

Grand Rapids, Dec. 15, 1859

My dear Mother,

I have had it in my heart to write to you—a long time. But day by day has been allowed to pass off and I have not done it. Yesterday, I received a letter from sister Caroline that determined me to put it off no longer. She writes that you are very poorly with a bad cough that troubles you exceeding by nights and expressed a fear that unless you get better; life's long journey would close before spring.

Dear mother, how much I want to be with you—to cheer and comfort, as well as nurse you—How much you need the care of tender, kind friends in this: your feeble old age. I know you have many good true friends, but they can not be with you day and night as your situation seems now to require. Nights, in particular.

The weather has been very bad this winter so far; for colds and coughs. I am afraid you will find it difficult to shake ours off—I have been well so far; have just got through the interesting duties of trying the lard and making the sausages of two fat young porkers.

We have a machine of cutting—or rather grinding-sausage meat that way much lessens the labor of that part of the work. We have used one for the last three years. Georgie is very handy at all such jobs and always lends a willing hand in all steep places. He is no longer a little boy—but weighs 160 lbs. and is a picture of health and strength. He goes to school this winter as usual. I should be very glad to have him go away to some academy (sic)—but cannot get along a day without him at home. I suppose I could get enough to come and do his work—but a hired man is such a nuisance I can't have one around me.

Tell sisters Laura and Maria I shall write to them before many days. I say "them" because one of their letters is worth two of mine—and so I shall write to them both.

I received a beautiful letter from sister Laura in Oct. and thought then I should write right way—but was busy with other things—and so I did not do it.

I want to hear from Ben(nington) friends in general and niece Laura in particular. I suppose Stephen and the girls have got into their new house by this time. I shall never be able to realize any house but that same one with the old lower kitchen—and the high front door. Well, I hope their loss

will be made up in a measure by having a new house with all modern improvements.

I have not hear from Betsy Olin in a long time. Do you ever see her? I have letters from Anna Park occasionally. I owe her one now. But she does not know much about my kith and kin—

If your health should be so; you could write me a few lines. I should be right glad to hear from you. No matter for the writing part. I will risk but what I can read it. And that is enough.

I have not seen Charles since I wrote last. But he writes often-and sends me substantial tokens of his regard. Aaron and Ann with their little flock are all well. Hollis and little Charlie too. Georgie and I went to John Ellis's thanksgiving (sic) and had a pleasant time. They are coming here christmas (sic) . They find the turky (sic) John raised, a very fine brood of twelve; and is now distributing them among his friends.

I believe I wrote you I was making some blue and white checked blankets. Well, they are wove and bought home and will last a life time. I am well pleased with them. I shall think of you all the time till I hear from you-which I hope will not be long,

Yours very affectionately,
Adelia

In the margin

I had a pleasant visit from Mrs. Belland in Oct. and enjoyed it very much. Her daughter, Margaret, was with her. It is pitch dark and I must stop.