

Germantown
July 3, 1950

Dear Jochen,

The rain has finally come. The air is much cooler now, and the birds are singing more than they have all day. But I still feel parched and unwashed. Papa is worried about the Korean war, and Mother because nothing is ever finished, and things stand around for weeks or months and still she cannot deal with them. Yesterday in Meeting I was very depressed because I could concentrate on nothing appropriate. This has happened so often. In spite of the beauty and the relative calm in which I now live my life seems to lack any spiritual meaning. Would I feel entirely different if there had been a letter from you today? I do not think so—probably different, but not entirely.

I have read nice things today—some of The Classical Tradition and some selections from The Oxford Book of German Prose, and yet there is nothing that I can hold in my hand and look at and tell you about.

I feel as if I have been building a high wall around my garden only to realize suddenly that there is nothing growing in the garden and that I have neither seeds nor money to buy them.

I went for a walk and found a pretty leaf in someone else's garden. I am afraid to keep it here where there are so many things that I cannot properly appreciate it so I will send it to you. And now since I have so little to say I will put this in an envelope (though why you should want it I do not know) and try to work hard at some translation.

Margaret