

[Written at the top of this letter in his mother's handwriting was "Very last letter from Auvers."]

Dear Mother and sister,

Many thanks for your excellent letters, which gave me a great deal of pleasure. For the present I am feeling much calmer than last year, and really the restlessness in my head has greatly quieted down. In fact, I have always believed that seeing the surroundings of the old days would have this effect.

I often think of you both, and should very much like to see you once again.

It is good that Wil went to work in the hospital, and that she says that the operations were not as bad as she expected, because she appreciates the means of lessening the pain and also the efforts of the many physicians to do what has to be done, simply and intelligently and kindly – well, that is what I call looking at things sensibly – and trustingly.

But for one's health, as you say, it is very necessary to work in the garden and to see the flowers growing.

I myself am quite absorbed in that immense plain with wheat fields up as far as the hills, boundless as the ocean, delicate yellow, delicate soft green, the delicate purple of a tilled and weeded piece of ground, with the regular speckle of the green of flowering potato plants, everything under a sky of delicate tones of blue, white, pink and violet. I am in a mood of almost too much calm, just the mood needed for painting this.

I sincerely hope that you will spend very happy days with Theo and Jo, and you will see, as I did, how well they take care of the little child, who is looking well.

Goodbye for today, I have to go out to work.

In thought embraced by,

Your loving Vincent

[Written in Dutch.]