

Remember your grandmother
 you are too much troubled
 shut to enjoy myself
 as you should be
 but I will try to help
 you to be more happy
 I am your slave
 and I am
 home in the summer
 hear and hope all
 the blessings that my
 father put me in
 I was in the bus I had
 no conception of them
 my home is a wonderful
 mansion but I of the
 most beautiful material
 that ever came to my

There are flowers and baskets
pictures and lovely rooms
filled with all kinds of
furniture that you
could not find elsewhere

For I am not the
only one that lives in
my home but there is
a beautiful spirit that
was once with a great

follower of Christ and
lover of her fellow man
Her home is full of the
finest kind of anything
that makes a home

only we have many friends
who visit us and whom we
visit. We do the work
of the day in best possible

spirit in the house. We
see the beauty of the
land the love of the father

We are not singing all
the time but we have
a great deal of beautiful

music and laughter
and joy.

Yours truly

John S. Miller

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