

Germantown, August 11, 1951

Lieber Jochen,

Now that Alec, Cecile, and Cecile's friend have gone, in their usual whirlwind of confused haste, Papa can go to sleep and I can get some work done. I have spent most of the day on the enclosed feeble answer to Miss Vaillant's nice letter. Will you send back all this correspondence, including the copy of my other letter? I hope that some day I will be able to write these letters easily. I know; you do too. *Did I leave my last bank statement with your letters? I need it.*

I feel much better since yesterday. The letter which I wrote to you then may ~~either~~ upset you, make you laugh, or seem completely irrelevant to you. It was very incomplete, only a fragment of what I had been thinking, but the explanation made me see things more clearly and made me happier about you and about myself. I miss you very much and when I think how happy it makes me just to wait on you, I momentarily wish myself with you - but not here and now in Philadelphia or now in Konnarock. What I do here is very little and very badly done, but the effort alone means something. My parents are so preoccupied with other things and problems that they do not seem to notice much, but I think that they are content with me and you and my job and life in Cambridge. Mother asks after you in a very friendly way each day, and I tell her as much as I can.

I have such pretty roses beside me. I wish that I could send them to you just as they are. Last night, when Mother picked them for me, they were tight buds. In a few hours the petals will have fallen. I remember a nice letter that you once wrote, with roses on your desk (white and red) and the moon coming through the branches of the apple tree. How is the moon now? I have not seen her for so long.

If we were together this afternoon we would probably make each other quite unhappy. I have been so tense and unexercised that I have slept very badly for several nights. The weather is so hot that a walk is almost impossible. Alex will probably want to go swimming in the Berner's pool. I want to swim, but not there again. When I sleep I have school nightmares, almost as bad and much more circumstantial than those which preceded my first year of teaching. When I lie awake I read a little in the Bible or in Waal - Waal, or I try to remember "Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh....Warte nur, balde, ruhest Du auch!" And I think of sitting beside you to watch the sunset.

Deine,

Magaret