

Dear Margaret,

Jodien and I have a very bad reputation with regard to letter writing; but if you should ask me, whose is worse, I would be afraid to answer your question. If you should ask me, however, what I would like better than correspondence, I would readily answer that question by telling you, that I would very much enjoy talking to you in person. This being impossible there remains only one solution: namely that I write these belated lines.

First of all, let me thank you for your kind letters. It was good to learn that your parents' worry with regard to your and

Johann's problems has lessened. As I told you in one of our conversations in Kammurook, we, being parents ourselves, are well aware of the anxiety which constantly lingers on their minds. On the other hand, we are convinced that there will be a solution for both of you together. The only thing you and Johann need is patience and confidence and the knowledge that you will better be able to master life together than each of you separately. Christian Morgenstern, certainly not one of the greatest among modern poets, but one of those whose thoughts have been a part of certain phases of my life, wrote a poem which I will quote on a separate

sheet as best as I remember it.  
Perhaps you, too, will like it.  
I also enclose a few snapshots  
of John as you requested.

We were glad to hear  
of the day you spent together  
with Alice and John on Cape Cod  
and wish you could repeat such  
an excursion some time.

What are your plans  
for Christmas? Do you think  
it feasible to spend a few days  
in Kamearook? We want you  
to know that it would mean  
very much to us if you would  
come. However, there are your  
parents, who also want you to  
be with them. Did you ever think of  
dividing the time of your Christmas  
vacations between Philadelphia and  
Kamearook?

Jolien mentioned to you, perhaps, that we have been in Ocean Drive since last week. We have come to like this place, to which we have gone at least once a year since 1942. The weather has been warm and pleasant, but since yesterday it has been windy and a little cooler so that for the first time during our stay here we did not swim to-day.

Remember us to your parents, please, and try to explain to your mother that as much as I enjoy to receive a letter from her, I hesitate to answer since I know my replies must always appear to the recipient like ~~an~~ English compositions of a fourth grader. (Or would you expect more from a fourth grader? If this be the case, I humbly beg your pardon.)  
 Wen! Wen!

Hoping that you enjoy your  
work and that you feel well in  
every respect I am with greetings  
from both of us

Sincerely,  
Marga Mayer

Ocean Drive, S.C.  
October 6, 1950

Wir fanden einen Pfad. . . . .

Ich hatte mich im Hochgebirg verstiegen  
Die Felsenwelt um mich, sie war wohl schoen.  
Doch konnt ich keinen Ausblick mir ersiegen,  
Noch einen Aufstieg nach den lichten Hoeh'n.

Da traf ich Dich in aergster Not - den Andern,  
Mit Dir vereint gewann ich frischen Mut.  
Von Neuem hub ich an mit Dir zu wandern  
Und siehe da: das Schicksal war uns gut.

Wir fanden einen Pfad, der hoch und einsam  
Empor sich zog bis wo ein Tempel stand  
Der Weg war schmal, doch wagten wir's gemeinsam  
Und heut' noch helfen wir uns Hand in Hand.

Mag sein, wir steh'n am Lebensende  
Noch unterm Ziel. Genug - der Weg war klar.  
Dass wir uns trafen, war die grosse Wende.  
Aus zwei Verirrten ward ein wissend Paar.

von Christian Morgenstern