

From
One of Mrs Harrington's
Cooks

274 W. 117th St.
New York

June 23rd 1915.

Dear Miss Harrington,

I cannot begin to thank you for the honour you conferred on me - by writing to me when I heard of your loss last summer - I wanted so to write & say how sorry I was, but I could not put my feelings in words either adequate or eloquent enough to express just how much I sorrowed with you. When

Margaret wrote & told me I cried so - then a sort of numbness came over me, & I'd wonder if there was some mistake - could it be possible; so I have just a little idea of how much the loss must mean to you when I who am at such a distance from your walk in life could feel the loss so - Still you have a wonderful consolation in the memory & glorious heritage that Mrs Harrington left behind her - I always want some day to tell her how much she had meant to (be) me in example

as well as in many many other ways - Why the fact of seeing you get up from prayers after Breakfast - made me pray to when some times I felt "What is the use" & again in ^{the} Starrington's open Bible when I'd go to make her bed.

Miss Starrington if I did not have a duty to do in life I'd wish for nothing better than to be with you & serve you, & maybe some day it will be given to me to prove to you how much I love, honour & esteem you. You do not know how much it meant to me to hear from you & of you all, & I trust that you & all the family continue well & that I shall have the honour of hearing from you some time when you can find a convenient moment.

Believe me to remain
Very Respectfully
Jessie Poults.

