

The following letter was found among the memorabilia that my mother, Florence Barbara Peterson Wilford, had kept. The only clue as to the identity of the husband or wife is the day of the month that she passed away. In searching our ancestors, the only wife who died on the 15th of a month is our Grandmother, Florence Jackson Peterson. There is only one question: It says she spoke her last words on the eve of her birthday. Grandma's birthday was the 27th of December. She was in a coma the next day. I don't know if she was in a coma for a couple of weeks before passing away. I have searched for her death certificate but cannot view the record. I will send for a copy.

The letter is very tender and I thought you would like to read what I believe is our grandfather Arthur Martin Peterson's thought about his wife Florence Jackson Peterson.

"Although her eyes reflect an unacceptable burden of pain and suffering, her ready smiles and sincere interest in individuals and their problems tended to ease the anxiety and concern of others as to the finality of her illness.

Her first consideration was her family. Her greatest pleasure was in giving love, devotion, encouragement, friendship, faith, and many other noble attributes, all of which made up the whole fabric of her life.

On the eve of her birthday I was bidding her good nite. She caressed my cheek and whispered her last words. 'I've had a good life honey.'

Her assurance was her concern for me. There is no greater reward.

The following day she was comatose, and at 3:30 A.M. on the fifteenth God took her hands, and she was gone.

I shall be forever proud of my dear wife and most gallant lady."