

Feb. Feb. 11, 1998 -  
late evening -

raining all afternoon but no snow nor ice - and you  
Dear Terry are basking in the sunshine at 75 degrees browning  
your complexion to prove it - and smilingly writing that  
picture in words, to me - unaware that you are that it  
only creates a smile on my aged face and memories of long hot  
months in NW Florida mostly unvarying weather in that regard -  
with tornadoes and hurricanes playing tag with barn-roofs  
bouncing around in the free space above tree heights and dropped  
miles away from home-ground"""""""" thus for one like me, born  
and raised in that temptestous - climate - 75 degrees ia probably  
all right for baking hand-made biscuits - but nothing else!!!!!!!

So, let us laugh together across these fearful miles - and the  
empty space so bare that once you occupied in our lives - and  
my happiness when you were at the organ and often played a  
beloved hymn so like angels singing for their own pleasure  
and memories of my dear mother singing in that sweet soprano  
with the other singers in a country church. Grateful we are for  
the man who took your place . . . but I do know that the instrument  
forever murmurs to itself "where did Terry go?"

The two 'burning bushes' in the front Bed stand as living, but mute  
memories that once you were ever with us and in the autumn they  
are astonishing deep red and conversion pieces on their very own-  
and the shrubbery in the Memory Garden stands so beautifully  
in it's place as we are sure your loved ones look over the  
ramparts of heaven, at all that lives in their memory.

How dear it was and is of you to write to me - esp. so since for  
a whole week I have thought of you time and again, and said to  
myself I must get his address in that far-off clime and let him  
know he is by no means forgotten in this once familiar setting  
of those who come and go to this House of Worship. Pastor was  
very happy to receive the 4th Certificate of Award from the Novi  
Council on "Beautification of the Grounds" - I had 2 volunteers  
(women) and Elaine took over the bed around the Sign by 10 Mile Rd.  
It was exceptionally beautiful.

It is now 7:30 AM and I have passed silently through the night  
deep in slumber with not a thought in my head, not to speak of  
words even in dreams - the Golden Years are less so than one still  
on the 'road' toward that time in mortal life when the great  
Liberal Education takes over to teach one the 'art' of living  
with a chapter awaits the traveller finishing the trek awaiting  
same unknowing 'being'. How ignorant we are . . . . tho we may  
have walked with Moses thro the deserts haggard and worn from the  
complains of his company - and gone on beyond him to Joshua  
and that great company of Prophets - - - and finally we were out  
of Egypt and in Greece, the cradle of Democracy - we linger there  
with Socrates and weep to our own self, alone, for the poison cup  
he took in his hands - but all such cups in the human world could  
not deter or blemish our love of that great Soul who's mind  
surpassed all that had come before him. I will go on to another  
page & seek to finish and put this in the mail to you.

2.

Terry, the River of Life flows on in the same pattern that it ever has at Spirit of Christ - Pastor is more-so than ever, in growth - and ever loved and admired (quietly) by those who have ears to hear and eyes to see - God's Grace. David seems perhaps an inch taller than his Dad and his brother Jonathon, at Ann Arbor learning Journalism - seems secure in his own thought that 'height of the body means but little compared or matched to the expansion of the mind'!!!!!!

You know I am 91 by birthdays and have tried to keep my mortal life alive and awake with some sort of activity that could be of value to someone or a cluster of someone's. Soon I shall have to give up actual gardening as the body-physical is subject to Mother Nature's reason for being - to take away and replace - and as of now, Kurt's presence in my life is simply an empty space I have planted to memories that live on, not subject to the Seasons of the Year - thus alive with greenery and the mixture of colors that should be in every life, where nettles and poison ivy are forbidden to sprout.

At the moment I have a longing to go back into the world of "Braille" tho it requires refreshing mind and fingers in that world of "Dots" where Memory is the slave-driver and does not permit outside visitors - even in thought!

The nine years I spent in NW Florida before we came back to Mich. - I had entered 70's - and took what to me was the "high" road of learning Braille - finished it in 1 year and entered the life of a child who had entered this world completely, forever, blind - and being transferred from home teaching to Public School learning. I was chosen to be his Braille transcriber. It was 8 years of the most wonderful chapter of my ordinary life - He was tired of listening to tapes - he loved poetry - he loved his Sun. School quarterly - to read - I brailled every one of them so he could hold up his hand and answer the teacher's questions! He loved playing the piano, and singing with it - I brailled every hymn he ever loved and as he plays weekend nights in a large restaurant nearby, customers can select their favorite number from a sheet by the Piano, and he sings quietly along with his playing. Thus a blessing awaited me, there - tho I had left the entire South decades before never to return there to live. Our Destiny and Purposes for Being are beyond our vision until we have passed beyond them and can look back at the way we have come.

Terry, may the Lord bless you, and may your Guardian Angel keep you and your loved ones safe from hurt, or harm . . . I would be happy to hear from you again and hope you still are playing soul music of an occasional old hymn . . . .

kindest thoughts -

Love,  
Nettie King Strade

*Handwritten signature*

kindest thoughts -

the blessing song which of an occasion of your plan . . . .  
I would be happy to hear from you again and hope you still  
keep you and your loved ones safe from what of harm . . .  
Dearly, may the good news you and may your cherished work

the way we have come.  
When you will be able to see beyond them and can look back at  
to give. One beautiful and purpose for being the beyond one  
had left the entire world because before never to return there  
with his blessing. This a beautiful answered me, there - the I  
number from a great of the Bible and he gives directly about  
a little beautiful world. Sometimes can affect their favorite  
every plan be able to see and as he gives week-end nights in  
He loved blessing the Bible and standing with it - I practiced  
could not do his hand and answer the teacher, a question;  
unusually - to lead - I practiced every one of them so he  
times - he loved books - he loved his own school  
character of my ordinary life - He was tired of waiting to  
practice transcription. It was 8 years of the most wonderful  
teaching to public school teaching. I was chosen to be his  
completely, forever, thing - and being transferred from home  
entered the life of a child who had entered this world  
"with" long of teaching Bible - finished it in 1 year and  
to wish. - I had entered 20, a - and took what to me was the  
The nine years I spent in my Florida before we came back  
does not permit outside activities - even in thought;  
that world of "Dots" where memory is the state-driver and  
"Blessing" the it teaches teaching mind and fingers in  
the world I have a longing to go back into the world of

*The Lily Pons stamp is beautiful - how beautiful she was today & soul! And what a voice!*

and what a voice!  
I am subject to mother nature, a season for being - to take away  
I shall have to give no other gardening as the body-blessing  
could be of value to someone or a character of someone, a soon  
worldly life give and awake with some sort of activity that  
you know I am of it, of it, and have tried to keep my

The errors are plentiful in this typing  
As I have been without typewriter for many  
yrs. since I cannot use electronic marvels  
having been born non-mechanical, etc  
and shy far from computers too. I now have  
an old South Corona !! but need much  
practicing !!

NETTIE M SKRADE



Mr. Jerry Peckert

Gilbert, AZ 85234-4652

3333