



CONTENTS

About the Book

About the Author

Title Page

I: The Beach

II: Channelled Whelk

III: Moon Shell

IV: Double-Sunrise

V: Oyster Bed

VI: Argonauta

VII: A Few Shells

VIII: The Beach at My Back

Gift from the Sea Re-opened

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About the Book

A small book of great wisdom that has changed the life of millions.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The thoughts in this book are wound about the sea, a beach, and an island. These same elements have wound about Anne Morrow Lindbergh's life – flying over seas, walking along beaches, living on islands. Islands have punctuated her life: an island in Maine when she was a young girl, an island off the coast of Brittany in her early married years, and lastly, the island of Maui in Hawaii, where she and her husband planned to retire and where he died in 1974.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's life has also been one of sudden changes. From a carefully sheltered family life devoted to literature, education, and public service, she went to Smith College, majoring in English. She met her husband, Charles Lindbergh, in Mexico City, where he had flown at the invitation of her father, Dwight W. Morrow, then ambassador to Mexico. After their marriage in 1929, she involved herself in her husband's flying career, accompanying him on his survey flights for future airlines. Following the tragic kidnapping and murder of their first child, the Lindberghs moved to Europe for protection and privacy. When the war brought them back to the United States, they established a permanent home in Connecticut, where they lived quietly, raising their family and writing books, for over twenty years.

With the death of her husband, Anne Lindbergh's life has again changed abruptly. Her five children and twelve grandchildren, scattered over the world, give continuity to her family life. In addition to her role as grandmother, she is now deeply involved in preparing her husband's papers and writings for publication. And, needless to say, she continues her own writing.

Gift from the Sea

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

CHATTO & WINDUS
LONDON

I began these pages for myself, in order to think out my own particular pattern of living, my own individual balance of life, work and human relationships. And since I think best with a pencil in my hand, I started naturally to write. I had the feeling, when the thoughts first clarified on paper, that my experience was very different from other people's. (Are we all under this illusion?) My situation had, in certain ways, more freedom than that of most people, and in certain other ways, much less.

Besides, I thought, not all women are searching for a new pattern of living, or want a contemplative corner of their own. Many women are content with their lives as they are. They manage amazingly well, far better than I, it seemed to me, looking at their lives from the outside. With envy and admiration, I observed the porcelain perfection of their smoothly ticking days. Perhaps they had no problems, or had found the answers long ago. No, I decided, these discussions would have value and interest only for myself.

But as I went on writing and simultaneously talking with other women, young and old, with different lives and experiences - those who supported themselves, those who wished careers, those who were hard-working housewives and mothers, and those with more ease - I found that my point of view was not unique. In varying settings and under different forms, I discovered that many women, and men, too, were grappling with essentially the same questions as I, and were hungry to discuss and argue and hammer out possible answers. Even those whose lives had appeared to be ticking imperturbably under their smiling clock-faces were often trying, like me, to evolve another rhythm with more creative pauses in it, more adjustment to their individual needs, and new and more alive relationships to themselves as well as others.

And so gradually, these chapters, fed by conversations, arguments and revelations from men and women of all groups, became more than my individual story, until I

decided in the end to give them back to the people who had shared and stimulated many of these thoughts. Here, then, with my warm feelings of gratitude and companionship for those working along the same lines, I return my gift from the sea.