

February 28, 1949

Mrs. Priscilla Koelb
3718 Brandywine Street, W. W.
Washington 16, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Koelb:

It seemed good to have your letter of recent date, and while the copy was a little faint, I read every word of it.

You are a brave little soul, and you have a real place in the hearts of the people of Lawrence. I still marvel at the bravery with which you met the future, and I can account for it in part by the fact that you and Howard must have talked things over.

I, too, could have talked things over with Gertrude but did not do so because I tried to sustain her and myself with the idea of her possible recovery, and any conversation that considered her passing would, under the circumstances, have been unwise.

Finally, when the time came when she gave up hope, it was too late because she was kept under the influence of drugs to avoid the pain which inevitably accompanies trouble of that sort.

I have often said that we can be philosophical in regards to death when it is not in our own family, but when death hits someone near and dear to us, our philosophy blows up.

I should like to see your little girls. I am sure that Mary Elizabeth is a young lady, and that the younger girl will soon catch up with her.

I am very happy that your mother is still with you because we hold her, too, in very high regard.

Everything seems to be moving along on an even keel at the church. The poison distilled by Snodgrass in the short time he was here has, doubtless, largely passed away, but I am no longer taking an active part in the life of the church, excepting to support it financially. I like Doctor and Mrs. Fetter and believe they are doing a good work.

Sincerely yours,

W. C. Simons