

Thursday, July, '68.

My dear Don,

Congratulations about the Article. I am not at all surprised. If I can overcome my ostrich tendencies I will look it up. One half of me would like to read about Sunny, also to see and visit with her. But there is too high a wall of years and unshared experiences. I want to leave her back there growing up. My memory is vivid and pleasant. It is like not wanting to see a person after death. It spoils the memory of life. I should probably go back to Michigan. Pudge wants me to come. Bill Ohle has offered the cottage at the Bay for any time I wish. Connie Curtis lives near Sunny at Walloon, and usually writes about her in her Christmas letter. But something makes me not want to go.

Yes, Ernest had repugnance for the abstract, probably because that was not his talent. I think he may have had a real fear of the spiritual, the psychic, or whatever you want to call it. I was always drawn to it, and to what lay under or beyond appearance. Those seeds showed up in early conversations. But the big gift he gave me was repugnance for sham.

Florida is being very hot, but I am thriving on it. Am up to 112 lbs. the highest since before Bobbie became sick. I am less restless and living less in memory and dream. I have been to North Carolina and to Delray Beach. I have bought L.L. Horner's Dodge station wagon. It was a third car for her that she didn't need. I don't need such a big car, but it suits me. It isn't a large investment so I don't need to give it much thought. I feel more and more free of possessions, and it is wonderful. I can walk out on the car and apartment any time, without worry.

I can understand your not knowing where you are. I tell my friends that when I go to a new place it takes a while for my soul to catch up to my body. Your soul is probably still trying to find you. When it does you will write like crazy.

Have heard by grapevine that Jen Jenson has given \$10,000 to Carleton College in memory of Ursula.

L.L. was talking the other day about coming to our house the night Ernest was there. She remembers only that he seemed the largest man she had ever seen.

Danny was pretty wonderful to make that long journey and home again. Had you left him, he would probably have mourned himself to death. Like people, it isn't physical hardship that kills, but emotional upset.

I am thinking of sending on two pictures for you to see. Georgie had them. One is of Sidney, the way he looked when I first saw him. The other is of me, fourteen or fifteen. Sidney called it the age of innocence.

Love to you Ruth and Danny.

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