

The Brownham School.

May 21, 1911.

Dear Uncle George,

It is a beautiful surprise that you and Aunt Hattie have given me this morning — so much more beautiful for coming from you both in this way. I don't know how to thank you, but I do appreciate very deeply both the generosity of the gift and the even greater generosity of the spirit that could sympathize with my honest desire to pay my debts and could let me have the satisfaction of doing that — at least after a

You don't know how glad I am that it comes through you for now I can talk to you about it and it is almost like talking to her. But I am sure she knows, too. I don't imagine her and my mother not to talk with us when they are so clearly just because they are out of our sight for a time. I can trust my mother to thank her for me — until I see her face again.

And now I want to consult you about something if it will not bother you.

We have, here at this College, a Students' Aid Society — a group of people, students and friends of this College, who take this way of reaching out who have

mail and send the check for Principal and
interest and try to tell her some thing if my
pretense that a happy day it was for me, I
could not have changed places with royalty,
and I am sure just as well in making that
is mine to keep as I did in that mind man
come to pay. She sent back the interest with
such a letter, across better that — always it
rather took my breath away — she would
me feel altogether happy about it.
And would for this it came to me — it
seems to come and go coming, as it does
I cannot hesitate to receive it thankfulness.

fashion.

For, as none knows better than
you, I owe Aunt Hattie the
sort of debt that one never
repays. But this money
was different. After
all she had given me in
my eight years here I went
to her and asked her for
this loan. How I did hate
to ask it, and how simply
and kindly she gave it!

And then time went on and
it seemed as if I could never,
never save enough to repay it.
She never reminded me
of it by word or look, but I
could not forget and it was
hard to hold up my head
in those days.

Then at last when I could

that I use from this gift of hers
were interested in that way.

I know you will enter into
my feelings in the matter. It is
the sort of good work that she
has always been ready to do
and I should like to think
that in a very real sense
she would be a perpetual
helper of other girls. It
would be a comfort to me
also to know that whatever
might happen to me there
would always be this record
to bear witness to what she
has done for me.

On the other hand, I realize
that a matter like this sometimes
strikes different people altogether
differently, and if you do not

fully approve I trust you to tell me so without the
least hesitation. Please don't feel that there is any
need to explain reasons — I know from experience
that one may have most excellent reasons for an
opinion and yet find it a bewilderment to put them
into words. It is quite sufficient that in this case
nothing that did not actually commend itself to
you could possibly please me.

I am sorry to find to you make separate cover
my last request to the Students' Aid so that you
may see just what sort of an organization it
is and just how its work is done. Do not

not fairy-godmothers and who
need and deserve a helping hand.
It is not intended to do what can
be done better by others — still
less what the girls can do for
themselves. But it makes
loans or gifts, large or small,
and under varying conditions
— aiming always to do what is
really best for the individual
cases.

Besides the regular members
and the life-members we have
an "In Memoriam" list and if
you approve I would very much
like to place Aunt Hattie's
name in that list. I have
had the wish in mind for
some time and now I would
like the first twenty-five dollars

would to return the report.

The days so very fast here as this season, and
the long vacation will be upon us before we know it.
Seydell is taking a course in the Harvard Summer
School, and shall look forward to seeing you while
I am in that part of the world.

With love for Bridget and Aunt Hesterianne and
for yourself,

Ever sincerely yours,
Rose N. Havens.



Hardwick, Rose N. 1911. "Hardwick, Rose N. 21 May 1911." *George Golding Kennedy correspondence*

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