

Dear Jim,

4/9/79

Every once in a while we did wonder if you are okay from the long silence, even though we knew you were well and gratifyingly occupied with your Hospice work. So on both counts we were glad to get your 4/4. It is more than a merely worthwhile thing to be doing, especially because you take less than common skills to it and genuineness.

I'd never stopped to think that the loss might be harder on women, wven greater. But given the kind of society we have it is logical. Also, I wonder if instead of "mere man" there might not be other considerations, from not being another woman who might take things wrong to the fact they've been using to discussing what meant much to them with another man.

With the unwillingness of men to be comforted, or talk or admit how they feel, do you suppose the general macho thing is a factor?

I'd never given thought to such things but they come to us all and it is new to me because I've not thought of it.

Anyway, you are doing a fine thing that should make you feel very good.

Our warmer weather, of which your comment on yours, has ended, I'm sure only temporarily. Cold wain and even a few snow-flakes a few minutes ago. Keeping me in and I feel it.

Burned the last of the fireplace wood last night and cleaned it for the seasons today rather than saving any for a current outage this time of the year. Should it happen, as winds a half-hour ago could have caused, it has moderated enough so we could make out with more clothing.

Our crocuses are past and the other earlier bloomers are opening. One Emperor tulip, some narcissus and jonquils. Wonderfully those that were lost in the areas I could not clear since 1975 are showing a good survival rate. I hope to move much of those closer to the house so as we get older we can enjoy them more and care for them with less trouble.

Year before last we stocked the pond with goldfish. Unthinkingly, without a predator to keep the population down. Last year we didn't see one of the 100 we put in. This year I've seen maybe 500 at a time. Marvel that there was enough oxygen for them over the winter and enough food.

Had a spild conservation man here for some advise on repairing the wier that should feed the pond. He believe my notion may work and that anything else will be a major cost. So I've engaged a man for next month. He'll go along the creek bed with his backhoe and gather all the large rocks for piling below what remains of the wier and then dump bottom silt and gravel atop, to filter down and leave no major holes between the larger rocks. That will help getting freah water into the pond if it works. Meanwhile, I'd sure love to find someone anxious to seine some free goldfish!

Made me feel good to get the admiration of the spild conservation man when he saw what I did on the other side of the pond and that what was within possibility was all chewed up into visible mulch. He could gather from the stumps and what is visible of what I merely pushed over the side with what you may remember, a fodder fork. Kept me farthur away from thorns that regular pitch fork. He was so pleased he lined me up for some left-over but fresh fescue seed at 25¢ a pound. I still have the old Cyclone seeder, which you may also recall, from the farming. So I'll be seeding again when the wind is down and the soil dry enough.

Thw Wrones will be coming here in a couple of months and we look forward to it. Lesar was up Saturday for Lil to do his taxes. I took him down the celler and he flipped, that impressed with what I've accomplished with the part-time helper of the student Rae. He thinks ave will be overjoyed. Imagine - I can go right to where any one of maybe 125,000 pages is right now if I have the file number. (Soon enough without the number for I've won the battle to get the 40 feet of index and already have an index of the various records,