That which lives on:

Strange how tenacious are our deep affections, long associations and death or separations may utterly cut them off. So slight a thing brings them out. Father has been dead nearly thirty years; his death brought me an over-whelming sense of how dear he was, that dearness / meant so many things to me, the whole of him - loyal - devoted - unselfish - humorous -humble - wise. (Quote Herald Tribune - a great gentlemen.

It was dearness that it all summed up in.

For years after his death there was not a week that I didn't suddenly wake up in the night, sitting up and saying, "Dear father, dear father." And now and then I do it yet.

And how certain little connections and certain things about my mother hang on. I ~~suppose I got~~ from her my love of plants; she was a great gardener. In all the years after I left home wherever I went I pressed flowers to send her. They are like the leaves of my childhood botony studies, falling out of books. I found stowed away in my accumulations not long ago a little flower press filled with flowers I had gathered on the slopes of the Alps - blue, blue gentians. I found, too, pressed flowers from Madam Roland's garden at The where I had worked to find the setting in which she slowly turned into a Revolutionist. These pressed flowers on postal cards; postal cards by the hundreds went to my mother showing where I had been so interested was she. And now today again and again, although it is nearly twenty years since she went, passing through a station, taking a train, I involuntarily stop by the postal cards on the newsstand, having for the moment her alive.

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