

Hampton, April 26, 1961

each
of you
God will
be with
us.
Alice

Margaret, my dear,

It was so good to have a letter from you, just about a month ago, before the Springtime had definitely come. Now, it is here in all its beauty and promise - a lovely time. And it brings strengthening of faith, it seems to me, a confidence that one day our spiritual life will be as wonderful as this renewal of physical life around us. I am glad some of your eye difficulties have been helped. How much we need our eyes! My one is doing very nicely - but it is ninety

end. "Dear Love" as Aunt Mary Lacy used to say, for each

years old, like the rest of me!
The other eye is still operable
but not much good, and I am
not eager to go thro the operation
again. I can read much better
even sew some, and do most
of what I used to do two or three
years ago. But I seem to
have lost most of my sense
of balance, and feel most in-
secure on my feet. But I
have almost no pain, and
seem to be in good health
generally. It troubles me to
think of poor Marguerite as
so handicapped and, of course,
saddened by her daughter's
troubles. She was such a gay
young person, and so pretty,
it is hard to picture her as a
semi invalid. All her troubles
have been hard for you -

and the separation from her.
It is good that Edward can
come to see you sometimes.
I do not know the name of
his little son, no longer little
I am sure. - So far apart do
the years take us. I am
also sure you do not know
the names of Mary Ruffin's grand
children! She has three, all girls -
Alice has two, Royth and Kar, one.
Mary Ruffin is working now with
Head Start among the little Negroes.
"Wrapped up in it" Edward & Jane
reports. They visited her last week.
Now they are in Florida with Ruffin
and Helen. Their trip was mainly
to visit their children in Charleston.
Jack is an Ensign now and for the
present stationed in S. Carolina.
He married last summer a
girl from Suffolk - a lovely one.

They will work their way back to Maine, stopping here again and visiting Martha in Staunton. They are much drawn to their new daughter - she seems to be the right person for Fick.

Virginia is a brave person - also, and better, a thoughtful and helpful one. She certainly helps me to live with my disabilities. We share, without words, our emptiness without Archer. She was a fine wife, they were close. And he and I had a very special closeness, born of that long fear filled year when it seemed he would not gain strength enough to live.

How much we can live thro!

Now, as you note, the urge to stay in the thick of activity grows less as energy flags.

The most we are good for
 is to be staying power for
 our children while they are
 wrestling with the world's ills.
 I think they do remember that
 we have wrestled also and
 find help in the thought.
 At least, we can be glad
 they have a sense of responsibility.
 I have an old letter from
 my father that I keep with
 my prayer book and bible. He
 answered one I wrote him
 when Bob was ordained.
 Father was left up in his
 thanks giving for his children
each one, including Campbell
 who was still a little fellow.
 He wrote with special approval
 of Conrad, who had left a

the fine record at The University for
manly Christianity and was ready
to enter The Seminary in The Fall 11.
I am glad Father never knew of
the great and pitiful change that
was undergone later.

Looking back, I could have been
more loving - it became hard
to love him. Sometimes I was able
to serve him; that was duty, not
the love he needed so much.

The length of eternity does
~~not~~ disturb me - it will take
infinite "time" to correct all
our mistakes, even when we
try to begin being truly loving.

My Alice's children are now
leaving the nest. Sallie Harrie
and gone to California for a
season, maybe back at Langley
Field in the Summer -
Cary working in the National Park

service, independent, occasionally at
at home. Walker Jr. finishing his first
year at U P, Blair ready to enter
that college in the Fall. She has
been busy herself with outside
activities, church, Head Start, and
a community social group. She
and Walker enjoy a companionship
which is close and satisfying.
I miss her nearness.

Mary Mason and Sue are well,
just old - Mary 89, and Sue 80!
They are thankful to have each
other, as you and Mamie are, in
these latest years of life.

And I am thankful to have Bob
to care for me in so many
ways - such a good son.
When you are together - he is a
very silent person - and when
he speaks, I find his voice hard
to hear! So when I can not hear
me, make signs! Knowing each

Other so well, we can communicate!
He has just altered the back of our
house to provide a first floor bath
and bedroom for me, and to modernize
our old kitchen. An expensive comfort
he has provided for me. I fell
all the way down our front stairs
in September - did myself no real
harm, but frightened the children
and myself too!

My love is for dear Marrie, I
think of you together, and hold
to you - a link with our child
hood, and loved ones gone, on to
what comes next ahead of us -
Campbell and Mary are working for
the state of New York - offices in that
city and in Albany ^{and apartments}. They work for
children - border line, handicapped
as well as normal. They travel about
the state "rather a hectic life, but we are
happy in our work" to quote Campbell.
He writes to me once in a while & to Bob,
our brother. He is loving and loyal.
Now, Dear, this epistle comes to an