

MARCH 23, 1977

Dear Laura

How I wish I could come
running to you - if I could
hold your hand our sorrow
could be blessed in sharing.

When Marilyn phoned me
yesterday and told me about
Agnes' death I did not have
my wits about me. Somehow
I have known Agnes was suffering
and it has been a joy to thank
God that he surrounds her
with love and assurance.
Now she seems so close,
and I know the saints
are gladdened by
her company, her sparkle,

and understanding laugh.
I think that at the time she
died a wonderful thing
was happening to me — an aged
stranger, deaf + blind — Jane
Patterson (later I learned she had
been an inspired + talented social
worker helping juvenile delinquents)
in Obabel nursing home let me
encourage her to receive Holy
Communion, and held my hand.

Laura, dear, I hope that joy
will soon heal your sadness.

I love you,

Mom

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