

Germantown May 19, 1951

Dear Jochen,

I am almost afraid to write to you, for fear that what I might say would make you feel even more strongly how little I have to give you. You have said very often that if I loved you enough, ~~that~~ that was enough - but I knew that that could not be true. Or perhaps it is true, and what I think of as my love ~~for~~ for you is simply the spiritual emptiness that you fill each time I am with you.

This afternoon and yesterday evening you were with me, and I think you still are though you do not know it. It was very strange. We said nothing to each other, but ~~through~~ everything ~~as~~ that I saw was different and more beautiful than it would have been if you had not been there. When I lost my place in the score you helped me find it. We looked up at the ~~the~~ ceiling of the chapel, like the ribs of a ship; and we waited for the moment when we heard "Ach Jesu, meine Ruh, mein Licht, wo bleibest du?" It was sung in English, but we heard it in German. In the middle of the ~~the~~ afternoon it ~~was~~ rained. We had something to eat with the family and all those other people, and then we walked up the hill and stood under a very high tree. The rain fell from leaf to leaf and finally onto ~~to~~ our hands. The trombones played ~~both~~ beautifully ~~and~~ ^{also} badly, because one of the players was ~~is~~ new and uncertain. And when the trombones were not playing, a woodthrush sang.

We read together in the second volume of Schweitzer's book his comparison of the ^{Bach and Beethoven} Agnus Dei and the Dona Nobis Pacem and we both remembered how beautiful and hard that afternoon last spring was. And on the way home I thought of it again. I think of it still and I pray ~~that~~ I will be given the strength to help you a little - and to live quietly until I can.

The St. Matthew Passion is being played downstairs. ~~When~~
Until the others go upstairs I will stay here and try to
work. Then I will go down and listen to a little of the
St. John Passion.

By that time you will be asleep. I will kneel beside your bed
and watch you sleep. Schlaf gut, liebster Töchen.

Deine
Margaret