

February 3, 1966.

Dearest Patricia:

Call me in the morning
as I've promised your mom I
will drive out and take her to the
garage at mid day when she is
notified that her car is ready.

And my thanks for two
lovely days - I've enjoyed every
minute of all the companionship
under all the varied circum-
stances.

"Vaya con Dios" and
Buenas Días (sp.?)

Avec le tous de Mon Amour
— Carl

Patricia

She sudden comes
From out her world apart,
A shining lustrous figure;
And, in the midst
Of all her little brothers,
Once more she stands revealed,

A goddess clothed
In loveliness of spirit,
And draws them to her,
Enveloping them with
All-embracing love.

In their eyes reflected
Shines forth her beauty.

With personality that understands
The play of little minds at work,
She sees quite through their mischief
To the individuality
That makes of each a person,
A living, growing soul!
She takes in stride the "chain reaction"
Of their little conflicts

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Conflicts that lead each on each
To place the blame for minor hurts,
Offenses to the feelings mostly.

A fairy elf herself,

She sees in all their badinage
The give and take by which they grow,
That out of drying tears, and wails
Diminishing to whimpers,

They are building self-reliance,
And each in his own way,

Reveals that one day

They'll be men

Who'll bring forth pride

In all who call them friend.

She's their "Patty" (My Patricia)

And her love means more

Than all the gold that flows

Within the arteries of trade,

Or all the sunshine

That a Mature prodigal

So lavishly bestows on bad and good ^{alike,}
I gladly place myself among them,
For I do know

Whence comes my inspiration
And the lightness in my life,
And to whom my love
In recompense is due.

My all-pervading Hope
Is always to deserve it
And that it last forever.

Carl
February 3, 1966