Dearest Mother,

For days now I have tried to figure out something that was part of me that we could give you to take back to N.Y. with you. It seemed impossible to find then finally two nights ago I realized what was wrong. A "thing" wasn't what I wanted at all. I just feel so down inadequate in saying things - maybe I'm just plain shy when you're concerned - but the spoken word just is Lord in Coming - Anyway always after you've left I will realize you then that I love you - that we do. And that we miss you & it was wonderful to

love you here. All those things
are true but what I want
most of all is to tell you now -
while you're here at our home
that I love you very very
very dearly - that we all
love you. and it is very
wonderful to have you here
with us. The only real gift
to give you that is ours for
you to have always and forever
is our love. I wish I could
more affectionate in words
& actions but it is all there
in my heart.

I cannot thank you for our
lovely dinner - the gifts you
brought and all the lovely things
you do. I do thank you. They are
wonderful & but the best part

of all is not the "thing" - it's
that you are my mother. [illegible]
I'm so very proud of you.
But more than seeing proud - I love
you.

Bonley