

I hope it wasn't this hot at Manassas. Billy hated those scratchy wool pants. Least he was spared the winter. One night I overheard him tell his uncle it would take longer than folks thought. He said the winter would be worse than what we read about the Revolution. Somehow it seems like we both knew he wouldn't come back. I even think I know the minute it happened. The clock chimed, Mama's Haviland bowl broke in my hands and the room swayed. Next thing I knew, an hour had passed.

Wish I could stop this strange ramblin' thinkin'. Just remember my happy sweet William days. But then I'll ravel apart and he wouldn't like that. He'd be embarrassed if I carry on like Jenny Frances. Only last month she told me she'd marry Tom Lassiter if anything happened to George. Guess she wishes she hadn't said that.

Maybe if I move closer to her I can comfort her. Maybe if I hold her hand-- But who will comfort me? And oh, God, won't those wheels ever stop turnin'?