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Dear Carolyn:

A very easy bus ride out to the airport. In busy hours or hectic times of your own, you shouldn't hesitate to send your guests by that method. I had a Mars Bar and a glass of milk before boarding. What does that signify? Had an aisle and window seat to myself, arranged by a kind stewardess, who couldn't have been a friend of Dorothy's, just a kind young woman. I drafted an article and wrote a few illegible thank you notes after dinner. Helen and I went to the faculty club for the night, where we sat with a bottle of scotch until I had no voice left at all. I woke up Toronto time, which made catching the early ferry no problem, but I had a two hour nap after lunch, then a half mile swim and have accomplished nothing else but a quick look through of the mail this day. While I goofed off Helen supervised a young man here painting both the pool and house decks, which are just about done, another hour or so tomorrow; so we hope the weather holds. It's cooler than there and a bit squawly, but the pool was 78 degrees, beautiful, and the great dogwoods are in full bloom. It's a lovely time of year everywhere.

I hope I stay on Toronto time through tomorrow because I need to do a huge wash before our weekly cleaning help arrives and then really settle to getting the desk work out of the way before we get into entertaining for the long week-end. Haron and Shelagh will be here for it, other friends in and out.

The best of this trip for me was meeting your kids. I guess you've gathered over the years that I have a bias for kids anyway, and yours are very special. They are beautiful to look at, have larky senses of humor, and a sense of themselves not easily thrown off balance. Their relationship with you is confident and loving. You are obviously both lucky and deserving of them, and it's a delight to me to have met them.

All the chores of Torontowere made so much easier for me with a base there with you where I could start mornings slowly, pattering at home, and seeing friends was much nicer and easier, too. Thank you, and thank Valerie for making space for me to do just what.

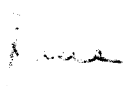
I want to say a bit of an under sense I had listening to you talk about Marci. I don't think it's the difference in age that makes you doubt the wisdom of that relationship, though that can be as good a metaphor for doubts as any. You seem to me uncertain about two things, one her ability to move out of the relationship she's in now, make important decisions about her own life in relation to work and to you, two her ability to deal with your world, not only the children but your friends, the whole range of them. It seems to me that Valeria right now is a grown-up, able to cope with the world on her own terms in a way that makes you feel both proud and comfortable. You talk about Marci as if she might learn to, get over being scared, and she's already years older than Valeria. I understand, though I don't share the taste, your delight in the wicked larkiness of people who don't bend to convention but go on being their adventuresome kid selves long after other people have "settled down". But I suspect they make much better holiday companions than people to live with and share the range of human experience that makes up your life. I'm glad this will be your last trip to Germany, that you want a balance of effort and investment from her. If you don't get it, I suspect that will be just as well. If you do, it will mean that Marci is able to take new decisions and responsibilities. Do you hear that you don't think she's really a patch on Kathy? And do you see that, now that you are free of the marriage that made your relationships necessarily limited, you

are free to ask a good deal more and give a good deal more than you've been able to in the past? End of sisterly sounding board.

My parents interrupted this letter with the news that they're beginning yet another vest! And Father goes off to an important swimming meet this week-end while my sister goes up to keep MOther company. Now I must unscramble my desk ~~enough~~ to be able to find my way round it tomorrow.

Thank you so much for everything.

Love,

A handwritten signature, possibly "Jane", written in cursive script.