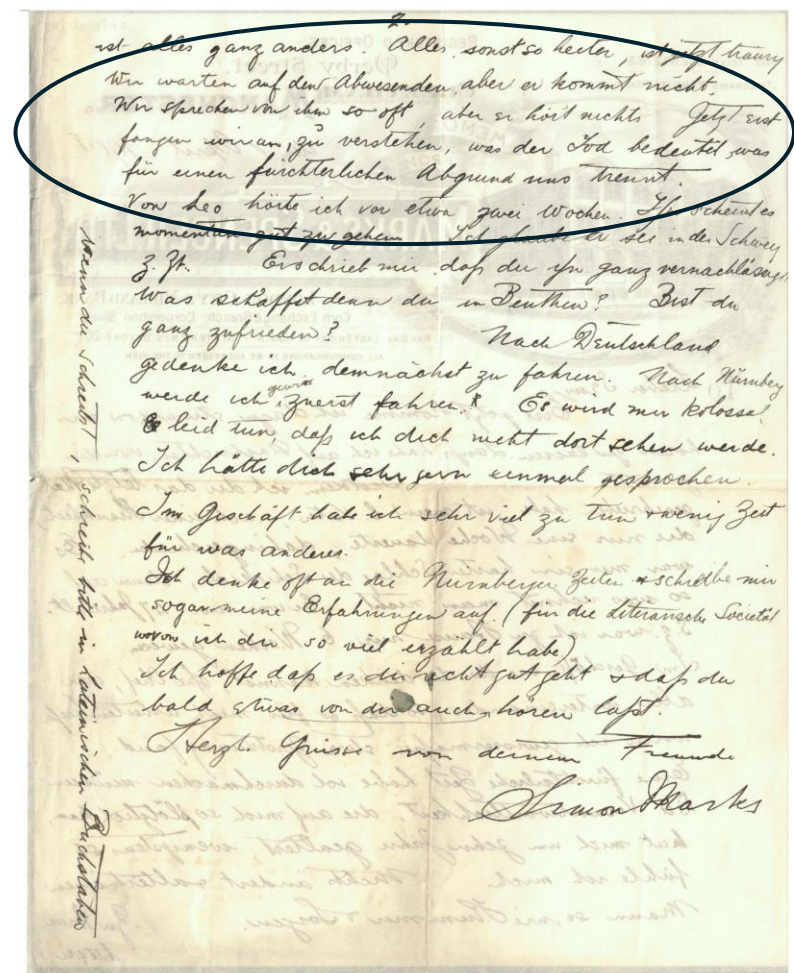


Translation of highlighted text:

Since I last wrote to you, my dear Father has passed away due to an illness that lasted only a week. It's been a real blow from fate, you don't count on something like that. He was only 47 years old. I had only been at home for 6 weeks. In the business, as you can imagine, without a boss, everything was in disorder, so it was hard work for me. It has been a terrible time to go through. The responsibility which so suddenly descended on me has aged me by ten years. At least that is how I feel. Nothing changes and ages a man like grief and worry does.



Translation of highlighted text

At home everything is different. Everything which used to be so jolly is now dispiriting. We wait for the absentee but he does not come. We speak of him so often but he cannot hear. It is only now that we are beginning to understand what death means, what a terrible chasm separates us.

[Mourning stationery - black border shows that a person is mourning a death]