

Caxias, 22/4/67

Dear Søren,

At last I receive a letter from you. I was very afraid that didn't write me anymore.

I understand you, I understand that everything changed, since the moment I told you that I was engaged.

Søren, please try to understand me and believe in everything I'm going to tell you.

I'm sure that in all my life I never saw a boy like you. I like very much the way how you can feel and see the things, really you are so different of all the other boys I know (even the boy I'm engaged with). Now I'm going to tell you something, Søren. I don't know if I could marry with the boy I'm engaged with, because he is so different from me. When I like to do something, he don't want, when I must feel that I have around me life, he likes to stay quiet.

You know, Søren, I think that in my life, we must LIVE, we must stay all the time young, even the old people, they should feel young, because it must be so bad to have an old mind, and it is now when we are really young that we must fight to stay all the time with our mind young.

One day my husband must not make of our life an habitual life, a life where everything is always the same, nothing more, no, the days must be always new days, full of LIFE, because it is always in that case that the love can be strong, true and big.

Today there are a lot of people that married and a few years later the love die, and it is really sad to see this.

Can you understand me, Søren? Please tell me what you think about all this.

If you think I'm foolish, please tell.

I only want to be happy and to make happy the boy that one day I', going to choose.

If you don't want to write me anymore, please tell me. I will stay very unhappy, because I'm waiting for the day we are going to meet, and in that day we could see if we could be happy together.

Please Søren, write me and tell me what you think about all the things I told you, and please ask me everything you want because I would be very happy to answer your questions.

In your letter there are something that I really like to read, I'm going to write your words here "...I don't want to go to all the ordinary places but to little cosy streets, the bohème-district and places like this. Buy a bottle of wine, bread, a piece of cheese, and sit at the ground eating - that's the life worth living...". This, Søren, is for me more beautiful than a poem.

When yesterday I saw these words in your letter, these words that tell so many things about you, you know if I could do what I wish to have done in that moment? If I could, I would go to Denmark to see you, to talk to you, because that life worth living, that you talk, is the really life for me.

Please Søren I want to hear you again very soon. Can you write me at once, and can you tell me everything you think about all these that it is so important for me?

I'm going to stop now, wishing to hear from you again very soon.

With love from yours for always

Isabel Maria