



CLEWISTON INN

COMFORT AND HOSPITALITY IN THE EVERGLADES

Clewiston
FLORIDA

past midnight, Saturday -

My Dearest -

There is a frost ^{expected} in the glades to-night - all the little sandridge fires are lit and the farmers must stand by and wait to see what the morning brings. Monday and I have just been for a walk - the late-rising moon was like a golden ball over the eastern sky. Monday did his casual visiting of trees while I drank the beauty of our lady moon & now to bed. This is being written on the Reader's Digest which is none too steady. Mother had a bad spell to-night and I have been administering hot water bottles and towels - then reading until she fell to sleep - there is no sleep in me yet I would find words difficult, it is a time for a shoulder. I have tried to provide a shoulder for her - and hope I did - yet oneself one cannot save. -

To-morrow she will be herself again but I realize more and more that she needs caring for. In many ways she is in excellent health - but it pulls my heart strings to see the changes - yet the old spirit is stubborn and gallant - you can't beat it! I don't know the answer - not to-night anyway - but sufficient unto the day - faith - faith - give me faith.

I read aloud to her the Pong articles in the
Past Life written by Luce which I want you
to read in toto - it seemed to say everything
that America should know - if America will
stop looking at the pictures long enough to
read it through. Parts of it I think are historic
in import and must carry weight. I was completely
in its spell - and felt again the terrific urge
to do something - to wake people out of this
lethargy - I wanted to go down into the lobby and
start with these complacent ones - what to do -
what to do -

Monday looks at me as much as to say
"Whatever it is - I am with you" - and I feel
your hand in mine - even though at this very
moment you are probably being social at the
A.I. M.H. or otherwise - still your hand is there
and you do not fail me.

I may stay over another day here. depending
on how mother feels in the morning. We are more
comfortable here than travelling unless she is
better. I pray for wisdom and grace -
and ask to be forgiven for the times I fail - patience
yes - Tolerance is what I need - Goodnight
my dearest one. Keep well - I need your strength and
guiding hand through the years - together we will
care for each other - Bless you John dearest Goodnight
beloved - 2