

Germantown
July 17, 1950

Dear Joehen,

Margrit telephoned a short while ago from South Philadelphia. She had driven in from West Chester ~~from~~ with the first group of children and was soon to leave with those who will spend the last two weeks of July at the camp. She asked whether she might come to spend Wednesday night. I remembered that your letter had mentioned Thursday evening as the night that your family is to telephone her. I promised her that I would let you know that she will be here Wednesday, in case there is any confusion.

My nice study, usually so neat, is littered with papers. I am finally at work at a long-postponed job - a thorough sorting of old letters, notebooks, etc. which have just been stuffed into cartons year after year.

The letters recall so many things that I have forgotten. When I have thrown them away, there will be nothing to remind me and all those people and moments will be as if they had never been. I suppose that a good Psychiatrist ~~could~~ could improve my memory, but I have no desire to recall all of that which seems so irrelevant.

The letter which came today does
hurt me and I think that you
self-justification ~~is not~~
by the hope and belief that I
will not be as much hurt as you
were by my letter is an unhappy
microcosm of too much of our
friendship. "Will we always see
each other through a glass darkly?"
— a glass that reflects my own
sad image as much as it lets me
see through to you.

I am always frightened when you talk of "impossibilities". If I said now all that my fear pains from the word, you would probably say again that I misunderstood.

I have never learned easily when
I was afraid.

Now I must go back to my
Please come. I need you.
work.

Deine
Margaret