

Nov. 2005

Dear Michael: Congrats on your extraordinary CD. I sent it to Sing Out.

I'm sorry this answer to your letter is so brief. Toshi & I sit across a table piled high with letters. In several boxes are recordings I've no time to listen to. Against a window are several hundred books sent to me which I've had no time to more than skim. We usually read for an hour or two before sleep - and some books I so admire that I order extra copies to give away. Like "Granny D. - walking across America in my 90th year" by Doris Haddock & Dennis Burke."

Attempts to get secretarial help have failed because I don't know how to organize the work properly.

However, in spite of the horrendous news out of Washington, I feel more optimistic than in decades. I look around America and see hundreds of thousands of good little things going on. 800 community gardens in NYC! And an umbrella organization, the Green Guerrillas, helping them survive the developers who want to take over the land, ^{that} now their garden has improved the neighborhood.

So let's not give up. "God only know what the future will be. But God gave us brains. He* meant us to use 'em." The last 3 short sentences are in a new song which will be in the revised edition of my songbook "Where have all the flowers gone" when it finally comes out next year. (Sing Out Pub. - Bethlehem PA) I hope.

So again, apologies to you all

Stay well - keep on

old Pete



*In the 2nd verse "She meant..."

P.S. But I could not find your address anywhere on the CD !!