

A LETTER OF CHEER
By Jerry T. "Gus" Denny

Dear Ida Mae:

Have been meaning to write for sometime now, but I have not been feeling well. Seems that if it is not my heart trouble it is my arthritis, some days I feel like I just can't keep going but I can't worry too much with my problems as mama takes up so much of my time. Honey, she is just not doing well at all. I worry about her all the time but there is nothing that nobody can do. She fell yesterday and the doctor says it is bad. I am on, my way today to take her to the hospital, that is if I can get the old truck started as it has been giving me lots of troubles everybody says I should trade it but I guess they think I am made out of money. We are lucky to make it on what little bit we have coming in.

Guess you know by now that Aunt Lou died and everybody was surprised that her husband did not go before she did, as you know he has been bad off for years. Spence Thompson's boy Tommy was hurt bad in a mishap at the sawmill where he works. They say the cuts were real bad and ugly. The old man that lived in the old Russell house died and his kids seem to care less as he was such a trouble to them. Mine and Aunt Ruth's cousin died also. Don't know when the funeral will be but I hope they bury her in the Jones cemetery and not that one over there at that ole church she went to.

There is a big rumor going around about the young daughter of Tim Huddleston but I am not like some of them that pass along rumors but it is my understanding that it is pretty bad and me and mama are so happy you didn't get in that kind of troubles. The preacher's sermon Sunday was about that very same thing and he sure did flash hells fire on those that don't obey the rules. The weather here has been so cold and rainy and it seems the sun has forgotten us. I see no need in trying to get my garden out early as it wouldn't grow anyways.

Will let you go as the mail man is due, but we never know when he is coming. Seems if you are not ready he comes on time and if you are ready he is late. You and Jesse come when you can and be careful on that road out there as there are so many bad wrecks and people getting killed. Be careful and we will see you soon. We hope.

Love, Daddy

Note: Sometimes I receive letters of gloom and doom news. Prompted me to write my own....Gus

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