

*My Dear Annie,*

*It's almost Christmas again. How long has it been since I told you how much you mean to me?*

*Too long, probably ... but words are becoming inadequate to express the sheer awesomeness and intensity of my feelings. It used to be I could hold you completely in my arms and capture the essence of you - but no longer ... now I find you other places too - in the gentleness of our sons, in the joy and beauty of our daughters, in the sparkle and innocence of our grandchildren. Everywhere I turn, I am reminded of your devotion to others, your warm acceptance of life, your beauty and charm. My arms can no longer capture you. I can only hold your hand and watch the miracle unfold and be grateful for your love during the time we have.*

*Merry Christmas, my sweet!*

*Bill*

*(written December 15, 1989)*