

Probably
not sent

Saturday May 4¹⁹⁹⁷

Dear Nathaniel, Rebekah, Benjamin,
yes, and Leah. Foo!

We have been on the Cheney Farm,
the 65 acres of hilltop, meadow,
groves and little ponds that we
have owned in New Hampshire since the
year your parents got married.

As a contribution to your little rock
garden, I am bringing back about 25
pounds of rocks, all of them rather flat.
I think some of your plant pots need to
be on little platforms. Most of the
rocks are fine-grained sedimentary rocks.
Some have lovely coatings of lichen, but
that will gradually disappear in our
more polluted city air. The rocks all
come from walls made long ago by
former owners of the farm. Two come from the
foundation of the barn. The rest from walls
that divided up parts of the farm among
the descendants of the original owner. Some
day we should read Robert Frost's poem

called "Mending Walls."

I am sitting on the steps of one of the vanished farmhouses. Our neighbor, William Wright, tells us about the day the farmhouse burned down. He was sitting in a class at the schoolhouse on the other side of the valley. He looked out the window and saw the flames.

Today there are beautiful birds here, many of them singing their Spring songs. Jochen is lying on the hilltop listening to them - or perhaps he has gone to sleep. I'll have to go up to get him so we can start on our homeward journey. Oh, another bird we saw was a wild turkey. Perhaps some day we can come up here and if the weather is good spend the night in our Tents. We would see even more stars than we see on a clear night in Konnarock. There lots of places to explore and very little poison ivy. Love
Grandma Margaret