Chapel Hill, June 15, '69

Dona Luna

It is very nice to write one "a good long letter," but I do not know whether I shall be able to make it either good or long. This is early Sunday morning. The wind is blowing "gale force," and it makes me think how last fall had much wind this spring. It does not strike me as a novelty. The light showers last night did when I went out just now in a turn in the garden, the larkspur, white jasmine, holly hocks were in their glory, the cabbages in a good green. How sweet it all is, you will know. Do you know that I never can write to you about this old home 37 years without a swelling at the heart and often at the eye. It seems so hard - so incredible that you and I have been forced away from it. I am sitting at your especial window. The meadow is just beginning to bloom. Since has made up the bed (we slept in the other room; sit in here). I picked up a put away everything. I set both rooms perfectly to rights - all but the sweeping and I did myself. I told her just now, I meant to call his "help" - she is such a help. She is nice, lovely. The room was in her little carpet, bottom chair, dressing box. One of the windows fell down on her foot but did not - she is quite brave. How could a window fall?