

February 6, 1929

Dear Mrs. Post:

I fear you will think I am a neglectful and negligent person not to have written you a word of sympathy after the great sorrow that came to you in the death of your Father.

I did not know it, my Dear, until days after he was laid away. When I went through Chicago, after leaving Knox, I telephoned your house, to be told that you were ill in bed - impossible to be talked to, that your father, although still seriously ill, was better. So I came home with a freer mind.

I had a little turn of influenza myself before I left Knox, thought I was all right, but had a relapse. I really have been quite ill since, did not know in January when your loss came anything about what was going on, and I am only now beginning to pick up again and go to work. So that is why you have not heard from me before.

It is hard to think of anybody with so clear an eye, so ruddy a face, passing out of the world. I saw Mr Greig at Knox the day that I talked in Chapel about Burt, but we had just a moment of greeting. He seemed so sound, it was always a delight to me to meet him. It makes my heart ache to think you are separated from him.

One of these days I hope I will see you here in New York.

Always affectionately yours

Mrs. Philip S. Post
21 East Elm Street
Chicago, Illinois