

Sunday afternoon, 2:10

March 6, 1960

Dear Uncle Fred,

Your letter was received yesterday, and I have read it a dozen times or more, and shed some tears. My first thought was to get up there to you for I realize how upset you must be, and how very fair your plan is. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your consideration of me and my family. We have not seen much of you, or done as much for you as we would have liked, but somehow I feel that the reason for it is as well known to you as to us. It was not of our choosing, but the path we felt we must follow. I hope you understand.

Roy has this coming week free, and our plans were made to go to Yankee Hill, then your letter came at noon yesterday, and we decided we would make the trip to your place and have a visit with you. You see, your letter lifted that feeling I have struggled with all my life, and I would not be "overstepping" since your need of comfort and love was between every line. Then, this morning the radio and television news tell of the storms in the mountains, and both Roy and I are a little afraid of that Feather River Canyon Road at this time of year, so we let our heads rule our hearts, and decided to forego the trip until the weather settles again. I hope we have done right. We will keep an eye on conditions, and if we hear the road is clear and no storms coming, we will see you within a few weeks.

In the meantime, I want you to know that whatever will make you happiest is what I will do. There certainly should be no reason why Jean and I could not carry out your wishes agreeably, for I know they will be explicit. My only concern is that this is to be a new will entirely, just as Aunt Edie's will was, and I hope and pray there will be no such repercussions as hers caused. I can only promise you faithfully that I shall carry out to the best of my ability your every wish. I feel sure Jean will, too, if you have advised her of your plans.

7:45 p.m.

We were invited out to Sally's for dinner at 3:30, so stopped writing and drove out. Jane and Veldon were there, too, so we had a good visit. When we reached home at 6:30 we found a note on our door. Genie, Earl and boys had been here. They arrived in Stockton after 2 o'clock, and visited with Virge's brother and wife, and then came here. You'll never know how disappointed we were to have missed them. I called them at once, and her first question was, "Have you heard from Uncle Fred?" She was happy to know I had, and that my answer was already started to you. It would have been wonderful to have a real visit with them, but it did my heart good to hear her and Earl's voices, and to have their reassurance of love. What strength it gives one! I told them we were hoping to see you soon, and Georgene would love to make the trip with us, but she said she couldn't see the way clear with the boys in school. She wanted me to be sure to get my letter mailed to you at once so you would be greatly relieved to get it. That I had intended to do.

Please do not let yourself to be too disturbed. We all know full well of your kindness, love, and integrity. It is something I have known and heard about from every member of the family ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and it has grown with me since I have been old enough to realize and figure things out for myself. What I am trying to say is whatever you do, I know it will be because you knew it was right, and do not worry about my strength or willingness to carry out your every wish for with the love and understanding which surrounds me, I must not fail.

Tom's second son's illness. Jane's husband illness.

Pray with us for good weather, and Roy and I will soon be up there for a few days visit. Take good care of yourself, and if at all possible, try to relax and throw off the anxiety you have been carrying these past months. We are with you always in thought and in love. 'Til we see you,

Our love,

Roy and Ethel