

Saturday Eve. Newark May 16th 1946

Dearest Margaret

I know of no better way of proving how much pleasure I received at the receipt of your letter than by immediately answering it, my dearest when I hear from you I love still to continue the converse, and this can only be done now by writing, and I might say thankful for this privilege. You ask me dearest if I felt slighted in your not writing me before, I have been looking daily for some word from you, and have felt disappointed, but true love will always excuse if possible the object beloved, and so I have done for you. I love you too well, and have too much confidence to doubt your love for me, and I cannot bear the thought of being forgotten by you, no, I can bear every deprivation if only those fond hearts I cling to remain the same, no to lose these ties it seems as though my heart would break.

My dearest Mother has had a very trying day, but she is now somewhat easier, she is indeed tired, but I trust the Lord will still

give her strength to bear all that He has appointed for her,
I thank you dearest friend for your kind sympathy, the
Lord reward you out of his overflowing cup, and make you
faithful to Him in your prosperity, for tis easy to love in Him,
when his hand is heavy upon us, but oh when he showers
every blessing around our path, how hard to live to him as
we ought, we are surely strange creatures, enigmas to ourselves,
that He would teach us to so examine ourselves by the light
of his gospel that we may not deceive ourselves.

I went to the
widow when the car went down at 1 and 2 - thought perhaps
you would see me, had ready my handkerchief to wave
at you, if you should recognize, Mary says she saw you.

I came
Bear the thought of your leaving us to go to (Pennsylvania), I
seem to want you near me, I have no one that can truly
feel for me as you do, I want your presence, and when
I cannot have that I want your kind endearing
words,

I would love to write you much longer but it
is getting so dark I cannot see, did you forget you
had the ring Pritchard gave me, or did you leave it at
Mrs Utter's I have felt quite uneasy about it.

I shall hope
to see you on Friday if not before, write me if you can
before that.

I had forgotten to tell you that Mary, Susan,
Mother and indeed all desired to be remembered to you.

Remember me kindly to Richard and his little Emma for me,
I am glad that you wrote me a note as you had not time
for more, it was very sweet, but a longer one would have
been sweeter, farewell,

and believe me

your fond friend

Caroline

Mr Richard Gurey

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