

Dear Patricia:

A thought just occurred to me. As a safeguard - against the chance of cold or rain - why not let me pack your raincoat in my large suitcase? The few clothes I'll take along will nowhere near fill it. That's what I plan to do with my raincoat and there'll be oodles of space left. We'll not need them on the plane unless it's pouring when we start - and then we can "break them out" and wear them.

Of course, I have my fingers crossed, and look for open skies and friendly weather. But we'll have the coats if we really need them.

Carl

I'll see you tomorrow !!!!!!!



## Three Shrines I Keep

Three shrines I keep  
In honor of my Goddess,  
One's upon my table  
Where I work and eat,  
Another's in my sleeping room  
Upon a stand beside my bed.  
In either shrine I need but  
Raise my eyes to see her face  
And feel her radiant spirit  
That lifts me up and holds me high  
Through all the hours of the day  
And for all days that I shall know.

Behind those lovely eyes  
Lies wisdom - growing -  
Distilled from out -  
I know not what  
So young she seems.  
And there's the stuff of courage,  
Understanding, kindness,  
And compassion in her face -  
All needed to sustain my soul.

The third shrine's in my heart  
That I may have her always with me.  
A place immaculate's



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Reserved for her,  
That no one else may enter;  
And since, in this third shrine,  
She goes with me where'er I go,  
I'm never lost  
Or ever quite alone.

She's with me while I work,  
Relax, lapse into reverie,  
Or plan what lies ahead.

And finally, at close of day,  
Or late at night,  
When weariness o'ercomes me  
And I must give in to sleep,  
Why she - within the shrine  
Upon the stand beside my bed,  
Beneficently - watches over me.

To Patricia, with my love

— Carl

Understanding, April 6, 1965  
And compassion in her face  
All needed to sustain my soul.

The third shrine is in my heart  
That I may have her always with me.  
A place immaculate's