

23.06.02

Very dear Marion, As I could not hear
the sermon, I had time to think.
And I thought how much I loved you.
And how much I owe to you.

From the very beginning of our life
together, you have been a bright and
shining light to me, reflecting the beauty
of Jesus. You have kept the vision
of Him alive for me.

Every thing I have done has
been due to you

You had the vision - I simply carried
it out.

Together we brought up the children
But you bore them! You supplied the
love, again reflecting the love of Jesus.

And I owe you my life. You have
looked after me - protected me, Fed
me tasty wholesome food. And now,

in my semi-dotsage, you look after me,
See to my every need, and have kept
me alive.

You are a Saint, and your family
"rise up and call you blessed" See Prov. 31:28
And if I get to heaven, it will be
because of you.

Thank you for being you
Thank you for loving me
And for putting up so sweetly with
a crotchety old Vidia Meldrew like
me.

I should tell you these things
more often

I do not take you for granted.

I know how fortunate I was in your
marrying me

How ^{fortunate!} am I in having your love

Bless you

Lovingly,
Pat