

*Bethany Convent*  
1870 Randolph Avenue  
St. Paul 16, Minnesota

Dear Nephew, Philip,

Your delightful letter was a great surprise and pleasure for me. I read it over several times and marvelled that a boy of ten years could write such a mature letter.

I am glad that you told me about the new baby that is expected in June. We, all shall be looking forward to that great event.

And so, Philip, you have been reading all my letters- I feel much flattered that they interested you. I hope that they met with your approval. Now that I am 83 years old and in my 2nd childhood, my memory is not so good as it used to be, so if I misspell any words you will be lenient I am sure.

I am glad to know that you are a good student and I know that you will cultivate that wonderful mind that God has given you for His honor and glory and for the saving of your soul and of many others.

Will you tell your dear mother that I enjoyed her letter which came with yours and am also enjoying the Monitor paper and the Jubilee book of Archbishop McGucken. I surely am blessed in having such kind and thoughtful nieces and nephews.

Philip, I was glad to know that your cousin, Mary had such a happy engagement party and that your parents and all the others were there.

Now that the weather is more pleasant I go out for a walk every day to watch the grass getting greener and the trees budding and the robins trying to decide where to build their nest. Yesterday I watched two of them looking over one of our trees, but after some deliberation they flew away.

Philip, you and your brother, Tom, were on these grounds about ten years ago. You were a baby then and I held you in my arms. Tom was a big boy then and played with the squirrels.

I think I have taken care of everything concerning your letter and since I don't plan on writing to any one else this week, I ask you, Philip, to give my love and Easter Greetings to your dear parents, to Tom and to all the others, not forgetting Sister Clarine and Arnold .

I keep you all in my heart and pray that our Heavenly Father, Who loves each one so much, will continue to surround you with His providential care

Since I have some space left I am going to write a little motto for you, Philip:

Life is a sheet of paper white  
On which each one of us may write  
His line or two, and then comes night.  
Greatly begin, though you have time  
But for a line, be that sublime.  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

Easter Season  
1966

Sister Elise