REVIEW SERVICE
REGIS COLLEGE
DENVER, COLORADO

March 8, 1936

My dear Papa:

Your last fine letter came a few days ago and I was delighted to hear from you. I am glad things are going smoothly and hope they will continue along the same line. But I guess perfect smoothness is something to be desired in this world but never quite realized. I surely appreciate your offer to help finance a trip to Ft. Leavenworth but I will be unable to make it. The reason for going is not sufficient. In this life of mine it is impossible to keep up contacts with people who are outside it, so my policy is to let the past go and look to the future, or rather the present, and to take things as they come. Somehow or other I find it hard to combine the natural with the supernatural. I feel I could be all one or all the other, but when it comes to combining the two I find I lack something. I am surely glad you are planing on a visit to St. Louis next summer. The change will do you good and your visit will mean so much to Marie, Wim and Sister. A nice letter came from the latter just before Lent started, the first real letter I have had from Sister for over a year. Ever since she was elected Asst. Mother she seems to have given up writing. Maybe her rules limit her. Wim has fully recovered again. Recently I send him a donation for his parish and got a nice letter in return. All is going well in St. Louis. Wim was enthusiastic about Fr. Coughlin's reply to Rep. O'Connor of N.Y. two weeks ago. I listened in to it myself and thought it a master-piece. Last night I heard Hoover's address delivered at Colorado Springs. I heard it sitting in the dining room of a farm-house about 14 miles N.E. of the College. Yesterday was such a perfect day and the routine of this place almost drives me crazy at times, so I put on an old pair of pants and a soft shirt, got a little lunch together, and headed for the open spaces at about 10:30 in the morning. I walked about straight north for five miles and then cut across country in a northeasterly direction for about ten more, crossing plowed fields, ditches, going over and under fences, until finally I came to a railroad bridge and about a mile beyond it a fine brick farm house, where I pulled in to rest. The lady of the house was a Sister of a Jesuit friend of mine. Two parents and five children made up the family. It was about 5 o'clock when I landed there and, as I felt pretty tired, I rested for awhile and then went out to look over the live stock. About 6:30 I sat down to a fine dinner (home cooked) and then we sat around and talked until about 9 o'clock when one of the boys drove me home to the College. On the way to this place I came to some fine hay-stacks where where I would rest for awhile and at one of them I took a nap for almost an hour. The sun was hot and the hay soft so they got the best of me. I think your plan to visit the Trappists at New Melerey after your visit in St. Louis is fine. Whatever you do, don't try to live their life in all its details while you are there. I hope this finds you, Jim, Bob, Tee and his family all well and I send my love to each one. Am glad the cold has let up in Minnesota. Out here we are having regular Spring weather.

With love,

John

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