Tigelaar, Jacob

Forest Grove, Michigan - Appelscha, Friesland

J. Tigelaar to Jan Stevens Tigelaar

February 11, 1891

Dear Brother and Children,

We received your letter in good health. Because of God's blessing and goodness we are healthy and hope the same for you.

It is at your place winter and bitter cold. Not so over here; we have nice weather. New Years Eve and New Years Day it was raining, also the last day of January, but for the rest it was very good.

February three a snow storm; now again nice. In the night a little frost. So a great difference. Brother you have a small family, but we are with six of them. You wrote you have your hands full with your children. We may not complain about that. They are grown up now except Aafje.

Well brother I don't know much to write, this is the second letter after New Years day. You ask about the glasses of Father. The glasses and the case, I give my part to you brother Jan Stevens Tichelaar. Well brother you say your beard is white, mine is gray. This I wrote without glasses and with lamp light.

What is Aage doing up the Smilde, is he a tenant-farmer? My wife weighs 195 pounds.

With love your brother,

Jacob Tigelaar

Write me once about the family. Jan de Jong and children, Wiebe Hoogeveen and children, Lammert and children, Hendrick and children, and Van Ess and

Anna, John vander Hoog, Gorter and Klaas, yes all how I know good and they me.

The glasses and case is my part for you brother Jan Steven from Jacob Tigelaar.

ligelaar, Jacob chover Grade Den 11 som 1841 to Jan Stevens Typetany sound in Appelocha Liefe Broude a Rinden And but in genowhen onhange my Lyn Joor des heeren hegen er goed heud noy allen gering a it hour a wensh wan to het kelle het in by to vaar, Winter en Thony hour hos hier net mooi Weer Yu geheel Junuary maun oude your Day reger a Neun jour day out er de laurte den Van Junuary ook neger under dager moor weer I helv: Sneem Thorn nu Weer mooi nay! aval vorst vus een grout onde Scheid Broeden gij heb een klein micro self me 6 gy Somyt Out gy week met the himser het to Doen Jun thun it riet wer hlugen my hinden Kym growt op Dafge nu nu Brocke OK ne met Veel Schryfe Wat det de theed but na heup gy braugt om de bril van

laver de bril en door geer The myn part aun a Brown Yun Stenens Seyelaux Wel Brown Mut grys It heb it hower bul en by de lump gescheren, that does Juffy of de Smile is hy let boer Jacob Teyelam 33 I Schrift my out sens vim De floraile Jun de Jony en Kende: Week, hooyed en kinden Lammest hinden Mendil honou en da Erde a Sonne for de la Moor He Gort - Plus you alle Die ill Ken a Ly may De bul a Door is my part het lend Brown fun sterlen Jan Ha up Sigetime