

Saturday, July 19th, 1924.

My dear Horace:-

I suppose that you will hear from some of the others with all details and perhaps for me to repeat is excusable, because She and I were talking of you Sunday afternoon, the last time I saw her, and I got your address from Her to write you. We boys had planned to take care of the expense incident to her accident and it seemed to give her so much pleasure. I was going to write you what we were doing and have you come in with us.

Her stay in the hospital was made as comfortable as it was possible to be and, but for the pain and being away from home, I believe she was content. Many showed her much attention and it was so pleasing to her. She busied herself with plans for the bridge opening and the Arch and those of the Island folk who directed the work took her every wish into consideration. She looked forward to the Opening and the fact that She was able to go (and with me) shall always be one of the bright exalted experiences of my life. As always, she was never too sick or in too much pain to think of those she loved and each day she looked forward to getting the paper and preparing it herself for mailing to you, even when she was unable to be propped up. She was busy the ~~day~~ last day on a sweater she was knitting *Don James' and Bob's* and when we arrived at her bedside there also was the usual paper wrapped up and addressed to you, ready for the mail the next morning. (James is sending this to you and I know it will always signify to you the heights of devotion it is possible to be reached by a noble soul).

But I want to tell you of Her participation in the Bridge Opening because I shall always feel that as a personal accomplishment through Her absolute faith in the power of prayer and the goodness of God, and while this is only one of the many, many things that have come to be as a result of that great faith, things that we can now see and understand, this one stands out as the last and most impressive. It is wonderful to me to think of the quiet certainty that She always displayed about things that she wished and believed to be right. Others could ridicule and loudly declaim the impossibility of such things, but She never doubted - She knew, and Divine Providence was Her authority and guide. God grant that we, her children for whom She lived, might not allow this heritage to pass from us.

Last Thursday I made my usual trip out to the Hospital before going in to supper and I told her that I had to go to a meeting that night and Carrie was busy preparing lunch for our trip to the bridge opening the next day, so that it was not possible for us to come out after supper and sit with her as we always did. She expressed her regret, but was so happy ~~next~~ in anticipation of the next day. She was feeling bright and so cheerful. I went to the meeting, but excused myself about nine o'clock and ran out to see her. As I walked into Her room they were preparing Her for the night and when she saw me, she stretched out her arms and said "Oh son, I knew you were coming. I have been waiting for you", and her sweet face was radiant with the animation of her joy. We made all the plans for the next

day and I left her with mingled feelings of joy and anxiety about her ability to stand the strain. I had gotten a pass so that we could go over ahead of the parade and take our time, so the next morning I went after her at nine. She was all ready and the nurses were with Her making a great deal over Her. She was afraid we would hurt her ~~and~~ but we went down on the elevator and rolled Her chair beside the car and got Her in as tenderly as it was possible. We then went by and picked up Carrie and Mrs Stacy and started out, going very slowly. She was tucked in comfortably with pillows and the trip across didn't tax her at all. She just enjoyed it and several times as we crossed the causeway she touchingly thanked God that the thing had been accomplished. When we arrived on the other side, I parked the car by the Arch that she had planned and while we waited for the parade to arrive, she chatted happily with the many who flocked around the car. There were several boards laying on the ground by the gate with some nails sticking up. She spied them and called to someone to remove them before somebody got them in their feet. When the parade arrived she directed how the children were to stand behind the gate and all went off as she wished. After the Governor and his party passed I drove her along the river bank to the speakers stand under the shade of those pretty oaks and there she sat listening to the speaking and greeting many friends who came over to the car to tell her how glad they were that She was there - old friends from Savannah, Brunswick, Atlanta and all the old St. Simons folk. She was the most popular individual there that day. After the speaking everybody cleared away to get lunch and I took advantage ~~in~~ of the opportunity to drive the car up to the rope surrounding the pageant stage so that she could see that when it came off. We ate lunch there and She enjoyed the ham and salad. Our car was the only one in the enclosure and all during the afternoon as she watched the pageant friends came to talk to her and to say so many sweet things. She was so proud of James and Papa when they came out on the stage, James as Oglethorpe and Papa as Col Barry. She looked very tired during the latter part of the afternoon, but she wouldn't admit that she was. I asked her several times if we hadn't better go home, but she assured me she was resting just as well in the car as she could in bed. After it was all over, we drove her home very slowly so that there would be no jolting. I dreaded the moving from the car to the house, but when we arrived home, there was Papa, Douglas, Arthur Dutch and Jeff. I started to get a rocking chair, but she called me and said a straight chair would be better, and as usual, she was right. We put the chair by the side of the car and while I held her feet so as to keep her knees from bending, the others lifted her up and sat her in the chair, then they lifted the chair and we moved her into the house and lifted her on the bed without the slightest pain. We saw her Sunday and she told me the only ill effects of Friday's experience was soreness on Saturday, but she was then all right again. We left her Sunday, bright and cheerful expecting to get up Monday and try her crutches. We planned to go back Thursday and spend the afternoon and evening with her, but Wednesday night after ^{in the} retiring they called us up and told us that she was gone. We got over there about an hour after it happened and there she was on the bed where we had left her Sunday. Papa was at her side. She had been so bright

all the afternoon all of the girls had gone down to the Beach with Mary to get Dutch and to look on at the Dance. Papa had remained with her and was reading to her when about 10:15 she complained of a sudden pain in her chest. Papa asked her if she wanted the hartshorn and she told him where to get it. When he brought it to her she was gasping for breath and he took her in his arms, and there she passed away, just as she would have done had she prepared for it. There was apparently no suffering and it was over in a few minutes. In life God was her keeper - In death, who knows better than we that He still is in a much larger and more splendid way. I felt that night and still feel the wonderfulness of her life and that intangible yet real manner in which her life is woven in and through us all; I deplore her passing, it's been the hardest experience of my life, but I thank God for having spared her to us until we were old enough to realize her greatness and goodness and to appreciate the example she has set for us to follow. The Lord has given and He has taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Jim and Potter were over that night also and we took everything off of Papa who, of course, was taking it quietly, but dumfounded. We decided to get Miller and he took charge. There were many who came to express their sympathy, many who grieved and helped. The shock was great to all and the tributes were wonderful. There were 65 floral offerings and they filled the Parlor and later covered the grave and adjacent ground. There was a continual stream of callers from the time I got there Wednesday night until I left the house last night at 10:30. It was probably the largest attended funeral that has occurred on the Island. Jim wore his uniform because he knew She would like it. The service was beautiful and after the last hymn at the grave Jim had arranged for taps to be sounded and it touched everybody. Papa is standing it bravely, but he realizes how he will miss her and he is very dejected. You must write him just as you have written Her. We have sympathized with you in being unable to come. We feel for you and while I know how hard it has been for you, remember that she is just as truly with you now as she was when you recently visited her. She will never leave you. Feel joyful in the knowledge.

sending

I am ~~xxxxxxx~~ sending a copy of the Thursday paper. You will find the account on the local page (#8).

We boys will arrange for payment of all expense and I shall be glad if you will let me know what amount you can CONVENIENTLY pay monthly and the date you wish to pay it.

With love and admonitions to be brave as usual and continue to justify Muddie's pride,

Lovingly,