

MY BIRTHDAY LETTER TO MARGUERITE

October 3, 1945.

Yes, I'm twenty-five that's very sure
And I'd hate to say just how many more
Am trying to celebrate in a quite unique way
For I'm flat on my back and here I must stay.

I am usually hostess to friends great and small
With laughter and music and pleasure on call
Also cakes and candles and flowers so dear
You really would think old Santa was here.

My pastime to-day is the hurrying feet
As they pass up and down o'er the corridor neat;
My music, the cries of the little ones oute
As they enter their protests to the things that don't suit.

As to flowers, this is war time--take too many to please,
So I watch the tree tops as they wave in the breeze.
Don't think I'm unhappy, I am thankful to God
That he still kept me safe thru the rain and the fog.

Then there's Dr. Parks with his fine kindly face,
He's a sight for bad eyes on the gloomiest days,
And we'll welcome his presence for the well or the sick,
But just make up your mind he'll have his way quick.

Yes, I'm twenty-five to-day and I leave you to guess
How many more added on will make up for the rest.

Nellie I. Thomas

Lockwood Hospital

Age 84