

[1920]

Wednesday

My dearest Aunt.

I was desolated to
 get your letter - what intolerable bad
 luck. We couldn't believe our eyes
 when we saw the post-mark. It is a
 shame that your holiday should have
 been spoilt. You can't imagine how
 sorry we both are. John sends all his
 love & condolences.

My dearest - I want to see you more
 than I can say, but I feel that it is
 altogether a matter for you to arrange
 in whatever way suits you best.
 We should be overjoyed to see you at
 any time - if you came before the
 infant we could get things together, if
 after you would have seen it at its
 beginning. It is entirely a matter for

you ~~to~~ choose. We are here at any
time!

As to the money - it is again a matter
for you - I can tell the people to
send the bills to you, or I can pay

them myself. ^{That would be simplest.} I send you an account ^{to show what it has gone!}
(You don't know how I long to see you.)

I'm very well, taking long walks &
writing, & seeing old friends, & improving my
mind.

Let me know how Grandma gets on -
don't overstrain yourself here. That is
unavoidable - & come as soon as you
can. Our best love.

Jany