

Concord, Ga.,  
Nov. 28, 1940.

Dear Mrs. Williamson,

I did not ask you to write to me because I knew you would n't (though I hoped you would), and you did not ask me to write to you because you knew I would (and hoped I would n't.) Is that a correct guess? Well, I certainly had no idea at that time that I ever would, but today I feel deeply the need of talking to you. How I wish you were here!

This day probably has no significance to you, but to me it has, for two years ago it was Thanksgiving, and you came over from Meansville in a cold, driving rain to have dinner with us. Do you remember? We were all here then, and mamma was with us. We talked, looked at your pictures, had beautiful music, and then before you left, Dr. Williamson read the 25th Psalm, we had prayer, and sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." That night I said it had been the happiest Thanksgiving I had ever known. I have thought of it so much this past month, and of those first months when I knew you, and the last two ~~when~~ you were so wonderfully kind. I let you go without ever telling you some things I felt you should know, it was so hard to talk of them, I tried and could n't, I doubt being able to express what I mean in writing, either.

Did you know that when you first came, none of us were particularly drawn to you? Yet, in a very short time, all of us realized that every one of you had walked right into our hearts. I wondered, and did not know why, but the following spring, I began to understand. I can't talk of those months even now, but I do not see how I could have gone through ~~with~~ them without you. I had no right to call on you as I did, but you gave yourselves just as generously, as sweetly, as if I had had that right. Is it any wonder I loved you, and thanked God for sending you to me when I needed you? Yes, I believe that. And I still thank Him.

I have missed you. No one can take your place. I

did not know that two people by moving away, could leave a town so empty, but so it is. And did you not know that we would want to hear from you, to know about the new home, the new friends, the new work? I am not forgetting that you have necessarily been very busy, getting the home settled, meeting the friends, and getting the work organized. I know your time is more than full, and I hope you are both well and happy.

And I am thinking of your happiness at Christmas, when Norman will be home. I shall miss seeing him. I am curious to know how much he has changed, and if he has grown much. What a wonderful Christmas ~~it~~<sup>you</sup> will have, all together. Sammy will not be able to come home, on account of his work, and I can't see how Carol and I are to stand it here alone, without him. He came for Thanksgiving, and we went down to be with Carol, but hardly saw her, she was so busy. Did not even get to sit with her at dinner. She has been home only that one time, and will not come again until the 18th, when the holidays begin. She will have two weeks. I hope you have Norman that long, also.

Early in the fall, you brought Norman's picture for me to see, taking it for granted I would be interested, which I most certainly was. Now, I am taking it for granted you will be interested in seeing Carol's, so I am enclosing the proofs. I haven't the pictures yet, and will want these returned, please. No. 3 is the best, but I think No. 1 is the sweetest.

Did you call to me from the car that day and say "Don't forget us"? Did you think that would be possible? Well, let me tell you something you don't know. I have a beautiful picture of you, also one of Dr. Williamson - his is beautiful, too, - and they are the kind that will not fade. Don't you wish you could see yourself as I see you? You never have, I know. And underneath the pictures certain words are inscribed that each of you have said to me, words that you have forgotten, but I never will forget. Did you know that I have a picture of Norman taken with a monkey? He has written on the back how to tell which is the monkey. But I like my other picture of him much better, it is one of

action. It is as I used to see him nearly every day on his way to or from school, walking with his head up as if he was enjoying the whole world. There are no words, but only the bright friendly smile, and the hand raised in greeting. It always made me feel better just to see him, and that is the way I want to remember him. Norman's friendship was refreshing, and very precious to me while it lasted, and I missed him more than any of you could have known when he felt he had outgrown me. Will you give him my love when he comes home?

And give Dr. Williamson my love, too, or at least as warm a greeting as you will, from me. You know, as does every one else, that I love you all, and why should I not? I would have to go down a little too deep to tell you what your friendship has meant to me, and I can't do it. I have come so far since we first met, and the way has never been easy, but thanks often to your sympathy and his understanding help, I am, I believe, on slightly higher ground. I can't say for sure that I am ever really happy, nor have I reached that place of faith where my heart is never troubled - far from it - but some day, with His help, I am going to have that serenity of spirit that you have, and I long for.

My letter is entirely too long and rambling, and I have not said things as I wanted to, at all. As hard to write them as to speak them. And I have made no attempt to give you any local news. Perhaps some one else is writing you. Anyway, I feel that my letter may be an intrusion, perhaps you really did want to sever all relations to friends back here. If so, forgive me, and believe me, it is written because I felt the need of you. Will you answer?

With love,

Florence

Friday.

Last night, I decided I just could not send this, but do you know what gives me courage to send it on? Memory of the note I sent you the first time you went to Guyton, when I did not know you were away. You came up here, and

said it made you happy to know some one cared enough to want to know how you were. Surely there is a "Tie that binds" us, you and me. If there were not, you would not have come to tell me goodbye that day.

Now, one thing more. Do pecans grow down there, and do you have them on your place as you did here? If not, I want to send you a pound or two. So please let me know. I am also due Dr. Williamson a turkey, in return for the jam cake, but I do not know how to send it. If you will come after it, I'll have it fattened and have Willard dress it for you. Forgive the length of the letter.

Florence.