

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
Texas, 78756. U. S. A.
August 8th, 1989,
512- 452- 0537.

Dear Joseph,

A brief 'un to let you know, plus thanking you, for the phone call and the return of the Rosa letter. I thought you had best see ~~this~~, since it supports my claim that I have GIVEN to wright raining, all my life, rather than TAKEN from it.

Some thoughts re your relevation to me that your good lady is somewhat troubled by the impending flight of daughter to parts outside the nest.

Years and years ago, when my mother was with me and I a little boy and my heart young and hopes high, I remember a ditty she dinned into my small noodle. It was this.

A son is a son, until he takes a wife,
But a daughter ~~is~~ a daughter ALL HER LIFE.

Women are a strange breed, but completely predictable in that they are UNPREDICTABLE. There is a bond that ties all women together, an invisible one true, but a bond so firm, steel or spiders webs cant compare with it for tensile strength, or any other kind. It is--- the bond--- simple. THEY ARE WOMEN. No matter if they are complete strangers or the closest of blood kin, that tie is there. Kipling said it better than I ever could---

The colonel's lady and Judy O Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

Havent you ever wondered why it is that when a woman has to go to the " Powder Room " she ALWAYS has to have another go with her?

So worry not, neither your lady or you.

Meg has " hatched, " and her flight feathers are there and rarin' to go. She will fly. SHE MUST FLY. So--- let her fly, but stand ready with the Mat of love and care to catch her, if her first and maiden flight falters and she has to undertake a crash landing.

ALL WILL BE WELL. Trust me,

regards,