

9 Centarrio Ave.

Sunday

My dear Mrs. Harrington,

As I sit down to
write you alive - to let you
know (altho' you need not be told)
how all your old friends have
been thinking of you & re-
membering you & yours in their
prayers - I feel like the man
who got into a pulpit with the

L. Lewis
Ans.

intention of preaching to his
minister who sat in the pews.
You are so much more of a
woman than I am of a man
~~that~~ - you are so much nearer
God than I am - that I will
not attempt to do more than
press your hand in token of
that human sympathy which
rises up in the hearts of all those
who have known you & realized
what "a mother in Israel" you are.
Most sincerely Yours,
Lawrence Lewis

No reply.