

A will was made and I was left one-half, but I was also left something more than money. The poems he wrote and gave me. The stories I have sold. The book I am now writing and all the memories more than you would put in a book.

I have no desire for money. I love, through my efforts, to make money. It spends so good when you make it yourself. I always had enough. Somehow I have never wanted too much. Money buys things--not happiness. Things are so unimportant (that one could do without.) Money spent for foolish things would gladden the hearts of someone really in need for the comforts and necessities of life. Someone that is not to blame for their condition. That is what money is for. The feeling you get when you help someone is different than the feeling you get when you buy yourself a fur coat or a diamond ring, or something you could do without.

So ends the story of the life of the Moriartys. It was lots of fun living it over again.

Cathy and Joyce, be good and always remember Grandmother. Some day we will all be together again (because He said if life is taken away from one person in a family, they are never separated because the family will always live together in eternal life with God.)

Grandma July 21, 1957.