
Sunday, May 5, 1872

My Dear Son

Your dear welcome letter to me from Saint Joe came promptly to hand and the one to your Pa also and I expect by this time you would like to hear how we are all getting along without you. Oh my dear boy you don't know how I miss you and how sad I feel without you, every time I sit down to my meals and look and see your chair vacant I have to leave the table and have a cry. I wish I could feel more cheerful and I will try, they all tell me I am foolish about you and you are my favorite and I so often think what Dear Little Louly used to say to me - she and you were my children and sister Mariam and Bud Louis was Pa's - and now I think I have none. But I must not be childish for I don't want to make you sad because I am. Maybe I may feel more reconciled after a while if you will write to me often, and I feel so much better than I would because Anderson is close to you. He is a good boy and he will be such a good companion for you. I hope you and he will be together as much as you can.

All I must tell you all I can think about that has happened since you left. Poor John James Montgomery died last Sunday night and was buried in Ghent on Tuesday. I did not go to the funeral your Pa and your uncle Abb went. Your Aunt Virginia and Mrs. Hendon Lindsay spent the day with me that day and on last Wednesday your Pa had his house raised. We had about 40 men to dinner and supper all the neighbors and several from Ghent. Cousin Will, Lindsey, Cousin Dud, Mrs. Will Tandy, Mr. Will Howard, Mr. Means and Horace, Mr. Luke Owen and they got it all up but I think it is too close to the road to look well. It will be a nice comfortable house when it is finished.

Last Sunday evening Lou and Horace went to Warsaw and came back that night and left their buggy sticking fast in a mud hole up not far from Krutzes. They walked home about 1 o'clock in the night. They went back in the morning and pulled the buggy out. Last night Nannie Keene and cousin Dot came up also George Howard, Horace and Maggie Means and Dot and cousin Sarah we had a nice supper. Mariam made some cake and ice cream they all stayed all night. They expected to go to Warsaw this morning but concluded the mud holes were too bad so they all went to Ghent.

There is no one at home today but your Pa and me. Mr. Wilson and Bud Louis went to Sunday school. I went down to the Good Templers with Miriam last Monday night Manulas Johnson and Mrs. John Howard joined. My son I believe I have written you all I know I think would interest you. You and Anderson must write often and if you get sick tell Anderson he must take good care of you. I think about you so much I can't sleep at night. You must be a good boy and don't go astray remember your prayers and duties in all things. I expect to get a letter from you in a day or two as you said you would write again soon. Goodbye my darling son may the Lord protect you is the prayer of your loving mother you must excuse my badly written letter I will try and write better the next time I write.

All are well at your uncle Abbs. I was there this morning. I received a letter from your Aunt Beck [*Rebecca*] this morning, if you have time you must write to them.

Monday morning:

My son I dreamed about you last night I hope you are well. All the darkies say tell you something from them and Bud Louis says tell brother Brook he killed three squirrels Saturday evening. Write soon to your mother. Bud Louis says tell you that, Albert Hawkins and Willie Parker had a fight yesterday evening - he don't know the particulars. He says Albert was drunk and cursed and talked very ugly. I feel sorry for his mother if he knew how mortifying it was to be a parent he could not act so. You must be as good as you can and keep out of all bad company and read your Bible and don't forget none of your duties. Give my love to Anderson tell him Mariam will write to him soon

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