

Letter 352
Nuenen, 17 January 1884

Dear brother,

I just have to tell you something that has happened.

Something has happened to Mother.

On getting off the train at Helmond, Mother hurt her leg.

Father says the doctor told him it was undoubtedly a fracture of the thighbone, near the pelvis and the hip joint.

I was present at the setting, which came off comparatively well, so that I am almost inclined to think it more a dislocation.

The doctor assures us there is no real danger, but considering Mother's age, it will take a long time.

I wanted to tell you the exact truth, supposing that you would prefer that. But I give you my word of honour that it is not worse than I tell you. For the present I will let you hear every day. By the same mail I am writing to your address Rue de Laval, so that you may hear it as soon as possible, either at home or at your office. Tomorrow I shall write again as soon as the doctor has been here. It is a great misfortune indeed.

I was painting at the farm when they sent for me.

Mother is resting quietly now. Goodbye, boy. With a handshake,

Yours sincerely, Vincent