

Sunday - February 15th

Mary thought a good rest this morning would do her good so she stayed in bed till noon and I stayed in the house and read and herded the kids, just doing odd chores I had to. I did the rest this afternoon but we got in a very quiet day. The Lampkins came over after tea to night. I saw Anne over about seven a.m. to tell us that poor little Lila has left us. She died about two o'clock this morning. Consider I think up to the last but not suffering. It is nearly four years now since Aunty Maude went. Lila was then except for Jim the baby of our family, and so vivacious, active and apparently strong. That little any of us thought that she would be the first to join her mother. It seems hard to think that she, so young, so pretty and so very clever should be the first of her generation to experience the great adventure and to enter the shadowy boundaries of the mysterious unknown, and the sorrow for us who stand on this side and watch her bravely embark on that awful journey is piercing in its sadness and yet a pang of grief are gently blended with a piercing sweetness which only grief can know. As we imagine the joy on that other side when her journey ended, mother and daughter once again are in each other's arms.

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I just did up the necessary chores this morning had an early dinner and walked over to the farm and got Fucen and the Cattle. Dad took her down to Hallam this morning and had him put on a shoe she had cast and then they had to use her with feet went to Wilbur's and got that saw. I came home and found Mary down town leaving the children at Mrs. Lampkin's, where they had a grand time. Mary went to the doctor's and we met at Aunty's. Aunty Alice said they had both had a good rest and were feeling better. Cousin Phoebe and Miss Buckwell were there to receive callers, and Aunty was lying down, more to be away from the confusion she said than because she didn't feel well. I met Dick up town doing some shopping for them and he went back to the house with me. Aunt was up at Mr. Yarrar's funeral. Poor old Quind had a hard week of it. He didn't realize when he went to Victoria early in the week nor till Dick telephoned him to come back that Lila was so seriously ill. Dick has had a sad holiday, but he has been a great help to Aunty & Aunty Alice and told Dad that as things turned out he would not have had his holidays at any other time. I signed my contract with the Cannery factory this afternoon. Colleen