

Letter 569a
Arles, 7 January 1889

Dear Mother and Sister,

For several weeks already I have firmly intended to write you a word or two to wish you a truly prosperous and Happy New Year. Well, I am pretty late in doing this.

I think you may feel inclined to excuse me if I tell you that in December I was indisposed.

But at the same time I can inform you that I have completely recovered, and am at work again, and everything is normal.

Although it is winter here too, and, what is worse, part of the country is flooded, at times we have a good deal milder weather than you do in Holland. Be so kind as to take good note of the fact that I am writing you these few words, in case Theo has told you about my having been indisposed for a while. However, I hope he understood of his own accord that it was not worth troubling to inform you of it.

But so that there may be no worrying on your part, nor even any question of it, I am writing you myself.

For this very reason I have postponed answering Jet Mauve's letter, which, however, I hope to do shortly; and at the same time I thank Wil kindly for her last letter.

My having been unwell has provided the opportunity for getting acquainted with quite a number of people, and I think it's probable that I shall have to do a number of portraits.

I so much hope everything is all right with you all, especially your health. As for myself, my having been indisposed for a few days has in fact refreshed me considerably, and I think there is a chance that there will be nothing the matter with me for a long time to come.

Meanwhile I shall be very pleased to get a letter from you one of these days. Although it is still rather a thing of the future, I suppose you are often thinking of Theo's intended visit to you. I should not be greatly surprised if he went a little earlier than usual this year, that is before the exhibition instead of after.

But all the same he will have to act according to circumstances.

I could not help thinking of you rather often these days, be assured of that, and believe me,

Yours lovingly, Vincent