

27 Dec. 1885

Mother Mary → Nora  
Crockett

Logan Dec 27<sup>th</sup> 1888

Dear Children I will try and write you a few lines to day the children being all gone to Sunday school the sun is shining beautiful it is just like a spring day after a good shower Well Clara we had a good dinner on the 28 over to Anna and we all tried to enjoy ourselves but as far as I was concerned I should have preferred to have stayed at home for I could not enjoy myself neither could I eat much I missed you so terribly for you always took the most prominent part at all such occasions Delia had a big dinner on Christmas we did not get a

invite I suppose that we were not homey enough or else she was ashamed of her Father and Mother I do not know which that and you being gone made me pass a terrible Christmas I hope that I may never have cause for another such a Christmas day Rosie was feeling terrible to and Willie and in fact I think we all felt the loss of your presence I will show you the that I got when you come home I have not sent your things yet but will do so as soon as possible it has been raining so much that I could not get the sage until last evening for your

letters came all right but the  
nuts have not yet got here I wish  
they would hurry and come  
for my mouth is watering  
in anticipation of them for  
I am very fond of all kinds  
of nuts. My twins are growing  
finely. I got a letter from  
Marian last evening she  
enquired very kindly after  
you and sent her love to you  
and told me to tell you that  
Nahum was looking every  
male for your picture that you  
promised to send him one of  
her sisters has just died with  
the diphtheria one of Sarah  
Jane Kempton's sons has come  
to Payson to go to school our  
Preston folks are all well I  
have just got a letter from Ma  
she is well. she is talking of

coming home for a couple  
of months but I do not know  
if she will come I want to see  
her bad enough but I think  
it would be rather an expensive  
visit. Well Sara I cannot  
think of any more to write  
a haunt only asking you and Will  
to be sure and write very very  
often for I do look very anxiously  
for letters from you. Mary does  
not write as often as she used to  
she did not get my last two letters  
with love to you and William  
I remain your loving and  
anxious Mother

Mary S Crockett