

Dear John, Houla, 10:00 a.m.

Just a few lines to visit with you. Our weather is getting very nice and warm. I will go on the patio soon for some sun.

I am still having some pain in my stomach and can't eat much, but I am eating a little. I am looking in my cook book for a recipe to bake for Easter. I like a slovak recipe that I always made for Easter. It is good but uses prunes jelly and it is hard to find, so I can't always make it. It is called lebrar. years ago I always could get it at a bakery. Last night, I was thinking how I loved Easter. I remember running to church at 5:00 a.m. I just loved it. I was in a profession
(over)



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I had to wear^a white dress and had a basket of flowers to throw on the floor. I was about 7 yrs old. I ran and skipped all the way and was so happy to do that. My father was also very proud of me. He always made sure I had a very nice dress and white shoes. I always had scabs on my knees because I fell many times running. I also ran to the store and it was about one mile. I don't remember being unhappy. We didn't have much but never went hungry. I loved my father very much. Jean and Walter were too young to remember him. My neighbors got me a doll (the only one I had) and Chester broke it. It was like those dolls that Bonnie had.



John, your Dad was one of a
kind. He knew how to decorate
a cake and do almost anything
a woman could. When Martin was
born I asked to take care of things
and your kids but he wouldn't
let me. He did all things him-
self. He also loved all you
kids so much. He was a very hard
worker. He also took care of his
brothers and mother when she was
ill all those years. That is how he
learned to do all those things.
Steg, told me, he is going to
visit Gary and see you in
May. I rode in his car
and it is nice, even
the seat is heated.
He said he got a
good deal. Well,
I will stop my
visit with Love you
Aunt Stella

