

I'm thankful that you taught us to be frugal with our money. Taught us that debt was a sorry thing. And even if we didn't practice this policy and had to come to you for money --you loaned it without a word --when you could always say "I told you so".

But aside from these things I think of the good times we had together as a family. I can never forget our vacations --and how we would drive to enjoy ourselves. Not to make a deadline. If we saw something on the roadside of interest, we stopped and looked it over --if something was a few miles out of the way --but we wanted to see it, we did. And even tho we didn't have much money --you always managed to save enough for a "pop" or bite of candy for the special vacation time. And we couldn't afford to stop in restaurants --but instead of this becoming a problem to worry about we just had everything become more fun by having a picnic --or cooking by the roadside.

And I remember how when any new purchase was made for the house --my opinion on the subject was ever bit as valuable as an adults. When we chose a rug we kids got to pick out what we thought was pretty. I wonder if I will be able to do this with my children --I will want things to match so badly that I will probably not realize that it's more important to have your children feel a "part" of the planning.

But most of all I've always appreciated the fact that we always felt free to bring our friends home. Many times I've thought of the hard times of the depression and the lack of funds at our house ---but come Sunday I usually always brought from two to three girls home with me for dinner. How did you manage to feed the extras? I guess you just knew either Doyle or I would have someone in. But today, when I think of how I always cook with the number of persons I'm feeding in mind --I wonder how you always made the food "stretch". I'm glad you always allowed us to feel Home was ours --and we could have our friends in anytime we pleased.

And now that I'm older and have occasion to make an effort to help people with their problems --especially with their teenagers---the only way I can help them is by remembering how you handled the same situation. How you always allowed us to have the car --my how you trusted us when we were but teenagers! I think now how we all piled in the car on Sundays and took off for the afternoon--just as tho the car actually belonged to us. And we always felt it did. But yet, we would not have abused our privilege -because we knew you trusted us with it.

I assure you Mom, that I'm very thankful this Mother's Day, that when God decided to send me to the earth --he chose to send me to you and Dad. You have made mistakes I'm sure ---but right now they don't come to my thinking. You have been a good Mother.

I was talking to Dale Sunday --just casually mentioned to him that I had a letter from you this last week --and that you are now 70 years old --and still irrigating! He said something like this---"You know, that Granny is an amazing person--people like her don't come very often ---she's made of great stuff and I admire her." And we both agreed you were made of "Pioneer stock". The type that could have crossed the desert in a covered wagon. Now me, --If I had had to help the pilgrms ~~come~~ come to America --they'd have still been in the old country --or if we had made it over the ocean --I'd have sat right there on Plymouth rock!

Well, Mom, I must close now and feed the children.

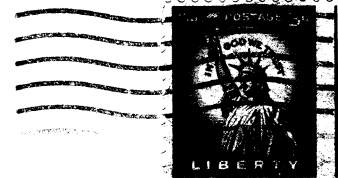
Lovingly, your daughter

*Jane*

Jane

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