

I got a
ticket
to go!
Lynistrato!

Midnight - Friday
March 13, 1965.

Dearest Patricia:

you looked as sharp as
ever at the concert tonight and were
as charming. How happy I am that you
have such excellent taste, are blessed
with a radiance of personality and
a smile that are straight out of Heaven
if anything ever was, ^{and a voice that is music itself.} "I'm
one of your own expressions,
deeply thankful that you are you,
and that you and I have mutually
adopted each other."

You (and Ron, also) have been
very sweet to me today - but you
especially. When I had given myself
up to an expected wait of four days
or so with no chance of seeing you before
some time Monday, I take down the
phone in answer to its ring and
hear a miracle, "Will I take you up
to the mountains again to feed the
kittys?" Gladly! and though you were
grateful, it was all sheer pleasure
for me. "The hours I spend with you,

my darling, - are like a string of pearls to me. I count them over - and look forward to each new one in turn - - "Another paraphrase but not an idle word in it!

Then, to have you phone me this afternoon, just because you "felt that I wanted to call you" put my heart in high gear -

And to have Ron hunt me up tonight and invite me to sit with you for the concert - just filled my cup to brimming. I did so enjoy the concert - but more because I could sense your presence and I like to see & know that you are in the company of a young man as fine as Ron appears to be. To me he is a truly cultured & polished young gentleman, well above the others I have met in your company. He represents the kind by whom you should be surrounded and protected for the rest of your days - with me in for a while, of course - just for a bit of perspective!

I'll be waiting to hear your voice on the phone in that promised next call. Sweet tonight or tomorrow. Sweet dreams, sweet, Carl.