

March 12, 1943.

Dear Mr. Carter,

Bob & I have a little
key fiddle. No matter
what he does our one
thought is to protect
him from heartaches &
hurts.

When I read today's
paper about your son
Tom, heart stopped a

lest to you though he
is a person near you
one thought is to protect
him & keep him over the
humps he is bound to
meet. This, I know, is
the first time in
your life you are help-
less. How my heart
aches for you.

There are no words or

needs that can console you -
I know there would not be
for me. The only thing you can
do is rely on God to keep him &
you through this -

As I look at my little boy
sleeping so sweet in his bed
tonight I think of you & how
much it would mean to
you to walk in your son's
room & see him asleep so
trusting & unafraid -

If for no other reason, your
loving thoughtfulness of others
is bringing us close tonight -

I wish there was one

thing I could do or say
to help you through
the deep of worry - My
thoughts & prayers are
with you -

Sincerely

Helene Christ.

Mrs. Rott Christ

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