

Friday, November 20

Dear Rob,

Report cards are done - I can write again - though I'm not sure whether I can find much to write about. I'm sure you aren't interested in the grades I gave to my students, and that is about all I've been doing this week.

The tickets have come for the Dressbach - Sunday afternoon, December 20, at Carnegie Hall. The Russian Tea Room is next door, if you think you would like to go there after for supper. I have also sent for tickets to 1776 since the reviews were good and everyone I've heard who has seen it has liked it. It sounds intriguing. I'll wait until I have a reply on that before planning anything else, otherwise dates may be jammed together too much.

Do you have any lovely, intelligent ideas for Dad for Christmas? It is so difficult to buy for (I thought for you - pick up some California shells from the beach for him - he was mentioning them today, and I think he'd like them.)

On a quiz for Mold Tit, I had a student list pity as one of the seven deadly sins. Ah, well!

John had to pick up some copies of Hamlet at the Paperback Bookseller the other day (otherwise I would not have gone - I can't afford the temptation in terms of time) - Ciardi's translation of the Paradise is out now. I don't know when I'll have time to read it, but I did buy it. It is frustrating to be surrounded by books I want to read that require large chunks of reading time and concentration - and I don't feel like waiting until I'm 65 and retired - summers don't work well either; some of them are really winter

hooks.

Saturday night
I called June & Craig today - the baby -
is due in a bit over a week. They have
been taking a course at Mercy that Junie
Craig to be in the delivery room. It's
not sure he wants to - but June told
him he helped get her into this, now he
has to help her out of it! I'm going
to try to see them some evening
this coming week.

I wish I had all kinds of things
to write but I've been so busy with
grades and so clogged up with a
cold that I just can't think of
anything.

Last night I started rereading
Howard McFee Brown's Spirit of
Protestantism - did you ever get around
to it? It really is good - and I
would very much like to get John to read
it some time. He doesn't know
much about Protestants at all, really,
though, like most Roman Catholics, he
seems to expect everyone else to know
all about us (and I do know a great
deal - so why doesn't he know more
about us? - Sometimes he makes me
mad, and I'm beginning to think I
should let him know it sometimes -
and he definitely needs to know when
and how to express anger - but I think
I made a bit of an opening for that
Friday. I had said something a while
ago about wishing he would be openly
angry when he felt he had cause. Then
something one of us said Friday
reminded me of a poem that had
been running through my head - he
thought he knew it and we both
spent some futile minutes looking for

it under Edward Arlington Robinson —
but it's by Williamson Blake.

I was angry with my friend.
I told my wrath; my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe.
I kept my wrath; my wrath did grow.
(He'll see what happens.)

When we were in the Paperback
Bookstore, I noticed that two of Robert
Farrar Capon's books are in inexpensive
paperbacks — The Supper of the Lamb
and Red and Board. I've had the
latter out of the library twice and would
like to buy it but thought I had better
not, then — John might be worried
if he saw me buying something
subtitled An Uncommon Marriage Manual,
though what it has to say really applies
to all living, not just marriage.
I would really like to go to that man's
church someday and hear him
preach. Would you? Shall we try
sometime when you are home? Not
necessarily at Christmas but sometime.
I must finish this and go to sleep.
I'll mail it when I go to church.
Next week and Thanksgiving should
give me plenty to describe.
Be good
Be happy.
Stay well.

Love,
Lois

O.S. Mama misses you — she has
begun hitting John as if he were you.
I wish I knew what he thinks of it.