

109
Pastors

CASA MARÍA
SAN GERMÁN, PUERTO RICO

Emmet dear,-

Clearing up my desk preparing to leave Casa Maria,
and put my hand on your last letter.

So I decided not to lay it down until it
was answered:

So many times I have answered it; in my
mind, then gone on to do some needed thing.

At least, it seemed to be necessary, and keeps
me busy: too busy to talk to my friends.

Yesterday about two a group of thirteen students
boys and girls and their art teacher Mrs. Castillo,
came up into the patio and loggia and front terrace.

Soon they were all busily and quietly sketching
some corner or arch of facade, and painting
it with, or from, their little boxes of water colors.

A few of the sketches were good, some were
atrocious as to color. But all enjoyed their work,
and I wished I were working with them. They have only

very well
are doing
few lessons
had

² This winter has gone by very quickly and very happily. Aside from Harry's few day attack of gout? we have been well; and my little attacks of fever.

We have had only two dinner parties, and two afternoon teas for some new faculty women.

By the way, the faculty is a fine group of interesting folk, including refugees from Spain, France, Austria and Germany. and the old ones you know.

I am so sorry to hear of your painful arm and shoulder. Fred Erdman could cure it, I know.

But it would not stay cured if you go back to a cold house. I hope the warm summer will help.

Can you keep a piece of flannel on your back, between your shoulders? There is where the trouble originates.

Carol Morgan spent two nights with us this week. She is gathering material to make a small book (Mission Study for juniors) on Latin America. She looks just as young as ever.

I must not forget your most important family event - Donald's wedding. I hope you are

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going to find your new daughter as satisfactory
as you have your adopted son, - Margarita's
husband. Is she very nice, as she surely ought to be.

By the way, Dr. Gallardo spoke very nicely of
Helen and her work recently.

He and his brilliant wife spent the night with
us the week we arrived in Puerto Rico. We
enjoyed them both very much.

He are sailing for home May 1st and so
the house is rather upset. Half packed, half
dismantled.

Harry spends his mornings sitting in the sun
on Loma Alba trying to systematize the work
of his seven men. He is building a few walls,
and a few steps connecting a series of gardens
on the hill top. It will be a lovely place when

finished.

There has been no rain for about a month. Indeed I think we have had about three rainy afternoons since our arrival.

Everything was burning up with heat, and dying with thirst. Day after day we have watched clouds gather over the mountains, grow black and threatening, then sail away toward Mayaguez, and the sun come out hot and dry.

But this afternoon the blessed rain came - a great, heavy rain, flooding the patio, pushing down the roadways - a grand net rain. And tonight another little shower.

Now things will grow. Now, Baez and I can transplant with safety.

I'm longing to see the deppodilly in our home garden. Some are already in blossom.

Give our best to Bill. I hope the calves are fat and shiny and bring in many dollars.

April 20, 1941

Love, Mary.