



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1893-05-31

Letter from Louie [Strentzel] Muir to John Muir, 1893 May 31.

Louie Strentzel Muir

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as possible, and then called her out to see the ships & a train just coming round the hill: in a moment she became interested in all in sight, and when we walked down the hill she seemed as cheerful as ever. Grandma was not well enough to go, & lately, on account of the danger of going up and down Cemetery hill, she favors my plan of building the tomb at the old home, beside Uncle and Brother Johnny, without disturbing them from their quiet rest. Grandma begs you to write and say what plan you think is best, but she still feels

Martinez, California.
May 31, 1893.

Dear John,

Your beautiful letters three, of May 26th from Chicago came last evening: and glad were we, for the silence since you went away has been long and dreary.

Your note from St. Paul came only a day sooner, but your telegrams gave us comfort indeed.

We all wrote to you at Portland and also at Portage but you seem to have missed all but Wanda's letter.

Helen and Wanda are both very well and I stay most of the time in the garden with them, not only to take care of them, but to rest my own nerves as well. Last week a dry harsh norther blew for two days, during which I suffered dreadful neuralgic pains, and since then my left eyelid twitches & trembles so much that I can not read or write more than a few minutes at a time. The weather is delightful now, the flowers are thriving & blooming and the valley looks very beautiful, but soon, dust & mosquitos may arrive and drive us to the house for refuge, — then will be

the time for regular book lessons for the children.

For a week Wanda has been trying to sing, and I rejoice that she is now able to follow any tune not too high, that I play for her. I think that she will have a good rich contralto voice, by and by.

Yesterday being Decoration day, when we gathered the flowers, little Helen said "Wanda, I must go with the flowers up on the hill". When we reached there, the child jumped from the carriage first with the basket of wreaths & ran to the iron door of the tomb! We helped her to arrange the flowers as quickly

that she can not bear the thought of burial in the earth. Helen likes Lou Erwin very much, and Francis is still here, so we are going along very comfortably.

Aunt Margaret seems better and the others are all well.

Henry Christian wants to move his family over to the Adobe when it is repaired.

The cherries are ripe & fine, and more numerous than they seemed last month.

My eyelid troubles me so that I can not write more now.

Love and kisses from all.
Faithfully Yours
Louie Muir