

Mailed from Richmond, Virginia, on
May 16, 1970.

LLEWELLYN J. COPPEDGE, M. D. (Retired)
520 Rabun Street
Sparta, Georgia 31087

Dear Ralph,

The roses have been a delight for us all, but particularly for Papa, who has enjoyed ^{them} in his room. They are - he tells me - his favorite flower.

Papa requests that I write you his most sincere thanks and report to you and Blanche about the pleasure your visit gave him. Your letter, he says, has a great deal of literary merit; and he has reflected on the Whittier poem. Papa wishes to enclose the poem you will find in this letter. It is not original but it has often been quoted in my presence.

Please do not think that your visit created a strain; it rather had the opposite, lightening and relaxing effect.

This afternoon ^{he} has returned to the hospital. An intestinal difficulty - perhaps a result of his eating too many hematic, high protein foods - has considerably enfeebled him. Until he gains back some of his strength, I am convinced the hospital is the right place.

He sends his "warmest greetings" to you and his "love to ever-precious Blanche."

Sincerely,
Walter

I hope that we will have the pleasure of seeing you all again in the not-too-distant future. *Está en su casa*, as we say in Mexico.

LLEWELLYN J. COPPEDGE, M. D. (Retired)

520 Rabun Street

Sparta, Georgia 31087

I'm glad my times are in Thy hand.
For me 'tis sweet to know
That everything by Thee is planned
For me where 'ere I go.

The hand that holds the ocean depths
Can hold my small affairs.
The hand that guides the universe
Can carry all my cares.

I do not know the future,
I would not if I might.
For faith to me is better far
Than faulty human sight.