

The autumn leaves
Drift by my window;

The autumn leaves
Of red and gold!

Thursday Evening.

September 23, 1965

My dearest Patricia:

Tonight you delighted me beyond words! Truly you are the most remarkable young lady who has ever touched my life. Where else could I find anyone with your vitality of personality and spirit, with your breadth and depth of sympathy and understanding for old and young of all races and colors and origins? Where could I find anyone with your stimulating - nay thrilling - combination of appealing youth and the maturity of judgment that you display? Who else will come to me with eyes and countenance so shining with interest in so many directions and with comparable enthusiasm for learning? Your beauty is not merely in the physical qualities of body and grace of movement - it shines forth from your face from the vibrant, appreciative, kindly and compassionate spirit that is the essence of you as a person. I must tell you such things and I shall continue to do so over and over and yet - I do not really want

you to believe everything I say thus,
no matter how true it may be, for to
do so would mean that you had ceased
to evaluate critically the things you hear
and might no longer seek eagerly as you
do now for more and ever more learning
and experience and personal improvement.
I think you understand! I love to see
your eyes shine and to feel that, as a
result of the rapport between us, it
has been my pleasure to have helped
a little to open some of the doors of
development to you. Nothing could be a
source of greater happiness to me and
I sincerely hope that I shall always
be able to merit a measure of your
affection in consequence.

I can't say all the things I'd like to to
you - for that would take more pages than
you'd have time to read.

Just continue to let my life touch
yours. Whenever we can share experiences, watch with, or
contribute something - ^{or save you time and energy} in any way I can
- to take your shopping,
or out to your mom's, to pick up Connie, to
the Clinic, to where you wash & dry your
laundry, to the College, or anywhere! I treasure
every little (or longer) visit I have with you.
And don't forget to call me on the phone occasionally.
Your voice is music - always! Goodnight and sweet
dreams. Love - Carl.

And favor me as you have done with an occasional breakfast and a little
time to talk with you about the exciting things you are learning!