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BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
REEF POINT
BAR HARBOR, MAINE

August 19, 1941

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
Casa Dorinda
Hot Springs Road
Santa Barbara, California

Dearest Twin:

All my love to you and the hope that yours is getting on well. Mine climbs the hill very slowly. He is so tired poor dear that a step ahead is often too much exertion and he slides back an inch or two, but on the whole the grade is upward and while I don't see the top of the hill ahead of me quite yet I know it is there, and that we shall have forgotten about the ~~weeks~~ in the hospital and be grateful for the operation which will make him well when he gets over it!

Our good doctor here says the difficulty is now practically entirely nervous as the surgical wound has healed and he is again whole, but the nervous wound will not heal for some time to come.

How I do hope that we are going to be under the same sky at least part of next winter. It will mean so much to Max and me to know that you are in the offing, but I know your roots are drawing you back Washington-wards as soon as Robert is well enough to go.

Max may be home within the next week but he wisely is staying in the hospital where he can feel himself shielded and protected and surrounded by nurses and the competent hospital routine.

More will go to you later but I like to feel my hand stretching out to yours and the sense of security that this gives.

Your always devoted

Trix

This letter sounds discouraged, but it's not at all the case - we are no more downhearted than the British, in fact as cheery as they are.