

976/10/22

Nov: 2^d 83

Dearest Friend

I could not send my letter
to you the day I wrote
it for it poured all day.
The next brought me
yours & when I had read
it, I could only exclaim
"Thank God for love!" & now
let me thank you for
it, your letters are like
the Balm of Gilead. You
know what I feel for
you & there is no need
to write about it.
I shant have time
for much to say for
Mrs H's chicks will
be here soon to go to
market. Ran hime

took tea with me on
Sunday is going this
morn, to the Barnack
for me. I am all
right & shall give
~~the~~^{you} these mefuges soon.

Oh how I enjoyed
Tristram's ^{speaking} in ^{the}
the Holy Land 19 years
ago. To enjoy yourself
& leave every care
behind you. I can't
tell you how often
I think & pray for
you three dear ones.

Ever more as above
Your sister in Xt
M M Carpenter