

Heart disease took a toll on her health. Her illness saddened me and left a terrible scar on me. There is always this nagging feeling that I could have done more for her.

Her memory is everywhere in my home--her dowry, handwritten by my father and signed by my mother and father; treasured recipes, and her lovely needlework. The blankets, doilies, tablecloths, piano scarfs, cushion covers, napkins, sheets and pillowcases with lovely crochet edgings can be seen in almost every room of my home. There is nothing like them anywhere, and I hope that my children will treasure them and her memory as much as I do.