

My Darling, I begin this letter as I contemplate
A Journey to Europe.... I am at once startled by
not being with you for eight weeks and am at the
same time excited in view of being finally able
to see the ages of art and history that have in
part been my love.

How do I council my feelings, where do I put my
thoughts? I have begun already to interweave
a most beautiful pattern...

I am no age, and I am all ages...
My life, my love, for and with you
is becoming the dawning prelude
of a new symphony... and therefore
I shall tread the spanning reaches
of my dreams that have been my
companions and let them nurture
my new developing feelings of belonging
with and of Vince...

This day is marked July 1st... this day is
a part of yesterday and that of tomorrow...

I've a yearning spirit, and this spirit
which has discovered through Vince the
reference of self in awareness and
a profound living love that is continuous
and has yet room for growth, is beginning
to understand the expansive pleasure of
enjoying without burdening one's self.

...and with this knowingness
coming into view I am going to
culminate the last stage of
planning of a now ten year old
dream without building feelings
of seperateness from you ...

I must go now for If time passes without
going, the going and the being will not
be as i've involved my study and fantasy

it would be different
& different I do not
want it to be ... for now at least...

it will be different in a very short time
it will be venture not my own, It will be
our venture, for I can already feel that coming on;
I will not want or desire to travel Europe without
Vince, I will want to experience it with Vince...

And, thus, I prepare myself
for the yesterday of me needs this venture
and the tomorrow of me that is Vince, beckons...