Cale Young Rice

Please Return

Mr Mayflower
425 N. Kennedy Ave

~~1444 St. James Court~~
~~Louisville, Ky.~~

Feb 29 - 42

I have been so overwhelmed, dear Julie, that writing seems impossible - writing what you want to know. I will try however.

Until the last twenty four hours, Alice had seemed much as usual, except perhaps, a little more tired, for she was trying to finish a devotional book, The Happiness Road. The night before she died, I heard her having difficulty with her heart and opened the door between our rooms. A little later I brought her into my room

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with me and was able to give her some aid and comfort through the night. But the heart attacks continued through the next day at intervals and the doctors seemed to be able to do anything for her: the trouble was occlusion of the coronary artery. At 8. that night a sudden suffusion of the brain came without warning. We did not get to say goodbye to each other, which spared her pain. But oh the anguish of it! My greatest comfort is that she is spared ~~also~~ from the grief and loneliness I am undergoing.

I thought at first that I would go on living in the house — the home she and I had built

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and lived in lovingly for thirty years. But I saw that doing so would completely wreck me. Every inch of the place and everything in it was ours and she was gone. The home was dead too and there was no memory that did not constantly stab me with loss. But I must not write you all this.

The Mayflower, at which I have taken a small apartment is a quarter of a mile away. Yesterday I ate my last meal at home. Tomorrow all the

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things at home except those I have taken with me for use here are to be sold at public auction. I am helpless and a bit hopeless and don't know how I am to go on alone - I who have always had the loving care of her hands and presence.

The problem will be to find something to live for. For the moment my distress has distorted and dwarfed that of the world into nothingness. In time I will get a better perspective. But trying ~~through~~ to steel myself through these last years for what has happened has proved futile. My ramparts were sand. Every memory

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I'm sorry "never, never, never again to me".
So many knew how rare she was, but I alone really knew.
Do not let this distress you, dear, dear Julie, and keep as well as you can - I wish I could see you.
Ever lovingly
Ada.

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