

DorleLettersD L0002 (English)

Toronto, May 1, '56. Dear Mother, Thank you so much for everything you sent me for my birthday. The little sewing basket was a really good idea; now my chocolate box and my shoebox can finally go in the garbage. And with the side pockets and the pouch inside, you can store everything so neatly. The chess set is also really great, especially the fact that the pieces don't always fall all over the place. That must also be good for the train or the bus, or on a blanket in the grass. I handed out the chocolate during our outing on Sunday; everyone was amazed at how good it tastes. They sell Swiss chocolate here too, but it's made here, and the album came just at the right time, since my other 4 are full. Thanks again for everything. From Inge I got "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" and two very charming summer dresses. One is plaid with a white collar and a white belt, sleeveless, with a gathered skirt, perfect for outings and for the evening. The other is white with little red elephants, for more special occasions. Inge sewed them from patterns, and they fit like a glove, without a fitting. I've never had such a nice birthday. The evening before was family night. Everyone already wished me a happy birthday then, from the congregation and the pastors and from the group, because the time changed in the evening, and it was actually already 12 o'clock. On Sunday morning I slept until half past nine, and then after church at 11 o'clock, breakfast with the boys' cars in the pouring rain to Inge's birthday, where Inge and Klaus had already been since Friday. We celebrated in rubber boots, even though it was pouring cats and dogs. Inge's evening at the club downtown we and the day before yesterday we played board games. Then Manfred suddenly played "Happy Birthday to you." The next day, the group presented me with breakfast and we spent an hour doing sports at the "Old Mill." We had celebrated birthdays on April 28, 29, and 30. How are things with Friedl again? Have you been to see Grandma yet? You don't tell me much, do you? Have you already helped Juliane out with the paint? Does she have her spontaneity back? getting used to being alone again? and we weren't together much in a family with lots of people. One isn't always dependent on that, you go to the movies sometimes, or chat with one person, or with several together, you also have more space than we did in our room, it's a shame that we didn't so often walk the same paths. Of course it was more noticeable, since living together with the family was what it was. I would be sorry if you told me what, in your eyes, I did to be friendly or cold. I'm just wired differently than you. I do like her, and it's nice, Jerusalem up there in the row, because I know it well, so one knows what to write and talk about. And to explain everything to everyone if the end isn't imaginable. How are the trees? write that they are budding again. You're probably happy about the rhubarb. It's still like winter, but then comes the first warm weather, and in two weeks the blossoms will be out, and in 4 weeks, summer. It's a shame one can't get it here. I thought I would have more time now, but that's not the case since the time change. A lot of work, there are always visitors needed, you see I have a photo of compositions, sort of in the direction of preparations, made with