

Jan , 1969

Dear Mrs. Spencer,

Please forgive me for trying to burden you down with my troubles. I want you to know of all the cards I received, yours ment the most, because of you going through the same thing as me.

I cant seem to talk to anyone. I dont even want to leave the house or talk to any of my friends. I thought if I could write to you even if you didnt answer me, that it might help.

Its been four weeks tomorrow since it happened and I dont feel any better. People keep telling me that time will help me, but it feels like it is getting worse instead of better. Sometimes I feel like I must be going insane, because of the way I feel and not being able to sleep at night. In the daytime I can do pretty good, but at night I cant help myself from thinking. Dale was so good to the girls and myself. If he had stepped out on me or beat me or something at least I could think of that, but to my way of thinking he was perfect.

I keep thinking he was so young to die for nothing and maybe I killed him myself, because my brother is a firemen in California, and Dale took the test at my suggestion. Do you feel any better or any different in two years? Am I going to feel any different latter on or do people just say that to me?

Mrs. Dale Fleming