

Sunday, October 27, 1963

300th Day—65 days to follow

☒	CLEAR
☐	CLOUDY
☐	RAIN
☐	SNOW

10.00 P.M.

It is time to let fly.

Pennyson - 'All in all'

~~It is~~ voice:

It is not worth the keeping:

Let it go:

But shall it?

darling, answer, no.

And trust me not at all

or all in all.

All ~~the~~! Oh, our manumission
are not compatible! Hatred's
stain must not grow - it leaves
red ugly wounds. As soon
as possible I must leave this.

Oh, how thin I have. To rip of
a woman's robe. To clean, cook and
go on in silence.

Today, ^{and} will kill a beautiful thing -
against me, my sister's once beautiful doll.

Monday, October 28, 1963

301st Day—64 days to follow

	CLEAR
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Let memories treasure and may
there be no anguish, no sorrow.
What has ~~the~~ taken place
has been like that of a
flowering life. It blossomed
in full majesty, it broke forth
in brilliant form and contact
evolving into its own that which
it sought - it mirrored.

"Oh, dear child, I had a
regiment of your life ~~here~~ now
relinquished mine. I've treasured
and treasured, you've grown
and matured, I must make
room for an other."

"I bid thee not farewell,
rather, hello! You, little flower
have given me strength. Forever
a part of me - you shall be."

Pat.

- Patricia