

John Darling.

One week ago to-day I watched you dear Jack as you walked away from me in Grand Central - and felt that awful emptiness which you and only you can fill. As I look at this beautiful picture I made of you before we were married - I wonder why I never before realized how much comfort it can be in your absence. I wish I had had it while you were abroad - I know I shall never be without it again. It tells me everything I want to remember - and when I think back to that time and know that you were looking directly into my eyes at the time, and that you were telling them to me and to no other - then it seems

2. even more precious — and mine. It
was the you I knew then — the only you —
now I know many — some are not mine —
some are — but this is my beloved John. I look
with hungry eyes and cannot look enough.
I get such longing for your dear arms — your
great heart — yet with it oft such a
sickening feeling when I try to plan — why
can't we just run away and start over, just
we two? I simply can't run away from you, for
you are part of me — you know that always, always —
and think back and remember the kind of person she
loves you. She never would have dared marry you
had she known all she knows now — I
wonder if you would have dared either? Think
what we would have missed — my dearest.

Sunday is a lovely day and as Connelley would
say "I miss Thee". Good night sweet Prince.

Ever
D.