

Christmas Day -
Farraud

2/1/43

1650 ORLANDO ROAD
SAN MARINO
CALIFORNIA.

My dear Wanderer.

The fresh thought was
of you, this morning - the
wonder & question as to

where you might be on
your long journey - Would

that you were still here,
in a clear sunny sky,
after a night of soft rain -

The sea below is rippling
with white caps, & the air
is washed & clear, & the

mountains stand strong &
distinct over the tops of
the egyptian trees.

You would be touched
if you could ever be made
to believe how you are
loved & missed here. Since
you left - it seems ten years
ago - the one remark made
& daily repeated is "how
you are missed & beloved
by all" - You have made
a real contribution to
this community & one
all are grateful for
your example - The sensi-
tive appreciation which
makes you know just
what each of us needs
has taught you also

how to give each & all
of us the warmth
of your heart &
your own dear self.

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Dear me - It is with
never do, because the
Christmas letter was specifi-
cally meant to thank you
for a China caddy &
pot pourri pot, which
is standing pretty & sturdy
on a table in my room
waiting to have lemon
verbena leaves for Casa
Gerinda tucked into its
trim little figure.

But after telling you
of my delight in my china
pear square bottle, reminding
me of Cesa Gorrindai messie
room colour, I come back
to say to you again, that
your place cannot be
filled, & that we ache
with missing you -

Our thoughts reach
for you & accompany you
on your journey & our
love will meet you at
its end - Max & I both
send our dearest loves
to you & Robert -

Your ever more devoted
Max & I
