

10:00 P.M. Tuesday
April 20, 1965

Dearest Patricia:

Call me tonight before you turn in for the night - unless you are just too tired for one more tax or your nervous system at the end of your busy day - and in that case - maybe I hope you'll call me in the morning.

It is wonderful to have your picture but I love to hear your voice! I'm looking forward to dinner with you tomorrow evening and a dance to talk with you about some of the things I did in Indiana and you did in Southern California.

Tonight aside from getting set for my classes tomorrow - I'm going over lists of addresses - actually a few hundred address cards - for the committee who are sending out invitations to my 60th birthday dinner on May 15. I turned in a lot of names & addresses today - but I'll have to run up to Menlo Park & pick up a basketful of Christmas cards for the last two or three years before I can be sure I've got all the names & addresses that are "musts" for invitations. Lots

of memories crowd into my mind as I review the names but I have no feeling that the length of time has passed that the calendar and the official records say. Life has been too continuously exciting and too filled with warm personalities for me to have any sense of such passage of time. I wish there were some antidote for arithmetic! If there were, I'd erase all the delightful memories and erase all the records of time! However, my awareness of you and your trust and confidence in me are dearer than a whole armful of memories! I live now for and by the time that you share with me!

I drove out to your Mom's this afternoon again. I had not recalled that today was Connie's birth day until I "incidentally" learned it yesterday — and, of course I couldn't let it pass without recognition. So I hunted up a card + put a check in it and took it out. Also I took out screws to mend Mas's high chair + got that job done. Your mom was away getting the wash done + dried but she returned before I left. I had a chance to read to her the

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poem about my three shrines - (I'm
writing in number 1 now). She understood
my reasons for the tribute completely
and said "That's very beautiful! But you
are so right. Pat's someone who stays
with you. I find myself thinking of her
many times between little jobs when I've got
a few minutes of time" So we're in agreement
about you. Telephone break

You made me so happy by telephoning
to me a little while ago. I climbed right
upon cloud 14! I just still can't get over
the miracle of having you for a daughter!
And I don't want to - all of which keeps me
a believer in miracles which some of my
"Scientific" friends think I shouldn't be able to
do! But all the science in the world doesn't
destroy mystery or miracles. It dispenses with
hocus pocus - but man's mind can never
resolve the ultimate questions. He'd have to
be God - and he most certainly isn't that!
All man can ever do - via either science
or philosophy - is to explain one thing in terms
of something else - a highly valuable accom-
plishment but all it ever does is to permit
man to explore his universe up to the wall
of mystery by which it is surrounded and

enclosed. — And that should be
enough. Only the conceited think that
human answers explain ultimate reality.
Those who really know anything bow their
heads in humility and sincerity.

Well, darling, since I have a lot
of address cards I've promised to
scan before tomorrow — and since you
already have telephoned me and lifted me
to Cloud 14, I'll try keeping the rest
until I see you tomorrow.

Again goodnight — sweet dreams —
and blessed rest. With all my love
— Carl —