

The Diary of Anne Frank - Francis Goodrich

Anne

Look, Peter, the sky. What a lovely day. Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the daffodils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time. It's funny - I used to take it all for granted - and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? I wish you had a religion, Peter.

Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox - or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things - I mean just some religion - it doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something. When I think of all that's out there - the trees - and flowers - and seagulls - when I think of the dearness of you, Peter - and the goodness of the people we know - Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us everyday - when I think of these good things, I am not afraid any more - I find myself, and God, and I... We're not the only people that've had to suffer.