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Dear Father,

The news of Grandpa's death came to me Saturday, when Mother was telling of their journey towards home. It was the first news I had had, and it gave me such sadness - for you and for us all, particularly when I realized you were unable to reach Grandpa in time. I am so very sorry, Father dear. We did all we could, didn't we? - the weather and the fates in general were against us, but I can't help feeling remorseful to have urged you to visit me. What should have been a pleasant memory and vacation, has become, I am afraid, a somewhat bitter reason for self-reproach. It just couldn't have been helped, I guess, once you started away from home.

Perhaps you are feeling sad and a little alone, but you still have us, Father, and we love you as much as you have always loved your parents. May we be as good sons and daughters to you.

We have so fine a heritage from
Grandpa Bates - one that will mean more
to us in later years - and Grandpa lived
such a long, full life, that I feel like
blessing him and all he has been to us.
Somehow these last few pitiful years are
wiped out, and Grandpa, as I remember him,
strong and self-reliant and wise, comes
back again. There should be no sorrow at
the end of so fine a life - but there is, I know.
All of us love you. Father dear, and
feel sad, or happy, when you do, and
knowing you, loving you, can in some small
degree, share your sadness too. We - and I,
always want to help you, if we can.

Emily.

New York
Oct 1, 1939.