

Wednesday P.M.

March 10th, 1920

148.

Daddy darling,

I am writing this
in my little beddies. Oh!
how I wish that you were
here next to me, so I could go
to sleep in your big, strong
arms. Daddy, I love you, and I
won't know a moments happiness
until I am with you again.

I have been packing
again all day. Books, books
and more books. I never realized
we had so many! I really have
quite a back ache to-night from
stooping over and arranging them

in the cases that they are to be moved in.

To-night I went around to the Lenten Service at my church. It was conducted by a very fine minister from Clinton Hill. His sermon was on faith and was very good. Miss Ketcham was there and of course walked home with me. When we reached 113 and saw the light still burning, she came in to see the family. We all sat around talking for an hour and a half. After she went I picked up the Evening News and spent another half hour perusing it. Then I went down stairs,

made myself a cup of
cocoa and ate a piece of
cake with it. From the
kitchen I went up to the
bathroom, prepared myself
for the night, then came up
to my little room and here
I am perched up on the bed
all bedecked in my "nightie"
and Kimono, as I said befo'
wishing like the very dickens
that Hubby were here, or I
were there or any place where
we could be "side-by-each."

Nightie-night, dear [bear]

Love for my own pet
Lamb – every bit in the world.

Your,

Bubbie

P.S. It is almost one thirty A.M.B.