

May 16, 1951

Mrs. Don Freeman
Route 6
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grayce,

I don't know whether I owe you a letter or whether you should write me. Today is the 16th of May, which would have been a birthday for Gertrude. Due to flowers that had been planted and others, her resting place in the cemetery is nearly always covered with flowers. On my desk is the little paper weight that I think Blanche Keineke gave me some months or perhaps a year before we were married. It is a darling picture of Gertrude and while the picture is a poor substitute, it means a great deal when the original is no longer here.

I am expecting a visit from Blanche soon but she has been a little uncertain on account of Pat not being quite so well. He has certainly had a very long and severe struggle but has managed to keep up his courage although he has turned business affairs very largely over to others. I haven't seen his little grandson for several months, but letters advise me that they are coming along fine.

Janet and Mac simply dropped in on me for a minute a few days ago, hardly taking time to sit down. I haven't seen Dorothea and family for some months but presume they will want to spend some time at the Lake as the little boys love the water.

While our flowers at home, like Topsy, have just "grewed", yet it seems they have never been more beautiful. We have whole hedges of spirea so full of blossoms as almost to resemble drifts of snow. Owing to Gertrude's love of flowers, we have something in blossom all of the time. To you spring has hardly come and it may seem strange that our trees are largely in full leaf.