

Tuesday
Feb. 5 - 1980

My dear Don,

How good to know you have not
crossed me off. I couldn't blame you if
you had, when I couldn't even answer
your last so supportive letter. My
children and grand children have continued
to write me, but not many friends.
Five years is a long time and some, like
you, thought they had offended me.

I continue to grow stronger every
day and enjoy having my brain back.
Most people, here, haven't realized my
problems for I was able to go thru the
motions. Now many tell me

how I have changed. Even the Dr
tells me I am a miracle. He
can't understand how I am suddenly
back to my old self - or why I
so suddenly crashed.

I am so fortunate to have been
here where there are no pressures and
every need is met. With more than

300 residents, there are bound to be some unpleasant things, due to advanced ages.

Many of the people have done really important things with their lives. Some who have been brilliant are now in the Health Center - and not much more than vegetables. That was where I anticipated my future would be. Now I am not so certain that I was brilliant enough for that fate.

I am sorry you have had some health problems - but who can escape. Living here isn't too good for the moral. Good friends die or are carried off to the Health Center. It scarcely makes a dent, for new faces take their places. It is like a big ocean closing over the top - erasing the empty places. But my whole attitude has changed. I don't hate the wheel chairs and walkers as I did. I am scarcely aware of them. I am so glad to be out of my own special Hell, that life is good.

The shades of E Hemingway continue to haunt me. One of my good friends is a Hemingway fan. I am so afraid she will learn that I was Margie Bump that I lie about my maiden name and birth place.

Two people at my table ~~one~~ night said they had lived in Lake Park.

One of them said - "Of course everyone knew all the Hemingway were ~~all~~

unbalanced. I could only be very quiet. So psychologically the story still hurts me, even at 48. Wherever

E is I believe he is sorry - For some reason he had to tell the world that he rejected me - It

is dreadful for a writer to use a real name. If E said I was good looking it was as wrong as many of the things he wrote. Red hair and freckles don't go with beauty. When I saw him in Fla it was between Pauline and Martha.

I read a small part of Mary's book - It was the part where she tells what Ernest

told her about his life in Petersburg. There
wasn't even one thing that was a true
fact. Some things were so far
wrong that it was pathetic. Ernest
must have become a tortured soul to
feel that he had to invent a past.

My cousin Bill Ahl has written a
little history of Horton Bay. Our great
great uncle along strand bought most
of the land for his lumber business.
When he died Dr Hemingway was his
doctor. Bill Smith's aunt & ~~the~~ Uncle
bought one of the strand farms. Bill &
his wife have their home in Horton
Bay. They wintered his fathers
cottage - Bill is getting more
and more into Michigan history
and politics (Republican)

Enough for now. I love your
letter and will enjoy it over and
again.

My love to your both, and
I am so glad we can pick up
the threads

Marge

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