

Chesterhill, O. July 7th 1934.

My Dear Cousin:

I am going to try to write you to acknowledge, receiving your Kind letters which came to me some time ago but I know you would in the Kindness of your heart, forgive the neglect, if you could know the anguish^{ful} desolation of heart through which I am passing, two months ago yesterday Lida went away and left me lonely indeed, all Winter long she had been going down, slipping away from me. so gentle, submissive, patient and kind. I can scarcely bear it, the Dr. told us her only chance was to go to the Hospital with great reluctance I gave my consent then at the end of six days the Dr. said "Death was inevitable, and if he were in my place he would take her home and put her on her own bed, & called the Ambulance and just as they lifted her from the cot she passed quietly away gone home to meet her Savior, the beautiful smile on her face I can never forget

I do not need to tell you of her many good qualities, you knew her, she was human, she had faults, but her kindness out weighted her faults. she had many friends, who came to look on her for the last time, and to shed tears at the thought of seeing her no more. she and I lived together for more than 16 yrs, she was ever ready to do her part always solicitous about the comfort of others, never sparing or denying herself, when she could be of use to those around her, I have been blessed with two good women, Maud and I lived together for more than 33 years, I often wonder why I have been so blessed lived here almost all my life, but now am left desolate indeed, I ask myself the question, "What have I to live for?" the answer comes back to me nothing, The home shows already she has gone, the flowers does not get the attention they should, no one to enjoy them with me., I feel that I am indeed going down the valley alone

The many friends I once had lie in the church-yard, how we revere their memories, my Father & Mother, Uncles & Aunts, among them all, I remember your own parents, what good times we had together, not always agreeing in our views, but each acknowledging the right of judging for one self, and what a pleasure to think of those times when we as relatives congregated together, then what a happy thought; that we may meet again, free from all cares with a certain knowledge we will never part again, with the mysteries of death solved, "Oh then we will understand" why we were called upon to part with those we loved while here, this knowledge will fully repay for the sorrow we have here.

Han has moved in with me, she is in poor health, but getting better, We have a woman staying with us, she was with us a year prior to Liddy's death, she is good and kind to all

I would love to see you and Carrie,
 the nice visits we used to have when
 you lived in Plantville, I liked to talk
 with Carrie on a religious subject, she
 was so earnest and so persuasive in
 her tone, I will never forget those times,
 it makes me glad to remember
 them, I liked to listen to you when
 making a public speech, I was
 proud of you & wished many times
 that I could do as well, happy
 days, how my memory goes back and
 visit with all the old friends and
 neighbors, I am past 81 years of age now
 older than Father was when he died, if
 I were only as good man as he, and
 had as many friends, I certainly would
 rejoice, Irving is at Keokuk
 Iowa, and Mervin since his second
 marriage has moved to Turner, Oregon,
 Love to you both & your children
 also

C. E. Endicott.