

Audra Camilla



★ Jan. 17, 1927, Sunday afternoon
 We had a big rain and you set sleds
 across the creek and got into a
 hole. Mother wrote you to be a good
 boy and always tell the truth, try to
 keep good company, and make a man
 I will be proud of in later years.
 Try to study as much as you can.
 For the time will come when you will
 see your mistake if you don't.
 Always remember Mother loves you
 more than you think. Honor thy
 father & mother. Your mother.



We cannot change yesterday,
 That is quite clear;
 Nor begin tomorrow
 until it is here.
 So all that is left
 For you and for me
 Is to make today
 as sweet as can be.