

Tucson

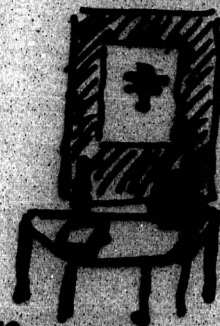
Oct 31, 1935

Halloween I saw
grave in the Mexican cemetery
had no will have a candle
burning on it all night - a lovely
sight.

Dear Ida M.

I'm writing on a keyboard without any letters
belonging to our nephew and it feels very odd but evidently
I do know the touch system as it seems to work all right.

(part)
Yesterday Phil and I rode horseback and then I
tore nine miles to a ten oclock communion and Episcopal
conference of clergymen and the speeches seemed pretty
vague so I thought I'd make some remarks myself and tore
home again and got your cross, and a piece of brocade,
an old skirt it was and some thumb tacks and set up an
informal altar, ^{borrowed a table from the parsonage} down there and talked in a very slangy
way about how much it helped in being able to pray to have
a place to do it in, like a kitchen ^{for} cooking, curious it
always embarrasses me to talk about religion and then I told
when I burst into slang.... one woman said she was
going to go home and do it. The most touching woman, we
had had lunch together, she's from a long line of clergymen
and ^s she would never marry one and she didn't but he
became a clergyman five years after marriage, and has asthma
and won't give himself his own hypodermics so she has to be
with him all the time, my idea of hell, no solitude at all.
And she said she never could pray at all, that just existing
was all she could manage. I don't know whether my device will
help her or not but we got fond of each other and that always
is useful. They live in a mining town and the Sunday school
children are Greek Catholics and Baptists and Methodists, in
short everyone and the fathers work on three shifts



Christ was
born
on
this
day

and only get one Sunday a month off and naturally don't spend that in church. I know so little about life. And his invalid clergyman, sincere, struggles with them but devours his ~~wife~~ ^{life}.

I 'm enclosing a prayer which is what you have done ever since I knew you, and it will probably give you a pain, because you do all those things so unconsciously that it would seem as morbid to you to think about them as to notice the way your heart was beating.

Are you sure you don't want your cross back again. It's so perfectly lovely and I've had it for ages, and will get just as much pleasure out of it in your hands as in mine. It does touch me so much that you let me have it. It's the loveliest and dearest thing I have. And the little crucifix of Miss "arboros in that lovely gold box is on my bureau all the time. That picture of you is very warm and lifelike. It doesn't lose its power, but I go to it like a child every time I come into the room.

Those three days with you in New York were the best ever, sitting with you in the sun on the roof, I wish you'd go up there alone and relax. Is it warm enough now? Take a rug in the afternoons. And the darling meals you got ready, ~~every~~ everything so pretty and good, and you do it so smoothly.

and your blue eyes smiling when you were sitting on the sofa and patting my back because I howled at the idea of your ever dying. What is beauty? It's a kind of gathering

together of all the things you like most I suppose, that busy room of yours with you in it,

Ada