

Mount Vernon Iowa
April 23rd

Oscar and Carrie Lambert.

My Dear Friends.

Having just been informed that Harold your bright beautiful boy - had gone to heaven to live with Jesus and the angels - I sit down with tearful eyes and sorrowing heart to write you.

Although I may not be able to say anything to comfort you in this sad hour of grief - yet I feel so strongly impressed that I can truly sympathize with you in your bereavement that I want to tell you so.

There is only One to whom we can look for balm to heal our bleeding hearts

But it is a sweet consolation when bereavement is our portion to know we are not forgotten by our friends. It would be putting it mildly to say my heart is full of tender sympathy for you and I long to come and tell you so.

I can fully realize what must be your pain and loss. Oh yes dear friends I feel it all from a heart overflowing with love and pity.

I imagine how you watched beside the bed of death - with - bated breath - with aching hearts and pale sad brows - longing as only parents can - to do something to alleviate the pain but all in vain - you were powerless.

I imagined the parting moment when the pure innocent spirit took its flight to the heavenly mansions and you were left alone in your sorrow - weeping beside the pulseless clay of your cherished boy - and oh you loved him so - and are so lonely without him. I know you weep because his chair is vacant - his pillow is unpressed by a shining head. The patter of his feet is hushed - the cheery voice is silenced and the little boy you used to kiss is dead.

I cannot chide you for it is so bitter to feel and know that he has gone from your loving care forevermore. I will not tell you God is good - "That God knew best" and "Doeth all things well" for this you know as well as I. But this I say:

That when grief lends her softened charms
And sorrows tears in peace are dried
That you will find a comfort sweet
In home's sweet pleasures at your side
That you will say, in future years,
When trials come to all the rest,
"Our boy is safe in heaven, we know,
And he is happy - God knew best."

Little did I think when we sat at the table over two years ago and I so admired that bright manly boy that I knew was your pride and hope that it would be the last time I would ever see him in your home. Some blessing may be in this sorrow - we will not question God's infinite wisdom.

I will never forget your devotion and kindness to us when sickness, death and sorrow were ours.

Oscar - I remember how thee came at all hours - day or night and watched with patience and carefulness the dying beds of my eldest and youngest daughters and my little grandson, And Carrie. I know whose hands robed that dear baby's lifeless form for the little white casket and who watched with us while he was dying. These tender recollections make my heart very tender toward you

I want to say to Earnest that I feel the truest pity for him, for I know it must be an undescrivable grief to lose his only brother.

But, dear boy, thee will meet him in heaven if thee is faithful to thy God. I feel sure thee will try to be a comfort to thy Papa and Mamma for thee is all they have left. I am sure nothing will give them greater pleasure than for thee to "be a good boy," and I feel confident thee will be a noble christian man and be an example to others.

I know from experience that grandparents feel a love for their grandchildren akin to the love for their very own so I know

your father and mother will feel this loss deeply and I greatly sympathize with them. Remember me with the most

loving regards to them. Now in conclusion let me say I believe that God will make this sorrow lighter than you think that he will bless and sanctify it to your everlasting good. It will only draw your hearts closer to him and to each other.

I will still continue to pray for you. Every night for years I have said "Dear Father keep Oscar and Carrie and dear little Ernest and Harold and bless them". Last night I said it, and then I said; "yes dear Father I know thou wilt keep Harold safe forevermore". "He is with thee in heaven"

Ernest is no longer little, but he was, when I first prayed for him and now I seem to cling to the same way of expressing my thoughts. Carrie I often think of my visit at your house. I enjoyed it so much. Yes and I remember when I lived on 2nd street I came up to your house on Montgomery and we had such a "good long talk". It was one never to be forgotten. Now if at any time

you both - or either one - feel like writing me I will greatly appreciate it. Oscar although thy letter was mostly business - I felt it ought to be answered, for I enjoyed it so much. Little did I think I would reply to it in this manner.

I am as always your sincere and loving friend
Mary Hewitt Fawcett