FIRST SORROW

(Sorrow)

I could see the lumpy shape near the bushes beside the road.
"There he is," Jimmy screamed. "Stop Stop."

He was out of the door in a flash and running toward that silent shape.

"Barwnie, Brownie," he cried. "Brownie, Brownie."

But the big brown dog didn't move. Jimmy reached out to touch of the him but drew his hand back quickly. I let my hand sink into the relation? soft familiar brown fur. There was shifty coldness and stiffness underneath. Tears washed into my eyes. I kept swallowing trying to keep myself under control. I held Jimmy tightly as his sobs shook his body. I could still smell the peanut butter from his sobs sandwich. In your "t" a fall in fast suctions which did "t" tatlo? Duluftte sweard

Poor, poor little boy. This was his first tastifor sofrew fullet that be.

Leould hear My heart whispering in the twilight, please God,

make him strong. (the symble hear " is food but up a surre a sparse

PURE JOY Hower, "I head to boy Speed - To for the have "bear" (Joy)

Our oldest son is twenty-one today. How I love remembering that December day when he was born. Whenever I want to feel joy, pure joy, I have only to think back and that same sweet feeling is there inside me.

I can see Jim coming into my room on that cold afternoon.

Our beautiful baby had been born at dawn so Jim had had a chance to spread the news, shave, and buy an armload of gifts. He smelled like shaving lotion and red roses all mixed together when he kissed me. He tasted cold and crisp from the December air. The rough tweed of his jacket felt strange after the soft touch of baby's blanket.

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January 15, 1972

His breath was warm in my ear as he whispered I love you. The joy of it all was such a surrection. this part ... this pure, pure joy.

Very bout for! Juice Som son well this weeks There are a few union trubles with Forrow, a but it stell with the study my Corrections compily 4