Tuesday, December 3, 1975

Dear Carol,

My mind goes back to the Dec 4th, 1939 when we were blessed with a beautiful daughter. You were such a good and bright daughter that I used to call you sunshine. And you were that in our home. You were one that excelled in any undertaking. Before you started school. I see you on the floor arranging the alphabet in order. You knew them all. I see you as a majorette. I hear your sweet voice in song, and again as you play the piano or oboe. Our hearts are made glad. I am sure you knew of the love your mother and I had for you. I recall your strength as we spent with mother her last hours. Carol the years have made great changes in our lives. But for one thing I give thanks, our love changes not. May each year of your life be filled with such blessings that as you look back you can see only blessings. Bitter comes into each life, but may it only make the sweet more sweet.

Dad and Mom