

December 14, 1944.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eberhardt,  
905 $\frac{1}{2}$  Massachusetts St.,  
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear George and Mrs. Eberhardt:

I have been wanting to write you for a long time. Having lost our oldest son, Forrest, Jr., in October, 1925, I assure you that I can extend my understanding sympathies to you.

I have wanted to come in, George, and have a talk with you, but somehow I did not have the command and the words to express my feeling for you and your good wife. People will tell you that time will ease your anxiety and suffering. Well, that is right, George, but you can't realize it now. Time is a great healer and it is wonderful that we can have even that to assuage our feelings.

Raymond will never grow old to you. He will always be young and wonderful. This may not appeal to you at the present time, but you will find it true. All of his vivacity and youth you will always have with you.

Words are so inadequate at a time like this, but I did want you to know that I have many times thought of you, and my prayers are that your philosophy and your faith will endure even though at times you find them shaken.

With full understanding and the deepest friendship, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH