

Lawrence, Kansas, Dec. 29th. 1926

Dear Julia

Your letter just came and I am going to try to answer at once, Since starting this I have been called awy for three quarters of an hour.

You read into my letter much more than I intended putting in, or had any idea of saying or thinking. I do not in anyway accuse you of a lack of affection or care for Vera, but I have felt that you were letting your own grief, making it harder for Vera.

You say that philosophy has no place now and you are right, but comparisons perhaps will let us view things from another standpoint. Compare your loss of little Sally, as dearly as you loved her, with the death of Papa. Mama loved him as tenderly as you loved Sally, he was her idol, her husband, the father of her large family of children. The one who had provided for her, and here she was left with five little ones. Think of her, inexperienced, with no idea of business, facing the world and keeping her family together. She was not conscious of doing anything heroic, but she kept her family together and made it possible for ~~them~~ each member to make and hold a place in the circles in which they have lived and moved. Supposing Mama had given up to her grief and had decided there was nothing worth living for, where would we have been?

I am not ~~blaming~~ blaming you, not scolding you, but I am trying to jostle you sufficiently, that you will see that you have a great deal to live for and that Vera and Mary Jule, who are alive, need you. They need you braced up to give them strength. Charlie has been a regular father to Vera and her children, I know of no one more unselfish in his dealings with a family, he needs you. He needs your normal self, not bathed with tears, but with smiles and cheer looking forward to the future. You did all for Sally that you could. You can charge yourself with no neglect. Vera also did all that she