

1933, probably October Katherine in Ramallah to Suleiman in South San Francisco
Title: Things start to fall apart"

On this blessed day, I received your letter. We were all very happy to know that you are well and that your work is improving. I thank God for your good health.

Now I tell you, my cousin [*husband*]. You asked me to pay your father's debts. Only you know how much you gave me and how much I spent in travel. Since I arrived, I have been paying for everything. For the last four months, I have been paying for the household. I bought house furniture and in the previous letter I told you everything. I am at loss for what to do. The money is now depleted and I cannot buy household needs. We are living on "nawashif" [*tidbits*] and I am still in pain and have to do the operation. I do not sleep the night, I keep thinking of what to do. I am always crying for my condition. The children need things and I cannot buy them. And I wring my hands for the want of money to buy books and spend on the house. I need money for the doctor. Everyone says how tight your father is with money. The beginning of this month, I pawned my jewelry so I can pay for the children, but my intent is to learn so I can write correctly. But I have no money to finish my lessons. And now if I stop, I fear that I will forget everything and all this teaching will be for naught. The teacher who has been teaching the kids, I gave him some of his fees and some of it remains outstanding. Within the family, I suffer a lot of worry. They keep saying "this and that." It is very difficult for me to tell you everything. At the moment, I only want you to send money so I can live by myself. My dear cousin [*husband*], please tell me quickly what you intend to do. I need an answer.

In my next letter I will tell you everything, for the children are crying and do not eat. The country here is very expensive. Mary wants to go to school. I hope you understand my situation now. Please write and let us know and let us know about your work in detail. The children are happy and they join me in kissing you "from the right." (your right hand?) And they send you their greetings.

The writer your cousin [*wife*] who misses you,

Katrina Farhat

P.S. Greetings to your cousin Khalil, and to your best man/godfather, and everybody who asks about me.

Translation by Salim Tamari