

My dear sister,

I don't believe I'm writing these words, but trust me, I only wrote them to clear my mind of the horror I saw. I was unable to sleep two days ago and haven't been able to since. I saw him. I saw my grandfather-in-law in the plain light of the moon.

My dear Andrew told me it must have been a nightmare, but I know I saw his grandfather walking around the house as if he weren't dead and buried three days ago. I can't say it wasn't a liberation when the poor soul passed away. Do not put cruel thoughts in my mind; I only think it was a liberation for the sick, old man. But God is not as merciful as you would certainly be to me. Maybe those visions were his vengeance for my thoughts. I just hope I can forget this dark silhouette lost in the night.

I hope you will find time to visit us next month, as you promised.

*Your dear sister,
Elphie Marsden*

Anne Grimm
New York