

finally, but he could not be
lieve he was sick - and
not until last fall would
he go again and then very
sceptically - he you know
he went to John Hopkins
and there they confirmed
our physicians diagnosis -
Atrophy of the nerve that con-
trolled the muscles.

He improved in some ways
after he went to Baltimore.
He gained 15 lbs - but he
steadily grew weaker -
more helpless.

rec'd May 11
Ans May 12

1812 Calvert St.
Washington D.C.
Washington.
May 9. 1928.

Dear Dear Mr. Deane:

I think you have been
here with us in these last days
for it seemed to me that
you must be very near -
I suppose you knew that
Mr. Rose has been in failing
health for a long time -
Nearly a year ago we
begged him to consult a
physician - and he did

I could not believe he was doing
and I did every thing I could to
help - His mother died here just six
weeks ago after an illness of 18 days
and of course this was a great strain.
He insisted on taking her back
to Indiana - Joe came on from
the West and met him there.
He was greatly exhausted by the
trip and after that lost my
rapidly.

He went to the office the day before

he passed away. He was still interested
in his work and was planning new
things.

His trip was a tragedy of the nerve - that
entirely the muscles - It was very gradual.
He was slowly losing the use of his hands
his feet and limbs. For months he
had only had liquid food - cream and
eggs and rich soups and ice cream.
The very last night George brought up ice
cream and he ate it with evident relish

and they were at his head
and when the casket was lowered
into the grave the yellow roses
almost covered it.

Later I hope to send you a
copy of Dr. Wodds prayer.
He had ~~two hymns~~ sung by a
young woman who has a lovely
voice. "Hide with me" and
"Lead Kindly Light."

The cemetery was beautiful—
so sunny and filled with
tall agaveas in full bloom.
Pink and white dogwood
Sund Falls etc.

When I awoke on Friday—
I thought he was sleeping so
I slipped out of the room—
but on my return in a few
moments I found he was gone.
The service on Monday was
beautiful—He had it here in
our home— The casket stood
in the parlour in front of the
mantel and was literally
buried in flowers.

Flowers from every where.
Your beautiful yellow roses
were the only ones of the kind

I still cannot rid ~~idge~~ he is gone from
I am sure he will some come in..
I wish I could show you the beautiful
letter that have come to us.

I am afraid I have written too much.

but I wanted you to know as much
as possible about my thing.

On reading this one I see I have repeated
myself - but it was because I was
called away while writing.

Every one spoke of your roses.

They were so like those you sent to
Beane.

The girls will write soon -

We all send our love and
best wishes to you and Miss Froom.

Very sincerely

Samuel Rose.



Rose, Lou Sims. 1928. "Rose, Lou Beatrice Sims May 09, 1928." *Joseph Nelson Rose letters to Walter Deane*

View This Item Online: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/item/160655>

Permalink: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/partpdf/297766>

Holding Institution

Harvard University Botany Libraries

Sponsored by

IMLS

Copyright & Reuse

Copyright Status: Public domain. The BHL considers that this work is no longer under copyright protection.

This document was created from content at the **Biodiversity Heritage Library**, the world's largest open access digital library for biodiversity literature and archives. Visit BHL at <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org>.