



1912-01-01

Letter from Charlotte [H. Kellogg] to [John Muir], [1912 ?] Jan 1.

Charlotte H. Kellogg

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Carnel, New Year's morning¹³

Dear friend,

Your letter came to bless
the last day of the year - so
many thanks for letting us
hear of you as for the
little blue paper tucked in
for Jean, whom you quite
overwhelm with your
goodness. It shall be divided
- part for her little bank account
(as the other part for something
nice).

The year went out in a
cataclysmic way - It might

May the year bring you
rich blessings, and may
we gather you in through
our door before it grows
too old -

A kiss of thanks from
Jean, who has just made
one of her breath-taking leaps
ahead - She does not grow a
day at a time, but ^{suddenly} months
at a time - I explained to her
just now that it is ^{the} New Year -
~~and~~ "And what else?" she said,
which I thought a fair text for a
sermon - Vernon adds his good
wishes - Affectionately always
Charlotte.

Have been the shattered ^{old} world that
was going - all boundaries
blotted out by the whirling
pinions of the storm - the sky
beaten down to the sea - and the
sea hurled back at the sky -
I have never seen anything so
terrible and so beautiful -

And this morning the sun
is shining & if it were not
for the roar of the sea, we
could hardly believe there
could have been yesterday -

We fear the Stamford house
stands over a pool - if it stands
still!