My dear,

Man at his best is an odd creature and I as the least 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 establishing a real school of thought among Negro physicians and guiding some of the younger fellows to levels of accomplishment not yet attained by any of us. I have known the taste of such desires and have been
I was quite willing to do without many of the things that are ordinarily regarded as but natural. Then I met you and for the first time mistres medecins met her match and went down almost without a fight. Life suddenly widened its horizons and took on new meaning. I knew clearly just how lonely I had become, just how badly I needed someone rather than just something to cling to, someone to work for, rather than just a goal to aim at, someone to dream with, cherish from day to day, and share the little thing with the smiles and if need be the...
tears that will sometimes come. When I first kissed your hand it was almost secretly done for even then I felt an inward surge that was inexplicable. When you walked I felt lifted by the grace 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 from an unspoiled childhood to full glorious womanhood; proud but vibrant, there was something which responded in me and left a glow which still suffuses my whole being and warms my heart. It's a grand
Feeling Lenore. The only real, unplanned, unpremeditated thing
Listed 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