

Friday - July 18, 1980

My dear Don,

It is quite nice living my  
grand mother. I remember so well  
how she looked forward to the end of  
her life - as toward a happy journey -  
and made plans for it. In her last  
illness she wrote her obituary and  
talked with mother about her funeral -  
what she would wear - etc. Although  
she had cancer - she never had any  
pain - a puzzle to her doctor. I  
know it is wrong to hurry death - but  
it is nothing to fear. So now I am  
finding every day a good experience.

You said we should put Ernest to  
rest - but I can't do that entirely. I  
see too many pictures in memory -  
not as much of Ernest as the  
whole Hemmingsway family. I  
see Dr Hemmingsway walking with me  
down the road toward the Lake in  
Horton Bay - telling me about Ernest

and what a fine young man he was. I see Mrs Hemingway admiring my hair - saying she wished they had it in their family.

I see the week Mueller - Ursula Sunday. Pudge and I spent in the Ahls cottage - after the Ahls returned to St Louis. Then Carol's eighth birthday when we were all at Walloon Lake.

Then the Sunday I spent in the Oak

Park home and all of us driven to church by Mr Hemingway. They were good Presbyterians. Ernest was

no part of most of these memories. Ursula was my close friend. I looked up to Ernest as she did - and wrote to him when he was at war, as she did - but he seemed too old for a personal friend.

Had Ernest not written about me as he did - all of my memories could have remained good -

But it was a prison to make  
every thing bitter.

One of these days I will see it  
all more clearly - and then  
perhaps I can return to being  
Marge Bump.

My love to you and thanks  
for your help in making me look  
at an important part of my past.

Marge.



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