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prayer book there is a line which says "Give us a happy issue out of all our difficulties." That is what is going to happen to us, Lyndon. Do you believe it? I do.

Yesterday I made a very estimable sherbert and some cranberry jelly out of my Cook book! (Perhaps in two or three years I shall have learned how to make everything in it!)

My roses are blooming beautifully - I am so proud of them. The lawn is all plowed up now and ready to be leveled. I can't wait to plant the hollyhocks and

Tuesday afternoon
2:00

My dearest -

I wonder what you are doing now... I wish you were here with me. I feel so comfortable and peaceful and lazy... I wish you were talking to me.

In a little while I shall go down to Karnack after the mail. If only there is a big, sweet one from you! I am so anxious to hear all about your plans. I hope they will mean a lot to you - that there will be a wonderful change in them, Lyndon.

~~In the end of~~ ^{Somewhere in} the Episcopal

the juncos and the climbing roses and the wistaria vine and everything! I want to plant them today and see them bloom to-morrow. (I am not patient about all things.)

It keeps on being the most glorious, golden Indian summer. . . . Tomorrow morning I shall get up early (as usual) and go for a long walk in the woods way over in the Big Pines, which has always been one of my favorite spots since I was little. . . . Almost everything I do I think how much more fun it would be to be doing it with you.

Tomorrow when I write you I shall have a small but I hope interesting piece of news to tell you, dear! Something you will like.

There isn't anything very intriguing to write you about, dear. I wish there were. Are my letters dull? . . . So I can only tell you that I love you. Do you like to hear that? (It must be getting tremendously trite!) It's not meant to be distracting. . . . it's just meant to be reassuring, something for you to sort of lean back on when you feel tired or blue or discouraged. Goodbye until tomorrow. Always, devotedly
Bird