

Hampton, Virginia -  
May 31, 1976

Margaret dear, This letter will be addressed to you for a special reason, Tho I owe Mamie a letter. But being the person she is, she won't mind.

Mary Ruffin came to see us recently. Her visits are a joy, we sit and talk about many things and let house-keeping look after itself.

I casually asked her what was the latest that she knew about Marguerite, and was told of your child's unbelievable loss and handicap. The family grapevine, which some how ties the separated branches together had not reached me.

Dear, had I known, I could have sent you my love and partial under

standing of the ordeal of being  
unable to go to your child in her need  
or to help her with the first hard  
realization of what changes the  
future would hold for her -  
May the worst of adjustment have  
passed for all of you. Marnie, also.  
Marnie has written of Marguerite  
in general terms - "doing well" "Keeps  
busy" - and once she said "gets about  
the house in her wheel chair" -  
I wondered about that, having heard  
that she was having some disability,  
never just what it was - She has  
also mentioned the long letters and  
recently phone talks, but I thought all  
that was your daughter's care for you  
as you have not been able to visit her  
for some time. That child is being  
hammered out into a finely tempered

instrument — we can only wonder what  
God intends to use her to create.

In your own particular mother, sorrow  
I know he has given you strength to  
help Marquerite. One blessing that  
comes with age is that "sorrow may  
endure far as night, but joy cometh in  
the morning," <sup>it</sup> is really true, spiritually,  
time moves on toward eternity and  
and is not measured as it was once  
in our lives. Without God — how  
can one live?

With Him, why should we ever be  
afraid? He "pardons and delivers us  
from all our sins, confirms and strengthens us  
in all goodness" and does not fail us.

I resort to early communion. This  
morning and I am remembering those  
wonderful words to my comfort.  
Another blessing age brings — we begin to  
understand what we have known, but  
have not really made our own in the  
teachings of the Church — there are still  
some "teachings" I have not made my own.

Here, Virginia in her home, and Bob and I in ours live as usual. We are all quite well, able to look out for ourselves, and take pleasure in the lovely Spring sunshine, and the lush green after frequent rains. None of us needs excitement to be content. Virginia has all her life been ready to help & left, so she has many friends, and some pleasant outings with them. She always has eyes and ears open for me.

Bob is enjoying being retired - not having to live by a schedule - Tho I smile to see how readily he has fallen into one mode to suit himself - I can almost tell the time of day by what he is doing. There was never a better son!

He has recently bought property on the Ware river, looking straight out across the Bay. It is wooded, unimproved, with a really nice beach, 147 feet of it. Edward & Jane and Alice and Walker have been taken to see it. They are favorably impressed and think he bought wisely. (For Cash). I am glad he has this interest. He has been looking around in that area for some time. Walker and Alice have bought property in both Madison and

Rappahannock counties. Lovely views of the mountains (which they love) and clear mountain streams enhance both the properties. Mary Ruffin has also recently bought a good building site on a lake far enough away from Atlanta to be restful and quiet, as well as beautiful. She surprised Roy with it as a gift on his birthday last week. - So all my children now own land on water!

No parents of fine young sons are easy in their minds about the lottery draft call. These days - Walker Jr. has a high number, and may not be called early, but Blair has no number yet - he will not be 19 until November. Bob Mason is within draft age, Roy III is now too old. My brother Bob has three grandsons who could be called. So we are all much concerned.

S. E. Asia is such a cauldron of danger - <sup>E</sup>growing more menacing. I marvel that there are any cases of disease like Virginia when

so many areas of the world are hating  
and killing! If the youngest of the  
Three Margarets has a son I hope he  
is far below draft age. And Edward's  
son surely is - The time gets away from  
me and I lose track of children.  
I know practically nothing of Frederick's  
- grand children. I wish I did know them.  
In my ignorance of names and numbers  
I just pray for all this young generation.  
I can better understand now how dear  
father Jones used to spend much of his  
time in later life praying for every one  
he could remember in his several  
congregations. He told me he did that, when  
I asked him what he did to occupy  
his mind when he had to sit alone  
so often. Mary Mason and Sue seem  
to be well except for Sue's troublesome  
arthritis in her feet. She endures  
and keeps going. Mary, I think, has no  
pain, just the increasing limitations  
of aging. She is not quite a year  
younger than I am, making her ninety.



Sue is nine years younger — so for  
two Goodwin girls aren't old at all.  
Bob & Emily find their small apartment  
in a Winchester Hotel (Geo. Washington) more  
suited to their needs than Goodwin  
House. Bob follows strictly his health  
routine and stays ~~in~~ usually, but  
Emily is an arthritis victim and often  
in pain. Campbell and Mary are  
still at work in the interest of children —  
employed by the state of New York.  
They are not far from retirement and  
will enjoy that, when it comes, at their  
farm outside of Cooperstown. Their three  
children, Jane in New York, Tom in  
California, Dan about to graduate  
from college (I forget which) are their  
joy and pride, and they are willing to  
let them live in their own way.  
Jane is a successful business woman; Tom is  
making his living in some phase of  
movie work, documentary films, I think  
and Dan will probably go into teaching, I am  
not sure which branch of science.

Of Conrad's children and grand  
children you probably know more  
than I do, tho. They all write to me at  
Christmas. <sup>(The children)</sup> I hope Conrad finds his  
present work something he can put his  
heart into. We know him and Henri  
better than the other three. Rachel was  
drawn to them, and Virginia tries to keep  
up with them.

Now, I think I have told you the main  
facts about my children and my brothers.  
My love is always for Mamie, but this  
letter is special for you, also my love  
and new prayers for the three Margarets.

Alice