

WALTER W. GREGG

1901 PARKDALE PLACE

MONTROSE, CALIFORNIA

Nov. 29, 48.

Collie dear:

I got your sad news, and I appreciate what you have lost. For if I lost Walter, it would be the end of the world for me, for he is the grandest and best man I have ever known. And I know how good God was to give him to me.

So, I know that nobody can realize what the loss of Gertrude means to you after all these years, any more than I do.

Did you ever read that little poem, "Which One"?- the poignant ~~xx~~ cry of someone who said those two words at the end of the little verse telling of how much they two meant to each other, and fearing and dreading the day when one of them would be gone.

I often think of that and I wonder, too, as this one did.

I hope that I die first, but no one but God knows about that.

You have the advantage of me in that you have three children, and they are all near you, while I have but one, and she is over thousands of miles of ocean. And it means a lot to me, for two reasons; one that she is so far away, and the other that we have always been so close in every way. She calls me every Sunday from Honolulu at 5:30, ~~xxx~~ and she will be home for the holidays. She planes in from there on Dec. 12-13. But only for three weeks, and then she is gone again, and may be I will never see her after that.

If Gertrude was suffering so much, it would seem far better for her to pass on, for I know that you, too, suffered with her.

I never had the pleasure of knowing her, for I saw her only at your house, the time we stayed there over night. But from what you have said, I know she ~~must~~ have been a grand person, and has left many golden memories behind her; both for you and for the others she befriended and helped. They will not forget her; they cannot.

And so, I can only say, my dear cousin, God bless you and God bless dear Gertrude in her ongoing, for she is NOT DEAD and never will be, for God is her father, God, the infinite Spirit, and the soul that He brings forth never dies.

Dont misunderstand me. I dont believe that we go somewhere and "Sit" with a robe and a crown, ~~xxxxxxx~~ twanging a harp. That would get too tiresome, nor would it be a reward for a good life, such as she lived. She will live again, Collie, be sure of it!

I could go on at length, but your heart is sore, and you are lonely for your pal, so I am not going into talk of other things now.

I remember when we were little playmates in Kansas, on the lonely praisies. I can see them yet.

So, good night, dear Collie. Gos bless you and keep you.

Lovingly,

P. S. Walter asked me to send you his love and sympathy.

Your cousin,

*Walla.*