

By air mail
Par avion



Charles F Foley,
Principal,
Concord High School,
New Hampshire 03301
North of New York
U.S.A.

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

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To open slit here

To
The Principal
Charles F. Farley
Concord High School
New Hampshire.

FEB 4 1987 78.4 Huntington Rd
East Fitchburg,
Lowell N2 4, NH
28.11.87 ✓

Dear Respected Sir,

It's exactly a year since I wrote to you extending my deepest sympathy over the loss of a heroine Christa McKeefe. I received your letter of acknowledgement but did not reply. But I never forgot to pray for the dear ones and Christa and to all their loved ones who were steeped in sorrow. How quickly a year has sped. Time smooths the little wrinkles they say. I wonder how much could be forgotten. Christa's parents, sister, children and their father must be comforted by God alone. The teachers, students and the administrators of the school can never forget each other's parting. This little is only to say that Christa will ever bloom in my memories garden as I am one who saw her majesty walk with such a sunny disposition and cheery smile walking towards the tragic

Once again my sympathy to all the dear ones of Christa who was gone to Christ in a fiery chariot.

Dear Sir, I know ^{Personal} that as a Principal, you are a very busy person. Yet, we are human pilgrims subject to nature's law and we all must leave this world one day. There is one thing that puzzles & vexes no fee

God bless friends. God bless friends.

for sunlight, rain water in rivers, the clean air we
breathe, the beautiful earth we see and the sky
above. We go to sleep and while asleep, we have
life, the heart, stomach and the lungs are working.
But when someone tries to speak, we cannot hear,
touch, we do not feel, put a flower against our
nose, we cannot smell the flower, open our eyes -
we cannot see, pushes something in our mouth
we cannot taste. All senses are sleeping. But
I dream of going on a picnic, hear music, eat, drink,
smell sweet flowers, see beautiful scenery, touch things
in death our senses do not are I believe it. Do you?

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