
1854

Thursday Night, March 16

My Dear, Lovely Child,

I have passed the last two weeks of my eventful life in extreme care for you and deep sorrow and tearful woe for the loss of my dear sweet promising son. I think of him in every possible situation that the warmth of a parent's affection could suggest - night and day. But when I can rationally look around and forward and know that he is at rest, not one pang can he feel, and his immortal soul, bright and pure in the presence of that God that we all must obey and adore. And why should we not say Lord I give myself to thee? Tis all that I can do and oh not to feel, satisfied that he has done, just, wise, and all together better than we could ask. What if we could have kept that lovely engaging cherub here? What might have been his ultimate end? Perhaps a violent one. Oh it is so hard to feel, as if I must be satisfied not to embrace him again. I have often taken him where no one could see me and kissed and loved him but that all seeing eye saw and knew that it was best to take him and have his parents to see that. There was nothing true but heaven.

I have felt so impatient to be with you that I could not attend to the affairs that would let me go. I had thought I could not stay longer than the 26th of this month but since I received my dear Virginia's long kind satisfactory letter I will now stay a week longer. But I feel as if there is so many things could take place that I am all the time in a state of extreme anxiety. I do beg of you to take care of yourself, be as quiet as you can, take some simple medicine that your bowels may be kept in proper state and to have someone with you that you have confidence in. I feel all confident in Mr. Gex. I know you will have every attention and truly grateful and I to everyone of the family for their kind care of you. I hope to stay with you two weeks. I do not know who will come with me, Laura has spoken of going down but Mary will not be at home. She is to be a bridesmaid to a Miss Hite in Bardstown about that time. I do not think your father will leave home. Indeed his suit will come on about that time, Mr. Cull, you may recollect. Poor old man he does not enjoy what he now has and he has nothing to take to a better world with him.

I hope my dear John is able to see as he should, and not feel as if God was unkind to him. Oh do not feel rebellious. God asks the heart he gave you both, that dear little idol, only for a season and he can take and take until you are able to say the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away and blessed be his name. Do my dear child write, both of you. It comforts me to hear from my dear affectionate children. I thank my dear V for the letter and I will write to her soon. I am now in debt so many letters and I do not feel as if I could write but I must write to my dear Father in a day or two. We spoke of going to see you when I was up but I do not think he will go.

Rebecca was over yesterday she was well. She does not come over often it is a busy time and too wet to walk. We have had so much rain. I have not gardened any, I bought my seed and thought I

would take an interest in things but I can't feel as I used when you all were with me. You do not know what a great loss it is to have ones dear daughter gone, never to live with us again. It is hard to bear although there is so little said, mothers feel and have so little in their power. Roger is well and is all the time out and busy, poor fellow, he's confined so much. -----

Now my dear child do right and ask Virginia to write too. I got her first letter the day we got Mr. Gex's but I could not recollect that I did not say so, I sent it right up to Mount Sterling to my friends. She wrote me so particularly and satisfactory in her last -----

How is my dear little Brooking? Do be careful with him, do not let him get cold or sick. I have such fears of fever and I am all the time so anxious. You must write me what you feel like I must bring you should I be permitted to live and reach you again. I feel sometimes as if I had lived such an unprofitable and unthankful and useless a life that I must expect the Lord to cease his great mercy's with me and shut out his countenance from me. Lord make me what I should be in this trying fleeting unsatisfying world I pray.

My love to everyone of the
family and all friends and to
your dear self ever shall you
be my dear child, your parent's
hope and joy.

Adieu
Kiss Mr. Gex for me
your affectionate
Mother

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