

Feb. 19, 1980

Monday.

My dear Don,

Gorgie wrote me that she phoned you. I am glad she did. She said you feared you had something to do with driving me over the edge. No way. I feel quite certain that it was the anti allergy injections. I have learned that it contained cortisone. It was supposed to be given only just under the skin. I probably gave it to myself too deeply. The brain pressures came too quickly after the last injection - within hours. The dr who gave me the serum was in Orlando. I was in Daytona Beach - so I wasn't actually under his observation.

But now it is past. I believe the experience has made me a better person. I understand people who go out of control. And that brings us back to Ernest. The Ernest I knew would not have written about me as he did - or those other people who

were his friends. And so there must have been reasons. He was entirely rejected by his mother and partly rejected by his father. He may have thought he was rejected by me. He couldn't have understood what a child ~~he~~ was - entirely unconscious of sex. He was Mauda's brother and I accepted him as a brother image. For that reason he was the only male I could feel comfortable with. Any remarks he would toss ~~around~~ about were I disregarded. After all he was in Petrobey only three months - and I was never with him alone. I lived at grand mother's house those months - Whenever Ernst was there with me in the living room - grandmother was in the next room with the door open. That was fine with me. My hormones didn't begin to work until after I was married. So Ernst must have had to work overtime in the imagination

department. I was never with him alone at "The Point". In the meantime I went there while he was fishing - someone went with me - I don't remember whether it was my sister or Helen Sly. There was never a place that could have been called, "Our Castle".

From my experience with automatic writing (now gone) I learned that there are influences by people both dead and alive. Beginning with you it seems as tho so many unexplained influences have forced me to think about Ernest. It could be that some need on the other side is trying to make me understand something. There was a close bond between us that might have grown with time. But I needed someone like Sidney - who was certainly a father image. I always wanted a brother. I always wanted a father. (Missed when I was nine.

So I never reached the lower stage,
at this point I feel glad that
I couldn't cope with any more
disturbing memories.

Love to you both. We are
having cold weather, but in this
place we are never too hot or too cold -

Margi



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