

Sunday Morning 2 AM  
April 16, 1959

My Sweet,  
Man at his best is an odd  
creature and I as the best of men  
am the oddest of creatures at best,  
but never have I, even at my worst,  
acted as strange as I have for  
the past week. For years I have  
done little but work, plan and  
dream of making myself a good  
doctor, an able surgeon and in  
my wildest moments perhaps also  
playing some part in establish-  
ing a real school of thought  
among Negro physicians and  
guiding some of the younger  
fellows to levels of accomplish-  
ment not yet attained by any  
of us. I have known the cost  
of such desires and have been

quite willing to do without  
many of the things that one  
usually regards as but natural.  
Then I met you and for the first  
time mistress medicine met her  
match and went down almost  
without a fight. Life suddenly  
widened its horizons and took  
on new meaning. I knew clear-  
ly just how lonely I had be-  
come, just how badly I needed  
some one rather than just some-  
thing to cling to, some one to  
work for, rather than just a  
goal to aim at, some one to dream  
with, cherish from day to day,  
and share the little things with,  
the smiles and if need be the

tears that will sometimes come.  
When I first kissed your hand  
it was almost reverently done for  
even then I felt an inward surge  
that was inefficable. When  
you walked I felt lifted by  
the graciousness of your carriage;  
when you talked it was your  
gentleness that struck so deeply;  
when you smiled there was  
sweetness that only a fortunate  
few can carry over from an  
unspoiled childhood to full  
glorious womanhood; poised  
but vibrant, there was something  
which responded in me and  
left a glow which still suf-  
fuses my whole being and  
warms my heart. It's a grand

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feeling Lenore. The only rash,  
unplanned, unpremeditated thing  
I've done for years is already  
paying dividends in a thousand  
delightful ways.

Like Elizabeth Browning I  
feel that a new source of strength  
has come to me, and I am  
grateful.

"How do I love thee Let me count the ways  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace,  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need by sun and candle light.  
I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears  
Of all my life"

And so

My love

Goodnight,

Charlie