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get well and trying so
hard to do it. She writes
to me every day and her
letters are so bright and
hopeful, but I can read
but wren the lines that she
is so lonesome and so
homesick for me and
Patty. If God will only
give her back to me,
I ask him for her but
I am afraid it is too
late, I have been morally
good during the past
few years but I have
not been as close to
God as I should have
been and probably I
am now receiving
my punishment but
it is awfully hard that