

Sunday p.m., 6/12

Dear Jim:

Harold called me soon after I had spoken with you. I explained the situation to him and he respects your wishes, regretting deeply the necessity. He will probably not go to San Francisco under the circumstances since his primary reason for going was to find out how you were faring. I know that he has been hoping for a long time to be able to see the both of you and that he is disappointed but realizes that your first concern is Jenifer and what is best for her. He would not want to do anything to cause either of you any greater distress.

As for the clippings: Whenever I see anything which may be of interest to you, I will clip and hold against the time when you may want it. If that time never comes, it will be understood.

I am enclosing a note for Jenifer which you may use your own judgment about giving her. It contains nothing of any importance but I hope may be a momentary diversion.

You know that our thoughts and our best wishes are with you both.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be the name "Lil".

Dear Jenifer:

While the bunnies hereabout don't follow this particular type of gymnastics, they are quite active and frolic all around the house, as does a small chipmunk and some few squirrels. I am fortunate in that, having moved my garden spot, the rabbits haven't yet located it. So it hasn't had any rabbit damage yet.

In looking out my window just now, I saw two of the most gorgeous cardinals I've ever seen. A number of cardinals are normally around, but most are not as colorful as these two. They must have a nest in the cherry tree in back, because that is where they spend much of their time, flying from branch to branch, from bottom to top and back again. These particular ones were behaving in a fashion not ordinarily observed in male birds of the same species: they were very friendly. Which raises the question: Are they planning an anti-Anita Bryant crusade?

The cherry tree itself is beautiful. It is one that Harold picked up out of a shipment of apparently dead trees which Woolco's was returning. It had one lone live branch on it and the nurseryman there thought it wouldn't make it. But Harold was willing to give it a try, so he brought it home and selected a spot for it - in back of the house in direct line with the window in my office. It seemed to like the location and started to grow. It has indeed flourished over the seven years it has been there, growing faster than any thing except weed trees usually grow. And finally realization came: It is planted at the upper corner of the septic tank. We can only hope it will behave like the carrots I planted last year: When their roots hit a stone, they turned to another direction, which resulted in some very odd-shaped produce indeed. Possibly the cherry tree roots may veer when they come into contact with the septic tank walls rather than penetrating it. But for as long as we can have it there, we will enjoy its flowers in the spring and the birds will enjoy its shelter all summer.

Harold joins with me in wishing for you a surcease from pain. We know that you are in the best and most caring of hands.

Sincerely
Lee