

Dear Patricia:

I offer herewith
a feeble and in a degenerate
attempt to put a few
thoughts & feelings into
words.

Phone me tomorrow
before 10:00 o'clock. I think I

Have a commitment to talk
to the Lions Club tomorrow
noon on population but it
may be some other Tuesday.
However, I hope to see you
either before (11:00-12:00 ?) or
afterward - some time after
2:00. My next doctor's appt. is
on Wed at 10:00 A.M.

Carl

To Patricia.

Patricia - And Her Beautiful World.

How name Patricia? or describe her

To one who knows her not?

Magic worker on the mind and heart
Changing all whom fate deceives

Shall enter into her sphere of radiance

It is best that it be done in symbols.

The freshness of a morning breeze
Blowing up the slopes in spring

Drawing forth sweet music from

The forest's harp of trees, with which

To soothe and calm the troubled spirit.

Bright beauty in a flowered mountain meadow
Bespangled in a hundred hues against the green.

The delicacy of single blossoms in a wooded glade

Star brilliant skies of mountain midnights

No longer known to murky lowlands far below.

Soft whiteness of the clouds

That moving, cross the blue blue arch of Heaven.

The quietude and peace of forest shade
Of souls in harmony with others
And with nature's world

The infectious animation of all things

That go exploring, ceaseless energy

Of chipmunk, insect, fluffy rabbit
And every other kind of wildling.
The onward singing yearning for the
heights
That leads us from beauty to unfolding beauty
Till at last the peaks are won.
And all the universe is spread
for us to see,
And all is set to music, that
nourishes the mind & heart & soul
Sustaining through the journey —
Rewarding at the journey's end.
These things are all Patricia and
Patricia's realm.
Blessed is he who may enter therein
And travel in her company a while.

All these and more are what
you mean to me

With love

Carl

Sept 7, 1964