made mistakes in gender or tense. The fact that I could make them understand me was enough. On the beautiful jet (Aeromexico Mexico) coming home, I sat with a young woman from Cuba. She knew very little English - but enough to help me when I lost a word. We talked Spanish all the way from Mexico City to Miami and I helped write her declaration for customs. If I were near someone like her it wouldn't take long to feel comfortable in the language. I will now persuade Italian for a J. College course in S.

You and Ruth now have an invitation to Cuernavaca. I told Irene about you and read your letter aloud - and she said to tell you to come anytime. I will go again at the first opportunity. It is all so beautiful - and I got behind a few walls.

I must be improving, for I was able to read what you wrote about Ernest without the dreadful empty hurt. It was some how comforting to hear about others in the same boat. I was certainly affected, psychologically, as I wouldn't have called him

It. I thought I had forgiven him when
he said he was sorry - but I probably
didn't. I never wanted anyone to know
I loved him - for in that way I was free
of him. I feel you were sent as a sort
of healing process. I believe life will
always give the mess any psychological
cures if we wait for them. (As I know me it) Even himself
couldn't stand real or imagined rejection -
so he had to give it to those who hurt him.
I didn't mean to hurt him but I did when
I cut it as I did after his letter. I was
too young to know how to handle a situation
over my head and I did it badly. I am
not proud of myself. I don't feel that
a marriage would have been good - but
we could have always been close friends -
or could we. I almost taught Papa H.
in Spanish - but I couldn't quite make
it. Perhaps next time.

I am now in the process of getting
settled - My address is -

Diplomatic Center N. apt. 316

115 Seabreeze Blvd.

Daytona Beach - Fla.

The old address is O.K. too.

Sorry I can't get to visit you in Rome -
but having the invitation has given me
a happy feeling. It isn't everyone who
has an invitation to visit in Rome.

Florida is a bit down after the exhilaration
of 6,000 ft and cool temps.

Love to your mother -

Margie. (No one will call

me Lucy - so I may as well give up)
Grand calls me Bumble - another old name
in college.

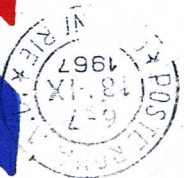
Main
Diplomatic Centre N.
115 Seabreeze apt. - 316
Daytona B. Fla. - U.S.A.



Mr & Mrs D. St. John
Via Aurelio Saffi 70
Roma
Italia



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