

5-1-50

Dear Tochen,

I hope that you are asleep. I have bathed and written to Papa. In a few minutes I must go to sleep, but now I must write down some of the things I thought about in the train down - before the confusion of tomorrow buries them.

It was very good to be with you. Even the difficult has a meaning which makes the difficulty bearable. I feel strangely purified of the anxieties that crowded around me last week. Probably they will come crowding tomorrow again, but perhaps I can fence them off a little, and so save some of the tender shoots of grass that are coming up.

Much of what you say to me - about being patient and loving and sanctifying what is hard for me - I have heard before, and sometimes have told myself. But it has a new strength and beauty when you tell it to me, and, I think, a possibility of existence. Be patient with my impatience and help me to look at my sickness without fear.

The mirror fog is singing in my head and the sun is shining in on us. The book is open,

and you are showing me something.
I can see little bits of the entire structure
but only by moments; I do not know whether
I shall ever learn to read these strange
symbols, but I will try if my teacher
does not frighten me by too much expectation,
or too little.

~~At~~ I hope that you are asleep. Sleep
well. Send me my raincoat soon. I need the
sand in the pocket.

Margaret