

Home

Wednesday morning [undated 41, probably
Sep. 29, 1926]

Your two letters were in the box, dear, when I got home from an errand down town early this morning. It is so hard, dear, to leave you there alone, to think all the things you must think. It is too hard for you. You see, dear, when I get worried enough about you so it is worse than worrying about Orv. I'll get up and do something, I suppose. I feel all the time that we can afford to be generous with Orv for he is the one who will really be left alone. But I'll feel a limit for you, too, dear, after a while. You are so sweet to me, dear, so good, so generous, so unselfish, so free from all smallness, some way. We can make this different from the usual way when people go off and really leave everything behind, can't we, dear? I can't leave Orv that way, dear. I'm too old to do it. Maybe I could have done it when I was younger. Young people are pretty much wrapped up in their own lives and futures and other obligations don't hold them much. But I couldn't drop my deeply-rooted obligations, dear. I couldn't ever be happy, that way. I couldn't have any peace. Just now I am doing every thing I can to get a good man to live in the house. Orv mustn't stay here alone. You have but it hasn't been right and just now Orv mustn't have to be in the home all alone. Carrie says she and Charlie will come and stay temporarily if any thing happens and Orv should be left alone. I have been busy asking in all possible places where there is any prospect of hearing of a good man. I think we'll find someone. I have been a terrible coward, dear, not afraid of what Orv will say or do, now, but afraid of breaking down after I come to you, if I don't leave things in as good shape as I can here. I mean Orv's feelings, as well as the practical arrangements. I wouldn't want to make every thing at both ends a dismal failure. It is because I want to be able to be happy when I do come to you, dear, that I keep trying to see something to do here that will help. I want to be happy, dear, because you would be so unhappy if I were not happy. I saw I was getting to a breaking point and I don't want that to happen. After I have done what I can, I'll have to bear what comes the best I can. xxx

Henry's letter was so interesting, dear. He will get along all right. It is so nice to think of him as encouraged and buoyant. I have been worrying about him some, dear. He is so young and getting started is sometimes discouraging business. You were able to keep him from many hardships but he'll have enough knocks at the best. I've taken Henry on to worry about, too, dear. I'm a genius on that, dear. xxx

Your letters go clear through me, dear. You need some rest and peace of mind and some living and some special loving, dear. I know you do. Don't worry too much, dear. It won't be so very long to wait now any more. I'll do my best and I love you all the time while we have to wait. Goodbye, dear. Goodbye, my darling boy. A very sweet kiss, with my arms around you, dear.

Your

Katharine