

Friday, October 6, 2000
Belmont, MA

Dear Benjamin,

Here is the letter that I did not find the time for when I was in Konnarock last week. Can you read it by yourself?

This is a true story about the pet bird that belongs to Delmar Harrington, who runs the Konnarock Store. He was not in the store when I went in to get some milk, but his wife was there. Her name is Thelma.

We spent some time talking, but the bird made a lot of noise. He made several different whistling sounds and rattled something in his cage. Thelma said that she thought that Ringo was lonely, but that she did not have time to entertain him.

In a few minutes a man came in to get something. While he was waiting for me to pay Thelma for the milk, he went up to Ringo's cage. He picked up a small mirror from the shelf and held it up close to the front of the cage. Ringo could see himself in the mirror. He was very quiet, and then he made some

soft cooing sounds, almost like a dove. He did not make any loud whistles as long as he saw himself in the mirror.

I did not look at him closely because I am always bothered to see a bird in a cage, but today I made this sketch to remind you of him. He has a tuft on his head, like a cardinal, but I do not remember the colours of his feathers.

Is this a funny story or a sad story? Is it right to keep a bird in a cage?

Many years ago, before Klemens was born, Jochen and I took care of two baby robins for a week. We kept them in the blue bathroom in Kennards. They could not fly until the end of the week. Then we took them outdoors. They flew away, but one came back and sat on the roof and chirped at me the next day. Then they were gone forever. Perhaps some day I will try to find the picture of Jochen feeding the baby robin.
Love.

Grandma Margaret