My dear Mr. Kershaw——

Back in my student days at Perkins Institution I learned that even for the person without sight, these still held a great deal of enjoyment if he or she had learned to listen, and the years have confirmed that statement. I have wanted to tell you how very much I appreciate what you have done for the organ at the First Parish Church in Dover, but now that I am facing the typewriter, I can not seem to find just the right words to express my thoughts. When one stands in the presence of a beautiful little baby, or a lovely girl, or a fine promising young man or a saintly grandmother or grandfather, one feels a deep prayer rising from the heart but the words that come to the lips are utterly inadequate and that is how I feel in speaking of the organ. It does not overpower you with a majestic roar, or a confusion of heavy pedal tones——it is such a nice, companionable organ, so gentle and refined, so friendly and full of sunshine and good will. It seems to speak of the quiet everyday "love in little things," of which there is such a crying need in this sad and troubled world and yet there is that gentle reserve in its tone which says, "you do not get the best things unless you work for them." The flutes and string tones are so soft, yet so clear and even, and the salicional and vox celest are like whipped cream. And that little trumpet——isn't it cute——something like the trumpets used in Bach's Brandenberg concertos, only better. And the chimes are sweet and lovely beyond description. Of course your fine work would be lost to the public to the public if the organist were not a veritable artist and that means every Sunday morning, not on special occasions. Just to hear him play hymns or accompaniments is a religious experience, and his recital last fall was wonderful when you had everything in tune and ready for the occasion. What a joy and satisfaction it must give you to know that you can produce instruments like that, and that you can make old ones new, while preserving the best parts of the old. How sorry I am for the church groups who did not accept your offers of help and skill, for they will surely live to regret it. As for the small electronic instruments which are being sold to struggling churches for more money than they ought to pay——well, we might as well talk about something pleasant. Wishing you the very best that the New Year can bring, and hoping to meet you some day, I remain,

Cordially and gratefully,

Alison Tandberg.

Do not bother to answer this as I know you are a very busy person.