

Accession No. M1981-1010  
Bruce Collection  
Box 7, Folder 237

[Letter from a child to Frederick & Mary [May] Sharon, 1937 on Old Trail Exchange  
stationary]

THE OLD TRAIL EXCHANGE  
MEDICALS ARTS BUILDING  
3320 BROADWAY  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Mary Bruce Sharon  
Elizabeth Barton Shromer  
Henrietta Bruce Sharon

TELEPHONE  
VALENTINE 1950

April 15<sup>th</sup>, '37 [April 15, 1937]

Darlings:

I haven't anything material to give you, but I know that you care as little about that as I do. However, I do have something to tell you which I think you might be interested to know. I think that you both, sometimes, cherish the mistaken idea that you are failures, that you haven't actually accomplished much in the world. How wrong you are! Do you know that you have accomplished that most impossible of tasks? You have produced a perfectly happy human being!

I was lying in bed the other night thinking about "shoes & ships & sealing-wax, and whether pigs have wings," and it suddenly

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occurred to me that I am the most completely happy person I know. Yes, really I am. And there are two major reasons why. need I say more? But it is true, I thought about it with thankful wonder. What a serenly [serenely] contented existance [existence] I lead, completely surrounded as I am by love. It was like a revelation, a little, half-guessed suspiciou [suspicious] of a thought, hitherto undiscovered. I wonder if you quite realize how much you have given me? All that is best in back-ground [background] and ideals, good taste, and right thinking. A relationship without fear, a humorous companionship, not the ordinary parent-and-child attitude, the ability to be proud of you.

I suppose, that being physically handicapped, I should, according to all belief, be bitter. I am not. I am even happier because of it. It has given me a short-cut

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to contentment, it has given me a better perspective, shown me the true values, eliminated any reliance on the physical, deepened my sense of humor, and been a challenge to all the best that is in me. You both have been my buckles and shield, of course, and I've always loved challenges, not to mention Dragons. How many times, have I been tempted to stoop to certain things, cheap little things that "were fun because the crowd did them," and couldn't because of you? Because you had set an example, which I must follow, and because your good opinion [opinion] was worth more than all the fun in the world. So you see, my dears, that because you are what you are, I am what I am, and I hope that it is in some small way what

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you would have me be.

I wrote all this because I knew that there would be great weeping and wailing if I told you what is in my heart, and that, even if I tried to resist, I couldn't when Mama's eyes began to stream. No weeping!

Your contented child