

Bessie, Okla.
Oct. 16, 1918

Dear Loved Ones All:

This late evening hour I must come to you. Oh! My heart almost breaks to think that our dearest brother is seriously sick in the hospital. He has pneumonia. We received the telegram today. Oh! The poor boy, will he survive? If not, he is relieved of everything. But Papa! He is near to a breakdown. If only you knew how we feel; if only I could talk to you and share with you. But we can bring all our sorrows and cares to God, He hears our sighs. I feel so **terribly** sorry for Papa.

We have a tearfilled day behind us. Today was aunt Nickel's funeral. Mama went to Clinton before dinner, and from there directly to Nickels. Right after dinner, Pa, Marie and I also went there.

We could not have the service in the church, because of all the sickness (Spanish Influenza). So Pa held a brief sermon in the house. After that we all went to church. We got a ride with other people, since, of course we had no car. The parents went with Jake Nickels, and mother and I with G. Hinz and their children. On the way back we all went with J. N. Mama, Marie and the boys got off at home. Papa and I went along to Nickels to get our vehicles. We stayed there for a little while.

I talked to Nellie quite a bit yet. Oh! Those poor girls! I feel so sorry for them. When we came home, Marie came out immediately, and told us the sad news. Papa read the letter to us from Agatha. He was quite happy. But my heart pained every time he laughed. Afterwards Mama told him the terrible news. He was so terribly sad! Whether he will go to see John, we don't know. Papa thought John might have been sent home already - in a coffin. If there is any change in Johannes' condition, they will let us know by way of a telegram.

Dear loved ones, think of us and pray for us. Perhaps God will hear our cries. God will not forget His own. Good night.

From your sister,
Anna
