

Sept. 26, 1957

Dear Clarence & Ruth,

I had hoped to get a few lines off to you right after the funeral, but each day goes and I don't get everything done. I am four months pregnant so maybe that makes me a little slower than usual - at least I can use that for an excuse.

As you have heard Karen died on Monday, Sept 16. - Lovina said that it was a little over 3 years since they first noticed that she wasn't well. Since then it has been a series of doctors and hospitals at different times, and they just couldn't find any help. This time she was sick for about 3 weeks. At first they thought it started with the flu, and one thing led to another until finally they took her to the hospital on Sept 8. - She had a rough week, part of the time she knew them and then again she wouldn't. Lovina was with her most of the time. Some strange element in her system ate up the Calcium in her bones. Her legs were so thin and cracked, so no doubt it is a blessing she could go, but I feel terribly sorry for them especially since it is the second one.

Ella, Bob, & I went to the funeral. It was a nice Church. She looked very nice, better than she has for a long time. They had a pink Casket, and probably 6 or 8 floral sprays. A man sang "The Holy City" and the "Lord's Prayer". And the pastor based his meditation on

the book of Samuel when King David's Child died - how the king reacted both during her sickness and after her death. It was a very fine meditation. The nicest I have ever heard at a funeral. Quite a few people were there the Church must have been at least 2/3 full. Blanche Lomery, Gordon's wife & Beverly & her husband were there. Mrs Susan West. Mrs Newport, and Hugs West., Mr Hedgland from Ransom, their insurance man, Lovina's Mother & Dad, 2 aunts & an uncle from Streator, and then the Westmans, John & Sigrid, and the two daughters Florence & Linnea. Other than that I guess it ^{was} all neighbors & friends.

She was buried at Lake Geneva beside Richard, and we went to the same friends home for Coffee again as we had when Richard died.

The same day as Karen's funeral - Mrs Baker, Mrs Warren Johnson's mother, was buried. She didn't live long after Frank died. I believe I heard she was 86.

Mrs. Jesse Baker sent me a newspaper clipping that Mrs. Cleudson had died. Wished I had known it sooner, as I would have made a real effort to get down to see them. I have written to Grandma, but haven't heard yet. Her mother died in Georgia with Ethel - where she has been for some time now.

(Well, so much for funerals, etc.)

How is everyone at your house? I had a letter from Virginia yesterday, and she said you had been down.

We are all pretty well. Busy most of the time it seems. David & Ann are both in school and seem real happy. They have a mile to walk, so David only has 10 minutes at home for lunch. I have everything on his plate and he gobbles. It's a good thing he is a good eater. I don't know how he is going to manage when the weather gets bad and he has to wear boots, etc.

Bob drives an I. H. Station Wagon now instead of a truck. Perhaps you have seen them. They aren't low & streamlined like the Fords, & Chevys. It is rather high, and we call it the bus, but the kids love it. Bob takes David, Ann, & Paul and goes to Sunday School in the S. W. And then Mary & I come in the car for church. But when church is over even Mary deserts Mommy. She too has a ride in the S. W. He usually ends up with our four, and our friends three children, so anyone who sees him probably thinks he really has a big family.

Elen is doing fine. She worked during May & June, and then was home during the summer, but now has started back again. She works at the Court House where she did

before she was married. Yesterday would
have been their 9th Wedding Anniversary.
She manages very well and is sure a
good Mother to those kids. I still miss
Carl a lot, and think of him often.

Well I guess I had better say good night.
I usually get to bed pretty early, and I
am sure it must be past my bed time.
Bob is working in the basement. mending
toys, no matter how badly they may
be broken the kids always figure Daddy
can fix it.

Write when you have time.

Love,

Lorraine