

Washington D.C.
Union Station
September 31, 1950

Dear Tochen,

My train leaves in an hour. I have telephoned home, and Alex insists on meeting me. I am very tired and will be glad of the relative privacy of a seat in the train. Noises swirl around me and people move restlessly about.

I read most of the way to Washington, pausing sometimes to look at the fields and mountains and to think of you. It was a pretty trip, a slate-blue sky and mist and rain. I am calm, not naughty and unreasonable as I was last night. I will try to make the best of what you believe is the best.

It is so long since I last wrote to you. Everything that I want to say seems silly or artificial.

I think most of all of how you comforted and helped me night before last.

I wish that I could create
something for you as beautiful. I will
try to weave this into my life - and
to understand ^{also} all the things that are
still so raw and ugly.

I think it will be a long time
before I sleep easily and well -
perhaps never. Sometimes a habit long
outlasts its root. But it will be easier
for me when I lie awake.

You must not be anxious and imagine that
you cannot help me, as you said last night
and this morning. You do. Even when I
weep or both angrily, I am sure I am glad
that I cannot have my own way, but that a
framework exists.

Now I will turn to the window again
and try to think of the things that
trouble me and to thank God that I
am so calm and peaceful tonight.

Love,
Margaret.