

# TRUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY

2157 LINCOLN STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY 6, UTAH

My Dear Sister:

January 29, 1954

Just a note in answer to your sweet christmas card. I don't suppose it is the Kasser trait in me not to write, but nevertheless it is a trait, so please forgive me. I think of you often just the same.

Father seems to be the same. He suffers no physical pain that we know of. He just sits and waits patiently upon the Lord. He has everything he needs and desires. Aunt Lucy is a jewel the way she cares for him.

As long as Father is with us I think I'll be able to assist Rose. Of Course, if they were to arrest me the story might be different. However, lets not worry about that now. I'm only a believer, but that seems to make no difference to the authorities.

Otherwise all is well with us. My health is good at this time. Margaret and the children join me in wishing you joy and peace in the years to come. May God forever bless and sustain you, I humbly pray.

Love,



Dear Folks;

Things are pretty much the same at 1853 Yuma, Daddy downhill slide is very slow, and I'm sure there are times when Aunt Lucy wonders who is going to outlive who. At best it is a trying experience for both of them, and it isn't at best very often.

Daddy can continue his snail like shuffle from bedroom to front room. Bathroom obligations are missed as often as checked, especially during sandman hours. Sleep isn't as precious in Daddy's routine as in mine. When I hit the feathers I mean business, but oftentimes it is just another long night for Daddy. Time becomes quite a problem when one can do little more than sit around murdering it.

Mary and I had our little trip, Mdy's first experience with the trials of bus service, and she has hopes of it being her last. Thus after finally anchoring she preferred to stay and relax at Mesa. Thus we accomplished 8 sessions in Mesa and 4 at St. George making an even dozen a piece plus 14 sealings each. Involved six days sitting and plenty of night travel time.

We lived on the fruits of the land, my giving the old song and dance of wanting to enjoy juice squozen from the tree ripened fruit. My stomach became saturated all too soon, but Mary consumed said liquids throughout our stay.

Each temple is different and lovely in its own right. For me I enjoy the lighter tones in paint, furniture, etc., but I realize other have other pleasures.

I hope the spring is finding you, some folks hesitate to use such terminology, but consider it such with an ice age tang.

In case I've left you completely baffled about the route of our trip it was to Mesa via 91 and return via the same w/ith a four session stopover at St. George. The desert was not in bloom, was too early.

May 13, 1953