

Tuesday Sept. 19, 2006
Ft. Worth, Tex.

Dear Jim and Marilyn:

What a beautiful and memorable letter you sent me. I have reread it many times and find it a special comfort, particularly at this time.

Jim, it's funny, but I still think of you as "Jimbo." Some things just get into the memory to stay, and that is one of those.

It was so good to see you and Marilyn at Stu's memorial service. I was lucky to be able to spend a little more time with you than with others, since so many people were there, that I had trouble completing a conversation with any of them.

It's true that Stu and I talked of "Paps" just a couple of days before Stu died. We reminisced about about fishing for Sand Bass off the end of the Boat Club dock and the little tricks he played on us with his pocket knife, which showed a different colored side (through his sleight of hand) when he passed his other hand over it! He was, to a couple of us

little kids, the only "Grandfather" we ever knew, and he was magic, absolute magic itself — and a wonder, too. He could produce a quarter from behind our ears, after showing it to us in his hand. Wow! It's an old trick, but I'm still impressed — and there was, of course so, so much more.

How lucky we were. And then there was Caro, who occupies a singularly special place in my heart reserved only for her. What a lady she was. I always savored her genteel southern way of speech and quiet elegance. "Jimbo" and Marilyn, Stu's death was such a blow that I believe, at least for the present, that I can never fully encompass it. We were even closer, fifty-eight years after Papa did his knife and coin tricks, than we were then — a lifetime of the kind of closeness peculiar with twins, even fraternal, as we were. There was such a fullness, a completeness about it impossible to communicate with others. Yet everyone could see it, and did. Though this is, at present, a source of extraordinary pain, I know, as well, that at some future time, it will become the thing that heals me. Time and love

is all we really have in this life and in spite of all the other complexities, family and deep affection and time trump all the rest. Some times it takes a long life to realize this simplicity.

I know that you know you have always been family, in the most special sense, to all of us Bentlings and now I must treasure that for both Stu and myself and at this time, especially. I am grateful for that.

If you feel like it, feel free to write to me from time to time. I'm learning to be a letter writer myself and the old fashionedness of it has a great appeal to me in this age of computerized everything. I hope this finds you well and happy. With a deep and enduring love, I remain,

Your good and constant friend,

Scott Bentling