



Monday morning

March 31, 1963

God bless and comfort you
through this trying time.

To a dear friend, Mr. Beulah and ^{to} Lee:
Allie Allen phoned us last night to tell us of your loss, and later Medera Beuge called me and told us more about it. She was so broken by it all! She is very devoted to you. I phoned Dr. Edith and she called me again this morning to find out if I knew any more. She wanted your address. She said she'd write but that letters do not help much. I told her that all we could do was to tell you that we are thinking loving thoughts of you and trying to do a bit of comforting in helping you to feel that you are not alone in your trouble. We remember when you first came to the ward with your fine young lads. You told us that we wouldn't see much of you be-

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cause you would be a very person! But it was no time before you were a very close person in many of our lives teaching our fine Sunday school so many to solve their problems! Some of these things were done in the dead of night, so cheerfully, so comfortably! Then you bore your testimony again, telling us tearfully that we had helped as a ward so much in the rearing of your grand boys. Despite your business you had become so much a part of all our lives, so dear a part of all our lives, that we are all grieving with you as if you were our very own sister!



But we know how bravely you will face this as you have faced so many difficult crises in your life. We are so glad see can be with you. We are glad you have this work with young people. There must be a wonderful reason for Wendy to be taken at this time, if we could understand everything, like love you dearly and wish you weren't so far away! Arthur and Myra

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