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Sunday, April the 2nd 1922.

Dear Floyd:-

I went to Sunday School this morning, and, since that time I have been at work in the office. You know the work here demands so much on Sunday.

I do not get as much time off as it seems is due me, but am not worrying about that as a fellow should be glad that he has work to do and is able to do it. Positions are not as easily obtained now as a year or more ago.

When my time is out here think I will go back into the practice of law, and, may be, here in Somerset. However, am not certain of that, as an old bachelor can locate elsewhere without much trouble. That is there is no one else to say "no."

This is a beautiful day if we did have a frost last night, and one feels like taking a stroll to the country for a few hours at least and conversing with nature. Sometimes you know I like to be all alone, and, have no one to molest me----just meditate and commune with nature. It is great indeed. One can get closer to his Creator-----almost feel as if he were standing in His presence. And, there is nothing sweeter than to feel that you are coming in contact with Him who gave us life and being, and, in whose hands our destiny lies. For after all this life is nothing but a preparation for a real life after we have crossed the "Great Divide." But what a consolation it is to think that we are passing to a life of eternal bliss where trials and tribulations never come; where every day is one of perfect contentment; "where the flowers ever bloom and the beams ever shine."

From the way you write Floyd, you must be cared for by those who have the "milk of human kindness in their hearts." It seems as though some "Guardian Angel" was watching over you. Who ever they may be, I want you thank them on behalf of your people.

Your uncle,

"Bob"