

Saturday night

My Dear Pauline

We have just returned from the funeral services & burial of my Angel Mama, have had supper and the boys are all away seeing after finishing the vault. Miss Liza, Debbie, & I are alone & they are asleep, so you may have some idea of the intense loneliness that I feel as I sit here in her room near her bed and write you, but my heart goes out to you and the dear ones there in your deep anxiety for your Mama, and I earnestly pray God that it may please Him to spare her to you all for years yet but my dear remembered we belong to