

August 8, 1964

Patricia, dear

A ray of bright sunshine,
The freshness of dew,
The peal of a laughing bell
And friendships ring true;
Eyes filled with starlight,
Night's caress in your hair,
A pixie's bright spirit
And loveliness fair;
Response to high challenge,
Compassion for all,
The courage to venture,
To respond to love's call
All these things together,
Well measured and true,
All these and much much more
Are you! you! you!

I have had no desire or reason to change
a line or even a word since first I wrote this.
It all seems more true now than ever
before. The only appropriate thing to say is that
your image in my mind and heart and soul
has grown ever stronger and clearer as the
days and weeks have flown by — as they have.
I am conscious of your delightful presence
all my waking hours when I am not
committed or compelled to something else.
Like an aura or a guardian angel it hovers

over me and around me — the first thing of which I am conscious in the mornings, the last at nights. your image, constantly sustained, has become a part of me and so, I miss you every day when you are away and I can not see you — not in a sense of sadness or tragedy, but only that something needed to complete the whole — is lacking. Whenever I see you or talk with you, or merely pour inwardly in your company the wholeness is restored.

And so, as I have said before and shall repeat an unlimited number of times, I love you truly, simply, dearly — with all my heart. You have restored my soul and so, in return, I hope to be able and to be permitted to provide an environment of human understanding and trust in which all your fondest dreams may come true. Your loveliness and sweet personality will haunt me all of my days. Affectionately —
Carl