

My dear Doctor Kennedy.

Your dear letter of last September has conveyed to me your much wished for news; I rejoiced to hear that you and all of the family are enjoying good health, which I am fortunate I can say of myself and of my folks too.

My children grow on as I am hurrying towards what we call a mature age, an euphemism for indicating the antichamber of old age; Luisa, my eldest girl, is now nearly 22 years old, and has just begun her third year at the Pavia University; she studies

and works steadily at mathematics; Yole, the second, stays at home and helps mother in the housekeeping; Victoria, who comes next, expects to graduate a teacher by next June. George is quite a grown up boy of 15 years; he spent a year at a college at Livorno (Leghorn) to prepare for the Navy School; but at the medical visit last September he was dismissed on account of deficiency of his sight. The requirements of the Naval Academy in that respect are very strict; in order to be admitted he ought to have been capable to read without glasses and currently letters of the alphabet $22\frac{1}{2}$ millimeter in size at a distance of 15 meters; but his performance reached little over 7 meters, and much to his disappointment he had to give up his cherished idea of becoming a marine officer; he continues now at home his studies for civil engineering.

Max, the baby of the house is now 8 years of age; and seems to be the only one in the family endowed with some musical talent, for he is doing pretty well at the piano.

All considered, our life would be quiet and happy but for the dreadful war that keeps heart and mind in a sort of constant gloomy preoccupation, making us feel as if even the natural, common enjoyments of life were at variance with and an outrage to the hard life and the strenuous sacrifices of our brave soldiers, and to the sadness of the too many people and families mourning for their dear ones fallen in the war.

At the same time, and although none of us entertains any illusion as to the wondrous power of resistance of the German block and the many and great

difficulties that are still to be conquered, the belief is most firm and unshaken that we will obtain full victory in this struggle for life of two worlds, two mentalities and two cultures. We know the struggle will yet be long and hard, but know too that no matter what more sacrifices are requested, it has to and will continue till a durable peace will be secured by a complete victory.

Accept much kind love and best wishes for Xmas and the new year for yourself, and Miss Ingell and everyone of your dear family inclusive of the little ones from

most affectionately yours
Luisi.

Nov. 24. 1916.



Brusati, Luigi. 1916. "Brusati, Luigi 24 Nov 1916." *George Golding Kennedy correspondence*

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