

Dearest Patricia:

July 27, 1965
in der Mitte der Nacht.

When I took the celery juice to your Mom, she "begged" me to stay a few minutes & have some coffee, so by the time I got away & back to town there wasn't time to cook & dinner before the concert. I just drank a couple of glasses of milk & went over to the Music Auditorium. It was crowded for the concert, which was terrific. Erlendson, the old maestro of a capella, has lost none of his erstwhile magic. The choir sang their hearts out! However, Gibson Waters' orchestra also gave a superior account of itself. I enclose the program.

When the concert was over at 9:30 I was a bit hungry so I went down to Original Joe's & had a half order of spaghetti with cocktail accompaniments. As is true when alone, I had time to think up an appropriate toast — and I took the time. Here's the toast, "To you, Patricia, my darling, the adorable girl who is my adopted daughter, the most beautiful creature that ever has come into my

life, whose personality because of its many facets, its friendliness, genuineness + vivacity, is at one and the same time a symphony of delights and the orchestra playing that symphony. The one who has brought new purpose to my life; who has brought me into the acquaintance of a remarkable woman, your mother; and who stands now on the threshold, thanks to the potential of suggestion, meditation, + yoga, of a newly beautiful and expanded life — To you, today, now, forever + always I wish the best I most beautiful that life can bring!

The days we have spent together in Menlo Park, Palo Alto, in San Francisco, and in the San Jose centers, shopping + exploring delights and delightfully — have been the most idyllic — for me — that I can remember. I anticipate a wonderful week in Washington — and in Chicago — on the way home.

Nothing ever has given me more pleasure than the opportunity of bringing happiness in greater abundance to you. — But really, I think we have just begun. Today — Wed. I'll sign the papers that make 457 Los Padres — ours (mine + then via a deed — yours. And I hope to be able to complete all necessary moves. as always — Carl.