1930 March 17 Miriam Farhat to Suleiman – plea for money.

My dear son, may God protect him. I send you paternal greetings. Let me tell you, my respectful son, I apologize for the delay in writing, which was due to pressing work. And now my obedient son, I went to the farms. If I do not take care of this myself, nobody will. And the proverb says "only your own fingernails can scratch your back". (More formalities....) Now I will tell you about conditions here. Work is at a standstill. He who can earn a living in this country is a 'lion's lion'. You tell us that your father is taking care of his health, but for a month since writing this letter, your father has been looking for a person to borrow from. He went to Tiberias for this, but by God's name, and the name of our Lord, he hasn't seen a person to give him one piaster. My dear son, our only hope is you. If you want us to live securely in our old age, please remember that we are in need and please send us some money, even a little bit, because (more proverbs). Feed me today, you will be fed tomorrow...Because we are in a terrible situation, as far as our expenses go. By God and by the prophets Moses and Abraham, for the sake of the milk I have nursed you with, send us at least some expenses by telegraph. And do not delay, my dear son. No need to continue with this explanation. And a thousand greetings to Miss Katrina. Salaam, etc. And from here, your father is always asking for your blessings and Hilweh kisses your hands, and her children kiss your hands. And everyone sends your greetings, with the hope that our meeting will take place soon.

-Your mother who kisses your cheeks and blesses you night and day.

Miriam, the mother of Suleiman (two writers - not the same handwriting)

Summary by Salim Tamari