July 24th-63

Dear Josh,

Yes — it was a lightning stroke without the slightest warning, and therein lies the only good part of this whole nightmare! How he hated to be ill or incapacitated!

Now I must suffer the consequences of having been too bound up in his life. I must learn whether one can regenerate a heart — a mind — a will!

How much he left undone — and how much he did. It is still to me unbelievable!

Thank you for your warm sympathy.

As ever,

Betty.