

April 18, 2001

My Dearest Chris,

Today and everyday I reflect on the unbelievable birthday gift God has given me in allowing me to share your life with you. I would have been privileged just to know you, to have had you for a friend, or to have had your help, or benefited from your creativity from time to time. It would have been the thrill of a lifetime to make love to you just once; if we had had only one dance I would have remembered it for a lifetime, and I would have treasured a single love letter always. Most men have to be content with less than any one of these.

But God has allowed me all of this and more beyond reckoning. Our life together, our children, our love, and laughter, our songs, and sorrows, and our deepest joys. Was any man ever so blessed in the helpmate God gave him? And I - I still have the same feeling today, right now, that I had sitting across the table from you at the Cartwright Inn so long ago. It is hard to believe I am not dreaming. I am - still - captivated by your beauty, I am instantly in love with you completely and frequently, I become weak with desire when you kiss me, or sometimes even when I look at you, as is probably happening right now.

Happy Birthday, with all my love,
Allan