

Muncie Ind Mch 12 - 1916

Your letter rec'd dear Uncle
and I'm mighty glad to say
That I feel I'm not forgotten
By you E'en to this day.

When I wrote that little poem
That I sent to you last fall
(as I often write a letter
or some verses, when they all

Have gone to bed & I left me
Sitting so quiet and musing
Thinking & looking backward
Of my old Ohio home)

Well Uncle I wrote that poem
In a hurry, I started to say
and when no answer came ^{thought}
your feelings I'd hurt, by the way
— — —

Believe me uncle, your letter
Brought scenes of other years
as I thought of the many ^{long ones}
Gone home & waiting there

To greet us, where life immortal
Shall ours forever be
There, upward & onward ever
Close by the crystal sea,
There friends shall be united,
Our sorrows there shall cease,
We'll take up the glorious song
Never ending, eternal peace

How much come & see us
I believe you'd enjoy it, I would
To talk together of old times
We could talk all night, I could,

How can't you come dear uncle
The fishing in June is fine
Just come & bring Aunt Lydia
And bring your hook & line.

Leave Columbus A.M. at seven
Come over the Pan Handle route
And get off at Union City
And the first interurban take up

To Muncie, now don't forget it,
We'll look for you, yes we will
We'll talk together of old times,
And not go to bed until

We have burnt some oil, dear ^{uncle}
And the scenes of other years
Are refreshed & brought before us
Even now that joy appears

You and my father, ^{uncle}
Are all that are left today
Of those ^{and} many ^{uncles}
When I was a boy so gay.

The journey of life is nearing
To some, we know not the day
When the Master shall surely call us
May we ever be ready I say.