



Sundays

Dec 36

Dear Sonny & V.V.:

It's so seldom, if ever,
that I write you. But when
Christmas envelopes arrive
bearing money from what you
considered "kid" sisters —
you begin to wonder if
things haven't changed a
little — if those "kids" aren't

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growing up a bit into the
"young-lady" stage that you
were held close in the Shieldses.
You remember how wonderful, &
what fun it was to watch
Frank & Joe grow up &
that you're going to miss a
lot of it not being around
the Iquitos at this time. But
it always leaves you glad
to know that soon there
will be two, & then three,
more adults to be the

companions & Mom & the
 Phef that the boy & I
 have had the privilege of
 being. Believe me, that is
 a privilege, that many friends
 envy us. Take advantage
 of it, don't abuse it as I
 know I have thoughtlessly
 done so often.

You know a soldier
 can always use money -
 and knowing that you can,

too, I appreciate your gifts
that much more. As I've
told Betty, I've had only
one opportunity to shop in
the past week - and didn't
like the junk I saw. So
please be patient, and
Santa will make a late
visit one of these weeks.
Again, many thanks.

Love & prayers,

Dot

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