

Letter from a Montana Daughter to Her Carolina Mother

Dear Mother:

"I'm writing this slow 'cause I know you can't read fast. We don't live where we did when you left. My hubby read in the paper where the most accidents happened within twenty miles of home, so we moved. I won't know the address for awhile yet as the last Montana family that lived here took the numbers with them for their next house so they won't have to change their address.

This place we're rentin' has a washin' machine. The first day I put four new shirts in it, pulled the chain, and I haven't seen 'em since. It only rained twice this week: three days the first time and four days the second time.

The coat you wanted me to send that you forgot here was too heavy to send in the mail. So we cut off the big buttons and put them in the pockets.

We got a bill from the funeral home, said if we didn't make the last payment on Aunty's funeral bill, up she comes.

I heard that Sis had a baby this morning but I haven't been over there yet to find out if it's a boy or a girl so I don't know if I'm and Aunt of an Uncle.

Our neighbor up the road fell in the whisky vat. Some men tried to pull him out, but he fought them off playfully, so he drowned. We cremated him and he burned for three days.

Three local kids from DeBorgia went off the bridge in a pick-up truck. The one that was driving rolled down the window and swam out. The two sitting in the back drowned. They couldn't get the tailgate down.

Not much to tell this time. Nothin' much happens 'round here.

Love, Your Daughter