



TO MY HUSBAND

WE go one way, dear; the same sun that tints your morning sky throws wonderful rays into mine and the shadows on your path are my shadows. There is a thick wood on either side and, even though we hear sad wailings therefrom, we are very happy because we are together. We know our path leads to a deep Pool whose Voice is Silence, wherein every melody of the heart has been sung and whose calm within and without is Shadow in which every color of the Rainbow has been painted. And we drink of its waters and are filled with song--song that the world knows not and therefore it is the sweeter to us.

God Bless You, Dear