

Tuesday Aug 21, 2001

Dear Margrit,

I wrote you rather a long letter on our return trip from Kennard to Belmont Aug. 11 - 12th. This is an edited version. As I get to be a very old lady I am just beginning to appreciate the wisdom of not sending some letters, not saying some things - that may represent an imperfect perception, an incomplete truth. Talk is much too cheap these days. I shudder at fragments of conversation I hear as the cell phone users pace around.

Thank you for the "care" package of elegant cookies and white peaches which I found on the middle seat of the van when we stopped at ~~the~~ our first rest area near Bedford. By the time that we crossed the Hicken, the next day, the cookies were almost all gone - would not have lasted that long except for my new-found discipline in managing my eating opportunities.

The peaches had been carefully picked and well packed, were underripe and were finally enjoyed at their best a week later.

We had an unexpected present at our Mountain View motel near Harrisburg. On the

wide front lawn between the row of cottages and the highway were several interesting trees, including a chestnut tree just beginning to grow its thorny seed pods, a small early apple tree and a four foot peach tree, its few slender branches heavy with red and golden fruits.

Mrs. Clark, who appreciated Jochen, remembers our first encounter when we declined to ~~cancel~~ cancel our excursion even though a storm had interrupted their power connection, offered us some of the small 30 or 40 fruits. I took two, still warm with afternoon sun, soft, fuzzy and unbruised. They made me realize the pleasure of picking your own crop.

When you telephoned this evening, I was wondering whether I had time to reach you ^{with a letter} before your departure for Kinnaird. I'm glad that Rose was able to identify the Balsam flowers, which I had also found in Mother's 1961 Complete Guide to Garden Flowers. It is not uniformly well written, often omits the botanical names of plants. It describes Balsam as a "price little plant, so neat & quaint, with a Victorian air."

Continuation of letter to Margrit

8.21.01. (2)

I'll tell Jeanne about the Balsam flowers in a letter almost completed on our trip. Just awaiting better presentation. The flower's name, Balsam, is a mystery that I'll try to unravel with more research. Wednesday 8.22.01

Laura is working today. Nathaniel sits at the kitchen table with me; we have cleared off most of the breakfast crumbs and juicy places; He copies the letter he will send to

Riebekah to tell her about the visit he made to Alex, Winnie, ~~two of three of~~ their grandchildren and my sister visiting in Readfield this week. Perhaps his letter will reach her on Saturday. Her last full

day at the ~~GBYSO~~ G-BYSO (Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra) Camp, where Laura left her yesterday before going on to Alex & Winnie in Readfield.

As I watch him ^{form his} meticulous lines I realize some of the problems of the left-handed writer trying to avoid smudges. Perhaps you will get a letter from Nathaniel — but where to send it? Leah showed me the butterfly book

that was waiting for her in yesterday's mail.
Elegance had evidently already looked it
over - rather hastily, not always able
to find the protectively colored insects
in their natural settings.

When you come to Belmont to
get your clothing and other belongings,
consider staying overnight or longer.
Perhaps we can take a walk to the
library; to its wild flower garden or
to some of the other somewhat wild
or ^{or} parts of Belmont. I have some regrets
about our missed walks in Kinnaroch.
Perhaps in time you will understand,
I will be able to explain, my reluctance
to go off on any of the proposed jaunts.

For the next meeting of the
Senior Center book group, I'm reading
Herring James' Daisy Miller and
planning to start on his Part of a Lady. We expect to
see Deborah soon again. At that time

I hope to move her on from the Anne of
Green Gables series to Sandcastle.

Wednesday Aug. 22 2001

Dear Rebekah,

I'm at the Kitchen table in your house, have just finished a letter to Aunt Margrit. She is still in Kinnarock, leaves Sat to go to Michigan to ~~babysit~~ baby sit, to visit and finally to drive to New England, where she hopes to find an apartment in the area near New Bedford.

Leah received an interesting book present from Aunt Margrit. It was a paperback about "camouflage", protective coloring of butterflies and other "creepy, crawlies".

I'm looking at the copy of your GB/SC camp schedule. You are in the middle of Sectionals and orchestra rehearsals your morning work. Your teachers are probably more like your ~~hand-driving~~ ^{departed} Latin teacher than the "Kind" ones who simply take you over the same ground again and again. Perhaps there will even be ones who scold and humiliate you in the effort to force you to a new, higher level. I will be interested

to hear your accounts of these encounters
with teachers who do not know you,
your mother, your reputation in the
Belmont Music School.

I enjoyed our time together
on Saturday and Sunday. The cluster
of brilliant aster on the dining
room table recall our trip to Wilson
Farm where we munched corn samples
and bought three times as much as we
needed for our supper party with our
lonely neighbor, Mr. Naylor.

Last night I thought about the
poem we read together, "The Animals" by
Edwin Muir. I'll try to memorize it,
using the form in the book you told.

Committed to Memory: "by words, the
World was called." etc. Some day perhaps
you can tell me ^{how} the Hebrew
version of that Chapter in Genesis
translates the passage ^{from} which the poem
draws its inspiration.

All the children have gone next door to
visit "Papa Jackson" - I must wash dishes, get
ready to go to P. Office & library. Love Grandma

2001 Monday 8

Tuesday Aug 28th. Quindret
near the cottage where we stayed w. Judith's
parents in Nov. of ~~1967~~ 1967

poem remembered in shortened form for
Time for Poetry anthology by Arbutnot? (E Fargeon?)
Which will you choose a ball or a cake?

A cake is so nice, that's what I'll take! See
Arbutnot
p. 99

Which will you choose a cake or a rose?
A rose is so sweet, I'll take that I suppose.

Which will you choose a rose or a book?
A book full of pictures! Oh, please, let me look!

When they said that the time to hide was mine.

I hid back under my grape vine.

And while I was still for the time to pass.

A little grey rabbit hopped out of the grass

His big eyes stared at me out of their rim

And I looked back very hard at him.

Which ~~which~~ will you choose ^{Which memory of the verses}

A ball  or a cake 

A cake is so nice

That's what I'll take!

Which will you have, a cake or a rose
A rose is so sweet, I'll have that
I suppose.

Which will you have a rose or a book?
A book full of pictures,
Oh do let me look!

Friday. On boat: letters.

Saturday, ~~7~~

Pick up mail. (Go to library?)

Water gardens. Get groceries

laundry.

Telephone Janet (Alec & Winnie?)

~~Swim~~ Put on new patch (check b.p.)

Cleaning & putting away, Cull give away

Monday: make ~~dent~~ dental hygienist. Call Sears for
roll-around vacuum filter.

Garden plan. Kitchen?

Use of Word gorgeous

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the — safeguard of the West
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty

And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
What if she had seen those glories fade

Men are we and must ^(grieve?) mourn
When even the shade of that which once was great
Has passed away.

Wordsworth's
Sonnet on
The --- of the
Venetian
Republic³

And in King Lear about rich clothing



changed
& copied

Sept. 4. 2001

Dear Debbie Martin, (Librarian Children's Room
Northwest Library)

Thank you for trying to find the
verses by Eleanor Farjeon which were
(in fragmented form) rattling around in my
memory last Wednesday.

I enclose a copy of Farjeon's
verses, "Choosing", copied from a useful
anthology by Prithvi, who classifies
poems by subject, mood into such
groups as "story-telling" poems,
weather, festivals, seasons.

Perhaps you also know
Eleanor Farjeon's stories, especially,
Eloie Piddock Skips in Her Sleep
recently reprinted in separate form.

Yesterday my youngest
grandchild asked me again for
the verses about choosing. As I half-
read, half-recited them, I realized
that "books full of pictures", the

Visual overload ^{to} which we are
all so intoxicated, has been my
enemy as I tried to show my
grandchildren, my "last class", how
to acquire a library that you can
carry around in your mind.

I enjoyed my quiet moments
in your reading room, to which I
hope to return on any future visits
to the island.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret ~~Meyer~~

Pennell

Notes for note to Debbie Martin Childrens Bm Librarian
Nant. Atkaevon: (On MFA postcard of ~~Nijima~~

Nijima Float Installation 1997 Dale Chihuly b. 1941
11/97)

Dear Debbie Martin. Thank you for trying to
help me find the lines by Eleanor Farjeon, which I
enclose

~~I have~~ I have copied for a very useful anthology by Arbutnot
first saw A copy of this book ~~was first~~ in the hands of a
Lesley College apprentice to my 2nd Grade
classroom. I ~~the~~ ^{either} ~~clashes~~ poems by seasons,
Weather narrative verse, festivals, etc.

You probably also know E. E. Cummings' story (E. E. Cummings, etc.)
As I ~~that~~ Yesterday my 4th grandchild asked

me again for these verses. As I ~~half~~ read them to her
I realized that paradoxically, a books full of pictures
visual overloads have often been my enemy as I tried to
teach this family, my last "class" the ~~important~~ value of
the living you carry in your memory.

I enjoyed my quiet moments in your ^{reading} library
room. Will ~~make~~ ^{return} as any as yet ^{unmarked}
Visits to this island. Regards, Margaret Bergen

Dear Aunt Priscilla, 2001(?)

Thank you for the copies of the Randolph
books, ~~and about~~ L. W. F. R. and his family.
You must have a very dry cellar for

~~As~~ the books are in excellent condition. I do
already have at least one set of these,
but I think it possible ~~that~~ one or more of

our grandchildren may be interested in them.
I also enjoyed the little advertising brochure ~~hand in an of the~~
~~I am just as I am~~ I do remember

Leant White, and have quite a lively memory of
the appearance and voice of Aunt Blossom &
Uncle Harry. She was a little ^(quavery) ~~quavery~~,

a voice that perhaps expressed inner turmoil; his voice
was rather deep, rich, inflexible. Mother gave me a

pretty photograph of Aunt Blossom in an elaborate ^{frame dec. w}
fine mosaic frame. It is a ^{full face} ~~face~~ ^{w. eyes closed in}
gaze, a sort of D. G. Rossetti effect.

[Dad's "addition" to our house passed its
final inspection, but there is still a lot to
be done in it.]

Dear Aunt Priscilla,

1st draft.
final copy
9-7-01

Thank you for the 3 books ^{Great} you sent to me in August, by word about ^{Grandfather} L.V.F. R. I ^{Although} already have copies of them, which I have used when our grandchildren had school assignments to prepare a family tree or history. I think that more than one of them may accept them ~~in their~~ as part of a ~~large~~ ^{full scale} their library inheritance. I do remember ^{care} Aunt White who you said brought the books to you for custody. I wonder whether he kept copies for himself or heirs. I remember Aunt Blossom too; in fact I have a ~~as~~ a childhood memory brings back the voices of A.B. & Uncle Harry in a ~~at~~ rather ~~dim~~ dark room, perhaps the library / ^{parlor} ~~study~~ ^{care} room ~~at~~ in Plainfield. I hear the dark, slightly straggling voice of ^(Great) Uncle Harry and the somewhat plaintive, trembling modulation of Aunt Blossom. I also see A. Blossom in a ^{beautiful} photograph Mother gave me: on the back Mother notes Elizabeth B.F.R. at age 15. I ~~lost~~ ^{her head inclined} ~~as if~~ ^{her eyes are closed as she looks down} her head inclined, a Dante G. Rossetti ^{Two of her} ~~poet~~ ^{brothers} death of two ^{brothers} ~~boys~~ in infancy; She carries ^{her ancestor} ~~forward~~ the names of Eliz Blossom, a 7 or 8 yr old passenger of an ^{Mayflower} voyage of 1629 & Edw Fitz R ^{who} came about the same time. ~~on~~ in 1632 they married in Scituate. moved in 1669 to N. Jersey..

Our Spring/Summer term is on 3 trips to
the Meyer house in VA, to make so Jochen can
make some repairs ~~on the~~ and trim the ^{giant} hemlock
hedge. Here in Belmont he continues to do some work
on We also had 4 days on Northchesh, which
reminded me
re-inforced for me the importance of swimming.

~~I hope that you and go~~ Please let me know

When you are in Cambridge if you have a
little time to spare. I'd like to come again
to see you
if possible.

Sunday night 9-09-01

Dear Nathaniel

Thank you for bringing me the book that you had just finished reading. Night-Birds on Nantucket by Joan Aiken. I have read parts of it carefully and skimmed over the rest of the book. Here are some of my thoughts about the book:

It has a very exciting beginning, and there are some other good parts.

Any book that dresses up the story with a Nantucket background, Nantucket names like Sankaty, Brant Point. Sisset is bound to get our attention. That makes the reader who has known the island feel at home. ~~Under such~~ With the stimulation of the familiar names, the reader's ~~inner~~ imagination supplies body to the story.

You suggested that I read aloud the story to Benjamin and Leah. I agree that they would probably be interested. But where do we find the time for this?

To Mahmud
9.09.01

If there were time in your busy lives for any of you to come over so that I could read aloud to you for 30 to 40 minutes several times a week, that would be worthwhile for me. I could probably set aside time in the late afternoon or early evening if I know what time any of you might have.

Reading aloud, sharing stories, is very important to me.

Even if there is no time for such a regular meeting, I hope that you will from time to time tell me what you are reading and doing.

love

Grandma Margaret

Friday, Sept 14 2001

Dear Laura,

We have just crossed the Hudson at Newburgh. The light is beginning to fade. I just wanted to tell you a few things. By tomorrow we may both be too busy, especially you for any coherent communication.

Thank you for the loan of the cell phone. We have not had to use it yet, but this morning in the rain and, the dash of a 4:30 start from Grantville, it was a comfort.

The brief moments that I had with the children on Wednesday were meaningful. I hope that in the weeks ahead there might be a few more "slots" when I ~~can~~ might be able to spend time with them. Since Klemens will be on service, perhaps there might be a little evening time. I'd like to have time to read with Leah, to hear Benjamin read aloud, to find out about bekah's curriculum and hear what

Nathanial has to say about his reading.

This long trip ^{has} given us glimpses of new places and a foreshadowing of the U.S. after Sept. 11th. The auto kits of Pittsburgh along the Monongahela River are mostly shabby and depressed looking, but the countryside along the PA Turnpike from Pittsburgh to Carlisle was open, with farms, meadows and distant mountains. The ^{which are} electronic signs along the Turnpike often used to warn you of accidents, adverse travel conditions, were today programmed to show in succession the outline of the waving stars & stripes then the statement "PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN." When we stopped to buy crackers and milk at a Cumberland Farms, we saw a parked car with a hastily marked sign on the window: "Nuke 'em! Nuke 'em, Now!"

Thursday 9.20.01

Dear Anna.

I didn't feel that the note written on our automobile trip was complete because I had failed to emphasize my interest in encouraging Benjamin to read aloud. He has a natural zest and talent for clear speech (at this age slurred over) ~~to~~ which should be developed. I would like to have him read ~~aloud~~ to me more than once a week. I wrote a note to him also on the trip to meet Klemens in Library Pa. which I leave today too. Public speaking, memorizing poetry and ~~po~~ prose and presenting such passages, was emphasized at my school in Germantown. It was also important at two of the schools at which I taught. I think that I can reinforce his natural ability - just as I believe ^{that} Leah has learned from memorizing poems with me. I hope that this meets with your approval. I'll telephone about this if I don't hear from you.

We had a good day together yesterday. Though Benjamin slipped through my fingers. Nathaniel spent a lot of time on

Interesting sentences illustrative of the use of
his spelling assignment and for he completed
a good first draft of a story assignment.

A minor housekeeping matter:
I washed the two ~~beige~~ ^{beige} bedspreads
lying which were lying on the screened
porch - also a pink quilt. They had been
wrapped around the base of the camel
statue when it was stored in your basement.
Would you like to have them back now?
The larger beige spread is one that
I bought - and missed, but I'd be glad
to bring back if you want to have it.
Would you like me to store the quilt
which is light and useful though slightly
spotted? Let me know.

Write to Pixie about husband's death
Edward Landroth 66 Bellington St Arlington MA

Dear Pixie,

During the past few days
~~Since~~ we spoke with your mother last Friday
my thoughts have been loving thoughts
I have been thinking of you and sympathy have been
going out to you. ~~Ed~~ ~~and~~ ~~my husband and I~~
are very sorry to

hear about your husband's death
I remember Ed as a strong presence smiling looking
out from Edward Landroth as father present

for the photographs of your Christmas after letters
and in your album snapshots as you stood together
in so many beautiful places. And I remember to a
comfortable presence, interaction conversation one afternoon

with him & your mother
When I sat on the porch at Annisquam ~~with him~~ and
as we waiting for you and our grandchildren to
your mother. ~~with you were on the beach with~~
return from the beach. ~~Ed~~ ~~and~~ ~~our grandchildren~~
Klement and our grandchildren

On that occasion I thought that your
marriage had helped you realize ~~the~~ all your
capacity for ~~spontaneous~~ ~~and~~ warm personal relationships
and, ~~but~~ ~~I realize~~ ~~at what I know of you~~
as a very little girl, as a social service worker, as
daughter your mother ~~and~~ as your mother, daughter and
finally as a ~~personal~~ ~~friend~~ ~~tells me that you~~
brought a great ~~deal~~ ~~to~~ your marriage which

~~practically~~ ^{sudden} change and ^{perhaps} ~~loss~~ can't
take from you.

With love

Margaret Meyer

Monday, October 1, 2001

Dear Janet,

I enclose a copy of Frost's poem "Directive". The tone of Elizabeth Drew's commentary is a little annoying, but I copied from this book because I could not find any other version that did not straddle three pages - too taxing for our machine on which Xerox has given up. I like the poem for what it says and for the memory of such once inhabited places in New Hampshire, which we have seen. One we own, occasionally visit. Given time and strength Tochen might build on it but that seems unlikely.

When you find your copy of R Frost, read also "October", which I partially remember from having to learn it with the 8th grade at Shirley in 1954-55. There are also good poems about apple-picking and leaf-gathering.

We had a trying and mostly unsatisfactory day with Klemens and the children yesterday. Laura had stuffed up the "Disposal" with an overload of potato peelings Sat. night

to Janet (2)

in preparation for her brother David's 52nd birthday party. Phyllis Perlo is not up to any such efforts now. This is not the first time the Disposall has been overstrilled, but the worst instance. It took Joshua & Klemens 8 hrs of work. The children had no grasp of the problem. Someone should have stopped to draw a diagram & explain plumbing traps. The boys felt that I was a "stare-driver" when I made them help sort the 3-4 loads of clean laundry strewn on the parental bedroom floor.

One happy interlude. We went to my house, where Nathaniel prepared Gruyere cheese crackers as I had shown him how to do with a brief blurt from the microwave. Benjamin & Leah played "doctor" for which they needed a pair of socks. ??? Leah & I read a Nuthwards alphabet book; A is for antler, a mooses antler that you turn into a bird feeder.

to Janet

10.01.01 (3)

I did not have time ~~to~~ even to begin on a package cake, but I did look up Irma Rombauer's advice about heating quick icing to remove the raw taste of confectioner's sugar. It sounds quite sensible and practical. Thank you! Now tell me how to remove the blackness and flavor of burnt soup from my enameled sauce pan!

I think you have occasional visits from pecky deer. I thought you might like this New Hampshire deer peering through golden leaves. I'm sorry I don't have anything so powerful as the Mary Magdalen to rivet the attention.

I wonder what the French girl and your grandsons said about their visit to N.Y. city.

Klemens is uneasy, undecided, and therefore cranky about a planned kidney dialysis meeting in Florida three weeks from now. Jack suggested that we drive with him and go to see Key West and the Everglades. Another unlikely plan. Love, Margaret

Here is a better weekend
memory and memento. Nathaniel
walked down to the library with me,
a welcome and puzzling gesture.
On the way I showed him a
neighbor's ginkgo tree and told him
about the antiquity of the plant.
I also told him about the smelly
fruit of the female tree and about
your observation of Chinese(?) people
gathering it for the embedded nuts.
On some leaves I have seen
a cleft in the center of the fan.
Perhaps that comes as the leaf grows
or is it a variation? Since then

10.01.01

Dear Miriam and Elizabeth,

You asked a question Thursday evening about the kinds of books to be shared and discussed at library book group meetings: whether they should be contemporary or classics.

After I left the meeting I had some other thoughts that I wanted to express.

The enclosed copy of a poem by Robert Frost has always impressed me since I found it in this copy of Elizabeth Drew's commentary on reading poetry. This is the time of year when I reread a good many of Frost's poems. Back out of all this now too much for us

The young woman (so much younger than I am) on my right at the meeting commented on how happy she had been during recent days to sit down in the evening to read a few more chapters from Hardy's novel *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

Nostalgia? Yes, but its more than that. Its a search for something that we share. In our uprooted, mobile society, we know that "we can't go home again", but ^{we would} like to share something valuable from the past. Its not so easy to find a contemporary book that is so satisfying.

I think I caught part of an item on NPR about a proposal that the readers in Chicago should all read the same novel in the same month. What does this suggest?

I have another quite different suggestion. I would like to be able to address some of the other people around the table by name, to be able to say, "Tom would you repeat that sentence, I did not hear it clearly" Or "I agree but..." Would readers object to putting their names on a page which we could pass around the table once or twice. That way I'd remember better. What do you think?
Sincerely Margaret Meyer

Note to Miss Chagnon after Mrs Robbins' death

Dear Miss Chagnon,

I ~~was very~~ ^{much impressed by} I have been ~~appreciative~~ ^{of the} ~~efforts~~ ^{unusual efforts} that you ~~have~~ ^{made during the recent} ~~past nine months~~ ^{on behalf} of your friend, Elizabeth Robbins. You were kind enough to telephone me sometime in Jan and ~~for all I know~~ ^{expedited} to tell me about ~~the~~ the problems which you ~~could~~ ^{could} interpret even though she would not let you come to help her. At St. Mary's ^{Wendell} ~~Wendell~~ ^{Church} she was a magnificent independent person - as you said, too independent for her own good. Thank you for bringing her to see Dr. Meyer for her long deferred ^{postponed} eye examination. Thank you for keeping in touch with me during her acute illness & gradual ^{partial} recovery. ~~as~~ I am glad that she made some adjustment to the Townville nursing home. ^{from} My single personal encounter ^{meeting} with you and our various telephone conversations tell me that you are not only a well organized, energetic woman but a wonderfully persistent ~~at all times~~ friend. Sincerely, M. Meyer

Note to Mrs. Hoesenthaler 10/02/01

I was happy to hear from you and
Mrs. Mangham today, and very glad that
she was there to share your anxieties and to
rejoice with you as you get better.

I'll be thinking of you and hoping to
hear again from you soon.

10/22/01

Dear Margrit,

Thank you for your recent notes ⁽¹⁾ about your itinerary after you leave Kinnocks, ⁽²⁾ about the Metropolitan Art Museum desk calendar, whether I would like to have one ⁽³⁾ the note about the beauties of the neglected, "wild" garden ⁽⁴⁾ the absentee ballots.

I expect to apply for the ballot ⁽⁴⁾; I haven't asked Jacken yet. Thank you for your help.

If you arrive before the first hard frost, ⁽²⁾ you will see the fruits of my unweeded gardens. Some dismal areas. Some just messy; none are havens for insects and birds because the town and most of my neighbors spray and use herbicides and bug killers on their lawns and trees. There is one area where the self-seeded cosmos are lovely.

I carefully considered the desk calendar filled with flower pictures, but I think that I will stick with the Ansel Adams 2002 desk calendar, adding a 5th one to my collection. There is more room in these ^{unusually} ~~large~~ ^{margin} calendars that often leave a large ~~margin~~.

around the photographs. The photographs themselves with their extraordinary depth of focus are an endless source of pleasure to me. This depth, this perspective invites my imagination to travel far beyond the narrow confines of my daily routines. Rarely do I make an explicit reference to the pictures in my journal notes, but I always find that the photographs help me to see more in whatever is here before me and in the remembered scenes of my life. I travel through the days and ~~with~~ ^{with an apt} ~~with~~ ^{with an apt} guide who as ~~with~~ ^{with an apt} his admiration for the sublime view of mountains, sky and clouds reflected in lakes, shining rivers, ~~slopes~~ ^{slopes} down to gaze into a bird's nest or a tangle of vines and flowers, you are welcome to turn over the pages of my 4 Arvid Adams calendars.

I know that you want to give presents. When you do get to a museum shop, you can bring me back a few notecards, pretty ones, not too hefty, either, so that I would like something to send to my few friends, relatives, patients who need a word of friendship and kindness. Your stubborn sister-in-law in

10-29-01

Dear Margrit,

I have read a good deal of The Little Locksmith by Catherine Butler Hathaway. Although it is not a book for children, it is a good book about the childhood and early womanhood of a crippled child. I think that you will find it meaningful. It may be that Rebekah would read it, but not I think right now.

Tonight we decided not to go to Lisbon tomorrow. It would probably be too cold and we both have a lot to do here. I expect to go swimming from 9-10 am, and then to try to get started again on the practice bookkeeping, in which I spent several hours today.

I hope that you found aragula. If not, perhaps there are other herbs and greens available in the various markets around here which you and your friend might enjoy.

The sky clock I'll put in a folder in the closet of your bedroom. I don't see

much of the night sky here in
Belmont, too much skyglow and too many
trees, though there may be some
very clear nights when one might see
constellations from Orchard Circle.

One phenomenon which I hope to
see is the Leonid Shower. If the
skies are clear this might be
visible Sunday Nov 18 about
5 am.

I hope that your
cough is better.

Love

Margaret

2.06.02

7:35 p.m.

Dear Laura,

When Rebekah goes home I'll give her
The Harry Potter tape recorder (one of several
Rebekah says) which I took ~~it~~ into "protective
custody" this afternoon. Margrit and I were
at the time both waiting to read to
Leah & Benj who had sequestered
themselves in the boys' room. Then

I was able to read aloud 2 good
books that I had been saving all week.

Nathaniel went to Robert Picardi's
house from ~~at~~ about 2:40 to 4:20. As I
requested he telephoned me before leaving
Robert's house. He took along his homework
— and said he had done it. I am
not sure about Benj's homework since he
spent so much time upstairs with Leah &
H.P.

I checked the book box for
books I might have taken out which ~~was~~
might be due & took a couple. I
a couple more that had mid-Jan

Slips in them - on annuities and tenants.

I'll be over tomorrow morning before 7 am. I'll water the plants then.

If the cooked apples turned out well. I'll leave the larger amount in your refrigerator & take a smaller quantity back. I ate a lot of fresh apples and then some applesauce before getting friendly with the cookie can. -

I think that he only took one cookie.

Family Letters ^{M.M}

Drafts &
of M's
letters

copies
notes &
May 2001
to Feb 2002