

→ Keep as a reflection of my feelings Feb '92
Dear Margaret, ~~Prb~~ ^{not} sent at all.

I am sure that you would be surprised at how much time I spend thinking about you and your place in the network of family relations. I have more time for these musings than you do because ~~my~~ my day to day existence is more uniform and there is ^{less stimulation or disorder/dispatch} a good many repetitive tasks ~~from~~ ^{to} ranging from dishwashing to use of the Nordic Track ~~exercise~~ Shi machine ~~that~~ ^{which}

I write to you ^{probably less} ~~seldom~~ because frequently than I used to do because I am more aware of how easy it is ^{for me} to offend you ^{to appear to talk down to you simply by talking to you?} simply by telling. From Karnataka it is easy to write because the scene and some of the people constitute a bond of common interests. I ^{could also} ~~can also~~ write to you ^{in an anecdotal style} about the people I see in the office. There are (so) many ~~little~~ minidramas in the course of a week. I can ~~enjoy them~~ understand them better as I get older now that I have become - within the last few years more confident about my own role, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~less~~ ^{less} ~~anxious~~

but I do not feel free to write to you about the children who so often fill my thoughts. ~~On the average~~ I spend no more than 10-15 hours a week with them (one full day + sometime on weekends) but the changes I observe from one week to the next are so interesting and Rebekah's developing mind. I do not know how to say anything about them without ~~the~~ risk of making you feel more excluded from this family scene. * But in fact you

Without going into particulars I do think that it is worth pointing out a few ~~problem~~ factors that might help you to take a fresh look at what has become a problem.

① Physical distance and ~~if you were not so far away, and if the journey the expense of travel.~~

* are not really excluded by anything more than the impersonal factor of physical distance ~~and the personal~~ ~~my guess is~~ ~~that you were in Boston or~~ ~~what town, you would prob~~ ~~work out some modes of~~ ~~visiting~~

* I can puzzle for a whole day about Rebekah's "plays", ~~or~~ or about a comment she makes. I wonder which of us is she imitating, which Grandmother, which parent or is it

I keep coming back to the hope that you could/would spend a weekend and observe for yourself ~~there~~ what I find so rich, so comic and sometimes so troubling.

But then I realize that my role as an observer ~~is~~ is quite different from your usual role as participant or ~~leader~~ ^{teacher}.

~~There is a~~ I came to the realization today as I took a rare weekday walk that my (passive) observer status is a very natural development from my ^{passive} childhood as a sickly ~~observer~~ outsider. While other children were in school I was often at home ^{I missed fractions and never really caught up on that.} having asthma and reading. While other children were running races or ~~about~~ doing gym exercises I was on the sidelines bec of asthma. In college ^{top} I remained ~~largely~~ ^{on the sidelines} ~~for the most~~, never sitting in the smoke-filled rooms, often working myself into a ~~feverish~~ state of terrible insomnia. There is no one so lonely as the only person awake ~~in a sleeping town~~.

So it comes quite naturally to me ~~to~~
~~watch the children~~ to observe R & N without
trying to observe what everyone else is teaching them.
Trying to teach them very much. Rebekah &
other mothers are much more active.
Phyllis cooks, sews, teaches R to play games.
Laura cooks, sews, takes the children everywhere
from the supermarket to the library to
the playground to music school. So that they never
spend a day at home except with me.
K & L. both ~~teach~~ teach R by their
actions more than words that going to work
is tremendously important. Parties ^{and party clothes} are also
important: ~~and~~ I am amused & dismayed
to find Rebekah getting into her best
clothes at 9 am bec. it is Teddy's
birthday today! ~~In this way~~ I walked to
the Library with R on Saturday morning. She
wore a frilly blouse, brown jumper with
purple tights, purple snow jacket.

So I keep asking myself ~~how~~
whether you could come and observe as if this
slice of life were a video ^{animated} ~~and~~ moving
Breughel ~~and~~ I say sadly I guess
that's impossible because your reality is an action.

And probably the only place in the world that you can lapse into contemplation is at the seashore.

You keep telling Jochen that you will come if there is anything you can do for us.

Margrits correct address
Prof Margrit Meyer
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Dear Janet.

11/17/92

re-read
4-13-2012

^{handful of}
~~Keep~~ Here is a small ~~harvest~~ of vignettes
~~memories~~, a garland of memories as a
~~simple~~ birthday greeting. It ~~would be~~
536 Locust Avenue, where the sun
was filtered
poured into the dining room through
the blue & gold drapes.

Papa brought the ^{fat} dictionary
to the table. ~~On~~ Sunday
loud music ^{mostly, drums} a few excerpts from
St. Matthew Passion.

Do you think of all the interesting
hiding places ^{corners, little houses}
like the ^{dirty} back stairs, ^{just above mops} dark and
just outside Anne Egan's den.

The closet under the stairs. I have
some of the books from the
boxes on which we were not

supposed to sit. The shelf in the
 linen closet. ^{what a mess we must have made?} And of course the
tent in the back yard under
the peach tree with light

sunshade, heating it ^(the tent's) waxy sides
~~to make it~~ ^{to make it} smell of tar. Have you still got

"Freight Boat" (See Freight Boat
See what happens?) Miss Kimbren's
garden was a wonderful extension
of our own little back yard.

I especially loved the ^(sunken) garden
enclosed within the ~~to the~~ foundations of the ~~house~~ ^{joined}
greenhouse, with ~~the~~ ^{at the} path at one end
which water gurgled and where
goldfish swam through green
plants. I remember the bleeding
heart arching up in spring time
just in front of Miss Kimbren's
Compost heap. Do you remember her
~~happy~~ little dog, Peter? When our
rabbits ran away we were afraid
~~for~~ Peter the ~~go~~ dog would catch
Peter the rabbit.

Sometimes ~~in a dream~~ ^{in a dream} or
when I am putting together a story
for Rebekah I revisit 536 and
think of planting pansies at the foot of
the porch. ~~Remember~~ ^{Did we have}
Do you ~~remember~~ think of Porano,
especially Larry JD Camp. where

Clothing

my old worn out pants

L. L. Bean Grey cord.

pull on pants XL size 4450

cut 347100

RN 71341

22016

We listened to rain ^{drumming} on the sleeping
porch roof or even more
intimately to ~~large~~ ^{slow drops} on a tent
roof, wondering if it would seep
through the canvas onto our
chilly cots? ~~The~~ On rainy days
we might be shaping ^{12 1/2 lbs of} soft +
red stones into ^{flattened heart shapes} hearts as we sat
on the canoe slides ^{with feet on that pleasing sandy bottom} have some of
these bits of shale. I think of pickers
on the banks of the Topoghanah
at Slippy rock or on that little island
at the ~~foot~~ ^{head} of the lake near the ^{old} ice house
near the ice house ^{where I once went with}
Papa to get a cake of ice, perhaps
for ~~the~~ ^{grinding} grinding or
raspberry ice cream in the ^{gun} good more often

used to dolly ^{little} ~~then~~
laundry and ~~hang it up~~

Do you remember a bouquet
of ferns on the dining porch
table and trying to get warm ^{sitting on the dining porch}
the inside with cottage pudding - ~~not~~
~~really anyone's favorite~~ ~~I~~ ~~and~~

I think of reading by the light of
laboriously cleaned Kerosene
lamps, ^{and} warmed on one side by the
fireplace.

Even chillier was the hallway
at 5321 Baynton St, ^{where I tried} and trying
to do housework as ~~I~~ ^I sat
on the bench ^{over} the hot and
register or in the ~~strong~~ ~~stained~~
Oxford chairs in front of the ^{charcoal} ~~barbecue~~
fire. Do you remember helping
Mother to address ^{stamp} more than 100
Christmas cards at that wonderful
uncomfortable desk in the elegant
front room? Spring was lovely at
that house with the star magnolia, ^{noce and}
little red leaves on the beech tree, azaleas ^{and}
^{made like my garden of memories today.}