

German town

May 20, 1951

Dear Jochen,

I am waiting for the train to New York alone, since Papa is now only an hour away from Boston. And since I am alone and there is no one to comfort me I do not cry, though I have spent a good deal of the day in a gentle shower. Not a storm. I spent most of the day reading over your letters, a whole year of letters from June 1949 to June 1950. Some of the letters were full of serenity and wisdom, and some were very bitter. All were full of pain, and all were beautiful.

I have read these letters often before, but this time they were different. This time I thought much more of you and your pain and very little of my own. I remembered how frightened I always was, so afraid that this might be the end. Fear, not love, is blind. I can find many explanations for the fact that I am not ~~so~~ so much afraid, but the one that seems truest to me is that I love you.

New York.

The apartment is very noisy. While I play the piano I do not hear it, but I must stop because I am very tired and yet there is a great deal of work that must be done tonight. First I will write to you. I need so much to feel near to you. All the parts of Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis seem to sing themselves at the same time in my heart. I feel lost and alone, and also comforted.

I wonder what you are doing and thinking and why you spoke to me as you did last night. Does our physical relationship again seem to you like "a cheap farce". It is hard for me to think that you do even though your thinking so does not make what has happened less beautiful. If you again feel that way it must be because I have not changed enough, because I still seem to you the person that I was two years ago.

Perhaps there is another reason. Whatever it is I will try to do what I can to make ~~these~~ things more bearable for you.

est. nettel
to Col. H. H. H.
and to the

If it will not be too hard, please ^{3.}
let me come this weekend. Although I
will have papers to correct I will be
able to prepare your meals, and clean the
apartment. I can study in the kitchen if
it seems necessary and desirable, and I
can find a rented room to stay in if it
would be easier for you.

Now I must stop. There are
many other things that I wanted
to ~~say~~ ^{say} but the noise from the other
apartments has made them hide themselves.
I can no longer hear the music, but
I can hear the words of the aria
in the St. John Passion:

"Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen
schritten

Und lasse dich nicht

Mein leben, mein Licht."

In a few hours when my work is done and
the building is asleep I will hear the words and
the music too. And I will hear all the
other things that are not written in this

letter. They are so much more
beautiful and so simple that I
cannot find any words for them.

Deine

Margaret