

August 21, 1968

Dear Mrs. Caraci,

Often there is little a virtual stranger can do to express his sense of shock and sorrow he feels at the tragedy of another. Yet I do write to try and convey to you how astounded I am to read of what befell you husband. The New Orleans papers arrived only today.

The immediate necessities will keep you occupied for a while. Although I hope not, perhaps when you have a little more time you will think and you will find no satisfactory answers. My own experience, for whatever it is worth, is that if you find one, it must come from within.

Each of us, on such troubling occasions, draws upon what he can, his faith, his understanding, those around him. I would like to suggest that you may take comfort from my favorite book of the bible, Ecclesiastes. Not until the services for the late President was I aware that it also was his.

In the future, as I indicated, there may come a time when I might be of help to you. Eventually, if you do not now so understand, you will know that this was my intention when I visited you last month. If the occasion arrives before I am again in New Orleans, please call on me. If I can help, I will.

The paper says Philip is returning from Vietnam. If, before he returns, he would like to talk to me, I do hope he will phone me. I would like very much to talk to him, to answer any questions he may have, to make a record of anything he might want to say. However, at a time like this, I would not intrude upon him.

Please excuse my haste. I hope to be able to get to town before outgoing mail to send this.

My sincerest condolences to all of you.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg