

Edgewick, Wn.
December 25, 1918

Dearest sister:

Today is Christmas Day and I have received your letter. It is a very nice letter Florence, people can say they are sorry for me but they say it out of the goodness from their hearts but only a few can really know and your letter tells me as plain as anything could, that you understand and care. It is nice to have someone care, you know how I used to tell you that Ed cared so much too. He was oh so good that now I miss him so very much more than I would if he had been any different after we were married but he always thought of me and my happiness first. When I went to him at Vancouver he kept telling me there was "something in those things" for me and when I got his personal belongings it just seemed as if I couldn't bear it any longer for I found a satin pillow with violets on it and a purse verse about "Mother". Can you imagine how it pleased yet hurt me to find it. I know its wrong but oh Florence I do wish the Father would see fit to take me to him for its so lonely here. I shall never again build lower than the stars. It is a lesson to me. I have his hat, and the Old Glory that his dear coffin bed was draped in. He looked so beautiful when I saw him in the church the same look was on his face as when he used to ask me on his death bed, "Won't you kiss your box on the lips sweetheart." I did too but it didn't give me the flu. His soldier boy pals sure felt sorry, one of them said to me "There wasn't one of us but went and had a quiet cry for you and him." Well, Florence, I sure have found comfort in my Bible these days. Can you imagine fly away me owning up to it. But that's the place we can all find rest, with God. "One time Ed said I want to thank God for my home and you but I don't know what to say."

My baby, just think what a blessing and Ed's baby. It is surely a gift from heaven itself to comfort me. Mrs. Tiffin takes such an interest too. She was saying the other day what a nice basket we would have. One of the kind on an iron stand with a place for pins and powder and all those kinds of things that a little one needs. Yet I can't be much happy till I have it for how hard it will be for one to have alone what two should love and worship together.

Well, now for the other trouble. On Monday morning at about 2:30 the Cedar Falls dam broke and washed away a dozen homes and washed away 3 mills here. The N. B. Lumber Co and McCann Shingle Mill and Innovation Lumber Co. All three mills were here you know. Dozens of families have lost everything but the clothes they stand in and the water is clear to our steps now we don't know when will be washed out too. But you continue to write me at Edgewick for the mail comes. Its just simply terrible, what damage the water had done why it 75 feet deep right on that bank over by our house. I'm going to keep my little home for it is filled with too many sweet memories to sell. Ed left me ten thousand in insurance so I won't have to work and I have \$100 in bonds. I hate to talk about money but that's about all other people thinks about around here.

I'm sending the piece home the newspaper and also a verse that was in about my boy. I'm sending a poem I wrote too and it expresses my thoughts even if it isn't good itself.

Well Florence on account of the flood we haven't any xmas presents but I'm sending some things I already had laying around just to shoe the kiddies I didn't forget them anyway.

Well, I don't know if this has been interesting but I hope so and now I will close with love to all.

From your loving sister,
Emma

I haven't rec. the book yet but I thank you with all my heart for it anyway and now Happy New Year to you all,
Emma

You ask why Ed was taken;
Away from your happy home,
And you left here in sorrow,
To make the long journey alone,
And why do our loved ones leave us

And why are our tears in vain,
And why is the sunlight darkened
And veiled by the mists of pain?
I would point you to Jesus for comfort
He will take you by the hand
And will gently lead and guide you,

And Help you "understand".
And whenever duty calls you,
Go! As Ed did without fear,
And when God call the Muster Rool
Be ready to answer "Here".

My Golden Star
There's many a day I sit and think,
And muse over hours now past;
For the hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Will always in my memory last.

The happy hours we once enjoyed,
Are now to be no more.
For One who rules o'er land and sea,
Has taken you from this shore.

I wonder of' times when alone,

How many day 't will be,
Till on the shores where loved ones meet,
My soul will come to thee.

I always wish my soul to fly
And not in my lifes even,
Yet on this shore I'll try to smile
For I've a tie in heaven.