

Thursday evening
December 9th 1965

My darling Patricia:

As I sit here and muse about the hours we've spent together; and think back on an evening like tonight; when everything - cocktail, glasses clinked, and toast, with eyes raised each to each, with meal delicious, satisfying and with absorbing conversation - were right as anyone might wish;

I feel a sort of grace envelop me and, once more I know, amongst all men, I am most fortunate. And so, although, by you I am bewitched, my spirit's strengthened. With you I feel secure. No harm can come to me. "Get over in the right lane, Carl." "Look out; that light is red!" you say and I do know my guardian angel's watching over me. I grow, expand, and in your presence, I move upward on the road to health complete, the health that once was mine and shall be mine again!

From lifts tonight you gave me, that lie beyond your taste supreme - a bonus rich and full rewarding - declared by everything

about you: your ¹²⁴person and your personality's
elegance - in dress, in bearing, in courtesy
and kindness showered round about; in
sweetness and in beauty never failing.

I know that all who see you note and
mark these qualities, and I feel warm
inside and proud. your radiance un-
limited builds happiness within my soul.
And peace - because of trust and confidence
you show ~~me~~ ^{me}.

Lift one "I like you better now. you are
more handsome than in the picture that
you showed me. Too thin you were when
that was taken." It is so wonderful to be
appreciated as one is, and not have depre-
cations heaped upon the changes brought by
time. Even though, myself, I want to lose
more pounds - another ten at least. And I
do want to overcome distress that yet does
lie within. your spirit's helping me and
soon, it is my thought, I shall be whole
again. For all of this I thank you.

Lift two Thoughts of a long day - Decem-
ber 21 approaching, to roam the streets,
exploring with you and drinking in the
beauties of the world in which we live;
sharing delights in things so simple;
in the charms so hidden from the blinded

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eyes of those without imagination,
who only "happy" are when they are
"in the groove," conforming to the stultifying
mores of the regimented; who cannot
see the dandelions in the sidewalk's
cracks — or think them "only weeds;" —
who cannot sense the odors delicate
that ride the wind or perch within the
droplets of the fog, and which, although
anemia's stolen from me the power, I
yet their glory can remember, and their
subtlety; who do not thrill to hear the
seagull's cry as overhead it wheels
and turns and searches, with alert and
watchful eyes, the offerings by man dis-
carded on the streets or in the parks.
For all of these in their entirety, I'm
thankful, too.

I know no other soul with whom
I so feel kinship. With eyes for
poetry and with insight philosophical
together do we gather riches all along
the way where most see only dross and
mundane dullness.

Lift three. As future's safeguards we
discuss ^{and by} the strength and in dependence in
your eyes and voice I'm buoyed up; as

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you display the courage and the confidence in self with which you face the perils round us swirling, in this lost age of problems burgeoning; your willingness to take whatever life may bring you and work out the adaptations needed to survive and stay afloat, while storms go past. And then, in contrast, and in voice articulate, show only that it's for "mom you are concerned, for Leon, Connie, and the little ones," as you strive to help and point the way between the rocks that lie ahead; helping them prepare to meet fate's currents and with eyes clear forge boldly on beyond the point of no return.

And finally (lift four), you let me, through the confidence and trust you show in me, participate in common efforts and activities that all must ^{carry on} ~~do~~ from day to day, to justify ourselves and nature's largesse, so abundantly and so freely on us all bestowed: shopping (enriched by your companionship the while); and you invite me into your apartment (though "all's in disarray") as it's been pushed aside, for study, typing, or for other things that must be done, like washing clothes and bedding to maintain

your standards. ³ No pretense need you
show to me, as this quite well you know,
but of such things, affection's born and
nurtured.

Isn't any wonder, darling, that I
treasure every hour, each true fragment
that I spend with you?

Goodnight, my sweet, and may
your sleep be restful and your dreams
be joyous ones. For I could hold no happier
thought ^{than} that, though you keep it hidden
in your breast, perhaps, betimes, you'll
find me also there — to share your
dreams.

With my full love, as always —
Carl.