

3-2-98

Dear Margrit,

I'm sitting in the afternoon sunshine in your room thinking about you, and hoping that the operation, however minor or major it may be, goes well for you.

We had a pretty good day yesterday, in fact, very good except for a couple of explosions from Benjamin, one of which broke the fastening off the refrigerator door shelf at 178. He was angry when Klemens said he should not have more to eat at about 2pm. Klemens spent about 40 min last night trying to tape things together and mulling about what Laura would say about a taped-together refrigerator. He was, as you may have realized, very tired.

OK; so the good news about yesterday was that:

① The children loved the "pattern blocks" which you had left in Kunnarooh "for a rainy day". We did not need them last Spring. Nathaniel, in particular, greeted them

joyously at their first appearance yesterday morning when I got them out as a "present" from Aunt Margot. He said that they have them in school and that he can do wonderful things ^{with} ~~with~~ them. (How nice to have " " associated with school.)

② When that activity had reached some sort of conclusion, we moved up to your room. I put a few bags etc. into the closet and moved credit cards etc. onto the mantel piece or bookcase. Leah lives your little clock.

Rebekah sat down again at the typewriter. She had started a "diary," ("Don't Look") on the afternoon before you arrived and went on with that. But of course the other children felt deprived. So one by one Jocheb brought up from the basement three more typewriters, some in rather poor order. The room sounded a little like the typing school that Janet and I had to go to one hot summer in N. Phila. [It's funny what sounds may sometimes evolve from experiences of the distant past.] Of course I have not ~~not~~ read

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Rebekah's diary, but what Nathaniel wrote was so satisfying for him that it cast a warm glow over that chilly, damp day. I hope that Tochen gave you the Xerox copy.

(3) About mid-afternoon, we walked down to the library, a rather ragged procession because Rebekah was tired, and she did not want to go with the "noisy" boys. Once we got there, she found a couple of those books about the characters ~~and~~ ^{from} whom the historical dolls spring ^{or} probably the other way around: the doll maker creates a cute doll, and gets a writer to compose a ~~suitable~~ ^{suitable} background. She also ordered a book from another library about bedroom decor! (Room your Room, I think) At the library Nathaniel chose a long easy reader, and kept ^(N) waking up his poor tired Papa so that he could read a level to him. I've never before seen Klemens napping in public.

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I forgot to mention above that when Benjamin and Leah found that typing wasn't really that much fun for them, they climbed onto, then into your bed. I'm afraid it's rather mussed, but not really dirty. They played doctor and hospital using the red lamp with its adjustable arm as an X-ray machine. When I asked where they had seen an X-ray machine, they said "Curious George" ("Visit the Hospital")

Today, I've not done much except some laundry and an hour's baby-sitting between 6³⁰ and 7³⁰ while Rebekah had her piano lesson, her second music lesson that day. She was very tired, had a headache, a family inheritance?

Tuesday March 3 This morning I went swimming with the Seniors. Most of them are in an exercise class, but I and about 5 others swim laps. I am bothered that it takes so long to dry my hair and get cleaned up afterwards, but feel better. I've read a little, mostly fugitive, boy reviews and fried fruit for Tichen and myself. When we have time, probably not Wednesday because I'll be busy with children, shall we do some more reading aloud when you have gotten over your anaesthesia side effects?