

Sunday  
October 8, 1950

Dear Jochen,

It is nearly midnight. I must go to bed though my work is not finished; I made silly mistakes in typing my assignments and had to do them over again.

Thank you for being so good to me. I feel more peaceful than I have for a long time. There are things that trouble me, but they can wait. The Dürer book stands open on the piano to St. John and St. Peter. As I looked through it on the train I thought of you with each picture. Most of them are familiar to me; I can love each one ~~///~~ in that familiar love which is made new because you love them too.

Deine,  
Margaret