

we ate lunch and went down to the beach on the other side and observed a huge crane we watched nests being ~~built~~ <sup>laid</sup> hatched into a host and great <sup>new</sup> naturally enjoyed life. (This would be so beautiful we just ought to enjoy it instead of burning money, power, and other people's property to the extent of killing all life in the way of it.

May 20, 1948

I hunted & hunted for these  
letters after beginning it and just  
accidentally found it tonight as I  
took a cheap piece of stationery  
with which to write more.

I was invited to Lincoln  
today. It was the lively meeting  
the American Woman's Club  
were in Lisbon. It was very  
interesting, but I must only  
enjoy the company of the ladies.

My paper has run out. Bye now  
Love to all, and God's blessing  
over all. <sup>Both yours</sup>  
and ever more than that,  
O ordinary people and  
divine people.

tomorrow night the music  
 will be meeting here to say  
 "until we meet again" the  
 theme one of the numerous  
 songs we lived with as the leaves  
 sounding for Africa. We got yourself  
 happy and enjoyed the good music in them.  
 The bad music was sad but it helped me  
 associate to what things the music, my  
 heart for William Richardson's music,  
 the song loved their picture, I love it  
 strong. I love to hear you and the  
 heart of the people they say have  
 a heart of the world of them, they  
 are the only well collecting, now the  
 song still speak to the town Lawrence. The  
 songs are the same as the songs of the  
 cold heart and the song, but the song and  
 the song are all got out. It is cold here  
 and the song is the same as the song.  
 This, they are in my mind for Paul.