

Tuesday evening
March 23, 1965

Dear, dear Patricia:

Months ago, when I first told you how your beauty impressed me, you were incredulous and thought that what I said could not be true. And since then - though not lately, for perhaps - realizing that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" - you may have decided that in my eyes, and without the aid of a "magic mirror on the wall," you may be the "fairest of them all", you have told me - "Look at all those other beautiful girls over at the College," etc. Well, I have looked - and I'm still looking, but not for anyone to stand in your place. I'm still as convinced as ever that I was right. There are, I freely admit, many beautiful girls and women. However, much of the time their beauty is that of features only; beyond or behind the form of the features there is only emptiness, at times a coldness, the smooth characterless look of one who is yet truly immature, whose beauty is superficial only, sometimes - beyond the foundation, largely cosmetic in origin, or "beauty" such as a commercial photographer at times strives to confer on a woman through her photograph by smoothing out & diminishing all the

Getting to know you better as the months go by, have made the reasons clear to me

lines or featural aspects that declare that a person lives behind the face. No, the kind of beauty that I mean transcends the purely facial and is quite rare.

The beauty that shines to me from your face comes from within (though you have the physical beauty also). Yours is the light of a youthful soul that has won her way to a pervasive radiance. It is like nothing I expect ever to see this side of Heaven and, if I am to be denied Heaven, I shall not feel the least slighted for your beauty, genuine-ness and affection will carry me all the way to eternity! More I could not ask.

Yours comes from a flame that burns within your soul. (Is it strange that this word seems the only appropriate one to me, when philosophers around the world and through the ages have questioned whether there is a soul?) Yours sheds warmth on all who come near you with out suffering dilution, but those who benefit are those who earn the right.

Never let your flame go out, darling! It is a priceless thing - born of your mother's affection, and built by you - and you alone - as you have courageously stood up and faced the world and built for your very own ~~an~~ enduring self.

Sleep well tonight - have a good day tomorrow - and a beautiful evening at Bridge (Some day I'm going to have to see that place.) Phone me when you get back tomorrow night - no matter the hour. I have ^{also your breakfast cereals & crumpets} ~~just~~ ^{crumpets} & go with the tea on Thursday morning. My love as always - Carl.