

My dear Don & Ruth - Wed. Fri. '71

I am glad the Christmas season
hasn't passed without word and
greeting from you.

How well I know the feeling of
sadness for no reason. I can't
believe it is only an age symptom -
but I do believe age makes us feel
it as a fact. I had a nice
Christmas day. I went to a delightful
party in Armour Beach on the night
of the 22nd - at the home next door
to the one we built. But under
it all I felt as tho my heart was
crying. So I took another drink
and said something nice to the
someones who seemed to need a
lift in the midst of gayety.

Our hearts try to tell us
something, but we don't know
the language. Every Christmas
eve, I remember the one in grandmother's

living room - sitting before
the ^{lighted} fire place with Ernest.

One of the rare moments without
others about - when he said -
"I would be happy if I knew
I could sit like this with you
every Christmas the rest of my
life." Of course it couldn't
be and we both changed - but
that moment remains - Our

lines are made up of a patch -
work of unrelated memory
pictures. I have many of them,
mostly good ones - but in them
all there is that remembrance
feeling of sadness. Perhaps
the sadness is a necessary
ingredient for growth.

I am always amazed
that so many of the things

your feel are like those I feel.
Probably the Virgin influence.

I will be going to a dull
New Years Eve party - tonight.
why dull? No men. But
I always think I don't like
men. yes. I am still afraid
of them.

Happy New Year to you
both. I continue to enjoy
living here - a refuge from
the rat race & problems. It
is like the peace of a convent.
With love & understanding

Marge.

Did you ever see this clipping?

This picture may be from our
grandmother had painted for E
as a wedding gift.



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