

X6234/1

Subject:  
RE: More Whitlocks...  
From:  
Necia Yehia <necia1@shaw.ca>  
Date:  
Sun, 22 Apr 2007 11:39:51 -0700  
To:  
whitlock@one-name.org

Well I guess no moss gathers on you! You are always going or coming to some place. Must be quite tiring, though, no?

As I probably mentioned before Jeanine and Rachel left for Italy on Friday. I am taking great delight in eating when and what I want and leaving my dirty cup wherever I want. I haven't been alone for any length of time since I was twenty two I think. Strange feeling.

I was up at 4:30 this am getting a jump on all the noisy things I want to accomplish while they are away. Notable a new bookcase set up for Jeanine as hers is just crammed and spilling over. I shimmed it so severely because I didn't want it tipping on her and killing her that it looked drunk. Moving all those damn (heavy illustrated) needlework books was a job, I can tell you. Wrestling the old book case (in pieces) down the stairs was another job. I feel like I was in a battle this morning. But I won!

I searched every way I could for Frank Frost and his family. So far no luck. I did find out he was born May 1879 in Jefferson Co. Ill. and that he was named Franklin W. Frost (the W is presumably for his father William - who is listed as William T - don't know what the T stands for as his mother's maiden name was Maxey or somesuch and his father was Campbell Frost).

I searched out Frank's sisters Ethel (b March 1881) and Margaret (b. Feb 1890). I believe Margaret (whose nickname was "Pet" or sometimes "Maggie") married one Tony Pitchford in Illinois. Perhaps a search of the Pitchfords would uncover something.

Funerals always make us check our mortality. Don't remember if I told you Carla's mother died a week or so ago. She was waiting for surgery to replace a heart valve. On the other end of the spectrum, Rachel's father and his girlfriend had a baby girl on the 18th. That makes Rachel big sister to two little girls. Don't remember if I told you this or not either. Sometimes, I write e-mails, get interrupted, blow them off for another time and then think I have already had the conversation. Just another thing to make life interesting.

I've been trying to get out to PoCo to visit Susan but there always seems to be things that get in the way of a few hours free to do what I want. I understand she has been suffering terribly with back pain - its the worst, isn't it?

Its a nappy day. I was up so early this morning I am STARVING so will go have lunch

and read a little. If that makes me dozy, well hey, I'll have a nap.

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Threw an entire 12 oz. glass of water over my desk on Friday and some of it dripped down into my keyboard. Now I have two plus signs and no dollar sign and the cursor doesn't like to back up. I keep waiting for it to get over itself and go back to normal. Think I am waiting in vain!

Take care - greetings to Patrick.