

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
REEF POINT
BAR HARBOR
MAINE

June 12. 1945
14

No one will know better than you my beloved
Mildred that there are sorrows one must meet alone,
& this is one of them. Max told me in his gayest
moments - what he thought fitting - a private
funeral here, his ashes in the garden & no one
here aside from his faithful little group on the
place - For two years it has been slowly coming,
but he mercifully knows not of it - It is
impossible to tell when the door will close, it
may be to-night, or not for some weeks. But he
is in no pain, sleeps much of the time & just
rouses if the Doctor comes in or if I bring in a
flower he likes - So you can help me best, dear
Mildred in saying a little prayer for me, & when
I get on my feet, after the long strain, you
will be called, or I will go to you & you
will understand as we always have -

Yours own
Trixi