

work
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November 21, 1985

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Tell mom
I was keeping frantically busy trying to fill a void.
Dear Hisaye:

I seem to have entered another phase in this period of adjustment. I discover I can be content though alone. That takes a lot of pressure off of me to constantly keep trying to bring life up to the fullness of a life with a husband. Finally I have accepted emotionally the fact. The name of the game is change and survival. *Life will never be, can never be the same*

The book out about the loss of pillows by snow

Today I am snowbound. I stepped in the backyard to replenish the birdseed tray, and discovered a white fairyland. The leaves on the camellia bush are mounded with white snow. Each one is carefully mounded. The white blanket of snow is marked only with the scattered stick design of bird feet. George used to feed the birds in the winter but now the job has fallen to me. Even the garbage can looks pretty with its thick puffy cover. Tonight I will have the fireplace going after a supper of hot leftover stew. Cooking has certainly simplified though I try to have the kids or friends at least 3 times a week..

Enclosed you will find my impressions of the Minidoka trip. It's too woody, too emotional but I hope not maudlin. Also the story "Matsutake" sold for \$200 to a local magazine, very appropriately in Pacific Northwest November issue. I burst out crying when I found the check in the mail and realized that the story had been accepted. -Ironically, the happy or beautiful moments somehow have become unbearably poignant.-

Thank heaven I'm retired and don't have to cope with driving in this mess of snarled traffic. My son stopped by a while ago to report he's driving to Tacoma for a meeting. If it weren't that the speakers hadn't come distances like from the East Coast and California it could have been postponed. He had chains on his car and thought he might stay overnight at the hotel where the meeting was being held. I talked at leisure with my friends in the northend who are retired. They said they were sitting by the fireplace and watching the backyard become more and more beautiful. MY sister and her husband said they baked a "pippin" apple pie and were looking forward to going skiing on the weekend. I have been watching the snow drifting down for hours now. I enjoy the little birds darting back and forth from the feeding station. The impression is dramatically different when they light on a branch. I have a beautiful art book published in 1947 in Switzerland "Art of the Far East". To take a quote from the preface written by Rene Grousset "...and, further on, the bird in the snow upon a camellia branch, are not only nature studies by animal-painters of extraordinary technical skill; they are also moving studies in psychology. What intensity of expression and heroic dignity is possessed by the bird perched upon the branch, facing the falling snow and a world that has again become hostile." Every time I think of Hisaye the photographer, I have to laugh. thanks again.

Entertainment being snow - Suzon Shoman
bleeding feet in the snow
over for snow
Beautiful photos with George I'll keep

